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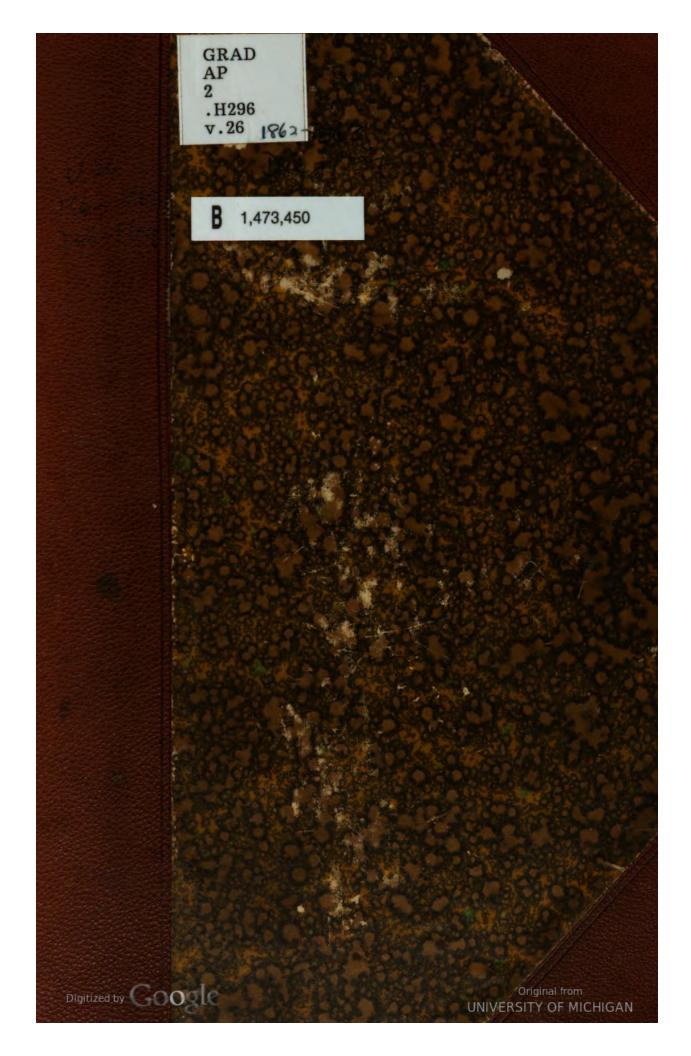
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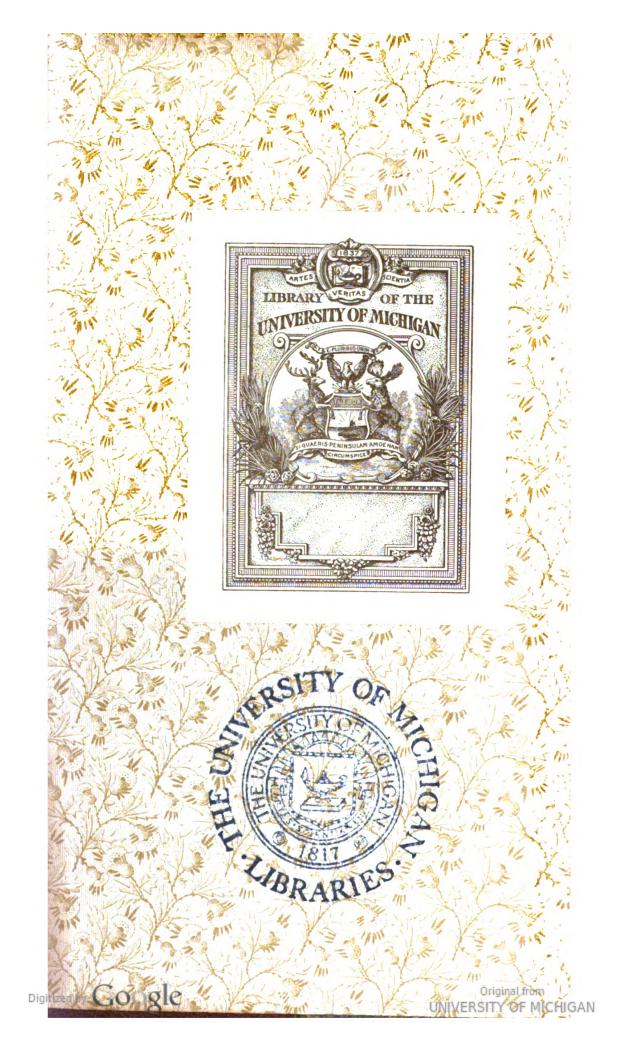


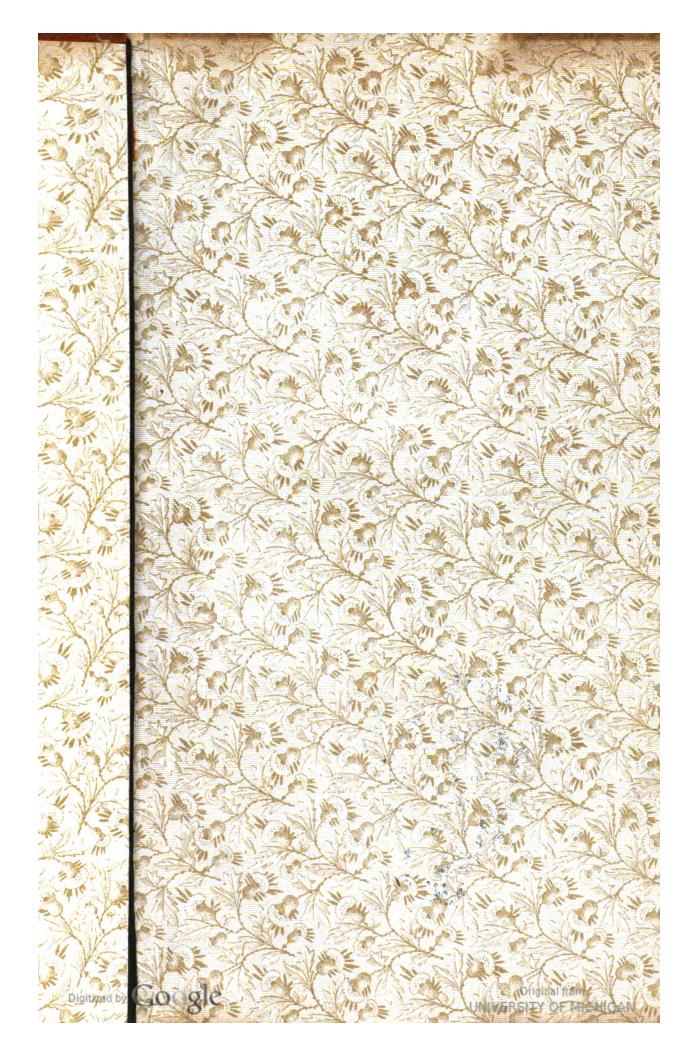
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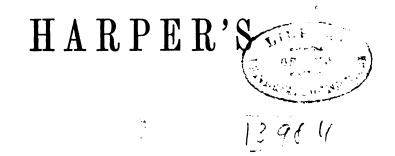
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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXVI.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLI.—DECEMBER, 1862.—Vol. XXVI.



WAITING FOR THE CHILDREN:—A POEM FOR THANKSGIVING.

IT is Thanksgiving morning, And, near and far away, The glad church bells are ringing To hail Thanksgiving day.

With their silvery entreaty

They call the heart to prayer,
From traffic and from labor,

From merriment or care.

And in one ancient dwelling—
Whose walls, time-stained and gray,
Remember in their silence
The bullets of that day,

When from Lexington to Concord
A thrilling message ran,
And behind each hedge and tree-bole
There lurked an earnest man:

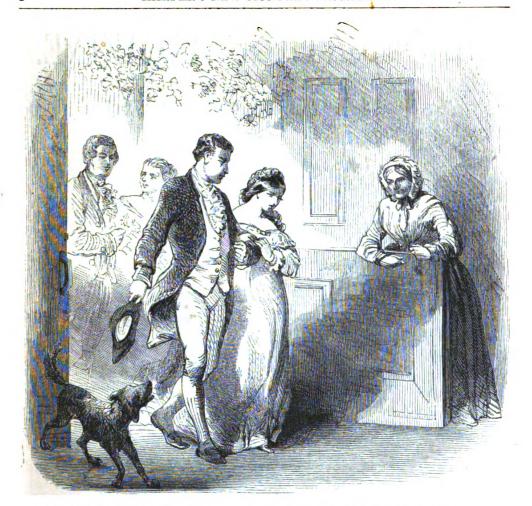
A man whose life was ready, Held in unshrinking hand, To be offered up for Liberty, For God, and Native Land—

In that time-honored dwelling An ancient couple wait, To hear their children's voices Make music at the gate.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

Vol. XXVI.-No. 151.-A





"Are all things ready, Mary?"
The old man's eyes are dim,
And the face he sees is lovely
With girlhood's flush to him.

It was Thanksgiving morning,
Just fifty years ago,
When o'er that ancient threshold,
In raiment white as snow,

With cheeks rose-red with blushes, And eyes as violets blue, And face so fresh and innocent, And heart so leal and true,

A fragile little blossom,

That brightened at his side,
She came there first beside him—
He brought her home his bride.

"All things are ready, Richard,"
She said, and then she thought
Of their fifty years together,
And the changes they had brought.

She remembered how her babies
Had played about her there,
With the sunshine's shifting splendor
In their curling, golden hair—

And when they tired of playing,
And slept upon her breast,
What prayers she said above them,
While she lulled them to their rest

Where are those children's faces?—
She almost thought to see
Blue eyes and golden ringlets
Still glinting at her knee.

The years have wrought strange marvels—
The children are no more—
No more their frolic footsteps
Fly through the open door.

Five men, toil-worn and weary,
Five women, bowed with care—
Are these the merry children,
With the sunshine in their hair?

She tries to smile. Thanksgiving
Is the time for joyous cheer—
And the old man does not see her.
As she wipes away a tear.

"Had you thought about it, Richard,
How the children have grown old;
How they've left their youth behind them,
Like a story that is told?



"Last time I saw our Martha Her hair was gray as mine; Will's chestnut curls are turning, And Ralph is forty-nine.

"It's all the better, Richard,
We sha'n't be long apart.
In the land where we are going
I sometimes think my heart

"Will miss the children's voices, And be lonely till they come; But we sha'n't have long to wait, dear, For the children coming home."

They sat a little longer,
In a silence like a prayer,
Waiting together, hand in hand—
God's angel found them there.

In the bright Thanksgiving morning,
Fifty changeful years ago,
She had crossed that ancient threshold,
In her raiment white as snow.

Now her husband led her onward, As in youth-time, hand in hand, Till they crossed another threshold— Entered on that other land, Where the fountains flow forever,
Where the many mansions be,
And the fruit of life hangs glowing
From the boughs of every tree.

In the cold November synshine,
In the middle of the day,
Sons and daughters stood in silence,
Gathered there from far away,

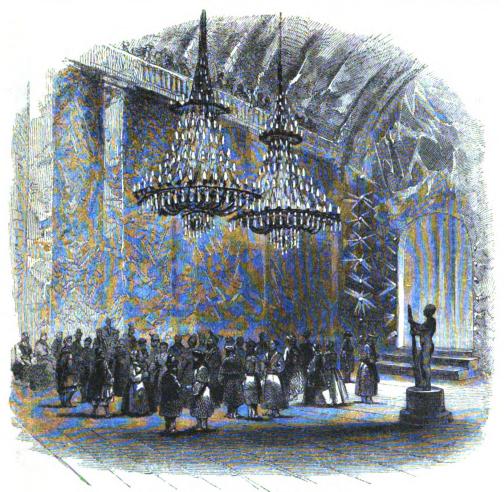
'Neath the old familiar roof-tree;
But they dared not mourn nor weep
For the two they found together—
Those dead faces calm as sleep.

Silently they kissed each other, Silently they knelt to pray, Lifting up their hearts to Heaven On the blest Thanksgiving day.

Years are short and cares are heavy—Soon they'll lay their burden down; He who helps the cross to carry
Shall be first to wear the crown.

They shall keep their best Thanksgiving, When their tired feet cease to roam, Where the parents still are waiting For the children coming home.





FÉTE IN THE GRAND HALL IN THE SALT-MINE.

POLAND OVER-GROUND AND UNDER-GROUND.

II.—UNDER-GROUND.

AST month I left myself standing on the brink of the shaft, prepared to bid farewell for a time to Poland Over-Ground, and ready for a peep at the Under-Ground world of the famous salt-mines of Wieliczka. The preliminaries for the journey had all been arranged. The supply of fire-works, by the aid of which I was to see what I should see, had been ordered on a scale of such magnificence as to warrant the stern Herr Inspector of Workmen in vouchsafing to me expressions of his most distinguished consideration. I was the first Californian who had visited the mines; and I trust that the dignity of the Golden State did not suffer from my representation of it.

When all is ready the lamp-bearers take their seats and are lowered down below the lev-The trap-door is then closed over them, and the main party arrange themselves for the descent. The doors are again opened, and at a given signal the whole party disappear from the surface of the earth. Once more the trap-doors chaos in a nightmare. The world seemed to be

are closed, and now the descent commences. It was not without an impressive feeling of the uncertainty of human affairs that I glanced around me at the ribbed walls of the shaft, as we went whirling down through this gloomy abyss. Nothing was more natural than to cling with convulsive tenacity to the slender cords by which I was supported, and ask for the second time, "Is the rope strong?"

The sensation of being thus lowered into the earth was startling and peculiar. Overhead the wheel over which the rope ran was whirling rapidly; but the sound of the machinery was quickly lost, and the silence was complete. Not the slightest jar or evidence of life broke the intense stillness.

Down, lower and lower, we floated with an appalling steadiness. The sides of the shaft presented nothing but an obscure wall of massive timbers. Above, all was darkness; below, the dim rays of the lamps cast a strange and ghastly light upon every object. The effect was indescribable—as if we were descending through



DESCENDING THE SHAFT.

broken up, and we, a remnant of its inhabit- | three weeks. The aggregate length of the whole ants, sinking down through an everlasting obscurity among its fragments.

In a few minutes we touched bottom; or rather, by something like instinct, the machine stopped just as we reached the base of the shaft, and allowed us to glide off gently on the firm earth. We were now at the first stage of our journey, having descended something over two hundred feet. The ramifications of the various tunnels are so intricate and extensive that they may be said to resemble more the streets of a large city than a series of excavations made in the bowels of the earth. These subterranean passages are named after various kings and emperors, and diverge in every direction, opening at intervals into spacious caverns and apartments, and undermining the country for a distance of several miles. Some of them pass entirely under the town of Wieliczka. In general they are supported by massive beams of wood, and where the overhanging masses of salt require a still stronger support they are sustained by immense columns of the original stratum. held by pillars of salt, but wherever it has been practicable these have been removed and beams of timber substituted. The first stratum consists of an amalgam of salt and dark-colored clay .-Deeper down come alternate strata of marl, pebbles, sand, and blocks of crystal salt. The inferior or green salt is nearest to the surface; the crystal, called schilika, lies in the deeper parts.

From the subordinate officer sent by the Inspector-General to accompany us I learned many interesting particulars in reference to the manner of procuring the salt. He also told some amusing legends of the prominent places, and furnished me with some statistics which, if true, are certainly wonderful. For instance, to traverse the various passages and chambers embraced within the four distinct stories of which the mines consist, and see every object of interest, would require

is four hundred English miles; the greatest depth yet reached is two thousand three hundred feet. The number of workmen employed in the various operations under-ground, exclusive of those above, is upward of a thousand. The amount of salt annually dug out is two hundred millions of pounds, which, at the average market value, would be worth ten millions of gulden. Immense as this yield is it is inconsiderable, taking into view the unlimited capacity of the mines. With proper machinery and a judicious investment of labor the quantity of salt that might be excavated is almost beyond conjecture.

It is natural to suppose that the air in these vast subterranean passages must be impure, and consequently deleterious to health. Such, however, does not appear to be the case. It is both dry and pure, and, so far as I could judge by breathing it, not in the least oppressive. The miners are said to be remarkable for longevity. Several of them, according to the guide, have worked in the mines for forty years and have never been sick a day. The equanimity of the In former times almost all the passages were up- temperature is probably conducive to health.



LAMP-CARRIERS.

Only a few degrees of variation are shown by the thermometer between summer and winter. It is true that in some of the deepest recesses, which are not sufficiently ventilated, hydrogen gas occasionally collects. In one instance it caught fire and caused the loss of many lives; but precautions have since been taken to prevent similar accidents.

I was greatly impressed by the profound silence of these vast caverns. When we stood still, the utter absence of sound was appalling. The falling of a pin would have been a relief. Not even the faintest vibration in the air was perceptible. No desert could be more silentno solitude more awful. I stood apart from the guides and lamp-bearers in a separate vault, at the distance of a few hundred feet, in order that I might fully appreciate this profound inertion, and it really seemed as if the world were no more.

From some of these tunnels we emerged into open caverns, where a few workmen were employed at their dreary labors. I was surprised be no difficulty about the preservation of my rethat there were not more to be seen, but was mains, informed that they are scattered in small par-

ties through miles of earth, so that the number is not apparent to the casual visitor. As we approached the places where they were at work the dull clicking of the picks and hammers produced a singular effect through the vastsolitudes; as if the gnomes, supposed to inhabit gloomy pits, were busily engaged at their diabolical arts.

We came suddenly upon one group of workmen, under a shelving ledge, who were occupied in detaching masses of crystallized salt from a cleft in which they worked. They were naked to the middle, having nothing on but coarse trowsers and boots, and wrought with their crow-bars and picks by the light of a few grease-lamps held by grimy little boys, with shaggy heads — members no doubt of the same subterranean family.

Some of the men were lying on their backs punching away

with tremendous toil at the rugged masses of salt overhead - their heads, faces, and bodies glittering with the showers of salt-grit that fell upon them; while others stood up to their armpits in dark holes delving into the lower crevices. Seeing our lights they stopped to gaze at us. Was it possible they were human beings, these bearded, shaggy, grimy-looking monsters? Surely, if so, they well represented the infernal character of the place. Never upon earth (the surface of it, I mean) had I seen such a monstrous group: shocks of hair all powdered with salt; glaring eyeballs overhung by white lashes flashing in the fitful blaze of lamps; brawny forms glittering with crystal powder, and marked by dark currents of sweat! No wonder I stared at them with something akin to distrust. They might be monsters in reality, and take a sudden notion to hurl me into one of their infernal pits by way of pastime; in which case the only consolation would be, that, where there was such an abundance of salt, there would

After all there was something sad in the con-

dition of these poor wretches—shut out from the glorious light of day, immured in deep dark pits hundreds of feet under-ground; rooting, as it were, for life, in the bowels of the earth. Surely the salt with which other men flavor their food is gathered with infinite toil and mingled with bitter sweat!

Yet, strange as it may seem, I was informed by the guide that these workmen are so accustomed to this kind of life that they prefer it to any other. By the rules of the Directory they are divided into gangs as on board a ship. The working gang is not permitted to remain underground more than eight hours; it is then relieved. The current belief that some of them live in the mines is not sustained by the facts. In former times it is quite probable such was the case. At present the administration of affairs is more humane than it was at an early period in the history of the mines. The operatives are free to quit whenever they please, as in any private establishment. Plenty of others are always ready to take their places. The pay is good, averaging from thirty kreutzers to a florin a day. Wherever it is practicable the work is done by the piece. Each man receives so much for a specified result. Good workmen can make two or three hundred florins a year. The salt is gotten out in various forms, according to the depth of the stratum. Where it is mixed with an amalgam of hard earth it is cut into cylindrical blocks, and exported in that form to Russia. The finer qualities are crushed and packed in barrels for exportation to various parts of Prussia and Austria.

How little do we reflect upon the tremendous mines of Wieliczka supply but an infinitesimal

aggregate of toil by which the commonest article of human food is procured! Thus, as we sit at our pleasant breakfast table-the sunshine shedding its cheerful glow through the curtains upon the social circle; the white cloth, the clean knives, the buttered toast and boiled eggs, so invitingly spread before us-with what charming unconsciousness of labor we dip up a little salt and sprinkle it upon our eggs and butter! how merrily we chat over the topics of the times! To be sure there is no good reason why we should make ourselves miserable because what we relish so highly cost labor; but would it not be instructive to dwell a moment even upon a pinch of salt? Not to go into a history of the silver-mines, which have served to garnish our table; the iron-mines, which have furnished us with knives and forks; or the coal-mines. which afford us fuel with which to cook our food - what a world of salt seas, and brinesprings, and crystal caverns-what an aggregate of human toil, commerce, and enterprise that pinch of salt suggests! Yet so common is the use of this mineral that, like the air we breathe, we are scarcely conscious of its exist-Our bread, our meat, our vegetables ence. would be flat and unpalatable without it: even to health it is indispensable.

Such reflections were naturally suggested by every thing around me—the grimy workmen, the prodigious masses of salt, the colossal beams of timber, the gloomy caverns and wonderful labyrinth of passages. Earth and salt every where! Yet, prodigious as this aggregate of labor is, and vast as are the products, the saltmines of Wieliczka supply but an infinitesimal



GETTING CUT SALT,





THE LABLACHE OF THE MINES.

fraction of the human race. A thousand men are daily occupied in digging it out of the earth; millions of pounds are annually scattered over Poland, Prussia, and Russia: yet the whole is but "a pinch of salt."

Something akin to pity stole over me as I turned away from these poor men. It seemed scarcely credible that human beings could thus drearily struggle to preserve so gloomy an existence. Immured in these deep, dark dungeons day after day, and year after year, relieved only by intervals necessarily devoted to rest, how little they could know of

"The warbling woodland, the resounding shore, The pomp of groves, and the garniture of fields!"

Wherever we stopped in our rambles these poor creatures gathered around us and begged for alms. Afraid to trust to my own discretion, I directed the Commissioner to give them whatever was customary. He was a kind-hearted old man, and dealt the kreutzers out freely; so that many prayers were offered up to the patron saints of the mines for the salvation of my soul.

After a long and interesting journey through various subterranean streets and caverns we emerged into the chamber of Michelawic, which is of such vast proportions that it is difficult for the eye to penetrate its mysterious gloom. A magnificent chandelier, cut out of the crystal salt, hangs from the ceiling. On grand occasions this is brilliantly lighted, and rich strains of music reverberate through the chamber. Nothing can equal the stupendous effects of a full band of brass instruments performing in this vast cavern. The sounds are flung back from

wall to wall, and float upward, whirling from ledge to ledge, till the ear loses them in the distance; then down they fall again with a fullness and volume almost supernatural. It is impossible to determine from what quarter they emanate, whether from above or below; so rich, varied, and confusing is the reverberation. Our guide, in a fine mellow voice, sang us a mining song to test the effects, and I must say I never heard such music before. Indeed so inspiring was it that I could not refrain from a snatch of my own favorite melody,

"Oh, California! you're the land for me!"

And when I heard it repeated by a thousand mysterious spirits of the air, and hurled back at me from each crystallized point of the cavern, the effect was so fine that I was struck perfectly dumb with astonishment. Lablache never made such music in his life, and no other singer of my acquaintance would be worthy of attempting it.

Soon after leaving the Chamber of Michelawic we passed over a series of wooden foot-ways and corridors, extending a distance of fifteen hundred feet, through a great variety of apartments and rugged passages, named after the royal families of Poland and Austria. There were courts, and imperial rooms, and obelisks; chapels, shrines, saints, and martyrs; long rows of niches, containing statues of the old Kings of Poland—all cut out of the solid salt. The design and execution of some of these were admirable, and the effect was gratifying as well from the artistic skill displayed as the peculiarity of the material.

Descending to a second stage by means of a



FOOT-PATH

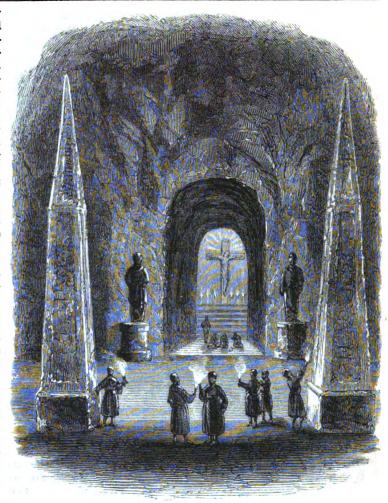
rough wooden stairway which winds around the walls of an immense cavern of irregular shape, we wandered through a series of tunnels, opening occasionally into chambers of prodigious height and dimensions, till our guide announced that we were approaching the Infernal Lake. The lamp-bearers in front held up their lamps, and, peering through the fitful gloom, I could discern, some distance in advance, a sheet of water the surface of which glistened with a supernatural light. Arrived at the edge of this mysterious lake, which might well pass for the river Styx, a boat approached from the opposite shore drawn by means of a rope. Numerous dark-looking imps were at work dragging it through the water. The sides rippled in the sluggish pool, and a hollow reverberation sounded from the dark walls of the cavern.

A gateway was thrown open and we descend-

ed some steps and entered the boat. It was a square flat-bottomed craft, decorated with fancy colors, containing seats on each side, and capable of accommodating a large party. We took our places, and at a signal from the guide the boat moved slowly and silently over the dark depths, which seemed almost of inky blackness in the gloom.

As we thus floated on the infernal pool the solitude was awful. I could not but shudder at the thought that we were nearly five hundred feet beneath the surface of the earth. The dismal black walls, roughly hewn from the solid stratum of salt and marl; the tremendous heights overhead, and the apparent great depth underneath; the fitful glare of the torches, the rough grimy faces of the attendants, and their wild costumes, gave a peculiarly infernal aspect to the scene. It was weird and sombre beyond conception.

We stopped a while in the middle of the lake to notice the strange effect of the plashing of the waters, when disturbed by a rocking motion of the boat, against the massive walls on either side. The reverberation was fearfully deep-rolling and swelling, from point to point, till lost in the lake. As these ceased a terrific report broke

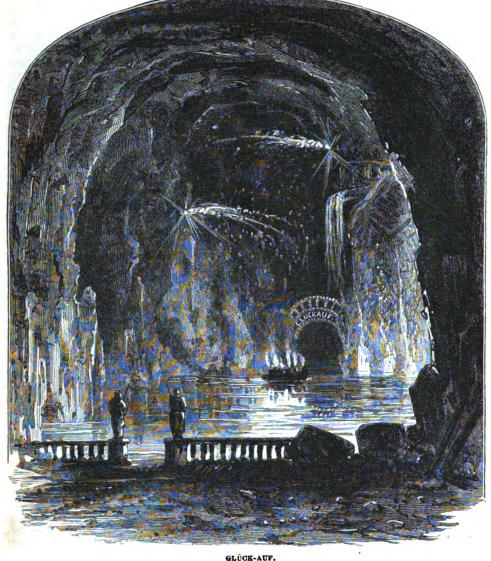


SALT COLUMNS,

labyrinth of shafts and crevices far in the distance. Around and above us were innumerable rugged points jutting out from the solid stratum, and archways reaching across deep fissures, and beams of timber braced against overhanging masses of rock. The sombre hue of the toppling canopy and rugged walls was relieved only by the points of crystal salt upon which the lights glistened; mysterious shadows flitted in the air; and pale, greenish scintillations shot out of the gloom. It was, in truth, a subterranean universe of darkness, made visible by torches of grease and stars of salt, with an infernal sea in its midst, and inhabited by a very doubtful set of people, half earthly and wholly Satanic in their appearance.

Continuing our voyage, after some minutes we approached a point beyond which all was an unfathomable wilderness of jagged walls and vawning caverns. Suddenly a blaze of blue fire burst from the gloom, throwing a ghastly hue over the crystal pinnacles, then faded slowly The guides now covered their lights, and we were left in utter darkness. Groans and cries were heard in the air, and plashing sounds echoed from the shores of the infernal





GLÜCK-AUF.

blaze of red fire, gradually assuming shape till it stood before us in the form of a magnificent triumphal arch, bearing upon its front the illuminated motto,

Glück=auf!

signifying "Good-luck to you!" or, literally, "Luck upon it!"—the famous greeting of the miners. Under this triumphal arch we passed slowly into an immense chamber, of such vast proportions and rugged outline that the eye failed to penetrate its profound depths. Then from various corridors, high among the conglomerate crags, descended mysterious voices, crying, one after another, "Glück-auf! Glück-auf! Glückauf!" till the reverberation united them all in a grand chorus, so deep, so rich, varied, and powerful that mortal ears could encompass no more.

upon the stillness, and out of the gloom arose a | and earthly sounds? or were they the "distempered fantasy of a dream?"

At a signal from our guide the chorus ceased, and shooting fires broke out from the toppling heights, and the whole grand chamber, in all its majesty, was illuminated with showers of colored stars. The inverted arches of fire in the water-the reflected images of rocks, corridors, and precipices-the sudden contrasts of light and gloom - the scintillations of the crystal saltpoints-formed a scene of miraculous and indescribable grandeur. Unable to control my enthusiasm, I shouted, at the top of my voice, "Glückauf! Glück-auf!" The cry was caught up by the guides and torch-bearers; it arose and was echoed from rock to rock by the chorus-singers, till, like the live thunder, it leaped

-"the rattling crags among."

Our guide was evidently accustomed to these Was it real? Could these be human voices grand sights. There was a magisterial indiffer-



ence about him that was very imposing. I rather suspected he was in league with some of the infernal spirits of the place, and knew exactly when and where they would display their diabolical arts. That he had some command over them was evident from the fact that they understood every rap of his stick; and fires flashed out of the darkness and voices were heard in the distance just as it suited him. For all I know he was the Prince of Darkness himself.

Guided by the torches, we at length reached the end of the lake, where a numerous retinue of attendants awaited our landing. The ferrymen gathered around us, as usual, and demanded compensation for their labors. They were a voracious, poverty-stricken set, horribly dark and leathery, and their eyes glared with a greedy lust for "geld" when I pulled out my purse. Fortunately I was well provided with Austrian paper-the most abominable trash ever a man carried, but possessing this rare advantage that it goes a great way. A gulden divided into ten paper notes looks like a great deal of money; yet each note is really worth only four or five American cents. I counted it out freely-twenty kreutzers to each ferryman. Little did I know what I was doing! When they looked at their fees they set up a general howl and begged for more, protesting, in their rude jargon, that they always got double the amount. I appealed to the Commissioner, who assured me, confidentially, they never got half as much. At this they attacked him with reproaches and violent gesticulations, all of which he took very quietly; then they rushed to me and renewed their appeals; then to the Chief, who maintained a pro-

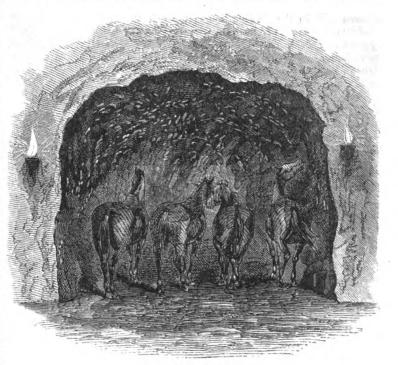
themselves, their rage increasing each moment. I was apprehensive they would drag us back into the boat, and pitch us into the infernal pool, and walked away not much relishing the idea. The last I saw of them they were sitting on the side of the boat counting over their money, and chuckling as devils may be supposed to chuckle when they meet with an extraordinary piece of good luck.

We next visited the stables in which the horses are kept for hauling the salt on the subterranean railways. Many of these horses, it is said, never see daylight from the time they enter the mines. In the course

of a few weeks they lose their sight. A film gradually grows over the eyes—from what cause I could not ascertain. It may be the effects of the salt or long-continued darkness—though it does not appear that the miners suffer any inconvenience in this respect. I remember reading of some fish without any eyes at all found in the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. Possibly having but little use for sight the horses of Wieliczka go blind from a natural disposition to accommodate themselves to circumstances.

After visiting many chapels and shrines cut out of the solid salt we emerged into the Chamber of Letow, the magnificent Saloon of Entertainment, where, on grand occasions, such as the visit of the Emperor or any member of the Imperial family, the whole of this vast chamber is brilliantly illuminated. Six splendid chandeliers, carved from the crystal salt, hang from the ceiling. An alcove at the upper end, approached by a series of steps, contains a throne of green and ruby-colored salt upon which the Emperor sits. Transparent pictures and devices are arranged in the back-ground to give additional splendor to the Imperial boudoir, and the crystallizations with which the walls glitter reflect the many-colored lights with a dazzling effect. The door-ways, statues, and columns are decorated with flowers and evergreens; the floors are sprinkled with salts of various hues: the galleries are festooned with flags; and the whole chamber is aglow with transparencies and brilliant lights.

gesticulations, all of which he took very quietly; then they rushed to me and renewed their appeals; then to the Chief, who maintained a profound neutrality; and then clamored among and other fire-works furnished by the Herr In-



SUBTERBANEAN STABLES.



spector-General of Workmen, and the natural grandeur of the Chamber, hewn as it is out of the solid rock of salt, I was enabled to form a vivid idea of the magnificence of the display on royal occasions.

At such times the operatives and their families, numbering not less than fifteen hundred. are invited to a festival, given by His Majesty the Emperor as a token of his friendly regard. A band of two hundred musicians perform in a special gallery set apart for their use. The Royal Visitor sits enthroned at the upper end of the saloon surrounded by his retinue. The massive chandeliers are lighted, and the walls are decorated with innumerable transparencies and colored lights. Galleries extending all around are filled with spectators, and the guests crowd the floor. The music strikes up, filling the whole vast chamber with a flood of harmony indescribably rich and powerful. The inspired miners break out into their favorite cry of greeting-"Glück-auf! Glück-auf!" and all start off in a general dance - and such a dance! The savagery of motion, the sudden jumps, the fierce energy and intense individuality of every figure can only be seen in the Polish national dance. It is the very impersonation of Sclavonic wildness. The effect is heightened in the present instance by the colored lights and sumptuous decorations of the hall, and the holiday costumes of the dancers, which are singularly picturesque; and the whole scene is wonderfully brilliant and characteristic. It is of course greatly enjoyed by the Imperial spectator, who sits enthroned in the illuminated grotto.

Mingled with these festivities, however, is the depressing element of military despotism. Guards are stationed at every point; sabres and bayonets flash in the glowing lights; the clatter of swords resounds from the floors; and every motion of the dancers is watched with a jealous vigilance. None know better than the Austrians in Poland how hateful their presence is to the people.

Although the mass of the stratum of which this grand chamber is composed is of a darkish color, yet the very darkness of the ground-work serves all the better to show by contrast the glittering points of salt. The effect is inconceivably rich. The arched roof; the high rugged walls, hewn out of the solid rock; the marks of the pick and chisel visible in furrows all over, all sparkling with saline gems, give the whole cavern the appearance of being studded with diamonds. It reminds one of the grottoes under the sea described by Gulnare in the Arabian Nights. When it is considered, too, that all this splendor and these festivities-the illuminated galleries and alcoves, the chandeliers and decorations, the vast concourse of guests, the music, the dancing, the wild and fanciful costumes-are 500 feet below the surface of the earth, it is no exaggeration to say that the spectacle is unparalleled. Nothing to equal it in a similar way can be seen in any other part of the world.

We next descended by a series of stairways to the third story. This differs but little from those already described, except that the deeper one goes the wilder and more rugged become the ramifications of the mines. At one point in our journey we entered a spacious chamber some 80 or 100 feet high. Here the guide paused. and in an impressive manner struck his stick against the floor. When the reverberation had ceased he announced the important circumstance that we now stood directly under the Infernal Lake! "Ya! mein Herr," said he, "that wonderful lake, over which we sailed in a boat not half an hour ago, is over our heads; and if it should break through it would drown every one of us!" "Rather an unpleasant pickle," I thought, but could not translate the pun into German, and so let it pass.

It appears that the waters of this lake found a vent at one time, and deluged a large portion of the mines. The hole was eventually stopped, and the water carried out through the shafts. In 1815 a fire broke out owing to the carelessness of some workman, and several hundred lives were lost. The smoke extended all through the mines, and those of the panic-stricken operatives who were distant from the main shafts communicating with the surface of the earth were suffocated while attempting to escape. Others in their fright fled at random, and falling into deep pits were dashed to atoms. In 1644 another destructive fire took place. All the wood-work was seized by the devouring flames. Men and horses were roasted to death, and many of the workmen who escaped subsequently died



THE OLD COMMISSIONER.



of their injuries. This was one of the most fearful conflagrations on record. It lasted an entire year. The chambers and tunnels, deprived of their support, fell together in many places, causing immense destruction to the works. Even a considerable portion of the town of Wieliczka sank into the earth, and was engulfed in the general rain.

I asked the old Commissioner, whose portrait I give for the benefit of future travelers, if accidents of any kind were frequent at present. His answer was that very few accidents had occurred for many years past. It was almost impossible that a fire could now take place, owing to the strict police regulations and the facilities for extinguishing flames at any point. Casualties to the workmen by the caving of banks, decay of platforms, or falling into pits were also of very rare occurrence.

The deepest point yet reached is 620 feet below the level of the sea. We did not descend into this shaft; but our guide, in order to convince us of its great depth, caused the attendants to throw some boards into it. If I were to with a retrospective glance at to out of which we have just emer before we part, and mutually to we are not compelled to labor in the salt-mines of Wieliczka.

judge by the sounds I should say the boards must be going down yet.

The salt-mines of Wieliczka are interesting not only in themselves but in a historical point of view. They have been worked for more than seven hundred years. In the tenth century salt was dug out of them; and in the year 1240, under the government of Boleslaus, they became an important source of revenue. For several centuries they were held and worked by the Polish kings. In 1815 they were assigned to the Emperor of Austria by the treaty of Vienna, and since that period have contributed largely to keep the Poles in subjection.

In concluding this hurried sketch I am unwilling to take leave of the reader without expressing my regret that it has not been in my power to make it more perfect. Want of time and data must be my excuse. Let us, however, with a retrospective glance at the gloomy depths out of which we have just emerged, shake hands before we part, and mutually thank Providence we are not compelled to labor for a subsistence in the salt-mines of Wieliczka.

A WITHERED FLOWER.

OH, soft and sweet this summer wind Sighs through the leafy arches, And overhead the summer clouds Troop on in stately marches;

And with a cool and ceaseless flow The woodland water rushes, In many a swirling eddy, round The dipping alder bushes.

Beyond them, where the pool is still,
The lilies, tall and slender,
Lie dreamily among the leaves
In white and golden splendor.

Oh, beautiful the place is yet,

Though many a summer's glory

Has come and gone since here I heard

That sweet, delusive story.

No change on tree, or cloud, or wave, Has left its blighting traces: The very violets seem to smile From out the very places;

And lo! within this sheltered nook,

Here stands a fair white blossom—
Half-sister to the one he placed

That day upon my bosom.

I have it treasured somewhere still, Poor, fragile little token! Fit emblem of the plighted faith So soon despised and broken. And though my heart through all these years
Too cold has grown to cover
One loving memory of him
I once believed my lover,

Yet sometimes from those withered leaves
The subtle sweetness stealing,
Stirs up to passion and to grief
Long-hidden deeps of feeling.

The old rebellion and despair,
The old heart-breaking sorrow—
The desolation that could find
No hope in any morrow,

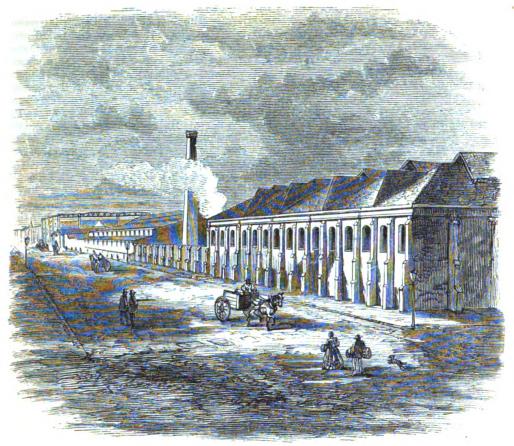
All break in bitter waves again
Upon my soul forsaken,
And leave me moaning, I am left,
And all my idols taken!

Ah, well! what foolish words are these,
When summer suns are shining,
And bird and flower, and brook and breeze,
All sweetnesses combining!

When One above knows all our needs,
And makes provision duly,
And loves with more than human love—
So tenderly, so truly!

My Father! help me still to lean
Upon Thy love unshaken,
And so, for all my "withered flowers,"
I shall not be forsaken!





THE MANHATTAN GAS-WORKS.

GAS AND GAS-MAKING.

Y name is DAVID BIGGS—the Mr. Biggs, in fact, of whom the readers of this Magazine have before heard, and not altogether, I must acknowledge, to my advantage. When, a few months ago, my young friend Septimus Witherspoon-now my nephew by marriagepublished his account of our excursion along the wharves of New York I was naturally mortified. He now owns that his representation of me was somewhat overdrawn, though he insists that it is correct in the main features. At the time when it was written-some months before it appeared in print-I was on a visit to him at his home in Herkimer County, and having ascertained that the value of the farm and railroad stocks held by his respected aunt, Deborah Jane Witherspoon, was every way satisfactory, I was paying my addresses to that estimable lady with every prospect of success. Septimus was opposed to the match, and consequently exaggerated the little aberrations which he observed in my conduct. When the article appeared in print that lady was Mrs. David Biggs. I acknowledge that I was at first attracted to her by mercenary considerations, little knowing the sterling qualities of the woman herself. If I now present myself in a more favorable charac- I am happy to say that my young friend Sep-

ter than formerly it is all owing to the influence of that noble woman. When she gave me her hand she made no paltry reservation of her estate. She put that wholly in my charge, and I am proud to say that her confidence has not been misplaced. The possession of property and the confidence of a true woman made a new man of me. The knowledge which I had acquired, especially of articles of food, came in good stead; my wife's property enabled me to turn that knowledge to account. I entered upon the business of manufacturing prepared meats, and secured a large Government contract for the supply of our army. That it has been a lucrative one is true; and there were few ladies at Rockbranch, where we passed the summer, who made a finer display than my wife. Her position as a fashionable lady was a little embarrassing at first, but that soon wore off, and I do not know when I have been more gratified than I was in reading in a New York paper a notice of "the magnificent dress and high-bred manners of Mrs. David Biggs." As for myself, I am proud to say that my credit in Wall Street is as good as that of any other man; and no one can look with more contempt than I do upon the former David Biggs, who used to wear my old boots and frequent "O'Sullivan Hall."



timus is thoroughly reconciled to our connection, and does me the favor to make my house his home when he happens to be in New York. He is a clever youth, though still a little "green," and I make it an object to post him up a little on matters and things in general, when occasion serves. Such an occasion happened not long since. A few evenings ago we were sitting in my parlor quietly sipping a cup of excellent coffee. I ought to have mentioned that, by the advice of Mrs. B., I have given up the use of brandy and other stimulants of that class. My excellent wife makes admirable coffee, after a method which I taught her, and I find it much better than my old beverages. We were sitting over our coffee when, all at once, the gas went out

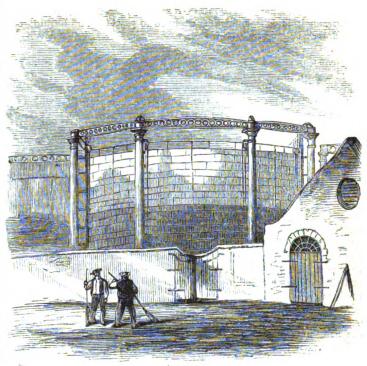
without a moment's warning, and left us in total darkness.

"What a humbug your gas is, after all, in spite of the big pots that you called gasholders, which you showed me when we took that walk along the wharves! They hold your gas now, I should think, and do not seem inclined to let you have the benefit of it," exclaimed Septimus. "I would sue the Gas Company for damages."

"Do you know any thing about gas?" I inquired.

"Certainly," he replied. "Gas, according to Worcester, is an 'aeriform fluid-a term applied to all permanently elastic fluids or airs differing from atmospheric air.' Webster's definition is to about the same purpose: 'A permanently elastic aeriform fluid, or a substance reduced to the state of an aeriform fluid by its permanent combination with caloric."

"That is very well," I replied; "but do you know any thing about the particular form of gas which is used in lighting our city; how it is produced, and how distributed through our streets and houses?" He acknowledged his ignorance; whereupon I inquired if he would like to learn about it. He expressed an ardent desire for information. I thereupon promised on the following day to take him through the gas-works, and to explain to him the whole process of the manufacture, adding that in the mean while I would give him a little preliminary information. I went on to explain to him that the original gases were those contained in the air we breathe—to wit, oxygen, nitrogen, and hydrogen. Farther, that tempts have been made within the last two years,



GASHOLDERS

mixture, made atmosphere, which also contained aqueous vapor, and carbonic acid in small quantities, and near large cities certain amounts of ammonia. The more impure air is, the more the oxygen diminishes and sulphureted hydrogen and carbonic acid increase. All this, of course, was going over old matter; but still it was necessary that he might fairly understand what I was about to say farther, as I perceived he was becoming interested in the matter.

I wished to make him understand the importance of that unseeable, smellable article, generally denominated "gas," which we daily and hourly consume for the purposes of light and heat. I therefore dilated upon the immense importance of the article, and of light generally. I asked him what would the world be without light, even after sunset? I spoke of the discomfort of poking about in darkness, or going to bed at 6 P.M.

All animal and vegetable substances in combustion, I went on to say, give out light and heat. All substances of a fatty or oleaginous nature are composed of carbon and hydrogen, and when exposed to a certain heat, resolve into carbureted and bi-carbureted hydrogen or olefiant gas, which is inflammable, giving out a fine white light. All this, I said, was the simple and entire theory of gas. What improvements time will make, based upon those first principles, time will show. Pneumatic chemistry has already shown that gas can be made from water by separating the hydrogen. Some practical atoxygen and nitrogen, in a state of mechanical but without arriving as yet at any great results.

It was proposed by this method to produce gas | land, on Lake Erie. In the record of the transat a cost of 48 cents per 1000 feet-rather a saving, when it is considered that we have to pay two dollars or more per 1000 feet.

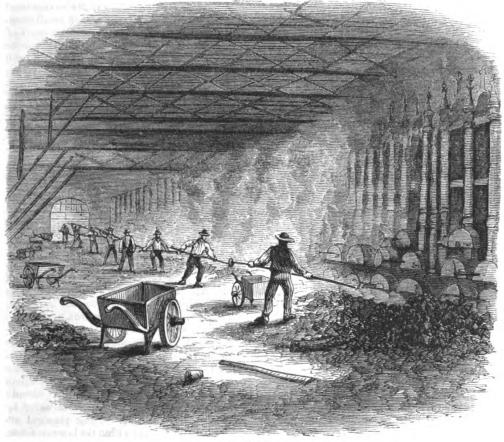
It was very plain that Septimus was interested, and consequently I was determined, while my hand was in, to give him a general lesson on the subject. Under this resolve I thought it would not be a bad idea to trace the history of gas from the earliest record. To do this I did not have to go far back; for though something new turns up every day about those stern forefathers of ours, the Greeks, the Romans, and the Egyptians, yet so far it would be pretty hard to prove them the first discoverers of gas. The Chinese claim to have understood the properties of inflammable gas for centuries, and to have practically used it. The "centuries" I will not indorse; but that they have had natural gas in the neighborhood of Pekin, and possibly in other parts of the kingdom, for many years, is certainly a fact. This gas flows from the coal beds, and they claim that its use first taught them to produce the same article by art. The flowing of natural gas is no novelty, the circumstance occurring in many places in England and on the continent of Europe. In this country the most marked instances are the lighting of the of the light-house and other buildings at Port- upon the subject of my former way of life.

actions of the Royal Society for 1667, this flowing and burning of natural gas is mentioned as occurring at Wigan, in Lancashire. It has long ceased to be a novelty, being a case of constant occurrence in any coal district while boring for wells.

"But your gas," interrupted Septimus, "I mean that which left us in darkness a few minutes ago, isn't natural gas. I happened the other day into a big building where a lot of stout fellows were shoveling coals into a row of ovens. I asked them what they were doing, and they said they were making gas. I took a sketch of the place, and here it is."

"Very good," I replied; "you saw only one part of the process of making gas; a very complicated operation it is too, as you will find tomorrow, when you come to see it. Now while I am posting you up a little beforehand about the history of gas and gas-making, don't you go to sleep, as you did when I was telling you about the commercial history of New York. I don't like people to go to sleep when I am talking to them."

Septimus laughed, for that little episode in our former journey has got to be a standing joke between us. Mrs. Biggs looked a little sour, town of Fredonia, in the State of New York, and for that excellent woman is somewhat tender



MAKING GAS.

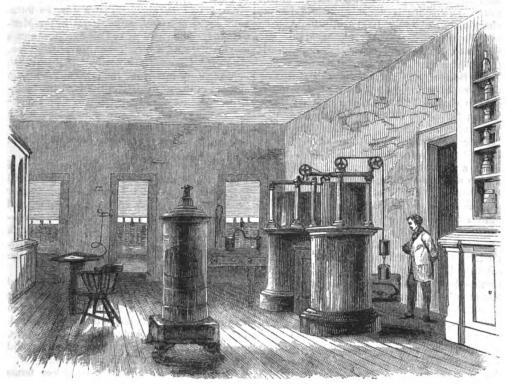


In 1726, I continued, referring to a memorandum, which I happened to have in my pocket, Dr. Hales published a work on Vegetable Statics, in which he gives the result of some experiments in producing coal gas. He states that he made 180 cubic inches of gas from 158 grains of coal. In 1733 the Rev. John Clayton first brought the matter into tangible shape by experiments, and by sending bladders containing specimens of gas to the Royal Society. In 1739 there is entered upon the records of the Society his account of the first discovery. He says, after putting some coal in the retort: "At first there came over only phlegm, afterward a black oil, and then likewise a spirit arose which I could nowise condense. I observed that the spirit which issued out caught fire at the flame of a candle, and continued burning with violence as it issued out in a stream, which I blew out and lighted again several times." Weighing all this, I gave it as my opinion that the Rev. John Clayton was the first real discoverer of inflammable gas.

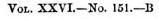
After this I told my young friend of the practical adaptation of it. How Mr. Murdoch, of Redruth, in Cornwall, exhibited it publicly, and afterward lighted the foundry of Messrs. Boulton and Watt-famous as connected with the origin of steam-engines-with it in 1802. From that time the march was rather rapid. In 1804 the Lyceum Theatre of London was lighted with it. In 1813 Westminster Bridge used it with great success, and the following year the entire of Westminster adopted the new light. Two years

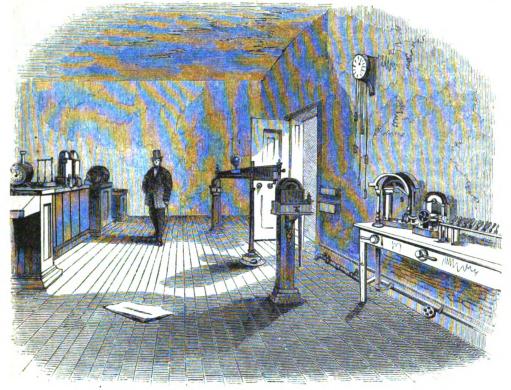
its streets blazed with the wickless lamps. to this time the ignorance of the properties of gas did not lie alone with the vulgar. It extended into high places, even to the making of scientific men oppose its introduction. It is told that, in the year 1813, when the first attempt was made to light the Houses of Parliament, the noble lords and gentlemen commoners would put their hands timidly on the pipes and express their astonishment that they were not hot. The architect of the building also insisted that five inches space should be left between the wood-work and the supposed fiery pipes.

And now, to show that our own land was not behind in the struggle for light, I went on to say how, in 1815, Mr. James M'Murtrie moved in the Philadelphia city councils for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the expediency of lighting that place with gas. The next year Baltimore commenced the experiment, she being the first city in the United States making and using the article. Boston followed suit in 1822, and in 1823 several other cities did the same, including New York, which commenced by incorporating the New York Gas Company with a capital of \$1,000,000, though the actual lighting did not occur until 1825. In 1830 the Manhattan Gas Company was incorporated with a capital of \$500,000, which has since been increased to \$4,000,000. At the present day the gas stock of the United States represents the total sum of \$50,000,000, embraced in over three hunlater the city of London fell into the line, and dred companies. The price of gas to the con-



THE LABORATORY.





THE PHOTOMETER BOOM.

sumer varies according to the nearness of a city to the coal districts, as well as by the quantity they manufacture, the largest makers, of course, affording it at a more reduced rate than the small towns. Pittsburg is undoubtedly the lowest, charging but \$1 80 per 1000 feet, while Auburn and Watertown, New York, Belfast, Maine, and Charlotte, North Carolina, are the dearest; all these places charging \$7 00 per 1000 feet. New York, Boston, and Cincinnati give the consumer the pure thing for \$2 50 per 1000 feet. Philadelphia charges \$2 13; Chicago, \$3 50; Troy, \$3 60; St. Louis, \$3 50, and Richmond, Virginia, \$2 85. The city of London charges six shillings (\$1 40) per 1000 feet. I read these statistics from a memorandum which I had made a year or two before, but I thought the figures were about the same now.

There are, I continued, two gas-houses in the city, or rather two companies, one of which, the Manhattan, has three places of manufacture; the first at Sixty-fifth Street, North River, the second at Eighteenth Street, North River, and the third at Fourteenth Street, East River. This company has for its district all the city from the north side of Grand Street to the south side of Seventy-ninth Street. Within this territory they have 230 miles of cast-iron main laid, employ 1500 men, and serve 30,000 customers. The other company—the New York—has one place of manufacture at the foot of Twenty-first and Twenty-second streets, their district being all the city south of Grand Street. They have 130 miles of cast-iron main laid, and serve 11,000

customers. Besides these, there is a company in Harlem, which supplies the gas for the part of the city above Seventy-ninth Street.

This preliminary information having been given, I told my nephew that I was the fortunate owner of a number of shares in the Manhattan, bought with a part of his excellent aunt's money. "And a most capital investment too, my dear," I added to my wife, "if this foolish movement for increasing the price of the gas on account of the war-tax does not lead the Legislature to annul our privileges. We were making money enough to enable us to submit to the tax ourselves, and furnish gas at the old price. Better left well enough alone. But we shall see what we shall see."

As I knew personally the chief engineer, I was sure he would show us over the works; and so next day we would pay them a visit. Thither we proceeded on the following morning, and found my friend the engineer at leisure to conduct us over the works. He seemed to think we had done him a personal favor by the visit. He is sure of my vote for his continuance in the place.

The first room into which we were introduced was the draughting-room—the spot where all the plans, elevations, maps, and general work of an architectural or topographical nature is executed. This room, though entirely essential to the works, not coming strictly under the head of gas, did not elicit my young friend's admiration.

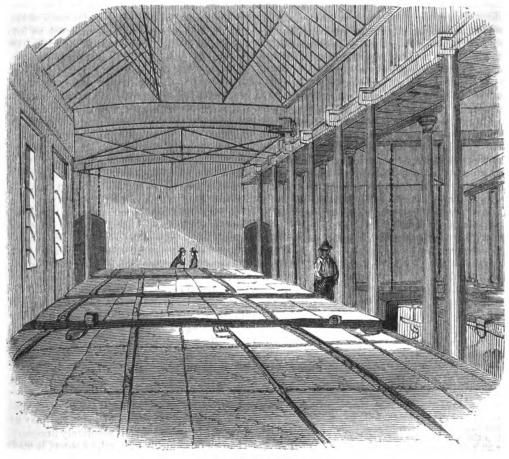
the city south of Grand Street. They have 130 Through this to what the engineer terms miles of cast-iron main laid, and serve 11,000 "The Laboratory"—an apartment of about twen-



ty-five feet square, scrupulously clean and solemnly in order, wherein all the experiments are made of testing, improving, altering, and mixing. Shelves with numberless glass-stoppered vials fill one side of it, and well-polished and painted bits of gas machinery loom up through the floor. From this room, like a passage from life to death, we enter upon the "Photometer Room"-a tomb-like, dismal apartment, dedicated to the purpose of testing the strength of gas by candle-power. The walls and ceiling were, as a Milesian gentleman would express it, whitewashed black, that effect being produced with lampblack and turpentine to prevent any reflection of light. The shutters closed without a seam to admit even a twinkle, and there in the blackest of darkness we were. Out of this darkness came the voice of the engineer laying down the rules by which the strength of gas is judged as compared with a candle of sperm or wax. The practical portion was shown by lighting a gas jet at one end of a frame standing in the centre of the room, and a candle on the other end of the same frame. The gas coming through this jet is made, by means of a regulator, to burn at the uniform rate of 5 cubic feet per hour. On a slide, running exactly in a line between candle and gas jet, which are 100 inches apart, is a round frame on which is stretched making products are tried, especially such coal

paper, oiled all but a small circular spot in the centre, which is left plain. When this frame is midway between gas and candle, the plain spot is easily seen on the candle side, the gas being the stronger light. As it is brought along the slide nearer the candle this clear spot disappears, until at a certain point both sides of the paper will look alike, the light being equalized. This slide is marked into certain divisions and numbered, by which the actual strength of the gas is known, as compared with the candle. With this instrument the engineer is enabled to tell to a nicety the article he is giving the public, and to give it them at a uniform strength of fifteen candles for each burner when consuming at the rate of 5 cubic feet per hour. It is, as Septimus very nicely observed, the "Tasting Room," where, after the company has cooked up a nice potful of their favorite fluid, they help themselves to a spoonful or two to see how it will suit the palate.

Just below the Photometer Room, on the ground-floor, is another pleasant little playhouse, where a perfect machine for the manufacture of gas is set up, on a miniature scale, for the purpose of testing coal, or completing any experiments for which the great works would not be suitable. It is in this room that all gas-



THE RETORT HOUSE.



as may be offered to the company, and its relative value found out.

Once more, and again, besides this miniature gas-house is another of a like style, but of larger dimensions, also for testing coal, and for rougher and larger experimental purposes. This is merely the great works on a reduced scale, the machinery being identical, and the retort exactly the same as that used for ordinary manufacturing .-This small gas-works has a capacity for turning out 4500 feet per twenty-four hours, almost enough in itself to light up a small town.

At the moment that we were about to emerge from the infantine into the parent works, I saw a look of indecision upon the face of Septimus and a halting movement. I

saw him take the arm of the chief engineer, and draw him gently aside as he whispered a word or two in his ear. I saw the engineer raise his eyes with a slightly-astonished look, and I felt morally certain that my young friend had been saying something ridiculous.

"Danger! Why, my dear Sir," says the engineer, "we never have any accidents happen here. You are quite as safe as you would be in your own house."

Septimus looked rather foolish, and immediately said to the engineer that the danger he apprehended was not so much to life and limb as a desire to know whether the inhalation of gas was not calculated to destroy the sanitory equilibrium. A slight smile from the engineer, and a search through some documents which he drew from an inside pocket, I think, settled that matter to my companion's satisfaction. The clencher was the "Extract of a Report of the State Medical Society of Pennsylvania, held at Philadelphia May 29, 1851:"

"Reports from the various districts of the city were read, but they presented nothing new except the following:

ing:

"The Gas Manufacturing Company of the District of
the Northern Liberties has greatly improved the health of
the neighborhood in which it is located, which was the
lowest and most unhealthy part of the district. The residents there had previously been unusually subject to dysentery and autumnal fevers; and during the cholera
season of 1833, previous to the erection of the gas-works,
the disease was more prevalent and fatal than in any other part of the district. During the last epidemic not a
case of cholera occurred in the neighborhood, and dysentery and autumnal fever have entirely disappeared. The
Superintendent farther states that several persons afflicted
with pulmonary complaints have been employed at the
gas-works, and have become perfectly well."



FILLING A RETORT.

There was of course nothing to be said now by Septimus about entering on the main works, and the engineer consequently ushered us into the Retort House. In this building were 1000 retorts, the company using in all 2900 retorts. This retort is similar to one half a pipe, cut lengthwise, and shut up at one end. It is made of clay, the experience of the last few years proving this article superior to iron in wear as well as in other minor requisites. These retorts have heretofore been manufactured at Ghent (in Belgium) and in England; but we are now getting them up at several places in this country in a satisfactory way, the most perfect of which is the Ohio and Jersey City make. properly made retort will last two years.

After the coal has been thoroughly tested and become dry it is mixed in equal quantities of American and English for use. These retorts are set in a frame-work of brick, with the open end outward, pretty much like the mouth of an old-fashioned oven. The fire, which is lighted below, burns entirely around them with a fierce heat. Into these retorts the coal is put by gangs of stalwart men, who play about in the fire like salamanders, seeming really to enjoy the burning. Three men are assigned to each bench of retorts-a bench consisting of fifteen-which bench they are expected to manage entirely, but not to sit down on. The charging, or filling, of these retorts is a piece of work that must not only be done skillfully, but it must be executed with great rapidity, that no more gas may escape and be wasted than is absolutely necessary. To work this quickly a shovel, or scoop, is made which holds 110 pounds of coal; two of these



scoops stand ready filled, and as soon as the retort is cleared from the coke it contains the scoops are run in, emptied, and the lid again clapped on, and fastened so tightly that no gas can find its way out. These charges remain in five hours, and the time consumed in changing and charging a bench of retorts is fifteen minutes. After all the gas is extracted the coke, which remains in the form of carbon, is an excellent fuel. One half the quantity produced is used in the works for heating the retorts, or other purposes; the other half is sold. The increase in bulk, in the change from coal to coke, is about 100 per cent., but, of course, with a great diminution in weight.

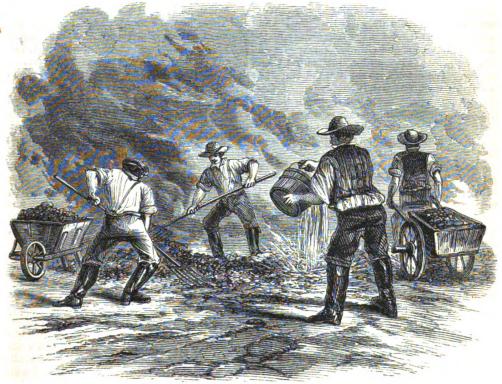
Septimus was delighted with the simplicity of

from the household stock—he could light up my by saying,



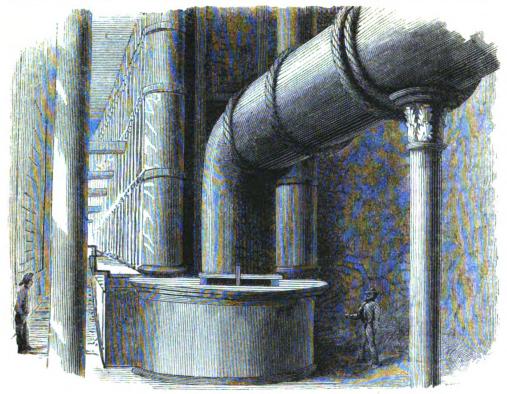
DRAWING A CHARGE.

the operation, and seemed to incline to the be- | dwelling beautifully, and be no longer dependlief that, with a stone jar and a charcoal fur- ent on the company. I think about this time nace—such as he felt sure I could furnish him that the engineer took him down a foot or two



WETTING COKE.





THE CONDENSER.

"Now we have the gas, to be sure, but in a very crude, bad state, and unfit for burning. As it is, it would not flow through the pipes; and if it did, would burn black and smoky, keeping the air continually full of flying specks. We must work it up a little yet-condense it and purify it-wash it, and make it generally fit to offer an intelligent and cleanly public. To do this, the gas is led away by pipes to the Condensers. The object is to rid it of the tar; and to do this we must pass it through pipes surrounded by water. Through the pipes it travels almost an endless road, up one pipe and down another, until, disgusted with its tarry condition, it gives up that portion of its impurity, and dodges out of the condenser."

I thought by this time, looking at my young friend, that he did not seem so anxious to enter upon experimental gas-making; his ardor cooled under the condenser. The engineer resumed:

"Not so fast, though! we're not done with the article yet. It is not so clean that it may show its face unblushingly to the public. The more ignorant portion of the people still have their prejudices alive about their good friend 'Gas;' and for that reason it would be as well to make him as presentable as possible. It has been a hard fight to give him position in the face of prejudice and error, and it is only within a few years that the most fearful stories of gas have ceased to be retailed. In England the introduction was attended with determined opposition, and nothing but the most positive evi-

against the loads of ignorance that sought to crush it. In 1823 forty witnesses were examined before a committee of the House of Commons, every one of whom testified against gas. Some declared that it had affected their throats and those of their family; others that it had produced disease of different forms; some that it had spoiled their clothes and ruined their furniture; and, in fact, no charge that could be thought of, having the slightest semblance to possibility, but was brought. In spite of all this the report was in its favor, and our useful friend forced his way against all slander. In 1814, on the occasion of the illuminations and festivities for the declaration of peace, a most unfortunate affair occurred for the character of gas. Mr. Clegg, the great gas engineer, had put up a magnificent pagoda in Hyde Park to illuminate, when Sir William Congreve, of rocket celebrity, undertook to set off fire-works from the top, just previous to the illumination, by which he set the pagoda on fire and destroyed it. The accident, of course, was laid to the gas.

"It has been the same in this country even as late as within ten years, though if we go back a quarter of a century we can remember many of the most terrible stories that ever were told to a scape-grace child put forth as actual facts in the battle against gas. In 1833 Mr. S. V. Merrick, of Philadelphia, one of the originators and stoutest advocates of the new light, opened a correspondence with the Mayors of the different cities where gas-works were in operation, and with dence of its wonderful effect could have prevailed the presidents of different insurance companies,

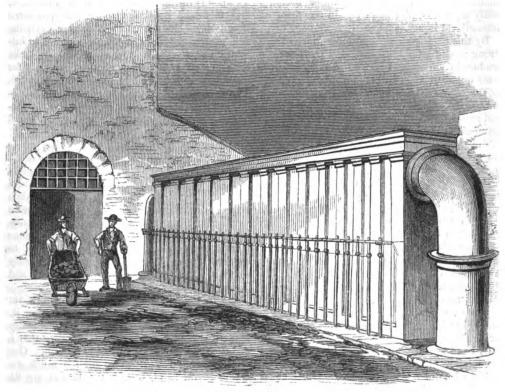


as well as with such persons as had become any into open space, the contact with a light will way experienced in its use, for the purpose of showing by the publication that gas was more healthy, more economical, safer, and in every way better than oil. He certainly succeeded as far as common-sense can succeed against prejudice and interested ignorance. In this very year the city gas-lighting movement had made so strong a head that the oil-men began to feel it in a vital spot-the pocket. As a sort of counter action-a Mrs. Partington effort to brush back the sea with a broom—the great dealers in oil at New Bedford and other places to the eastward sent out agents offering to light various cities, where gas had already been introduced, with oil, charging at the rate of 80 cents per gallon when the market price ruled at \$1 021. In spite of all this new companies were organized in various parts of the United States, and every day added to the new improvements and to the profits."

Septimus here broke in to ask about explosions—a question that showed in a moment a lingering memory of those past days when we were entertained by old women with stories of the terrible effects that would ensue should the gas-house take fire. Nothing less was foretold in such case than the entire destruction of the city by an indiscriminate bursting of pipes every where. The engineer soon set all that right by showing that such a thing as an explosion could not occur unless by an escape of gas and an equal admixture with oxygen. When this

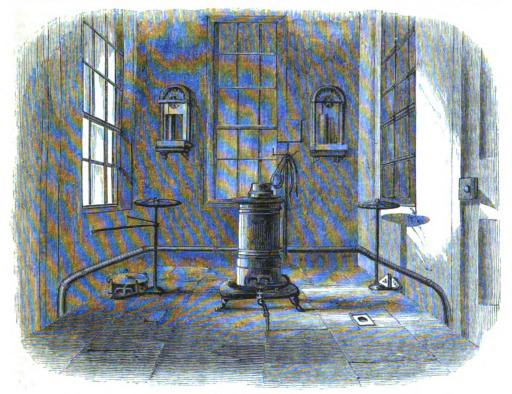
cause an explosion. Fatal accidents have occurred from this cause, as fatal accidents will always occur where ignorant or careless people are. There can be no doubt whatever that the occurrence of accidents from lamps and candles far exceeded those that have arisen from gas. The stationary light must certainly be an immense point gained over those that could be carried into dangerous places, when the mere question of accidents from fire is taken into consid-

To go back to the condenser-the merit of which invention belongs, as I went on to explain to my nephew, aided now and then by a hint from the engineer, to Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, who was the first to discover and make public the fact that gas retained its inflammable quality after passing through water. He gave the world the benefit of his discovery in his "Chemical Essays," published in 1769. We follow the gas after its purification from tar. The next move upon the board is to take from our friend the elements that do not tend to his improvement as an inflammable article. The first of these separations necessary to be made is a divorce from ammonia-an article that exists in considerable quantities, diminishing the illuminating power and injuring the pipes and meters. To accomplish this Mr. Gas is conducted gently into a vessel denominated a "Washer," where he passes through water, under water, over water, and has water thrown on him occurs, and the gas has no chance to escape by a fountain-like stream that continually plays



THE PURIFIER.





THE VALVE ROOM.

through the vessel. This washer is a circular tank constructed with reference to the action of the water upon every particle of gas. The ammonia having an affinity for water becomes easily separated, and flows out in the form of ammoniacal liquor.

By this plan from eight to ten gallons of this strong-smelling fluid are extracted from the gas produced from one ton of coal, which, with the same quantity of tar gathered from the same gas by the efforts of the condenser, goes somewhat toward the expense of making our friend clean and presentable. This process of separating the ammonia is the invention of Mr. Croll, an English gas engineer of great reputation. The tar is used for various mechanical purposes of value, such as the making of naphtha, carbo-naphtha, carboline oil, burning fluid, tar oil, and asphalte; and the ammoniacal liquor goes into the hands of manufacturing chemists, who extract about fourteen ounces of sulphate of ammonia from each gallon of the liquor. Chloride of ammonium, or sal-ammoniac, which formerly was only to be obtained from the excrement of the camel, is now made from this same liquid.

The gas having now been discharged from the washer, much, as I think, to the satisfaction of Septimus, who was, I am inclined to believe, fearful lest it should become mixed with the water, is forced to find its way to the "Purifier." This is an iron box or tank intended to remove the sulphur still remaining in the gas, and interfering with its good properties. The purifier contains several tiers of trays or sieves, separa-

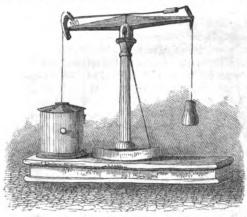
ted from each other, and held by a projection on the inside of the box or tank. In each of these trays is spread powdered lime slightly damped. The gas is introduced at the bottom of the tank, and is forced upward through this powdered lime, which has the effect of seizing upon the sulphur and turning out the gas as pure as human ingenuity has so far been enabled to make it; while the refuse lime, when no longer fit for purifying, is sold for the purposes of manure. The component parts of the gas now are, olefiant gas, hydrocarbon vapor, hydrogen, light carbureted hydrogen, carbonic oxide, and a small portion of nitrogen.

"And now," says Septimus, "the gas is made, let's go home and get something to eat."

I could not help expressing a slight symptom of disgust at my young friend. How could I when the circumstances of our visit were taken into consideration? It was for his instruction that I had come, and now he allowed "something to eat" a place of greater importance than mental food. I was glad, however, to see that the engineer did not mind it, merely smiling upon the derelict Herkimerian, and saying:

"Yes, the gas is now made, but there is yet the labor of keeping it and of distributing it. Experience has taught us that it is as necessary that we should keep a stock on hand as that a shop-keeper should have goods to sell. Our sixteen gasholders are not a bit too much for our stock on hand, though the largest are 95 feet in diameter by 60 feet in height; these gas-





THE GOVERNOR.

holders are capable of containing from 250,000 to 500,000 feet. This is now the ordinary capacity of the gasholder, though in the year 1814 a deputation of the Royal Society, headed by the great Sir Joseph Banks, after visiting the works of the Westminster Company, advised Government to restrict them to 6000 feet in capacity, as an increase on that size would be attended with great danger. There is now one at Philadelphia capable of containing 1,000,000 feet."

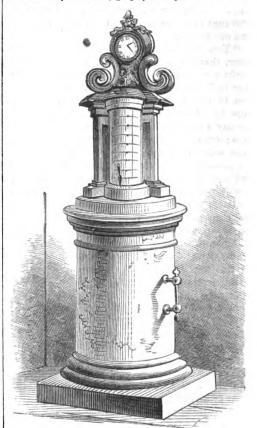
The gasholder is a large inverted iron pot slung from a frame-work of iron. The inversion is made in a tank built of brick and kept filled with water. It is in fact only our childhood's trick of the tumbler inverted on a saucer of water and filled with smoke. This holder is constructed of plates of iron, riveted together. the seams at the time of riveting being filled with a composition rendering them infallibly gas-tight. They have of course no bottom. the gas being introduced by a pipe leading up above the surface of the water, while the outlet is similar. This great iron pot is suspended to the frame by chains, which run over wheels, having attached to the other end sufficient weight to balance the holder and allow it to rise gently as the gas enters, or fall as the gas goes out. The pressure requisite to raise this huge mass of iron is equal to the raising of water five inches in the tube. In the midst of the group of gasholders stands a small building, "the Valve Room," where at a glance can be seen the quantity that has gone into each holder, and as soon as sufficient has entered the valve is closed and the supply directed to another holder. In winter it is necessary to prevent the water in these tanks from freezing: this end is achieved by pouring tar into the space between the inner side of the tank and the outer side of the holder to the depth of a couple of inches.

"The gas," said our guide, "is now ready for delivery to customers; but there is still a question as to how it shall reach them in such a way that one will be as well served as another. In a city lying as flat as New York this is not so much of a difficulty; but where there is great variation in the elevation of certain streets or districts a governor to the pressure becomes

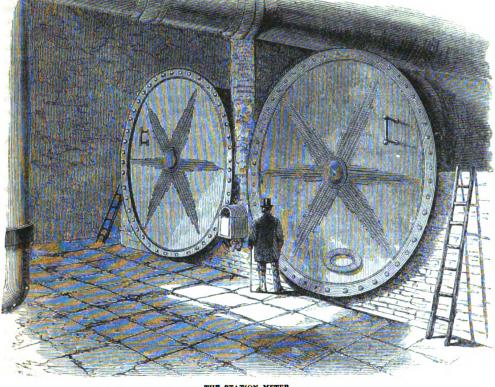
absolute, or those living in high spots would be crowded with gas, even to leakage, while those living on low ground would be almost lightless. To rectify this "the governor" was made to intervene between the gasholders and the mains. The governor is simply a gasholder on a small scale suspended like a bell, with a balance weight, and having an inlet and outlet pipe, the first having suspended over it a conical piston which regulates the admission of the gas in the inverse ratio of its pressure. To do this the piston is so constructed that it works on the principle of a bellows-valve, shutting the inlet pipe partially when the pressure is greatest. When once the gas is admitted to the cylinder or gasholder above the inlet pipe there is no farther trouble, it passes at a uniform rate into the mains.

"And now, gentlemen," says the engineer, "the gas is ready for customers, and, without taking any mischances into account, will be delivered at their doors, or even in the most private and tabooed apartment of their houses, in quantities to suit."

Then the engineer rubbed his hands, and looking straight at Septimus, said: "If we were like the sewers of Paris with our mains, gentlemen, I might take you through and show you that even after the produce of our retorts, condensers, and washers, is consigned to the bowels of the earth our care for it does not cease. As we can not, however, go physically, we will men-



THE REGISTER.



THE STATION METER.

tally." Here the engineer unrolled a mass of drawings to act as a guide in our dark passage, and proceeded:

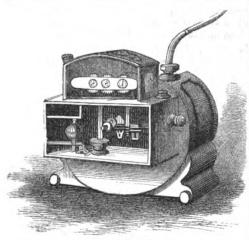
"You will perceive, gentlemen, before we enter, that it is necessary to keep up within the works a certain amount of pressure that the gas may find its way to the customer. The regulation of this pressure is a very nice thing, and must be attended to with great care. Through the day a uniform rate is kept on of 8 ths of an inch; or, in plain words, such pressure as will raise water in a tube that distance. At night the pressure is increased according to the hour and the season - as, for instance, in winter, double the quantity of gas is burned than in summer: the pressure consequently is increased, and the same rule must be followed during different hours of the night. More gas is burning at 9 P.M. than at 12 P.M., and more at the latter hour than at 3 o'clock in the morning. That all this may be attended to properly a reliable man is kept at the pressure-gauge day and night, acting under instructions as to proper force. That the faithfulness of this watchman may be secured, a silent watchman is put over him in the shapes of a 'register' in the office within, which marks through the still hours of the night the rate of pressure kept up. This pressure-indicator is a cylinder covered with paper and revolving by clock-work. Against it rests the point of a pencil, which pencil is acted upon by the pressure of the gas in the mains, and records in a rising or falling line as perfect a tell-tale of

speaking-bird of 'Arabian Nights' fame. The variation of pressure is from 18 ths of an inch to

"And now, gentlemen," continued our friend, waving his hand toward the drawings of pipes, as though he expected us to perform the feat of crawling bodily through them, "into the mains we go. The first pipe, as you see, is 30 inches in diameter, that being the largest size used, from that down to nothing. These pipes are of the invariable length of 12 feet. As we go on you will see that these mains are not laid exactly horizontal, but all run down hill a little, which is the inclination of the mains to the drips. You have no doubt observed frequently when passing through the streets a castiron plate, on which the letters 'Gas drip' stand To explain this it is necessary to show that after the gas goes into the mains it is subject to condensation in some degree. Carbureted hydrogens, our friend being of that family, condense into oil, and as it would not be good to remain in the pipes, provision is made to have it run off into these drips or receptacles by the gradual inclination of the pipes.

"You will also perceive as you go on spots here and there, where your passage is barred by a closed door, without crack or crevice. These are the 'valves.' We use two kinds of valves, the hydraulic and the slide or spring valve. The hydraulic valve is used only in the works, while the other is used through the streets. The object is to shut off the gas from any certain disthe doings of the watchman as would that famous | trict when it becomes necessary, through any





THE WET METER.

accident or leakage-the last of which is a matter of so much importance to a gas company that every precaution must be taken to combat it. Our average loss from leakage, condensation, etc., is 12 per cent. of all the gas manufactured. The hydraulic valve works much on the same principle as the gasholder, being an inverted cup covering the top of a pipe, the edges of the cup immersed in water. The slide valve shuts like the sliding cover of a box, being accurately fitted to leave no aperture. Now, gentlemen, you have no farther interruption through the mains until you reach your own homes, if you can only manage to squeeze through the pipes."

gentle hint that he had been bored long enough with us and should have acted on it, but my young friend from Herkimer, gathering himself up suddenly with a-search-of-knowledge-under-difficulties air, says to the engi-

"How about the meters?"

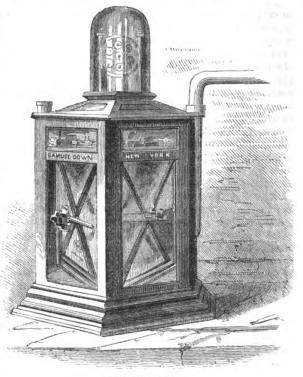
"The meters, Sir? What about them? Do you want to know how they work? Come along, Sir, you shall see," and the engineer good-naturedly led us away to a meter.

"This little instrument, which is in reality one of the simplest things in the world, is made by gas consumers one of the most mysterious, on the principle that men must have something to grumble at, and perhaps it is better for them to grumble at a gasmeter than at any thing else. meters there are two kinds-the wet and the dry meter. The wet meter, which is the most used, though being slowly superseded by the dry meter, acts by a valve governed by a ballfloat. When the water is kept up in the meter the valve is kept raised, the gas passes through into a chamber wherein a wheel or screw is turned by

its passage, the turning of which acts upon the works of the meter clock, and registers exactly the amount of gas consumed or leaking out of the pipes beyond the meter.

"The dry meter differs from the wet entirely. They use no water, and are acted by valves instead of wheels. The best illustration that can be used is that of the bellows. Let us take the bellows-valve and attach clock-work to it, that an account may be had of the number of times it rises and falls, and we have the entire principle of the dry meter. Another illustration would be, that it is precisely on the principle of the cylinder of the steam-engine, the gas working on alternate valves, and moving a piston in the same way. Meters can be made of every size, even up to the power of measuring 60,000 feet or over per hour; that is the capacity of the station meter in these works: it is 15 feet in diameter, and will register one and a half million feet in twenty-four hours."

I could see by the expression of my young friend's face that he did not fully comprehend this elaborate explanation. He was not perfectly satisfied that the movements of the index across the face of the dial were a sure measure of the quantity of gas which has passed through the meter. For my own part I had no doubt in the matter. The theory of the operation of the meter is unquestionably correct. It ought to measure the gas accurately, and if properly constructed and kept in good working order, I think it must do so. At all events, until I have better grounds for doubting its accuracy than mere reports that Mr. A. and Mrs. B. found their I took this little sally of the engineer's for a monthly gas-bills the same, whether they burned



THE DRY METER.

ten or twenty lights, I shall hold fast to my belief in the accuracy of the meter. However, as I am of a statistical turn of mind, I intend to make a fair trial in my business establishment. I shall for the months of December and January keep an accurate account of the burners lighted and the number of hours in which each is used. If the meter fails to give an accurate account of the comparative quantity of gas consumed, my own interest as a stockholder in the Manhattan will not prevent me from making the result known through the columns of the daily press.

A MAN'S LIFE.

THINK it is a soft warm morning in the early L part of May instead of this stern month of December. As if by magic the snow that covers the ground vanishes. The grass is almost long enough for the garden scythe—the flower-beds are laden with buds—the tree-branches rattle no longer frostily in the wind, they rustle and wave and float on the balmy air. Those are not snow-birds that I see, but bright-winged creatures whose nests are among the rustling fields of corn, in fruit and forest trees. The earth has arrived at the joy of the transition—its discomforts, its uncertainties are over. Lovely are the peach and apple orchards in their bloom, and there is rejoicing in them not for the promise that shall be redeemed, but for the present

Two young girls are walking in a long, shady lane that leads into the pasture-lands beyond the streets; to the level pasture-lands, not to any great height that commands a prospect of the country, nor to any depth from whence stars may be seen at noon. It is over a level country that they go, rich and fair in meadow-lands.

Often they have walked together through such paths; but on this evening it is for the last time in their life. Their long chats are being brought to a final conclusion, their confidences to an end: for to-morrow the elder of the girls is going away, and when she returns all things will be changed to both of them-within them and without them will be changed. For between the career of a fashionable lady and a seamstress there is an earth-wide dissimilarity and distance.

Under almost any circumstances she who will depart on the morrow would present a noticeable figure. Already she has lovers, though she is but a school-girl; already she has become accustomed to admiration, for she is pretty, and gay, adventurous, untrammeled in speech and moodshe does not stop at trifles. She sweeps through her books, and such duties as it pleases her to recognize, with a somewhat pretentious grace, even as through the quiet path where she and Helen Kyle are walking: with a pride that may not be quite justifiable she goes, and all forgive her for it-nay, rather estimate her according to her own valuation.

long curls sweep the desk, and the light rests upon and lingers among them as if it admired them and loved to set off their beauty. She has large eyes, blue, bright, and proud-too proud indeed to serve their mistress well. She will never behold life as it is through them. Not at least as it is to the heroes and the martyrs. The long lashes are not called upon to veil them, the lids are drawn up straight. She looks out eagerly upon the world—she will see all that can be seen by her.

The boys at the academy are in a flutter on her account; gentlemen and ladies in society all know her by name and fortune. Sabrina Spring the name is, and as for the fortune it is enough to stagger a poor body only to think of. Many prophets prophesy proud things of her coming womanhood, which prophecies will verify themselves as surely as she lives. Of all her mates Sabrina is best known. Her beauty and position have conspired to her conspicuity. It can hardly follow, therefore, that she is thinking much of arithmetic and grammar.

Who is she that walks beside her? For her name, it is Helen Kyle; for her person, it is such as makes no show when contrasted with that of her companion. She is merely quiet, and modest, and pretty. The influence of Sabrina has not been lost upon her. It induces the younger girl to make the most of herself, and that is not a great deal—at least as it meets the eye. She is receptive, not original; good, not showy. She wears her hair as Sabrina wears hers, but the effect is not the same; the peacock and the oriole may bring themselves with equal care up to their best appearing, but there will still be a difference; and if the eye can not perceive it by reason of blindness, the ear will detect it, and fill the soul with light that it also shall discern and make the needful distinction. Helen's dress is plain to coarseness; but the way in which it is put on and worn testifies to the little maiden's niceness and purity of sense.

Helen is the daughter of Kyle the potter; Sabrina was born under another star, but they have been friends these five years. Now, however, as I said, the friendship is drawing to a close. They do not hint this to each other. They anticipate no such result. When Sabrina slips the circlet of gold from her hand upon Helen's neither of them think that the token is not so much a pledge of what shall be, as a memorial of what has been.

It is not exclusively, nor chiefly, perhaps in reality not at all, because of a noble disregard for the things prized as above all price at home, that Sabrina chooses to while away these last hours of her last day with Helen Kyle. Not because the parade and vanity and worldliness at home weary, shame, disgust her; she has, in sufficient measure, the spirit by no means rare among young people of every station, the proud rashness that mistakes "shows for things," and greatly plumes itself on the mistaking. In some way, not the best way-in some degree, not the When she lingers over her school-books her most generous and certain—she despises her



daily life, and feels its fetters, and sees something to covet in the peaceful nature of Helen Kyle, in its freedom from bondage to the world; but she does not understand that it is not so much a love of freedom as a willful youth's dislike to government that prompts her. She may envy Helen Kyle, but no worse thing could befall her, nor any thing more opposed to the desire of her heart, than occupancy of such station as Helen holds. It is not Helen's lot as she supposes, but Helen's acceptance of it, that she ignorantly applauds and envies.

She has a free and noble bearing. Occasionally, not habitually, therefore not with reliable sincerity, she utters sentiments worthy the expression of a saint. Even Helen, unlearned, unwise as she is, makes an application of those sentiments sometimes of which Sabrina had not so much as imagined them capable. She is a showy girl-a girl of brilliant promise, so they say-but Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, are quite as good as the waters of Israel for her cleansing. She will probably not go down to the Jordan. I would not wrong nor slander her, nor dwell upon her, inasmuch as it would not mend the matter any; but even in so slight a tale as this she comes up in experiences a formidable obstruction, and it behooves me to say that she is committed, and has herself ratified the disposition by recommitting herself, young though she is, to a life of miserable falsity—if Christ portrayed the true life. And moved though she may be from time to time to lofty impulses and heavenly demonstrations, she is surrendered, first by birth, secondly by culture, thirdly by choice, to a life of essential falsehood, to a being of untruth. Untruth—though she be altogether innocent of the depraved taste that leads men and women on in gossiping exaggeration of speech and doing, betraying thereby so low a sense of honor, so thorough a self-betrayal, such gross self-abandonment; a being of untruth because guilty of that more fatal, because eternal, surrender of soul, which involves the mendacious external demonstration; the lying unto God, since He alone can thoroughly discern it, which a clear perception of the enormity will confess is best avenged, as in the case of Ananias and Sapphira, by instant smiting unto death.

For the reasons now indicated, though neither of the young girls anticipate the result of this parting, it must be an everlasting one. Before they meet again they will have grown beyond each other's reach. It is a "parting of the ways," as well as of the persons, that will admit no further reunion. But their words are now sincere, their promises are true; and when Helen laments the loneliness that she shall feel, Sabrina echoes the lament, and their separation is a tearful one.

Under the branches of a willow-tree, branches which spread broadly to the four points of the compass, and in their sweep described a magnificent circle, stood the house of Kyle the potter.

It was the oldest house in the town; but Kyle

was not the "oldest inhabitant," nor was this his ancestral domain. The oldest house!—its sunken moss-grown roof hinted broadly at the fact; so did the great willow that sprung from the switch wherewith the pioneer had urged on his horse in his travel through the wilderness.

In a comparatively deserted portion of the town the House and the Tree stood, faithful companions, clinging to the old ground long after the wealth and fashion of the place had taken up their bed and board in other quarters. The hand of improvement, not always the most gentle and considerate, had spared them, though not at the instigation of those who might have been supposed to take the deepest interest in the tree and cot: the descendants of the pioneer, among whom was the father of Sabrina, made no stipulation when they sold the place that it should remain inviolate. The memorials stood, therefore, because it was not yet the interest of the owner to tear them down.

The sons of the pioneer were not the enterprise, but they were the wealth of the town. They stood in the place their father had made possible to them, but not by any means in his place, nor even in his path. They were thoroughly respectable men—more worthy of the world's esteem, it would appear, from the consideration in which they were held than their brave, hard-working sire; but they were degenerate sons, riotous spendthrifts, irreproachable though they appeared in their style of integrity.

It was long ago that they disposed of the little red house under the willow. And the willow itself, under which their father and mother sat resting from their labors in the cool of the day while their children played around them, I think they would not have cared much if it had been cut down or torn up by the roots. They would not have accused themselves of robbing or despoiling either the past, or the earth, or the air, or birds, or the hearts of reverent men.

As to the house, it had passed through many hands, and now the potter lived there. The potter had one son, and an only daughter, Helen, whom I have named, and Emanuel, who of the two was elder.

It was of course an obscure family, but at the same time an extraordinary family every way. Quite removed from the cares which attend on little or large fortunes, for fortune they had none. Daily bread and toil, that seemed to be their portion. More sincere contentment, I believe, was never found in any domestic circle. Profound contentment you might not call it, since it was not drawn from a deep knowledge of life, but contentment more sincere you must search far to find. Kyle the potter was an easy man, and an easy woman was his wife; but neither was the discomfort or renovation of the other. The potter went out every morning except Sunday to his labor; year in and year out he had the same wages, for he was constant as the sun, and his health had no variations, no fluctua-



tle serious thought. On the busiest days his son or daughter carried his dinner to the pottery that he might lose no time, and he worked from morning until night, and was glad of the opportunity. In the evenings the family was always together. On pleasant summer nights under the willow-tree, and when the weather forbade the outdoor gathering, they made a happy circle round the kitchen fire. Of simple social enjoyments they had no lack. I think I see you smiling, but this is all true. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things that he possesseth." Oh, that the world would give any worthy evidence of belief in Christ's assurance!

They were all children together, good-humored and happy. The potter had his dreams, of course—for he was not a total animal, not a brute—but the dreams were ineffectual as they were insubstantial; they admitted not of coining, neither did they serve him to the uttermost as inspirations. But, in spite of his dreams, there was no hatred or malice in his heart. It would as soon have occurred to him, or any of his house, to envy the birds their nests in the willow-tree, as the rich men of the town their palaces. The one stage and manner of life was as inaccessible, therefore, according to the law of their being, as undesirable to them as the other.

Neither the potter nor his wife could read. Thereby they were to some extent losers; but to be deprived of books is not to be deprived of life. They were thus left free of potent aids, it is true; but even in their obscurity and ignorance they had the spirit that sweetens, dignifies, and purifies existence.

If they knew not the names and progress of the constellations, and could not open their lips on the subject of the "plurality of worlds," and only thought about them, when at all they thought of them, in connection with the inspired words that these lights were given to enlighten the earth; if they never could abstract them from the azure wall they seemed to gem, and send them rolling through space, world upon world, until they shrunk aghast before the magnitude and splendor of their own vision, they missed the unrest and the bafflement and disappointment which such royal speculators feel. If they were in no way prepared to reason about life, and did not understand it, and were not crushed by a sense of its responsibilities and limitations to a childlike humility and faith, still they had a sweet and satisfying perception of its unanalyzed beauty and comforts. had in their own way the humility and faith; their daily lives confessed it, though they never knew to tell it. They had no room, no company, no learning, money, leisure; they had nothing but the spirit to enjoy all things that were in their possession, and the instinct to make the most and best of what they had. The faith of childhood, much of its purity, all its freedom from emulation, evil ambition, lust of aggrandizement, and of "other things."

Emanuel and Helen Kyle passed serenely through their infancy; aimlessly, it would almost seem, as the green leaf that floats up and down the lake on whose bosom it has fallen. One wondered to see them, and even grieved to see them. So idle their infancy was, such meagre provision did it seem prepared to make in their spirits for reception of the future that would surely come. It could be but a hard and grinding future. If they awakened, or if they slept through the ordinary term of human life, in either case their lot seemed a hard, a deplorable one. You felt almost justified in wishing them swiftly out of the world, or, in the as idle wish, that they had never entered it.

But here they were on this earth, and what was to become of them?

Somehow it had happened in the course of time that Kyle's children, Emanuel and Helen, were sent to school. With Emanuel, more full of spirit and activity than his sister, the effect of this movement was correspondingly sudden and apparent. From the moment of his entrance within the school-room doors and subjection to school discipline, it was as if he were caught bodily in the resistless arms of a machine, which held him with an ever-tightening grasp till the garment of his childhood's mortality was torn away.

He was of the age, and pre-eminently of the temperament, to be acted upon by all exciting influences. It seemed as if he must have inherited his spirit from his unknown ancestors, if an inheritance it was: so marked and decided was it in its bearings, so essentially different from that of his parents, so unlike that of Helen in its manifestations, from the moment when circumstances drew from him the first direct unbiased expression of himself.

What the fair young princess is to the eyes of the boy-courtier, was Sabrina Spring to the eyes of Emanuel Kyle. If he should live a thousand years, and behold the most peerless beauties of artistic or natural creation, never would so radiant a vision burst upon his sight, or linger in his contemplation, as that which found its way into the school-room and his heart on his first day at the Academy.

The friendly relations between Sabrina and his sister were formed a short time after the potter's children entered the school, and were brought about by the love of domination in the former, which found expression of itself every hour of her life: in Helen's case it was exhibited in her favor, by defending the timid young stranger from the foraging attacks of older, and stronger, and bolder scholars, to whom the child seemed a proper subject of tyranny. In this friendship Emanuel had no acknowledged part. He had nothing to do with it, except in its inevitable results. When day after day he came within sound of her voice, within sight of her beauty, and listened to the report which Helen, captivated by her companion and defender, brought of the conversations they had together, of the home in which Sabrina lived, of the gar-



den, and the young girl's authority within the house and without it—where more and more Emanuel became abstracted and confounded and perplexed as he questioned and continued to question—or as he wistfully gazed, at times when none could see him, through the gateway of the handsome house, or watched the proud and graceful figure of Sabrina in her comings and her goings, and contrasted the predestined lady with Helen, her station, prospects, fortune, with his sister's—all these points, these motions, curiosities, conclusions, were significant of something.

No one that had to do with him could tell what. He was not what he had been—that, they could perceive; but they could not interpret the change by its indications. They knew not the meaning of his impatience, discontent, unrest. They could not comprehend that something like envy, something like love, something like the frenzy of an unascertained ambition, had arisen in his soul from a long contemplation of beauty, and riches, and worldly display.

That Helen shared not, and could not share, in such feelings as grew in fatal haste, as evil plants do always, in his heart, Emanuel knew instinctively, and he shrunk from exposing them to her; and he kept them in his heart-that was the mischief of it that he kept them there. He sat in his corner in the gallery at church and watched the people as they came in. He saw Sabrina when she entered with the others, and she seemed to his eyes, she alone, to make the place glorious. He went there to worship, as other people do, but to worship earth, not heaven. He watched her in the street; he was observant of her bearing, the greetings she received. When Helen would repeat to him some words Sabrina had spoken, some argument that passed between them, his heart ever inclined him to side against his sister; it never occurred to him as a possible thing that she might be the wiser of the two. When now Sabrina was gone, and he had not her to watch and consider, deprived of the joy he had found in that occupation, he fell into a mysterious mood quite beyond the comprehension of his friends. Out of this mood there came at length a purpose full-armed and resolute. There was a battle to be fought, and something to be won. Fortune to be acquired, knowledge, station, equality!

So he went to his father one day, and he signified to Kyle his wish to work with him in the factory.

"But the school?" said Kyle, who had been better pleased than he knew with his son's devotion to his books.

"I can study them at home in the evenings," answered Emanuel; "it is quite time that I should help you and mother."

This saying overjoyed the heart of Kyle the potter, and he blessed his dutiful son, and the mother did the same, and so Emanuel left school.

in this condition it came to pass that there was one whose heart could understand something of the struggle by what met his eyes, and with serious anxiety he was mindful of Emanuel. He

In the pottery Emanuel worked. He was a stout, strong fellow, and as his years increased he was being finely developed in physical beauty. He was a young Hercules contrasted with the puny young men who flourished their delicate walking switches in the streets of the town. He considered himself equal to any exertion: so he worked by day in a way that was exhaustive to himself but praiseworthy in his master's eyes, and he made nothing of robbing himself of three or four or five hours of sleep at night for purposes of study; for he was developing into a studious, ambitious man.

So month after month, full of excitements and joys to others of his fellows, but of mighty spiritual conflicts with him, went on until the year had ended, and Sabrina Spring had returned from the boarding-school and made her entrance into society, and Helen had learned her trade as a seamstress, and had besides entered irrevocably into an engagement of marriage with a young man of her own station.

The year's work had tested Emanuel to the utmost. He did not regard it as having fulfilled this office. He had been impatient of its lingering, while he made the most of it as it went by. The very energy with which he pushed his labors defeated his purpose. The constant excitements into which his own strivings and ambitions hurried him wore upon his strength, and so upon his spirit, and with ill health he fell into a continual despondency.

Emanuel beheld, and to behold was to, as he was prepared, love the fair image of the lady who had been the first to take his imagination captive-who had incited him to action with vague hopes which, from the manner of his holding them, could but fill him with despair and shame at his own folly the instant that he staved himself to look resolutely upon them. He did so stay himself at length-did thus lookand his life, which had been for a little time the richer, for a longer time became the poorer because of her. He was thinking now too much; for he had no ability to guide his thoughts, he could not right himself: so he began to arraign Providence, and to harbor wicked fancies and designs, became dissatisfied, disgusted, skeptical, unhappy; even while Helen, before his eyes, was following in the pleasant path of love, cheerfulness, contentment, and holiness which their parents had trod before them. Then-for his spirit must have free exercise in some direction—he ran headlong into divers temptations and loose irregular habits that reflected dishonor on himself, and added nothing to the peacefulness of his

In this condition of mind—while maintaining this attitude toward life, a continual reproach to himself, whatever he might be to others: he was a man whom the world would judge more kindly than he would judge himself if he went astray—in this condition it came to pass that there was one whose heart could understand something of the struggle by what met his eyes, and with serious anxiety he was mindful of Emanuel. He



was not a person who could be friend another by advancing his worldly fortunes—alluring thus from evil—but merely the humble keeper of a paltry shop, whose trade caused him to have frequent dealings with the workmen at the pottery, as he procured thence the most of the goods retailed by him.

that this talk should in any degree assume the aspect of deliberation. "You have only begun yet. I am sixty, and I don't know but I am as hopeful as ever I was—though I'm not looking for quite the same things I was once. Not quite in the same way that you are, or have been, I dare say. You have been working too hard, for

Emanuel had often occasion to take the shop in his way on his return home at night for purposes of trading, and so had frequently exchanged a word or two with the nearly blind old man who sold the small wares and groceries for a living. But they had not advanced as yet far in the acquaintance, and it did not seem probable that they ever would.

One rainy day, toward nightfall, he went in with some goods which had been ordered from the pottery in the morning. It had been a long dull day to the shop-keeper, and not less so to Emanuel; the old man stood prepared by a variety of circumstances, which had all conduced to this result, to take to his heart any worthy thing that presented itself, and a piece of special good luck he deemed it when this gloomy youth crossed his threshold; and by one device and another he managed to detain Emanuel until they had fairly entered into a conversation.

Emanuel stood by the stove and warmed himself, and they talked in a rambling, quiet way, quite in keeping with the dull night and the dull spirits which oppressed them. It was not an hour for demonstration, hardly for conversation; but for any approach, even the slightest, to communication between himself and this life, which had for weeks been more or less a study to him, the old man was on the alert; and when, by-and-by, some murmuring expression escaped Emanuel, quick as thought the old man took hold of it, and essayed to draw that to which it was attached forth from the youth. It was some complaint, some querulous expression in regard to his experience, that escaped him, and the shop-keeper hastened to respond to it seriously, yet with hearty sympathy and kindness.

"Well, young man, how would you have it if you might have your way?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Emanuel, rather taken aback by the question; then bluntly he added, "I would have a change at all hazards. Nothing goes right."

"Perhaps you've got some wrong notions about that," said the shopman, answering after Emanuel's style, yet with a friendliness of voice that made an impression on the youth; and when he asked, "Why, what has happened?" he was answered,

"Nothing has happened. I wish there would. It's because nothing happens that I begin to give up all expectation that any thing ever will, for me."

"How old are you, Kyle, if one may ask?"
"Twenty-two, Sir."

"Too young to be discouraged," said the old sweet sound to the old shop-keeper—the sweetman, stooping down under a pretense of hunting est of all sounds that indicate the capabilities semething under the counter, for he would not of men. "I had struggled along, and had a

aspect of deliberation. "You have only begun yet. I am sixty, and I don't know but I am as hopeful as ever I was-though I'm not looking for quite the same things I was once. Not quite in the same way that you are, or have been, I dare say. You have been working too hard, for one thing. I have noticed you at the pottery this long time, and tried to make your acquaintance, as you must have seen, for you have done every thing you could to prevent it, and have pretty fairly succeeded. Will you tell me what you are working for? or is that no concern of mine? Don't take me for an old gossip, poking into what's none of my business. Don't answer me unless it pleases you to do so; and be sure that I don't want to put myself on you."

"I don't know, Sir, what I was working for. I'm pretty sure, though, that just now I'm working for nothing," said Emanuel, frankly.

"You were not thinking of going into any profession, then?"

"No."

"Haven't any particular bent toward any one thing? No genius, as they call it, for any particular work?"

"I can not tell. I think not—decidedly not, Sir. I don't seem to have any—what d'ye call it?—genius, or gifts—none!"

"Then, if you'll allow me, I don't see why you should be downhearted. All you have to do is to keep on soberly and honestly, and you'll prosper as sure as your life is spared."

What advice was this for the young man to hear? He had lost his ambition, or renounced it, because of its madness or folly; but he was not now intending to stoop to any such striving as this. His face gave evidence against him; he looked angrily at the old man. The shop-keeper, however, seemed too much absorbed in his benevolent purpose to observe the indications so apparent before him. But observe he did, nevertheless; and he said, cheerily, "I have been young myself-wait a bit, and you shall hear. It is quite as peaceable here as any where, and you may as well keep me company a little while. You've been disappointed. Your heart aches for some reason. Never mind about telling me the occasion; maybe I couldn't understand vou if you did. But hear now, and I think you'll understand me. If you can, you'll go home a richer man than you are now; I say that, Sir, knowing what I'm talking about. Will you stay?"

Emanuel bowed; he sat down in the chair by the stove and removed his cap. He was ready to listen, but he looked depressed rather than curious. Leaning against his counter, gradually shading his face with his hand, the old man spoke:

"When I was of your age I was a painter an artist!" He drew himself up as he said this. It was a proud word he had used, and it had a sweet sound to the old shop-keeper—the sweetest of all sounds that indicate the capabilities of men. "I had struggled along, and had a



pretty difficult time of it, wanting experience, and having no one that cared enough about me to advise in the choice of a profession. I chose that because I liked it best. I had always liked it, and my sisters—I had two sisters—believed that I was born to be an artist. We were poor enough, but never wretched-not in those days. They had great confidence in me, and I had not yet put myself so severely to the test as to lose my own confidence. Well, we had struggled along and managed to support ourselves, and I had started at last on a picture which was to test my skill before the Academy. I had already finished a good many small sketches, and had met with considerable success in selling them; but my heart was in the landscape I was going to send to the Exhibition. I thought if it met with favor that my fortune was made. I was thinking of fortune and reputation, you see, which you may put down as the prime article in the list of my mistakes. It was A. No. 1; and if you are working with any such object in view, think seriously before you go further on that road. Don't work for wages or reputation so much as to be that which sometimes-not always, and not by any means necessarily—is rewarded in this way. I think that none of our young people have higher hopes than I had, nor any nobler of the kind. But I did not know much in those days. The good Lord taught me, however-just as he would teach you now if you would have him for a teacher. 'Behold, if any man will open unto me, I will come in. you hear that? Before I finished my picture, long before-indeed it was not half done -I was taken sick of a fever, which I barely lived through; it left me blind for years. In all that time, young man, my sisters supported me. I had been full of great designs on their account as well as mine, you will bear in mind, but was thrown on their hands for a living after all. Think of that! You are a young man of spirit—imagine how I felt. They are both dead now—long since dead." Here the speaker paused suddenly.

"And the picture—wasn't it finished?" asked Kyle, who had listened with a constantly-deepening interest to the story of the shop-keeper; not so absorbed in it, however, as to prevent his noticing each point of the story, drawing an inference from it, and making an application.

"No. I was blind for years, as I said; and I've never got back my sight yet as I had it once, and never shall. It was a great disappointment to my sisters—I don't know but it was greater than to me—when it was decided that I should never be able to finish what I had begun. I never thought, in those days of anxiety and heartache, that I should ever come to thank God for what he had done to me. But I have done that again and again; and every day I thank him. He knew what was best. I have been saved a life of heart-burning and anxiety. I thank my God for His mercy!"

This was a sort of speech and a spirit to which power over the spirits is given you Emanuel Kyle was so wholly a stranger that he name shall be written in heaven."

could but listen in utter wonderment; but he did listen, and not merely with idle curiosity.

"It is not likely," the old man went on, "that I should ever have accomplished much in the profession if I had done my utmost. Sometimes when I go to the Exhibition, as I have done a few times in my life, and I see the different works of the artists, an indescribable sadness seizes me. I know what hopes those men have cherished, and I can see—for I have learned to judge the merits of the works with some certainty—I can see the life-long disappointment and heart-breaking that waits on some of them. And when I come back home again I think of what Milton said, and comfort myself so:

'God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.'

As it is, I can enjoy whatever is beautiful; and I think I can see it more clearly now than I did when I feverishly made it my chief study, strange as that may seem. Come, I will show you the last work that I did." This intention, the development of the extent and thoroughness of service he would do the young man, was as sudden as its utterance. The shop-keeper was fairly committed to his enterprise. With a quick step he led the way into the little back-room where he lived, and revealed the half-completed work where it hung upon the wall in his daily sight.

And now something yet further he had to say; for as he looked into Emanuel's face he knew it was his hour, and if he had any thing on earth to do besides the retailing of small goods he had it here before him to accomplish. Retreating into the shadows of the room, as if to look upon his work from the best point, he said:

"There may be something you will better understand in what I have yet to say, Kyle, than in any thing that I have said, when I tell you that while I was at work on this there was a young lady, a friend of my sisters, who often came with them to watch the progress of my work, whose praise, generous as she was in giving it, was precious to me as treasure to a miser's heart. I thought that even better than my sisters she appreciated my power; and I used to dream that when my picture was finished, and the praise of the Academy was bestowed upon it, I would tell her how much more I valued her praise. But that was not to be. Afterward I was happy! I thank God for that too, that I had never said any thing about it to her. She is living yet, and married. I always see her when I go to the Exhibition, and her oldest boy is named for me. She thinks that he will be a painter. So you see, my dear fellow, the moral of all this tale is that, as Scripture says, it's not so much a matter for rejoicing that power over the spirits is given you as that your



"Sir!" exclaimed Emanuel, in the sincerity! and suddenness and earnestness of his conviction, as he turned from the canvas that had failed of its ostensible purpose to the man who had so triumphed in his highest vocation—"Sir, I believe you!"

"And what shall your belief do for you? Will you live by it? If I may dare to say it, you are having your trial as I had mine. Meet it like a man. I know you've had ambitious desires; where is the noble youth that has not? But if now you will have holier ones and see what your life is, and what these allotments of Providence really are, and what they mean, I know the course that you will take."

Weeping such tears as made that hour sacred forever in the memory of both, Emanuel listened to these last-spoken words. "The hour and the man" were there, and, as unto God, he answered the old half-blind shop-keeper: "You have said enough—you have shown me myself. I renounce it. It is utterly unworthy of a man. But let me go. I must get into the air. The wind and rain will do me good. I do believe what you say. I have been envious and infidel; but you shall see."

Now was there in very truth a man born into the world: and I think the knowledge of this fact, which sent a rejoicing thrill through heaven, was in his mother's heart when again Emanuel stood before her. I think he did not fail when he set out in the proving that there was room and work and beauty for him in this world, as well as for the principalities and powers with which he had come early into such harsh collision.

THE STAMP ACT CONGRESS.

"TAXATION and Representation are inseparable."—" Taxation without Representation is Tyranny." These were the sententious forms in which our fathers, a hundred years ago, expressed their republican ideas of true government; and upon the doctrine and principles therein involved they grounded their faith and hope and justification when, a little later, they drew the sword and defied the armies of Great Britain.

When the First Colonial Congress-held at Albany in the summer of 1754—was summoned, Massachusetts, ever jealous of her rights, instructed her representatives in that body to oppose any scheme for taxing the colonies by the Imperial Government without the sanction of the Colonial Assemblies. For a century almost the English Government—controlled by selfish shop-keepers, and whose politics, as Montesquieu says, were ever subservient to commerce—had been endeavoring to make the prosperous American colonies not only to bear burdens at home in support of their own existence and England's honor against European and native foes, but to convert them into mere commercial vassals-industrious bees, hoarding honey for the pampered appetites of the British owners of the hive. of the realm—even before the war-clouds were

With some respect for the opinions of mankind and the admonitions of a feeble conscience, the Government and publicists defended the policy with the false plea that the establishment and prosperity of the colonies were due to England's power and generosity. But there were English statesmen to be found bold and honest enough to expose the falsehood. When, at the period we are considering, an advocate of taxation in the British Parliament complained that the Americans were ungrateful, being, as he said, "children planted by our care and nourished by our indulgence," he was rebuked by an honest colleague, who exclaimed, "They planted by your care! No! your oppression planted them in America; they fled from your tyranny to a then uncultivated and inhospitable wilderness, exposed to all the hardships to which human nature is liable. They nourished by your indulgence! No! they grew by your neglect of them. Your care of them was displayed, as soon as you began to care about them, in sending persons to rule over them who were the deputies of deputies of Ministers-men whose behavior, on many occasions, has caused the blood of those sons of liberty to recoil within them-men who have been promoted to the highest seats of justice in that country, in order to escape being brought to the bar of a court of justice in their own!" Georgia alone, which was settled by paupers from the debtors' jails of England, had received Parliamentary aid. The other colonies, unaided and alone, had struggled up, during long vears of gloom, from feebleness to strength. Of the vast sums which had been expended in fitting out expeditions, purchasing the soil of the Indians, and sustaining the settlers, neither the Crown nor Parliament ever contributed a farthing; while the former, with the vulgar rapacity of the vulture, had seized upon several of them, setting the proprietors adrift, with that peculiar gratitude that a victim feels toward a robber who has taken his purse but spared his life. They had built fortifications, raised armies, and fought battles for England's glory and their own preservation, without England's aid, and often without even her sympathy. And it was not until the growing importance of the French settlements in America excited the jealousy and fears of England, that her Ministers perceived the expediency of exercising some justice and liberality toward her colonies, in order to secure their loyalty and efficient cooperation.

When that First Colonial Congress was held the French and Indian War was kindling. It was a long and exhausting one. Parent and children suffered exceedingly. The latter (the colonists) gave to the cause the lives of twentyfive thousand of their robust young men, exclusive of more than two thousand sailors. They gave in treasure at least twenty millions of dollars, and received from parliamentary appropriations only five millions. And while they were so generously supporting the power and dignity



Ministry, regarding all their toils and sacrifices for England's glory in incréasing her dominions as the mere exercise of duty by loyal vassals, declared that England expected every farthing of money granted to the colonies during the war would be paid back in the form of taxes imposed upon colonial industry! This policy, selfish and ungenerous in the extreme, was defended by the absolutely false plea that the war and subsequent military expenditures in America were for the defense, protection, and security of the "British colonies and plantations in that country." The dishonesty of this plea may be discovered by the light of the fact that the colonists were able to help themselves without foreign aid; that they never asked for British soldiers or ships for their protection after the Peace of Paris, in 1763; and that they soon protested most vehemently against the presence of British troops in the colonieswell knowing, as subsequent events manifested, that they were sent and kept here only as instruments of oppression. The colonists had learned the important lesson of power in Union. had discovered their real moral, political, and physical strength; and having acquired a mastery over the savages of the wilderness, and assisted in breaking the French power on their frontiers into atoms, they felt their manhood stirring within them, and they tacitly agreed no longer to submit to the narrow and oppressive power of Great Britain. With the faith expressed in Connecticut's armorial motto, Qui transtulit sustinet-"He who transplanted still sustains"-they boldly faced the Future.

The Seven Years' War ended favorably to England, but it had exhausted her exchequer, and laid a heavy burden of taxation upon her people. Her funded debt had been increased to the enormous sum of almost \$700,000,000. The old King had lately died, his grandson had ascended the throne with the title of George the Third, and new men, some of them weak and some of them wicked, were at the helm of State. His tutor (who was his mother's favorite and some said paramour), the pauper Scotch Earl of Bute, was made Prime Minister; and the great William Pitt, whose genius during the few preceding years had placed England at the head of the nations, disgusted with the ignorance and narrowness of the favorite, refused to be his colleague in the cabinet, and retired to private life.

The colonial policy immediately adopted by the new cabinet was exceedingly unwise, narrow, and injurious. With the spirit of the Scotch King James the Second, the Scotch Prime Minister determined to meddle with, if not destroy, the American charters. He sought to "reform them," as he said; in other words, to crush all vitality out of them as the guaranties of freedom to the possessors, and to bring the colonies into a total subserviency, politically, to America to prepare the way for the unbounded | posed in 1784 by Cosby, Governor of New York,

sufficiently broken to admit more than occasion- | rule of "lords temporal and lords spiritual;" for al gleams of the sunshine of peace—the British it appeared possible, if the Americans should be allowed to go on much longer in their own way, especially after they had shown such an abundance of wonderful self-help as they had exhibited in the late war, they might soon present the sad condition of a people suffering the evils of

"A Church without a bishop, A State without a king.

The first attempted "reform" was in aid of the exhausted treasury. Money was needed and must be had; and it was determined to revive long neglected navigation laws concerning the Americans, and to enforce the collection of the revenue with a vigorous hand. The right to tax the colonists, directly or indirectly, was assumed without question; for the idea of colonial subserviency was almost universal in England. "Even the chimney-sweepers of the streets," said Pitt, in one of his speeches, "talk boastingly of 'our subjects' in America." Commanders of vessels and custom-house officers and their deputies were furnished with warrants called Writs of Assistance, by which, as James Otis said, "the meanest deputy of a deputy's deputy" might enter any man's house or store where it was suspected contraband goods were concealed —a privilege in direct opposition to the cherished maxim that an "Englishman's house is his castle" and inviolate. This arbitrary measure was stoutly resisted, especially in Massachusetts, where it was boldly denounced, and was not even favored by the royal governor. Otis published a pamphlet against it, in which he said, "If we are not represented, we are slaves." Thatcher of Boston, Dulaney of Maryland, Bland of Virginia, and an anonymous writer "by authority" in Rhode Island, also wrote strongly against it. The result was, not many additional pounds sterling in the Imperial treasury, and the cost of great alienation of the American heart.

George Grenville succeeded Bute in the cabinet. Not doubting the ability of the Americans to pay, nor the right of Parliament to levy a tax, nor the righteousness of the act itself, he proposed the laying of new duties upon articles imported from the Spanish West Indies and other foreign countries into America. A bill to this effect passed the House of Commons in March, 1764. In May following he submitted to that body a bill providing for a stamp tax in the colonies. He informed the colonial agents in England that he would not press the matter at that time, but that he must have a million of dollars a year from the colonies, and that if they could devise any better scheme to raise it than a stamp tax, he would accept it. Instead of asking this tribute as a favor, and requesting the colonial assemblies to levy the taxes themselves and make the contributions freely, he demanded it as a right.

A stamp tax was not a novel measure in theory at this time. It had been a favorite religiously, and commercially, to the will of the scheme for raising a local revenue in New York King and Parliament. Secret agents were sent and Pennsylvania for many years. It was pro-



and in 1739 by Keith, Governor of Pennsylvania. It was suggested by Clarke, Lieutenant-Governor of New York, in 1744, by Dr. Franklin in the First Colonial Congress in 1754, and by Lieutenant-Governor Delancey in 1755. The Americans would listen to propositions for taxation by their local governments, but would not brook such imposition from abroad. It was proposed to Sir Robert Walpole in 1732, when that sagacious statesman said, "No, no; I will leave the taxation of America to some of my successors who have more courage than I have;" and when it was proposed to Pitt in 1759, he said, emphatically, "I will never burn my fingers with an American Stamp Act." But Grenville, honest but utterly unable to look beyond the routine of official duty, took the step boldly, because he could not perceive the danger, and illustrated the assertion that

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."
He wholly mistook the temper of the Americans at that time. It had been sorely tried by earlier offensive measures; and a consciousness of latent power made the colonists restive under petty oppressions. They had resolved not to be taxed without their owns consent. A great principle

without their own-consent. A great principle was involved in their resolution, and they were firm.

When intelligence of these tax measures reached America it produced wide-spread discontents among the people. The right of Parliament to tax them without their consent was generally denied; and they asserted a present inability to pay increased taxes because of the depression in business produced by the late war. They pleaded justly that the operations of the new revenue laws would work disastrously upon their trade with the Spanish Main and the West Indies, from which alone they derived the means of paying taxes in coin. But the Imperial Government was deaf to all petitions and remonstrances, several of which were presented. The assurances of Dr. Franklin, who was sent to England as the agent for Pennsylvania, that the taxes would never be paid, and that an attempt to collect them by force might endanger the unity of the British empire, were unheeded. The Ministry openly declared that it was "intended to establish now the power of Great Britain to tax the colonies" at all hazards; and the King, in his speech at the opening of Parliament early in January, 1765, alluded to the excitement in America, recommended the adoption of a Stamp Act, and declared his intention to use every means in his power "to enforce obedience in the colonies." The Act-the famous STAMP ACT which figures so conspicuously in the events immediately preceding the old war for independence that gave birth to our republic -was passed after some opposition in Parliament, and on the 22d of March became a law by receiving the signature of the King. The Act was to go into effect on the 1st of November following.

For almost a year the colonists had been in If, therefore, your honorable House should agree to this expectation of the passage of a Stamp Act, and proposal, it would be acceptable that as early notice of it

their feelings were at fever heat. When news of its having actually become a law reached them the whole country was aglow with intense excitement. In every colony the people expressed their determination to resist its enforcement. Massachusetts and Virginia were loudest in their denunciations of it, while New York and Pennsylvania were not much behind them in active zeal. Indeed New York had led in the matter. As early as October the previous year the Assembly of that Province appointed a Committee, with Robert R. Livingston as chairman, to correspond with their agent in Great Britain, and with the other Colonial Legislatures, on the subject of this Act and kindred oppressive measures adopted by Parliament. That Committee, early in 1765, urged upon the Colonial Assemblies the necessity for holding a General Congress of delegates to remonstrate and protest against the continued violation of their The idea was popular. rights and liberties. Massachusetts was the first to take public action on the subject. That action originated in a conversation one evening at the house of James Warren, of Plymouth, when James Otis the elder, father of Mrs. Warren, and James Otis the younger, her brother, were guests there. The recommendation of the New York Committee was the topic; and it was agreed that, at the next meeting of the General Assembly of the Province, the proposition should be presented by the younger Otis, who was a member of that body. Accordingly, on the 6th of June he moved in the Assembly, that "It is highly expedient there should be a meeting, as soon as may be, of Committees from the Houses of Representatives, or Burgesses, in the several colonies, to consult on the present circumstances of the colonies, and the difficulties to which they are, and must be, reduced, and to consider of a General Addressto be held at the city of New York the first Tuesday of October." The resolution, and a circular letter to the other Assemblies, were adopted, and the Speaker was instructed to send a copy to the Speaker of each of those Assemblies. The following is a copy of the letter:

44 BORTON, June. 1765. "SIR,-The House of Representatives of this Province, in the present session of the General Court, have unanimously agreed to propose a meeting, as soon as may be, of COMMITTEES from the Houses of Representatives or Burgesses of the several British colonies on this continent, to consult together on the present circumstances of the colonies, and the difficulties to which they are, and must be, reduced by the operation of the acts of Parliament for levy ing duties and taxes on the colonies; and to consider of a general, and united, dutiful, loyal, and humble representation of their condition to his Majesty and the Parliament, and to implore relief. The House of Representatives of this Province have also voted to propose that such meeting be at the city of New York, in the Province of New York, on the first Tuesday in October next; and have appointed a Committee of three of their members to attend that service, with such as the other Houses of Representatives, or Burgesses, in the several colonies may think fit to appoint to meet them. And the Committee of the House of Representatives of this Province are directed to repair to New York on said first Tuesday in October next accordingly. If, therefore, your honorable House should agree to this



as possible might be transmitted to the Speaker of the House of Representatives of this Province.

"SAMUEL WHITE, Speaker."

This letter was received with joy in all the colonies. More than ten years before Dr. Franklin had printed in his paper a rude picture of a disjointed snake, with the initials of a colony on each part, and the significant words, Join on Die. That symbol of weakness in separation—that hint of life and strength in union, had been pondered by the people all that time. The idea of a national confederation had become a sentiment and a hope in the hearts of thoughtful men; and now, when a way for Union seemed wide open and inviting, the people accepted the opportunity with thankfulness.

The Congress assembled in the city of New York on Monday the 7th day of October, 1765. Nine of the thirteen colonies were represented.* There had been serious obstacles in the way of a full delegation. The time selected for the meeting was earlier than that of some of the colonial Assemblies, and prevented their appointing delegates; while in Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia the royal Governors, opposed to this republican movement, refused to convene the Assemblies for the purpose. The Lieutenant-Governor of New York (Cadwallader Colden) prorogued the Assembly from time to time, so that the House had not an opportunity to appoint members with full power; but the Committee of Correspondence, appointed at a previous session of that House, were admitted and took their seats as delegates. The Assemblies of South Carolina and Connecticut did not give their deputies full power, but required them to return their proceedings to them for consideration. The Assembly of New Hampshire wrote that "the present condition of their governmental affairs would not permit them to appoint a committee to attend such meeting," but that they were ready to join in an address to his Majesty and Parliament. It was well understood in the Congress that the people in all the colonies were in sympathy with the movement.

The Congress was organized by the election by ballot of Timothy Ruggles, of Massachusetts, President, and the appointment of John Cotton,

• The following are the names of the colonies, and their respective representatives who were present:

Massachusetts.—James Otis, Oliver Partridge, Timothy Ruggles.

Rhode Island-Metcalfe Bowler, Henry Ward.

Connecticut.—Eliphalet Dyer, David Rowland, William Samuel Johnson.

New York.—Robert L. Livingston, John Cruger, Philip

Livingston, William Bayard, Leonard Lispenard.

New Jersey.—Robert Orden, Hendrick Fisher, Joseph

New Jersey.—Robert Ogden, Hendrick Fisher, Joseph Borden.

Pennsylvania.—John Dickenson, John Morton, George Bryan.

Delaware. - Cosar Rodney, Thomas M'Kean.

Maryland. — William Murdock, Edward Tilghman, Thomas Ringgold.

South Carolina. — Thomas Lynch, Christopher Gadsden, John Rutledge.

It will be observed that six of the twenty-seven delegates were signers of the Declaration of Independence, sleven years afterward.

Clerk. How dignified that assemblage appears to our comprehension in the light of subsequent history! There they sat, a most august spectacle, when estimated by the importance of their mission. They were the chosen representatives of the people, the true source of sovereignty. They had been elected by the people in separate and politically distinct provinces, yet they met as one—as equals—and formed, in reality, a National Union, for they were to act collectively for the general welfare. While no formal compact of words, spoken or written, committed their individual provinces to any affirmative or negative action of the majority, so independent was the delegation of each colony, yet in purpose, and aspiration, and faith in the future they formed a solemn Continental League, stronger in cohesive power than all the written constitutions which have since made their appearance on the pages of our national annals. Theirs was the higher law of Faith, Liberty, and Jus-

Such an assemblage, sitting within call of the government-house in New York, was offensive to the venerable Lieutenant-Governor, the representative of the Crown, and he said to the Massachusetts delegation, "Such a Congress, called without due form of law, and unauthorized by his Majesty's representatives, is unconstitutional and unlawful, and I shall give them no countenance." They smiled at the old man's impotent opposition, which was like a feather defying the gale.

The Congress, unmoved by thoughts of present consequences, entered upon their duties by first endeavoring to determine the nature of the foundation upon which, in their actions, they might securely stand. Shall we be governed by the finite and limited power of royal or proprietory charters, or by the infinite puissance of eternal justice? Shall we take the Experience of History or the Revelations of Reason for our guide? were the great questions to be settled. They did not hesitate long in reaching a conclusion. The bold and noble utterances of Christopher Gadsden, of South Carolina-a patriot without reproach-gave instant form to the chaos of opinions. "A confirmation of our essential and common rights as Englishmen," he said. "may be pleaded from charters safely enough, but any further dependence upon them may be fatal. We should stand upon the broad common ground of those natural rights that we all feel and know as men, and as descendants of Englishmen. I wish the charters may not ensnare us at last, by drawing different colonies to act differently in this great cause. Whenever that is the case all will be over with the whole. There ought to be no New Englandman, no New Yorker known on the continent, but all of us as Americans." Such were the views of a South Carolinian, a hundred years ago, of the weakness and dangers of Independent State Sovereignty, and the strength and safety of National Uni-What a contrast does that honest, disinter-

Manuscript letter quoted by Bancroft, v. 835.



ested, and enlightened statesman, who guided public opinion in South Carolina then, present in comparison with the selfish and vulgar charlatans who rule in the councils of that State in our day! "Hyperion to a Satyr!"

Gadsden's views were adopted, and in the direction of final independence and nationality, the Congress turned their forces in desires and arguments. For almost a fortnight they debated with zeal and great latitude. The discussion took a wide range, while all held to the topic of defining the rights which the Americans might claim as sacred and inalienable. The spirit of democracy was the prevailing sentiment. and most of the delegates leaned to the opinion that the Colonies ought not to be longer subjected even to the legislative power of Great Britain. They discussed the Stamp Act, not as to its expediency, but as to the right of Great Britain to enforce it. The views of each differing much sometimes, were pressed with zeal, but not with embarrassing persistence, for they all agreed with Gadsden, who said, as he nobly yielded his own views in a degree to those of others, "Union is, most certainly, all in all."

On Saturday, the 19th of October, the Congress having concluded their discussions, adopted the following Declaration of Rights and Grievances:

"I. That his Majesty's subjects in these colonies owe the same allegiance to the Crown of Great Britain that is owing from his subjects born within the realm, and all due subordination to that august body, the Parliament of Great Britain.

"II. That his Majesty's liege subjects in these colonies are entitled to all the inherent rights and liberties of his natural-born subjects within the kingdom of Great Britain.

"III. That it is inseparably essential to the freedom of a people, and the undoubted right of Englishmen, that no taxes be imposed on them but with their own consent, given personally, or by their representatives.

"IV. That the people of these colonies are not, and, from their local circumstances, can not be, represented in the House of Commons in Great Britain.

"V. That the only representatives of the people of these colonies are the persons chosen therein by themselves, and that no taxes ever have been, or can be, constitutionally imposed on them but by their respective Legislatures.

ii VI. That all supplies to the Crown being free gifts of the people, it is unreasonable and inconsistent with the principles and spirit of the British Constitution for the people of Great Britain to grant to his Majesty the property of the colonists.

"VII. That trial by jury is the inherent and invaluable right of every British subject in these colonies.

"VIII. That the late act of Parliament, entitled An act for granting and applying certain stamp-duties, and other duties, in the British Colonies and Plantations in America, by imposing taxes on the inhabitants of these colonies, and the said act. and several other acts, by extending the jurisdiction of the Court of Admiralty beyond its ancient limits, have a manifest tendency to subvert the rights and liberties of the colonists.

"IX. That the duties imposed by several late acts of Parliament, from the peculiar circumstances of these colonies, will be extremely burdensome and grievous; and from the scarcity of specie, the payment of them absolutely impracticable

"X. That as the profits of the trade of these colonies ultimately centre in Great Britain, to pay for the manufactures which they are obliged to take from thence, they eventually contribute very largely to all supplies granted them to the Crown.

"XI. That the restrictions imposed by several late acts of Parliament on the trade of these colonies, will render

them unable to purchase the manufactures of Great Britain.

"XII. That the increase, prosperity, and happiness of these colonies depend on the full and free enjoyment of their rights and liberties, and an intercourse with Great Britain mutually affectionate and advantageous.

"XIII. That it is the right of the British subjects in these colonies to petition the King or either House of Parliament.

"Lastly, That it is the indispensable duty of these colonies, to the best of sovereigns, to the mother country, and to themselves, to endeavor, by a loyal and dutiful Address to his Majesty, and humble application to both Houses of Parliament, to procure the repeal of the Act for granting and applying certain stamp duties, of all clauses of any other acts of Parliament, whereby the jurisdiction of the Admiralty is extended as aforesaid, and of the other late acts for the restriction of American commerce."

When the above Declaration (which was written by John Cruger, then Speaker of the Assembly and Mayor of the city of New York) was adopted, it was resolved to appoint committees to prepare an Address to the King, the Lords, and the Commons. Robert R. Livingston. William Samuel Johnson, and William Murdock were appointed to prepare the Address to the King. John Rutledge, Edward Tilghman, and Philip Livingston were appointed to draw up an Address to the House of Lords; and to Thomas Lynch, James Otis, and Thomas M'Kean was assigned the task of preparing an Address to the House of Commons. Each Committee was instructed to lay its Address before the Congress on Monday following. They did so, and on the 21st, 22d, and 23d the three Addresses were consecutively discussed, amended, and adopted. They had been most carefully considered. Every word and sentiment had

* The Stamp Act, referred to in Section VIII. of this Declaration, provided that every skin, or piece of vellum, or parchment, or sheet or piece of paper used for legal purposes, such as bills, bonds, notes, leases, policies of insurance, marriage licenses, and a great many other documents, in order to be held valid in courts of law, was to be stamped (or have a stamp attached to them), and sold

by public officers appointed for that purpose, at prices which levied a stated tax on every such document, varying from three pence to ten pounds, or six cents to fifty dollars. The act named the price for every document respectively.

The stamps sent to America, under the act, were impressed on dark-blue paper, similar to that known as tobacco-paper, to which was attached a narrow strip of tin-foil, represented by the small oblong white spot in the engraving. The ends of the foll were passed through the paper or parchment to which the stamp was to be attached, flattened on the opposite side, and a piece of paper with the rough device and number of the stamp, as seen in the annexed cut, pasted over it to secure it. The device of the stamp was a



A STAMP.



double Tudor rose, inclosed by the royal garter surmounted by a crown, and the value of the stamp given below.



been well weighed before they were adopted, for | pleaded against the assumption of the right of they were proceeding in a great experiment with explosive materials without formulary or precedents.

In the Address to the King, the most loyal attachment to his person, family, and office was avowed. They alluded to vested rights and liberties found in their charters; and they expressed their belief that if His Majesty should fix the pillars of liberty and justice, and secure the rights and privileges of his subjects in America, upon the principles of the British Constitution (which is simply the body of the laws), a foundation would be laid for rendering the British empire the most extensive and powerful of any recorded in history. "To this Constitution these two principles are essential," they said -"the right of your faithful subjects freely to

for the support of your government over them and other public exigencies, and trial by their peers. By the one they are secured from unreasonable impositions; and by the other from arbitrary decisions of the executive power." They reminded him that the continuation of those liberties to the Americans, which the obnoxious acts of Parliament were likely to destroy, might be essential, and even "absolutely necessary," to unite in harmony the several parts of his widelyextended empire. They then touched a most sensitive chord

in his Majesty's bosom by hinting at the boundless wealth and naval strength which Great Britain was likely to secure by allowing the Americans unrestricted trade in all things except what the shops of England would supply, and the danger of losing all by such legislation as that which had elicited their Address. "The invaluable rights of taxing ourselves," they said, "and trial by our peers, of which we implore your Majesty's protection, are not, we humbly conceive, unconstitutional, but conferred by the GREAT CHAR-TER of English liberty."

In their Address to the House of Lords similar sentiments were expressed, and they were implored to listen to the counsel whom the colonists had employed to support the memorial; while to the Commons, the more immediate representatives of the English people-who could better understand the operations of restrictions upon commerce, they spoke in a different style. To them they said little of abstract rights, but talked soberly of material interests in England and in the colonies which were likely to be disturbed by Grenville's unwise financial scheme. They disclaimed all idea of sending representatives to Parliament, because it would be impracticable. They acknowledged all due obedience to that body; spoke of the English Constitution as the most perfect form of government, and the source of all their civil and religious liberties; tion to the popular cause from the opening of

Parliament to tax the colonies, and begged the Commons to hear their chosen counsel in support of their petition.

Such was the result of the labors of Congress up to the night of the 28d of October, when the city of New York was in an uproar on account of the opposition to the Stamp Act. The first of November, when it was to go into operation. was near. All the summer and autumn the Sons of Liberty, as an organization of patriotic citizens in New York and elsewhere, was called, had been active in making the people a unit against the Act. They harangued the populace, and made the Stamp Distributers resign their offices. Franklin's figure of the disjointed Snake, with its significant injunction and warning, was placed before the people at the head of grant to your Majesty such aids as are required a widely-circulated incendiary paper, in which



FAC-SIMILE OF THE SNAKE DEVICE.

suggestions of Independence were boldly made. Processions sometimes filled the streets of cities; local governments were overawed by the popular demonstrations; and when the day arrived for the Act to go into effect, the people throughout the colonies presented an unbroken front of opposition to the measure. On the night in question an excited throng in the city of New York, who had listened to stirring harangues in The Fields (the present City Hall Park), marched through the streets, shouted "Huzza for the Congress and Liberty!" in front of the place where that body held their sessions, and filled the air with the "New Song for the Sons of Liberty," in which were the stirring words-

"A strange Scheme of late has been formed in the State By a knot of Political Knaves,

Who in secret rejoice that the Parliament's voice Has condemned us by law to be SLAVES: Brave Boys! Has condemned us by law to be SLAVES.

With the Beasts of the Wood we will ramble for Food, And lodge in wild Deserts and Caves And live poor as Job on the skirts of the Globe Before we'll submit to be SLAVES: Brave Boys!
Before we'll submit to be SLAVES,"

The Congress met on the morning of the 24th to complete the business of the session. General Ruggles, the President, and Mr. Ogden, a delegate from New Jersey, who had shown disaffec-



the Congress, refused to sign the proceedings. They had argued vehemently in favor of the claim of Parliament to supreme control over the colonies in all things. They were opposed to Union, and insisted that each province should take care of its own grievances and petition Parliament each for itself. They had denounced the proceedings against the Stamp Act in Congress and out of it, as treasonable; and in every way exhibited hostility to the object for which that Congress had assembled. Ruggles, true to his proclivities, became a violent Tory in the great Revolution that followed. He had been a Massachusetts Brigadier under Sir William Johnson, and now entered the royal military service against his countrymen. When the British were driven from Boston in the spring of 1776, he fled with them to Halifax, but soon afterward appeared on Long Island at the head of three hundred Tories of Kings and Suffolk counties. He was a refugee at the close of the war, and settled in Nova Scotia, where he died in 1798, at the age of eighty-seven years. The more timid Ogden quailed before the indignation of his countrymen. He tried to conceal or palliate his defection in the Congress, but failed. He was burned in effigy in several places in New Jersey, and was removed from the office of Speaker of the Assembly at their next meeting. All the other members of the Congress were true to the cause which they professed to represent. Of the twenty-seven members only one was a knave, and one a coward.

Owing to the factious conduct of Ruggles and Ogden, the 24th was spent in wrangling; but on the following day the labors of the Congress were satisfactorily closed. The delegates from six of the nine provinces represented, namely, Massachusetts (except Ruggles), Rhode Island, New Jersey (except Ogden), Pennsylvania (except Dickenson, who was absent), Delaware, and Maryland, affixed their signatures to the proceedings. Those of the other colonies assented, but were not authorized to sign their names. The four unrepresented colonies, namely, New Hampshire, Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia, were known to be in sympathy with their sisters; and the proceedings of that Congress, burdened with potential ideas concerning the rights of man, went forth to the world with the solemn sanction of the continent, proclaiming to every human being on the face of the earth, in the spirit of John Adams's declaration: "You have rights antecedent to all earthly government; rights that can not be repealed or restrained by human laws; rights derived from the great Legislator of the Universe." The colonies then became, as it was expressed, "a bundle of sticks which could neither be bent nor broken." Then and there the visible form of the great AMERICAN Union was fashioned and proclaimed; and from that hour, during the ten dreary years of strife and tumult, of hope and doubt, of petition and remonstrance, of consultation and preparation, preceding the final armed resistance to unnatural oppression, the colonies acted as a unit. The | York," page 77.

crude elements of republicanism tending to political aggregation, which the American colonists had exhibited since the attempt to confederate in 1643, were now crystallized into tangible form. The Union which we so much love, and for which we have poured out blood like water and treasure like sand, was formed long before the Declaration of Independence, or the promulgation of the Constitution which changed the confederation of States into a CONSOLIDATED NATION.

The 1st of November arrived. It was Friday-gloomy "hangman-day." All over the country muffled bells were tolled, muffled drums were beaten, and minute-guns were fired. There were indications every where of a national funeral. "DIED," reported a New York newspaper more than fifty days before, "on the 7th of February, 1765, of a cruel Stamp on her Vitals, Lady N-th Am-can Liberty [North American Liberty]. She was descended from the ancient and honorable family of Bulls. Her Father, John Bull, Esq., married her, agreeable to her own desire, to a worthy Gentleman of noble Blood, tho' of no large Fortune, whose name was Toleration, and gave her in Dower a certain Tract of uncultivated Land, which she called after her name, N-th Am-ca, which she with her Husband came and took Possession of, with this additional Grant, that she, her Children and dependents, should enjoy all the Liberties and Immunities of Natural-born Subjects of him, the said John Bull. Thus died the most amiable of Women, the best Wife. the most dutiful Child, and the tenderest Mother. Happy for her family, she has left one son, who was the Child of her Bosom and her only Hope. Him she often said she prophetically named I-d-p-d-ce [Independence], and in him the Hopes of all her disconsolate Servants are placed for relief under their Afflictions, when he shall come of age."*

Business was suspended, the courts of justice were closed, marriages ceased, and legal contracts of every kind were kept in abeyance, for no man would use the stamps. But the pall of gloom that covered the people was soon lifted. The voice of the General Congress was like the trumpet of the resurrection. Through it a nation spoke, and its own words gave life and liberty to thought and action in all its borders. The clouds broke; the sunlight came bursting through with floods of radiance; and the cheerfulness that follows the culmination of sorrow, when Faith and Hope light the way, was seen in every countenance. The fiat went forth spontaneously from every heart and lip that Americans should never be slaves; that the gyves of the Stamp Act should never encumber the limbs of an American freeman. Men felt the power of that resolution with the force of a demonstration; and even the children, as one of our historians has said, "though hardly able



Quoted by Dawson, in his "Sons of Liberty in New York," page 77.

to speak, caught up the general chorus, and went along the streets merrily caroling, 'Liberty, Property, and no Stamps!'"* "It is the joy of thousands," said a patriotic divine of Connecticut, "that there is union and concurrence in a General Congress. We trust they will lay the foundation for another Congress."

The newspaper press first hurled defiance by appearing without stamps. The merchants acted simultaneously, and agreed to import nothing from England until the obnoxious Act should be repealed. All classes utterly disregarded the law. The stamps were seized and destroyed, and the stamp-distributers were roughly handled by the populace. Royal Governors and Royal troops were powerless; and imperative demands for the repeal of the law, in the action of an indignant people, accompanied the loyal Addresses to the King and Parliament sent over by the Congress.

The stupid King could not comprehend the matter. The conceited Ministers were not much wiser than he; and King and Ministers gabbled about chastising a rebellious people. But there were men in the British Parliament who did comprehend the whole matter, and were not afraid to speak out plainly. The chief of them were Pitt, Burke, and Barré. The first had established his right to the claim of his friends of being the "first Commoner in England." The second then commenced his brilliant career as an orator; and the third was already known as a keen, sagacious, and brilliant debater. On this occasion Pitt's powers were developed in magnificent proportions; and Burke's speeches against the Stamp Act, Dr. Johnson said, "filled the town with wonder." Grenville used all his powers in defense of his scheme, and attacked Pitt with the insinuation that he was a promoter of sedition in the colonies. The scene that followed, as described by Johnson, was one of remarkable interest. When Grenville ceased speaking there was a loud call for "Mr. Pitt! Mr. Pitt!" Gout had fastened its instruments of torture upon him, and he had entered the house with crutches under his arms and his feet swathed in flannel. He slowly arose to his feet, supported by his props, cast a glance over the audience, and then fixing his keen eye upon Grenville, said, "You have challenged me to the field, and I will fight you on every foot of it." His eloquent sentences then fell thick and fast upon the quailing Minister like hot thunderbolts. At the conclusion of his speech he proposed an absolute and immediate repeal of the Stamp Act, as an unwise, unnecessary, and unjust measure; at the same time recommending an Act to accompany the repeal, which declared, in the most unqualified terms, the sovereign authority of Great Britain over her colonies. This was intended as a sort of salve to the national pride, which would be somewhat wounded by this concession; a salve which Pitt well knew would be necessary to insure the repeal of the

Act. Yet the eloquent speeches of Pitt, Burke, Conway, Barré, and others could not alone have induced the Commons to consent to a repeal of the Act. Nor would the knowledge of disturbances in America, or the Addresses of the Congress have had the slightest effect in bringing about a repeal, for the Ministers refused to even receive the Addresses, because that Congress had not been legally summoned to meet by the supreme power. It was the importunities of London merchants and tradesmen, suffering severely from the effects of the non-importation agreements, that caused a change in the views of the National Legislature. Their trade with the colonies had been suddenly suspended, and nothing but bankruptcy and ruin stared them in the face. Their voice was potential; and on the 18th of March, 1766, an Act to repeal the Stamp Act, accompanied by Pitt's Declaratory Act, so called, was passed, and became a law on the same day by receiving the signature of the King. He signed the Stamp Act cheerfully, but affixed his signature to the Act for its repeal most reluctantly. It was carried in the Commons by a vote of two hundred and seventy-five to one hundred and sixteen. It met strenuous opposition in the House of Lords, where it had a majority of thirty-four. Thirty-three peers entered a strong protest against it, embodying ten argumentative reasons, the most forcible of which that seemed to operate on their minds being that "such a submission of King, Lords, and Commons, under such circumstances, in so strange and unheard-of a contest, would in effect surrender their ancient, unalienable rights of supreme jurisdiction, and give them exclusively to the subordinate Provincial Legislatures." Precisely what the people demanded, and what the Congress had declared to be the inalienable right of the people.

The news of the repeal of the Stamp Act was received with unbounded joy by the Americans, and the shackles upon commerce were immediately loosened. London had already been illuminated, and the shipping in the Thames decorated with flags in honor of the event. In Boston the intelligence was received at noon on a bright May day. The bells were rung; cannons roared; the Sons of Liberty drank toasts: all the debtors in jail were set free; John Hancock treated the populace to a pipe of wine, and the capital of New England was jubilant until midnight. Philadelphia was made equally mer-Maryland voted a portrait of Lord Camden for the State-house, for he had said in the House of Peers that "Taxation and representation are inseparable." Virginia resolved to decorate her old capital-Williamsburg-with a statue of the King; South Carolina ordered a statue of the author of the repealing Act for her only city; and New York's joy and loyalty were displayed by voting to erect within the borders of the city a statue of both Pitt and the King. The former, wrought in marble, was placed at the intersection of streets, and was reduced to a torso by rude British soldiery during the Revolution; the lat-

[&]quot; Bancroft, v. 352.



ter (equestrian) was set up in the Bowling Green at the foot of Broadway. It was made of lead, and gilded. When the storm of the Revolution broke over the land, and the King had been denounced as "a tyrant unfit to be the ruler of a free people," his statue was pulled down and cast into bullets, and the "ministerial troops" soon afterward had "melted Majesty" fired at them. When that statue fell royal power was at an end in the colonies. They had just declared themselves "free and independent States," and were fighting manfully under the banner of that Union which was formed in the Stamp Act Congress.

LOVE BY MISHAP.

I.

ONE Saturday afternoon in June a group of cavaliers had assembled on the "Concourse" at the Central Park. The musicians were taking their places, and crowds were gathering about them. The terrace was a picture of grace and animation. There had been no finer day during the season. There were no threatening clouds, and so the bonnets were ravishing. There was no dust, so coats and collars were undimmed. There was dazzling sunshine, so parasols flashed like large butterflies, or like feathers plucked from the peacock in the Ramble.

The cavaliers had stationed themselves upon the most commanding spot accessible to horsemen. They watched the carriages as they swept past below, and criticised with freedom. Gradually other visitors ascended to the Concourse. Our group broke into parties of two and three, and conversed less audibly.

"There's a beauty for you!" said one, directing attention to the foremost of two young ladies, who, apparently unattended, advanced nimbly from the lower road.

"Where? Oh, yes. What action! Just look at that step. "Tis a beauty, to be sure!"

"Here's a fellow who has no eye for any thing but horses. I mean the rider, Fred; look at her."

"Yes, she does sit well. Nobody could have a better seat. That girl can ride, Harry."

"I should think so! There are two of them, and they are coming up here. So much the better."

As the ladies moved leisurely up the ascent each of the gentlemen shrugged himself into an attitude, after the manner of the youthful male under anticipation of being inspected. Each gave a glance at the rose in his button-hole, and pulled his gloves tighter over his hands. But the ladies passed by them wholly unconscious, and took a position nearer the unfinished bank.

They were, however, in full view of the gentlemen, who straightway commenced inventories of their exterior.

They bore a subdued resemblance to one another. Both were pretty, one a little more.

Their figures justified the compact riding-dress, which is a serious test. Their complexions denoted uncompromising health, and risked nothing by contact with the sunshine. Their faces were partly shaded by round hats with curling rims, beside which the monstrous masculine turrets, with which some ladies had rashly disfigured themselves, shone in resplendent deformi-Their dark blue dresses were piquant, yet not too eccentric. Double rows of buttons, from the throat downward, made brigadier-generals of them. Their hair was massed in nets, after the English style. They were in uniform, even to the pink gloves; and feminine uniforms, though execrable for the street, or at an assembly, are ever charming in the saddle.

The taller, and apparently the older, was all fair. The other was neither fair nor dark, but had many of the advantages of each quality. The one was serious and self-possessed; the other playful and a little nervous.

"They are alone," said Mr. Harry Stafford, speaking softly to his companion.

"Why not?" said Mr. Fred Timmerton.
"Why not? They know a bridle from a bunch
of radishes, take my word for it. No fear of
them!"

"Radishes have nothing to do with it, Fred. Of course they can ride; but ladies don't come out alone, you know."

"We ought to thank them for setting the example, then. Look at that tall girl. She sits as if she were at the piano. But the little one is the beauty."

"Don't speak so loud. As you say, the tall one is the beauty."

"No, the little one."

"Fred, don't provoke me! I say the tall one."

"Now, just observe that profile. Do you mind the nose? It's a great nose. Not in size, man! What are you laughing at? I'm not a fool!"

"The other nose is better."

"Nonsense!—and examine that dress. Did you ever see such taste?"

"The dresses are precisely alike."

"So they are, to be sure. But that doesn't alter my conviction that the little one is the real beauty."

The gentlemen regarded one another with compassion, each at his neighbor's failing in fine appreciation. The inspection was not, however, interrupted.

"The tall one is the better horsewoman," said Harry Stafford.

"I'm afraid she is," answered Timmerton, reluctantly. "But you can't have every thing. The little one rides well enough. And has the best horse too," he added, with sudden inspiration, as if the modern equestrienne were a species of centaur, to be considered only as the superior part of the animal which sustains her.

The ladies turned, and their faces were more openly revealed.

"I tell you, Harry," resumed Mr. Timmer-



ton, "you're all wrong. She has fine regular | explanations, showing that he had been detainfeatures; but look at the expression! It's positively stony! That's a woman to do you a cruelty and then laugh. She hasn't a beam of feeling in her face. It's a splendid eye, but it glitters just like ice!"

Mr. Stafford was shaken. There was something in what Timmerton said. The beauty was indisputable, but it was accompanied with a certain bearing which, at that moment, he thought haughty and forbidding. The severity of her features was inconsistent, he imagined, with the cheerfulness of the scene and the occasion.

"She is very stately"—he said to his companion-" grievously stately."

"Undoubtedly," said Timmerton; "but the other is an original package of pure gentleness; I'm sure of it."

"I could overlook all but the mouth; but I am quite uncomfortable about the mouth, it's so firm."

"I am uncomfortable about my own heart, it isn't firm at all."

"You are right, Fred; she is not a womanshe's a statue. She hasn't an emotion about her, you can be sure. Let us get away."

But Mr. Timmerton strongly resisted any such proposition. Not that he cared specially about the girls, you know-nothing of that sort; because he should never expect to meet them again, so what was their presence to him? But the music was about to commence, and there was no place so well worth occupying as that on which they stood-unless, indeed, it were a certain point which, strangely enough, was a few feet nearer to the fair riders. Mr. Timmerton would not hear of going, and it would have been unfriendly in Mr. Stafford to leave him. It is just to add that Mr. Stafford betrayed on this occasion no spirit of unfriendliness.

Never were ladies more apparently unconscious of the interest they had so suddenly excited. They conversed quietly apart, fixing their attention upon the general view, and giving no eye to details—not even when details hovered near them in the guise of two wellfavored cavaliers, each with a rose in his buttonhole.

Mr. Dodworth shook his wand, and the obedient tubes sent forth their welcome to the multitude. Every body was quiet-if not from inclination, from necessity; for good taste is enforced at the Central Park by officials clothed in blue authority, and the avenues are not allowed to clang with hoofs and wheels while the charms of music are soothing the cultivated breast.

The overture ceased; the performers reposed from their benevolent exertions, and the spell of blue authority was broken. The carriages began to circle in their orbits, and the gay confusion was every where renewed.

A pony bearing a lad of thirteen galloped up to the Concourse. At sight of the ladies of whom we have been speaking this lad began to shout be, in his own apartments. For an hour he lay

ed, that his courser was volatile of temper, and that there had been a disagreement between it and himself near the Ramble.

The grave young lady remonstrated against the loud voice, and gave cautious counsel against the risks of inexperienced horse-boys.

"Oh, Julia, that's always your way!" answered my young gentleman. "You think I can't ride, and try to frighten me. Wait, now, and I'll show you by-and-by."

"So they're not altogether alone, you see," whispered Mr. Timmerton.

"Charley," said the young lady whom he had called Julia, "you have no need to hold the curb so close. Let it loose; the pony is restless."

In fact the little animal had grown quite nervous, and impatiently pelted the Park with his fore-feet. But Master Charley, with a selfconfidence not inconsistent with the age of thirteen, persisted in the endeavor to manage every thing in his own way. From dancing the pony went on to prancing, and presently executed movements so eccentric as to alarm his rider, who suddenly dropped theory and curb with one accord. Unexpectedly released, the pony furthermore sprang forward full against the stately young lady's horse, disturbing her balance and jostling the reins from her hand—a mishap that would not have occurred but for the anxiety with which she was watching the adventures of Master Charles. Now two animals were moved from their propriety, and people began to turn and gaze. The lady's position was awkward, for, losing the reins, she lost also the power of control. Mr. Timmerton started to her aid. But, springing sideways, her horse touched the edge of the uncompleted bank. A misstep here would be perilous. The younger lady whimpered. Master Charley cried aloud without helping matters. Mr. Stafford took a quick view of the emergency, and with a single motion turned his horse toward the declivity, pushed his spur vigorously, and darted beyond the limit of the Concourse. As he passed outside the lady her horse was crowded back to a firmer position, and by a sudden gesture he restored her reins. Her safety was secured, but Mr. Stafford was less fortunate. His effort to turn abruptly back was unavailing. The loose stones slid, the horse plunged once or twice, then fell upon his side, rolling half-way down the bank, and crushing his rider among the jagged stones. There was a great outcry, then a rush and a crowd; and every thought of the pleasures of the day was chilled for all who saw the handsome gentleman's torn and bleeding frame as they carried him inanimate away.

When Mr. Stafford opened his mind's evesor, to put it more formally, when he returned to consciousness-he found himself where, under the circumstances, he would naturally expect to



with his senses half unclosed, weakly questioning himself as to why he was at home, and why he was in bed; why his legs and arms hurt him if he stirred them; why the room was so dark and still; and why the people whom he saw moving softly about did not speak to him. He was too languid to ask aloud for any information. It was pleasanter to conjecture tranquilly, and wait for recollection to shape itself before Gradually the outlines of the accident arose in his mind; dimly at first, afterward more clearly. He remembered the two ladies and their opposite characteristics, the impending danger and his effort to avert it. Having remembered this much, he felt a little curiosity as to the sequel, but had not energy enough to make inquiries. He therefore turned about and went to sleep.

He awoke presently with a great appetite, and cried out in a voice which he meant to make loud, but which denied his intentions, for food. A gentleman approached him cautiously.

"Why, Timmerton, glad to see you," said Mr. Stafford, recognizing his friend; "but what's the matter? Just look at you. a guy! What are you so solemn about?"

"Hush, Harry," answered Mr. Timmerton, "don't talk much. You have been very ill."

"Ill! I'm not ill. I'm only sore. I want to get up"—and he made a futile attempt to lift himself upon an elbow.

"Lie quiet, Harry—do!" said Timmerton.
"You can't get up. You have been sick a fortnight. This is the first time you have known me."

"Have I been sick a fortnight?" said Mr. Stafford. "Well, that is the most ridiculous thing I ever heard in my life. I didn't know it."

"No, indeed. You haven't known much since you fell."

- "Oh yes, to be sure, I fell," interrupted Stafford. "Tell me about it. What happened?"
 - "Not now. To-morrow."
- "But I insist on knowing what became of of the tall-"
- "Hush; if you talk now I'll never tell you. Your doctor says you must keep quiet."
- A person who had been seated at a little distance rose and moved toward the door.
 - "Who's that?" said Stafford.
- "That's your nurse," said Timmerton.
 "Well, send her away. I don't want any nurse. I'm well enough now."
- "Does he seem better, Mr. Timmerton?" asked the nurse, near the door.
- "I think a great deal better," said Timmer-"Not flushed; no signs of much fever, and he knows what he's about, you see."

"Then I shall go," said the nurse. "I will send to inquire this evening."

"Hallo," said Stafford, as the door was opened, "there are two of them. I saw them both. I distinctly saw a pair. I haven't got two nurses, have I?"

"One is an assistant," said Timmerton, as they went out.

"An assistant! Why, have I been so bad as that—and for only a fortnight? Well, I sha'n't want them any more. Tell me about the Park. No, you needn't; I'm sleepy."

He had forgotten the hunger with which he woke up, and did not consider it until the next morning, when, after a long slumber, he awoke feeble but unmistakably convalescent.

- "You are a lucky fellow," said Mr. Timmer-
- "I should think so," said Mr. Stafford. "My legs and arms are constantly reminding me of it."
- "Nevertheless," continued Mr. Timmerton. "I would care less for the chances of getting an occasional pitch-off, if I could feel sure of such capital treatment as you have had."

"My doctor is a clever fellow," acknowledged Mr. Stafford.

- "It's not the doctor. He says himself that he could have done very little without the constant and patient care your nurse gave to you. The case was serious, my boy. Few men ever get a second rap on the skull like that of yours."
- "You don't tell me so. There's nothing the matter with my skull."
- "It's over now; and you feel the lighter bruises the most. Do you know, Harry, that you talked stuff for a week."
 - "What sort of stuff?"
- "Oh, the worst; poetry, and politics, and every thing."
 - "Why, then, I was out of my head."
- "Miles-leagues. You haven't been in it or near it for two weeks."
- "Bless me! It's too late to be frightened now. Do no good. It was very bad, then."
- "Monstrous! You needed uninterrupted attention, and that of the most delicate kind. And you had it."
 - "Oh, that's my 'luck,' is it?"
 - "That's your luck; and now about the nurse."
 - "What about her?"
 - "What will you do?"
- "Why, hasn't she been paid? Send her something extra to buy pipes with or snuff."
- "Harry, one thing is sure. She saved your
- "That's her trade, Fred; at least one-half of it. Saving or losing it makes no difference to her, I suppose."
- "Well, it didn't seem so to me. I have been here every day, mind, and seen the whole."
- "Thank you, Fred; I know you have done every thing for me."
- "Will you go and thank your nurse when you get better? That would be more to the purpose. I have done nothing. A man is of no use when you are sick."
- "What should I go and thank a nurse for? Well, have her brought here some day and I'll thank her."
- "She can't come any more, she says, now that you are nearly recovered."



- "Dear me; what's the matter? she has another place, perhaps."
 - "Possibly. Will you go?"
- "I suppose I must, since you make a point of it. Fred, what ever became of the beautiful icicle?"
 - "Which one?"
 - "The one that upset me."
 - "The little one?"
- "No, she upset you; moreover, she was not an icicle. The grand one I mean. The Minerva."
- "Oh yes! I don't wonder she is in your mind. You had a good deal to say about her last week. In fact you talked about very little else."
- "Good gracious! Did I devote my precious delirium to her?"
 - "Exclusively."
- "Now, Fred, she isn't worthy of it. But you said I talked politics. She is not a politic."
 - "I said 'poetry and politics.'"
- "True, so you did. I wonder what the devil she thought of me spinning over those sharp stones. I dare say she laughed."
- "Perhaps she did; I was too busy about you to notice."
- "No; I don't believe she laughed. That would be too extravagant an emotion for her to betray. I have no doubt she thought it was a highly indecorous caper of mine."
- "What, to preserve her life? Oh, do her justice, Harry."
- "Was I her life-preserver? Come, that's good. 'Minerva and her life-preserver.' That's poetry; but don't be afraid, I'm not delirious again."
- "Day after to-morrow, Harry, we may get out and see your nurse a minute."
 - "Bother the nurse."
- "So you did, abundantly, when she had you in charge. She's your life-preserver, remember."
- "That's all very well; but when I am recalling the vision of the most beautiful woman in the world why conjure snuffy nurses and all sorts of abominations? Let me alone, I want to think."
 - Mr. Timmerton went away laughing.

V.

A day or two later, on a Saturday, Mr. Stafford was able to creep into a carriage.

- "We will ride up to the Park, Fred, and look at the Concourse," he said to his faithful escort, Mr. Timmerton.
- "Why the Concourse?" asked Mr. Timmerton.
- "I am curious to see the spot of my accident.
 There is one stone especially to which I desire to apologize. I almost broke it with my head.
 Besides, we might—"
 - "Might what?"
 - "No matter."
- "I tell you what, Harry, we will stop on the way and give your nurse a little call."
 - "Can I never get rid of that eternal nurse?
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I hoped you had forgotten her. Well, for the sake of peace, let us go and have it all over with. Take me where you please."

The carriage rolled through Fifth Avenue. Turning a corner it stopped before a mansion too elegant to appear the fit abode of nurses.

"Why, Fred, is the creature in attendance upon somebody? I can't go into a stranger's house to see a nurse."

"Come along," said Mr. Timmerton, "I've fixed every thing. She rather expects you."

Mr. Stafford languidly suffered himself to be conducted up the steps, his countenance expressing some wonder and more impatience. They entered, and cards were given by Mr. Timmerton. Impatience gradually faded from Mr. Stafford's features, and wonder grew as they stood within one of the most charming drawing-rooms he had ever entered. He was about to question his friend with some eagerness when steps resounded in the hall. The door opened.

I do not know whether it was "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" that Mr. Stafford exclaimed, or some more familiar phrase of astonishment and awe. Probably it was something more modern and less classical. But whatever it might have been it indicated a state of feeling at least as acute as that of Hamlet when confronted by the late respected.

For, look you, Hamlet had been warned of the apparition, and had steeled his senses beforehand. At least he had the opportunity of doing so. But here, without a sign of premonition, was poor Harry Stafford thrust into the presence of the very woman upon whom his thoughts had rested, in sickness and health, since the first moment he beheld her—into the presence of the frigid beauty, of the lady he had saved from an ugly danger, taking the catastrophe upon himself.

It was really too bad of Mr. Fred Timmerton; and yet that gentleman stood smiling—yes, almost laughing—for at least forty seconds without vouchsafing a word of elucidation. Mr. Stafford, nervous and weak from his illness, turned to him beseechingly. His first idea had been that one of the young ladies had been injured as well as himself, and that the same nurse might have been called to attend upon both. Next a crowd of thoughts hustled upon his mind until he felt quite faint and uneasy.

Mr. Timmerton stepped forward to relieve the embarrassment. The younger lady of the Park had also entered the drawing-room. They stood together awaiting a presentation.

"Mr. Stafford," said Mr. Timmerton, "I am rejoiced to make you acquainted with your nurse, Miss Daisley."

I would wish readers of a vigorous imagination to picture to themselves Mr. Stafford's feelings. No others can. As for describing them, I am ashamed to say how many pens have been broken by the present narrator in the attempt.

Tremulously rising, and supported by his companion, he glanced timidly at the stately beauty, remembered all he had conceived of her hard-



ness and coldness, dashed away a kindling hope, and turned to the glowing and sympathetic little maiden by her side.

"I can never thank you enough, Miss Daisley," he began.

"No, Harry, not that Miss Daisley," interrupted Timmerton—"the other one."

"Ah, this is too much," said Mr. Stafford; and feeling quite unable to stand, he sat down very abruptly among the cushions of an easy-chair.

"We were at first afraid it was too much," said Miss Daisley, sitting near him; "but we presently found the danger could be averted. But oh, Mr. Stafford, how you have suffered, and for us—for—for me!"

"I did not mean the hurt was too much," said Stafford; "that was nothing. I beg you not to think of it."

"I can not help thinking of it. Remember, I have been your nurse for more than a week, and I know what befell you better, perhaps, than you can."

Harry Stafford thought he had never heard so beautiful a voice in his life. But at the last remark he became suddenly confused, and grew red.

"What ails you?" said Miss Daisley; "have you come out too soon?"

"Oh no," said Harry—"no, indeed." And he secretly thought that if he could have known the truth he would not have waited till that late day to meet his nurse. He conceived at the moment a wrathful sentiment toward Mr. Timmerton, and resolved to have it out with him at the earliest opportunity for being so reticent. His confusion came from remembering that his friend had told him the burden of his long delirium was nothing else but Miss Daisley.

"Did I say many foolish things while I was stck, Miss Daisley?" he asked.

And now it was the young lady's turn to betray uneasiness. "No," she said—"at least I do not remember. No, I think not."

"Whatever I may have said," urged Mr. Stafford, "I wish you would believe—and it is the truth—that within a few minutes I have learned that I made the wildest mistake of my life when I first saw you."

"Oh, Mr. Stafford!"

"Indeed I did. I thought of you-"

"No matter, do not tell me now; tell me some other time."

Stafford felt convinced that she at least partly divined what he would say; and as it was an awkward confession at the best, he was glad enough to be relieved. Timmerton and the younger lady, who had until now conversed apart, drew near.

"You wish to know how I came to be your nurse, as Mr. Timmerton calls me," resumed Miss Daisley.

"No; like the blessings of the fairies, you do not need to be accounted for. No, I accept the fact thankfully, and that is enough."

"That's very pretty, but nevertheless I must | sidered his reflection, and thought the tell you, else you would think— Well, I spark of sense in Timmerton after all.

must tell vou. When you fell I was inexpressibly shocked and grieved, and as Mr. Timmerton was lifting you I begged him to give me your name and your address. After I reached home I sent papa to learn how serious your injury was. He was very fully sensible of what we owed you, and felt as much anxiety as any of us-as I did. He brought back word that your head was affected, and the fever was so violent that the physician had very little hope for you unless he could secure the attendance of some person who would enter thoroughly and heartily into his plans for your restoration. He wanted a more considerate and thoughtful nurse than any he could call upon. Was it presumptuous in me, Mr. Stafford, to think that I might do? I had never seen much illness; but this was a case where I could not but feel that my sense of gratitude ought to teach me many things that I wanted in experience. At any rate, I felt it a serious duty to make the trial. Mamma was astonished, as she will tell you presently, but she did not refuse. She only went about the next day and made inquiries; and as she found friends of her own who knew good things of you, she was quite at ease. There it is, Mr. Stafford—a long story, to be sure, but I felt it right that you should know precisely how it came about."

Mr. Stafford was much agitated. "I am very deeply moved," he said, "by your generosity and your courage. I can not even attempt to tell you how much."

"Do not speak of it," she answered. "The doctor tried me, and did not find me wanting, and I am proud enough of the praises he gave me. He did not seem to think I had a motive, and that if you had not saved my life, perhaps I should have had less resolution and determination to help you back to health."

"Here is mamma," said the younger Miss Daisley.

Mrs. Daisley entered, an ample, beaming matron, with a bearing which betrayed the origin of her older daughter's dignity, and a ripe beauty which warranted the comeliness of both of them. To her the invalid was presented, and the conversation was general for half an hour. Mrs. Daisley admitted that her daughter's suggestion of assuming a sanitary commission in favor of a strange gentleman had amazed her, but added that the case seemed too urgent and too immediate in its claims upon them to justify refusal. Many pleasant things were said, especially between Mr. Timmerton and the younger sister, who seemed to act upon the best understanding in the world.

"But we were going up to the Park," said Timmerton, suddenly; at which a disagreeable sensation shot across Mr. Stafford's mind. "Bad taste that fellow Timmerton shows sometimes," thought he.

"Perhaps Miss Daisley will go with us," added Timmerton; whereupon Mr. Stafford reconsidered his reflection, and thought there was a spark of sense in Timmerton after all.



"But Miss Laura and I," continued Timmerton, indicating the little sister, "have almost decided to go on horseback, if Mrs. Daisley will permit, and if Miss Daisley will consent to be burdened with Mr. Stafford an hour or two longer.

Stafford utterly reversed his hasty judgment, and decided that no other man was gifted with so keen a perception, so kind a heart, so cultivated a style, and so brilliant a rhetoric as Timmerton.

"I see no objection," said Mrs. Daisley, with an air of imperial concession.

Miss Daisley simply rose and said she would be ready in one minute, then disappeared with her sister and was gone half an hour.

She returned refulgent. The time had not been wasted. She was a work of ingenuity and art. Her bonnet could not be viewed without emotion. It seemed to float like a fairy shell on the waves of her rich hair. The summer bonnets of 1862 deserve a lyric. They are all beautiful. Looking at them, you can not believe there is war in the land. Miss Daisley's was one of the fairest of the fair. To describe it adequately would consume an episodical page at least, so I reluctantly forsake it.

Mr. Timmerton's was one of those natures that stops at no half-way point of friendliness. "You can start now, if you please," he said, "and Miss Laura and I will overtake you."

Mr. Stafford looked his gratitude. He knew that if there were one thing on earth that Timmerton would not do, that thing was to overtake them.

Then, gently aided by the fair young girl to whom he now felt he owed a devotion that he would pay with all the integrity of his heart, he replaced himself in the carriage. As he was taking leave of Mrs. Daisley at the door, Mr. Timmerton said, his eyes twinkling, "We'll catch you presently, Harry."

W

All had passed as Miss Daisley had related; only her version was but the cold outline of facts. The warm coloring of incident and feeling was afterward revealed to the invalid by Timmerton. She had witnessed the accident with real anguish. It was a mishap accepted for her sake, and she was one to appreciate a chivalrous deed. Her first impulse was to dismount and proffer aid and comfort; but she saw that prompt attention was given, and felt how useless any intervention of hers would be. As for the little Laura she burst into tears. Miss Daisley only waited to ask the sufferer's address from Mr. Timmerton, and then rode home without speaking a word.

Her mother took fright at the notion of her ministering to a stranger, even to one who had put forth so eloquent a claim to tenderest consideration. There was no precedent for such a proceeding. It was rash, undignified, unfeminine, and all that. What would people say? But Miss Julia Daisley was a young lady of res-

olution, and in the simplest way she brought both mother and father to her way of thinking. "I believe he saved my life," she said, "and I am a poor thing if I can not risk a little discomfort to help save his. Laura will go with me. Oh, mamma, I wish to do it; I ought to do it. I saw him all maimed and bleeding, and for me. Would you have me so ungrateful?"

So, although there was no precedent, Miss Daisley was suffered to be human. The physician applauded her zeal. "Oh, I am only giving him his own again," she said, smiling sweetly. Of course she grew fond of her patient; I shall make no mystery of that. It is just a woman's nature to love (more or less) whatever she is kind to. The best expedient for an unfavored suitor would be to break, not his heart, but his leg, or his arm. Thus he would gain pity, and perhaps care and anxious thought. Having the head of his adored, he might speedily count on her heart; and then he could afford a wooden leg, if need be.

Then Mr. Stafford was certainly a man worth thinking of more than a little. He was a handsome fellow; and, though his reason was astray, he said things that did not displease the lady. He talked much of the cold and stately beauty of the Park, and wondered if his will could ever melt her. Then she redoubled her care, for she could not bear to think he should not some day see his error.

There is nothing in the world like the beautiful devotion of a woman to the sick. She feels no toil, nor pain, nor timid terrors. If she have grief she hides it, lest it add one feather's weight to the afflictions of her charge. Her courage rises as her hopes recede. The grim spectre that hovers and threatens may appall her, but she gives no sign. Her eye is clear and gentle; her voice soft and sweet as the breath of summer; her touch so tender that the simplest kindly office soothes like a caress. The dawn of her smile chases away suffering as light dispels the mists of the universe. There is be in her very presence. Her delicate instinct teaches a thousand arts of comfort and consolation which experience might study in vain. There is a wisdom above science in her loving heart. She knows no sacrifice-wonders if you speak of any. She is calmest at times when men yield to a turbulent sorrow. She chains her emotions with her sense of vigilant duty. In her weakness she is stronger than the strong. This mastery of self-this purity of devotion-this eager and unsleeping watchfulness-this radiant reflection of hope and trust—this outpouring of all that nature, lofty and true, can lavish-do they not mark the noblest heroism of humanity? From woman life comes; she feels that it is hers to guard it. How well will she not guard it! And when she has restored it to you-when the peril is past and you meet with no ill of yours to bind her sympathy—take care, for she will plague you to the brink of the grave again, if you give her the chance.

Miss Laura came daily with her sister, and



her anxiety for Stafford's recovery was quite as lively, if not as deep, as Julia's. Her nature, however, was not so intense; and then it was not her safety that had been imperiled; so she had leisure to think of other things. Mr. Timmerton succeeded in making himself one of these. He was an active thing, and a very present thing, and it would have been difficult to overlook him under any circumstances. As affairs stood it was impossible.

The day after the accident Mr. Timmerton and Miss Laura Daisley sat together at a window of Mr. Stafford's parlor. Miss Julia was seeking counsel from the physician, in the sickroom. Timmerton was much excited. Stafford's condition was precarious, and in his delirium he had refused to recognize his friend. As Timmerton spoke of it his voice broke, and great tears came running from his eyes.

"Poor Mr. Timmerton!" said Laura, softly, woman-like, overlooking the sad cause for a moment, in her sympathy with the nearer distress beside her. And she put her little hand upon his with a momentary soft touch, and then hurried it away, and hid it from human view in the folds of her handkerchief.

Timmerton brightened directly. He said he thought, oh! he was sure, Harry would soon get better. I am afraid it was no very logical process of reasoning that brought this result to his mind. Why should a tremulous touch of Laura Daisley's hand restore his confidence? But it surely did.

"And poor Mr. Stafford!" said Laura, self-reproachful for her tardiness. "Oh! that terrible, terrible fall!"

A dextrous idea possessed Mr. Timmerton.

- "And to think," he said, "it might have been your sister!"
- It was now the young girl's turn to whimper. "Poor Miss Laura!" said he—and he mussed the handkerchief and squeezed her little hand.

He 250° a sly wretch, was Mr. Timmerton.

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VII.

The carriage entered the Park. Miss Daisley and Mr. Timmerton had not appeared, and yet no remark had been made upon their absence. It is a question whether it had been even noticed.

In the midst of all Harry Stafford's happiness—and his happiness was of that kind which is never told in words, nor ever can be, however we may try—there was a weight which bitterly oppressed him. He longed to throw it off, but hardly dared.

- "Mr. Stafford."
- "Yes, Miss Daisley."
- "We are close in sight of—of what I can hardly bear to speak of."
- "To be sure. There it is. Why, it is nearly finished now. There can be no more accidents."
 - "You make so light of it!"
- "I wish I could tell you what cause I have for feeling light about it."
 - "Tell me."

- "It was a cheap price to pay for what I—for what I—"
- "Ah! Mr. Stafford, I meant to say something when we came in sight of that place."
 - "Tell me."
- "I never can! Let me see—can I? I meant to say [timidly] that you might finish about what you had thought of me. I interrupted you, at home."

This was the very opportunity Stafford had yearned for, yet knew not how to improve. So he began, not very courageously:

- "I am ashamed to own it to you, Miss Daisley. I only tell you that I may also say how wrong, and foolish, and cruelly unjust I was."
 - "Oh, Mr. Stafford!"
- "Yes, indeed. When I first saw you, riding here, and waiting on the Concourse—forgive me; I did not know you then."
 - "But you haven't told me."
- "Ah! true. I thought you were cold and unfeeling."
 - " Oh!"
 - "That you were severe and forbidding."
 - " Oh !"
 - "That you could be unkind and heartless."
- "Oh! oh! Mr. Stafford, did you think all that of me?"
- "It was detestable of me, was it not? You never can forgive me."
 - "You did think that?"
 - "I am afraid I did-only for the moment."
 - "Well, there, Mr. Stafford, I knew it."
- "What! you knew it?"
- "I did."
- "Oh, I told you when I was ill, and unconscious of what I did say."
 - "No. I heard you at the time."
 - "At the time!"
- "You spoke softly, but not softly enough. I heard you."
 - "And what could you have thought?"
- "I thought—I thought it was not quite true or just; and I thought it was a pity I should never have the opportunity of proving that I was better than I seemed; for I do not like to be thought too badly of."
 - "Dear, kind Miss Daisley!"
- "And, Mr. Stafford, if I felt one shade less of regret than I otherwise should at your misfortune, it was because I saw how I might try to make you know you had done me a little wrong."
- "Miss Julia, I should be a brute if I did not love you for what you say and for what you have done; you know that. But you do not know that now I love you better than any thing and every thing else in the whole world."
 - "Oh! Mr. Stafford!"
- "You are willing to let me say this, Julia; you are not angry with me, good Julia, kind little Julia, dear Julia."
- "What, Mr. Stafford, a cold, harsh thing like me?"
 - "Oh, spare me that."



- "Not a woman, but a statue?"
- "My very words!"
- "Not a heart about her?"
- "Be good to me again."
- "But that last is true," murmured the young girl, mysteriously.
 - "Julia!"
 - "To err is human."
 - "And to forgive, divine."
- "Wait, let me think a moment," and she leaned back and closed her eyes. She had played at coquetry a thousand times, but she could not do it now. She tried, as the half dozen preceding sentences show, but failed.
- "I know you saved my life," she presently said, smiling gently, "and I did the little I could to help save yours. I do believe that perhaps we belong to one another."
- "My darling; now tell me, what do you think they will say at home?"
 - "At my home?"
 - "Certainly, yours."
 - "I think papa knows that I love you."
 - "And your mother?"
 - "I am sure she does."

After that they sat and rode quietly, and no word passed between them until, nearing the Concourse again, Miss Daisley said,

- "I see Laura."
- "And there is Fred," said Harry, "on the Concourse. They see us."

- "And they are coming to us."
- "They may come now, but had they come earlier-" and Mr. Stafford made a mock threatening gesture.

Miss Daisley positively did not blush, only laughed.

Salutations passed as the equestrians drew near. Mr. Timmerton was beckoned to receive a whisper from Mr. Stafford.

- "Fred, I never can thank you enough."
- "What for?" (sotto voce.)
- "Why, for keeping away for an hour."
- "Oh, my boy, you needn't thank me, I did it for myself."
 - "For yourself?"
 - "To be sure."
 - "What?"
 - "Yes!!
 - "I too!!!"

Any body that chooses may guess what those last three mystic utterances implied, but I shall not explain them.

The handsome four looked very knowingly at one another. Now not a word had passed with the sisters, yet I verily believe there was no secret between them at that moment. There exists among women a telegraph system too fine to be ever mastered by the masculine under-

The orchestra stood up. At Mr. Dodworth's tap came this:



"It is the Wedding March," said Mr. Timmerton.

Nobody else spoke. But was it the sunlight that suddenly flashed across those four young faces, or the full tide of hope, and joy, and faith bounding ruddy from their hearts, and, as it glowed and beamed, openly telling the secret of their dearest thoughts in that happy hour? Ah, that happy hour! There is none other like it, radiant influence still enfolds them.

to glorify the present, to gild the future, to turn the thorny ways of life to paths of bounteous promise, to lift the earth to paradise. If its spell could only last! We have been liberal with our party—smoothed their way and lent their wishes every comfort from the beginning. There they are, the four of them. Let us give them the last favor, and say good-by while the

ROLL-CALL.

- NORPORAL GREEN!" the Orderly cried; I "Here!" was the answer, loud and clear, From the lips of a soldier who stood near; And "Here!" was the word the next replied.
- "Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell— This time no answer followed the call; Only his rear-man had seen him fall, Killed or wounded he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light, These men of battle, with grave, dark looks, As plain to be read as open books, While slowly gathered the shades of night.



The fern on the hill-sides was splashed with blood, And down in the corn, where the poppies grew, Were redder stains than the poppies knew; And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side, That day, in the face of a murderous fire That swept them down in its terrible ire; And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Cline!"—At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!" but no man replied:
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the corn-field near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said,
"When our ensign was shot; I left him dead
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him to drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think;
And Death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory—yes; but it cost us dear:
For that company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered "Here!"

ROMOLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE."



CHAPTER XV.

THE DYING MESSAGE.

WHEN Romola arrived at the entrance of San Marco she found one of the Frati waiting there in expectation of her arrival. Monna Brigida retired into the adjoining church, and Romola was conducted to the door of the chapter-house in the outer cloister, whither the invalid had been conveyed; no woman being allowed admission beyond this precinct.

When the door opened the subdued external light blending with that of two tapers placed behind a truckle-bed showed the emaciated face of Fra Luca, with the tonsured crown of golden hair above it, and with deep-sunken hazel eyes fixed on a small crucifix which he held before him. He was propped up into nearly a sitting posture; and Romola was just conscious, as she threw aside her veil, that there was another monk standing by the bed, with the black cowl drawn over his head, and that he moved toward the door as she entered; just conscious that in the back-ground there was a crucified form rising high and pale on the frescoed wall, and pale faces of sorrow looking out from it below.



The next moment her eyes met Fra Luca's as they looked up at her from the crucifix, and she was absorbed in that pang of recognition which identified this monkish emaciated form with the image of her fair young brother.

"Dino!" she said, in a voice like a low cry of pain. But she did not bend toward him; she held herself erect, and paused at two yards' distance from him. There was an unconquerable repulsion for her in that monkish aspect; it seemed to her the brand of the dastardly undutifulness which had left her father desolateof the groveling superstition which could give such undutifulness the name of piety. Her father, whose proud sincerity and simplicity of life had made him one of the few frank pagans of his time, had brought her up with a silent ignoring of any claims the Church could have to regulate the belief and action of beings with a cultivated reason; the Church, in her mind, belonged to that actual life of the mixed multitude from which they had always lived apart, and she had no ideas that could render her brother's course an object of any other feeling than incurious, indignant contempt. Yet the lovingness of Romola's soul had clung to that image in the past, and while she stood rigidly aloof there was a yearning search in her eyes for something too faintly discernible.

But there was no corresponding emotion in the face of the monk. He looked at the little sister returned to him in her full womanly beauty, with the far-off gaze of a revisiting spirit.

"My sister!" he said, with feeble and interrupted but yet distinct utterance, "it is well thou hast not longer delayed to come, for I have a message to deliver to thee, and my time is

Romola took a step nearer: the message, she thought, would be one of affectionate penitence to her father, and her heart began to open. Nothing could wipe out the long years of desertion; but the culprit, looking back on those years with the sense of irremediable wrong committed, would call forth pity. Now, at the last, there would be understanding and forgiveness. Dino would pour out some natural filial feeling; he would ask questions about his father's blindness -how rapidly it had come on? how the long dark days had been filled? what the life was now in the home where he himself had been nourished?—and the last message from the dying lips would be one of tenderness and regret.

"Romola," Fra Luca began again, "I have had a vision concerning thee. Thrice I have had it in the last two months: each time it has been clearer. Therefore I came from Fiesole, deeming it a message from heaven that I was bound to deliver. And I gather a promise of mercy to thee in this, that my breath is preserved in order to-"

The difficult breathing which continually interrupted him would not let him finish the sen-

was a vision, then, this message—one of those visions she had so often heard her father allude to with bitterness. Her indignation rushed to

"Dino, I thought you had some words to send to my father. You forsook him when his sight was failing; you made his life very desolate. Have you never cared about that? never repented? What is this religion of yours, that places visions before natural duties?"

The deep-sunken hazel eyes turned slowly toward her, and rested upon her in silence for some moments, as if he were meditating whether he should answer her.

"No," he said at last-speaking, as before, in a low passionless tone, as if his voice were that of some spirit not human, speaking through dying human organs. "No: I have never repented fleeing from the stifling poison-breath of sin that was hot and thick around me, and threatened to steal over my senses like besotting wine. My father could not hear the voice that called me night and day; he knew nothing of the demon-tempters that tried to drag me back from following it. My father has lived amidst human sin and misery without believing in them: he has been like one busy picking shining stones in a mine, while there was a world dying of plague above him. I spoke, but he listened with scorn. I told him the studies he wished me to live for were either childish trifling-dead toys-or else they must be made warm and living by pulses that beat to worldly ambitions and fleshly lusts: for worldly ambitions and fleshly lusts made all the substance of the poetry and history he wanted me to bend my eyes on continually."

"Has not my father led a pure and noble life, then?" Romola burst forth, unable to hear in silence this implied accusation against her father. "He has sought no worldly honors; he has been truthful; he has denied himself all luxuries; he has lived like one of the ancient sages. He never wished you to live for worldly ambitions and fleshly lusts; he wished you to live as he himself has done, according to the purest maxims of philosophy, in which he brought you up."

Romola spoke partly by rote, as all ardent and sympathetic young creatures do; but she spoke with intense belief. The pink flush was in her face, and she quivered from head to foot, Her brother was again slow to answer, looking at her passionate face with strange passionless

"What were the maxims of philosophy to me? They told me to be strong, when I felt myself weak; when I was ready, like the blessed Saint Benedict, to roll myself among thorns, and court smarting wounds as a deliverance from temptation. For the Divine love had sought me, and penetrated me, and created a great need in me; like a seed that wants room to grow. I had been brought up in carelessness of the true faith; I had not studied the doctrines Romola had felt her heart chilling again. It of our religion; but it seemed to take possession



of me like a rising flood. I felt that there was fore listen, and speak not again—for the time is a life of perfect love and purity for the soul, in which there would be no uneasy hunger after pleasure, no tormenting questions, no fear of suffering. Before I knew the history of the saints I had a foreshadowing of their ecstasy. For the same truth had penetrated even into pagan philosophy; that it is a bliss within the reach of man to die to mortal needs, and live in the life of God as the Unseen Perfectness. But to attain that I must forsake the world: I must have no affection, no hope, that wedded me to that which passeth away; I must live with my fellow-beings only as human souls related to the eternal unseen life. That need was urging me continually; it came over me in visions when my mind fell away weary from the vain words which record the passions of dead men; it came over me after I had been tempted into sin, and turned away with loathing from the scent of the emptied cup. And in visions I saw the meaning of the Crucifix."

He paused, breathing hard for a minute or two; but Romola was not prompted to speak again. It was useless for her mind to attempt any contact with the mind of this unearthly brother: as useless as for her hand to try and grasp a shadow. He went on as soon as his heaving chest was quieter.

"I felt whom I must follow: but I saw that even among the servants of the Cross who professed to have renounced the world, my soul would be stifled with the fumes of hypocrisy and lust and pride. God had not chosen me, as he chose Saint Dominic and Saint Francis, to wrestle with evil in the church and in the world. He called upon me to flee: I took the sacred vows and I fled-fled to lands where danger and scorn and want bore me continually, like angels, to repose on the bosom of God. I have lived the life of a hermit; I have ministered to pilgrims: but my task has been short; the veil has worn very thin that divides me from my everlasting rest. I came back to Florence that—"

"Dino, you did want to know if my father was alive," interrupted Romola, the picture of that suffering life touching her again with the desire for union and forgiveness.

"-that before I die I might urge others of our brethren to study the Eastern tongues, as I had not done, and go out to greater ends than I did, and I find them already bent on the work. And since I came, Romola, I have felt that I was sent partly to thee-not to renew the bonds of earthly affection, but to deliver the heavenly warning conveyed in a vision. For I have had that vision thrice. And through all the years since first the Divine voice called me, while I was yet in the world, I have been taught and guided by visions. For in the painful linking together of our waking thoughts we can never be sure that we have not mingled our own error with the light we have prayed for; but in visions and dreams we are passive, and our souls ciation of her proud erectness, her mental atti-

short."

Romola's mind recoiled strongly from listening to this vision. Her indignation had subsided, but it was only because she had felt the distance between her brother and herself widening. But while Fra Luca was speaking the figure of another monk had entered, and again stood on the other side of the bed, with the cowl drawn over his head.

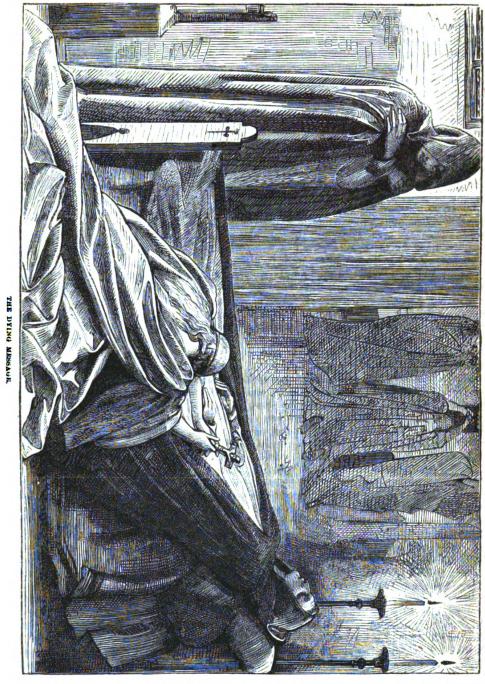
"Kneel, my daughter, for the Angel of Death is present, and waits while the message of Heaven is delivered: bend thy pride before it is bent for thee by a yoke of iron," said a strong rich voice, startlingly in contrast with Fra Luca's. The tone was not that of imperious command, but of quiet self-possession and assurance of the right, blended with benignity. Romola, vibrating to the sound, looked round at the figure on the opposite side of the bed. His face was hardly discernible under the shadow of the cowl. and her eyes fell at once on his hands, which were folded across his breast and lay in relief on the edge of his black mantle. They had a marked physiognomy which enforced the influence of the voice: they were very beautiful and almost of transparent delicacy. Romola's disposition to rebel against command, doubly active in the presence of monks, whom she had been taught to despise, would have fixed itself on any repulsive detail as a point of support. But the face was hidden, and the hands seemed to have an appeal in them against all hardness. The next moment the right hand took the crucifix to relieve the fatigued grasp of Fra Luca, and the left touched his lips with a wet sponge which lay near. In the act of bending the cowl was pushed back, and the features of the monk had the full light of the tapers on them. They were very marked features, such as lend themselves to popular description. There was the high arched nose, the prominent under lip, the coronet of thick dark hair above the brow, all seeming to tell of energy and passion; there were the blue-gray eyes, shining mildly under auburn eyelashes, seeming, like the hands, to tell of acute sensitiveness. Romola felt certain they were the features of Fra Girolamo Savonarola, the prior of San Marco, whom she had chiefly thought of as more offensive than other monks, because he was more noisy. Her rebellion was rising against the first impression, which had almost forced her to bend her knees.

"Kneel, my daughter," the penetrating voice said again; "the pride of the body is a barrier against the gifts that purify the soul."

He was looking at her with mild fixedness while he spoke, and again she felt that subtle mysterious influence of a personality by which it has been given to some rare men to move their fellows.

Slowly Romola fell on her knees, and in the very act a tremor came over her; in the renunare as an instrument in the Divine hand. There- tude seemed changed, and she found herself in





a new state of passiveness. Her brother began to speak again.

"Romola, in the deep night, as I lay awake, I saw my father's room-the library-with all the books and the marbles and the leggio, where I used to stand and read; and I saw you-you were revealed to me as I see you now, pale, with long hair, sitting before my father's chair. And at the leggio stood a man whose face I could not see-I looked, and looked, and it was a blank to me, even as a painting effaced; and I saw him move and take thee, Romola, by the hand; and then I saw thee take my father by the hand, | place where there was no water, and no trees or

and you went all three down the stone steps into the streets, the man whose face was a blank to me leading the way. And you stood at the altar in Santa Croce, and the priest who married you had the face of death; and the graves opened, and the dead in their shrouds rose and followed you like a bridal train. And you passed on through the streets and the gates into the valley, and it seemed to me that he who led you hurried you more than you could bear, and the dead were weary of following you, and turned back to their graves. And at last you came to a stony

herbage; but instead of water, I saw written parchment unrolling itself every where, and instead of trees and herbage I saw men of bronze and marble springing up and crowding round you; and my father was faint for want of water and fell to the ground; and the man whose face was a blank loosed thy hand and departed; and as he went I could see his face; and it was the face of the Great Tempter. And thou, Romola, didst wring thy hands and seek for water, and there was none. And the bronze and marble figures seemed to mock thee and hold out cups of water, and when thou didst grasp them and put them to my father's lips they turned to parchment. And the bronze and marble figures seemed to turn into demons and snatch my father's body from thee, and the parchments shriveled up, and blood ran every where instead of them, and fire upon the blood, till they all vanished, and the plain was bare and stony again, and thou wast alone in the midst of it. And then it seemed that the night fell and I saw no more.....Thrice I have had that vision, Romola. I believe it is a revelation meant for thee-to warn thee against marriage as a temptation of the enemy-it calls upon thee to dedicate thyself-"

His pauses had gradually become longer and more frequent, and he was now compelled to cease by a severe fit of gasping, in which his eyes were turned on the crucifix as on a light that was vanishing. Presently he found strength to speak again, but in a feebler, scarcely audible tone.

"To renounce the vain philosophy and corrupt thoughts of the heathens: for in the hour of sorrow and death their pride will turn to mockery, and the unclean gods will—"

The words died away.

In spite of the thought that was at work in Romola, telling her that this vision was no more than a dream, fed by youthful memories and ideal convictions, a strange awe had come over her. Her mind was not apt to be assailed by sickly fancies; she had the vivid intellect and the healthy human passion, which are too keenly alive to the constant relations of things to have any morbid craving after the exceptional. Still the images of the vision she despised jarred and distressed her like painful and cruel cries. And it was the first time she had witnessed the struggle with approaching death: her young life had been sombre, but she had known nothing of the utmost human needs; no acute suffering-no heart-cutting sorrow; and this brother, come back to her in his hour of supreme agony, was like a sudden awful apparition from an invisible world. The pale faces of sorrow in the fresco on the opposite wall seemed to have come nearer. and to make one company with the pale face on the bed.

"Frate," said the dying voice.

Fra Girolamo leaned down. But no other word came for some moments.

"Romola," it said next.

She leaned forward too: but again there was silence. The words were struggling in vain.

- "Fra Girolamo, give her-"
- "The crucifix," said the voice of Fra Girolamo.

No other sound came from the dying lips.

- "Dino!" said Romola, with a low but piercing cry, as the certainty came upon her that the silence of misunderstanding could never be broken.
- "Take the crucifix, my daughter," said Fra Girolamo, after a few minutes. "His eyes behold it no more."

Remola stretched out her hand to the crucifix, and this act appeared to relieve the tension of her mind. A great sob burst from her. She bowed her head by the side of her dead brother, and wept aloud. It seemed to her as if this first vision of death must alter the daylight for her forever more.

Fra Girolamo moved toward the door, and called in a fra converso who was waiting outside. Then he went up to Romola, and said in a tone of gentle command, "Rise, my daughter, and be comforted. Our brother is with the blessed. He has left you the crucifix in remembrance of the heavenly warning—that it may be a beacon to you in the darkness."

She rose from her knees, trembling, folded her veil over her head, and hid the crucifix under her mantle. Fra Girolamo then led the way out into the cloistered court, lit now only by the stars and by a lantern which was held by some one near the entrance. Several other figures in the dress of the dignified laity were grouped about the same spot. They were some of the numerous frequenters of San Marco, who had come to visit the Prior, and having heard that he was in attendance on the dying brother in the chapter-house had awaited him here.

Romola was dimly conscious of footsteps and rustling forms moving aside: she heard the voice of Fra Girolamo, saying, in a low tone, "Our brother is departed;" she felt a hand laid on her arm. The next moment the door was opened, and she was out in the wide piazza of San Marco, with no one but Monna Brigida and the servant carrying the lantern.

The fresh sense of space revived her, and helped her to recover her self-mastery. The scene which had just closed upon her was terribly distinct and vivid, but it began to narrow under the returning impressions of the life that lay outside it. She hastened her steps with nervous anxiety to be again with her father—and with Tito—for were they not together in her absence? The images of that vision, while they clung about her like a hideous dream not yet to be shaken off, made her yearn all the more for the beloved faces and voices that would assure her of her waking life.

Tito, we know, was not with Bardo; his destiny was being shaped by a guilty consciousness, urging on him the despairing belief that by this time Romola possessed the knowledge which would lead to their final separation.

And the lips that could have conveyed that knowledge were forever closed. The prevision



had been such as comes from the shadowy region where human souls seek wisdom apart from the human sympathies which are the very life and substance of our wisdom; the revelation that might have come from the simple questions of filial and brotherly affection had been carried into irrevocable silence.

CHAPTER XVI.

A FLORENTINE JOKE.

EARLY the next morning Tito was returning from Bratti's shop in the narrow thoroughfare of the Ferravecchj. The Genoese stranger had carried away the onyx ring, and Tito was carrying away fifty florins. It did just cross his mind that if, after all, Fortune, by one of her able devices, saved him from the necessity of quitting Florence, it would be better for him not to have parted with his ring, since he had been understood to wear it for the sake of peculiar memories and predilections; still it was a slight matter, not worth dwelling on with any emphasis, and in those moments he had lost his confidence in fortune. The feverish excitement of the first alarm which had impelled his mind to travel into the future had given place to a dull, regretful lassitude. He cared so much for the pleasures that could only come to him through the good opinion of his fellow-men, that he wished now he had never risked ignominy by shrinking from what his fellow-men called obligations. But our deeds are like children that are born to us; they live and act apart from our own will. Nay, children may be strangled, but deeds never; they have an indestructible life both in and out of our consciousness; and that dreadful vitality of deeds was pressing hard on Tito for the first time.

He was going back to his lodgings in the Piazza di San Giovanni, but he avoided passing through the Mercato Vecchio, which was his nearest way, lest he should see Tessa. He was not in the humor to seek any thing; he could only await the first sign of his altering lot.

The piazza with its sights of beauty was lit up by that warm morning sunlight under which the autumn dew still lingers, and which invites to an idlesse undulled by fatigue. It was a festival morning too, when the soft warmth seems to steal over one with a special invitation to lounge and gaze. The signs of the fair were present here too; in the spaces round the octagonal baptistery stalls were being spread with fruit and flowers, and here and there laden mules were standing quietly absorbed in their nosebags, while their drivers were perhaps gone through the hospitable sacred doors to kneel before the Blessed Virgin on this morning of her Nativity. On the broad marble steps of the Duomo there were scattered groups of beggars and gossiping talkers; here an old crone with white hair and hard sunburned face encouraging granted you are to be there."

that Fra Luca's words had imparted to Romola | a round-capped baby to try its tiny bare feet on the warmed marble, while a dog sitting near snuffed at the performance suspiciously; there a couple of shaggy-headed boys leaning to watch a small pale cripple who was cutting a face on a cherry-stone: and above them on the wide platform men were making changing knots in laughing desultory chat, or else were standing in close couples gesticulating eagerly.

> But the largest and most important company of loungers was that toward which Tito had to direct his steps. It was the busiest time of the day with Nello, and in this warm season and at an hour when clients were numerous, most men preferred being shaved under the pretty red and white awning in front of the shop rather than within narrow walls. It is not a sublime attitude for a man to sit with lathered chin thrown backward, and have his nose made a handle of: but to be shaved was a fashion of Florentine respectability, and it is astonishing how gravely men look at each other when they are all in the fashion. It was the hour of the day too when yesterday's crop of gossip was freshest, and the barber's tongue was always in its glory when his razor was busy; the deft activity of those two instruments seemed to be set going by a common spring. Tito foresaw that it would be impossible for him to escape being drawn into the circle; he must smile and retort, and look perfectly at his ease. Well! it was but the ordeal of swallowing bread and cheese pills after all. The man who let the mere anticipation of discovery choke him was simply a man of weak nerves. But just at that time Tito felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and no amount of previous resolution could prevent the very unpleasant sensation with which that sudden touch jarred him. His face, as he turned it round, betrayed the inward shock; but the owner of the hand that seemed to have such evil magic in it broke into a light laugh. He was a young man about Tito's own age, with keen features, small closeclipped head, and close-shaven lip and chin, giving the idea of a mind as little encumbered as possible with material that was not nervous. The keen eyes were bright with hope and friendliness, as so many other young eyes have been that have afterward closed on the world in bitterness and disappointment; for at that time there were none but pleasant predictions about Niccolò Macchiavelli, as a young man of promise, who was expected to mend the broken fortunes of his ancient family.

> "Why, Melema, what evil dream did you have last night that you took my light grasp for that of a sbirro or something worse?"

> "Ah, Messer Niccolò!" said Tito, recovering himself immediately; "it must have been an extra amount of dullness in my veins this morning that shuddered at the approach of your wit. But the fact is, I have had a bad night."

> "That is unlucky, because you will be expected to shine without any obstructing fog today in the Rucellai Gardens. I take it for



"Messer Bernardo did me the honor to invite me," said Tito; "but I shall be engaged elsewhere."

"Ah! I remember, you are in love," said Macchiavelli, with a shrug, "else you would never have such inconvenient engagements. Why, we are to eat a peacock and ortolans under the loggia among Bernardo Rucellai's rare trees; there are to be the choicest spirits in Florence and the choicest wines. Only as Piero de' Medici is to be there, the choice spirits may happen to be swamped in the capping of impromptu verses. I hate that game; it is a device for the triumph of small wits, who are always inspired the most by the smallest occasions."

"What is that you are saying about Piero de' Medici and small wits, Messer Niccolò?" said Nellc, whose light figure was at that moment predominating over the Herculean frame of Niccolò Caparra. That famous worker in iron, whom we saw last with bared muscular arms and leathern apron in the Mercato Vecchio, was this morning dressed in holiday suit, and as he sat submissively while Nello skipped round him, lathered him, seized him by the nose, and scraped him with magical quickness, he looked much as a lion might if it had donned linen and tunic and was preparing to go into society.

"A private secretary will never rise in the world if he couples great and small in that way," continued Nello. "When great men are not allowed to marry their sons and daughters as they like, small men must not expect to marry their words as they like. Have you heard the news Bernardo Cennini here has been telling us? that Pagolantonio Soderini has given Ser Piero da Bibbiena a box on the ear for setting on Piero de' Medici to interfere with the marriage between young Tommaso Soderini and Fiammetta Strozzi, and is to be sent embassador to Venice as a punishment?"

"I don't know which I envy him most," said Macchiavelli, "the offense or the punishment. The offense will make him the most popular man in all Florence, and the punishment will take him among the only people in Italy who have known how to manage their own affairs."

"Yes, if Soderini stays long enough at Venice," said Cennini, "he may chance to learn the Venetian fashion, and bring it home with him. The Soderini have been fast friends of the Medici, but what has happened is likely to open Pagolantonio's eyes to the good of our old Florentine trick of choosing a new harness when the old one galls us; if we have not quite lost the trick in these last fifty years."

"Not we," said Niccold Caparra, who was rejoicing in the free use of his lips again. "Eat eggs in Lent and the snow will melt. That's what I say to our people when they get noisy over their cups at San Gallo, and talk of raising a romor (insurrection): I say, never do you plan a romor; you may as well try to fill Arno with buckets. When there's water enough Arno will be full, and that will not be till the torrent is in Rome or at Florence, but has put a new ready."

"Caparra, that oracular speech of yours is due to my excellent shaving," said Nello. "You could never have made it with that dark rust on your chin. Ecco, Messer Bernardo, I am ready for you now. By-the-way, my bel erudito," continued Nello, as he saw Tito moving toward the door, "here has been old Maso seeking for you, but your nest was empty. He will come again presently. The old man looked mournful, and seemed in haste. I hope there is nothing wrong in the Via de' Bardi."

"Doubtless, Messer Tito knows that Bardo's son is dead," said Cronaca, who had just come

Tito's heart gave a leap-had the death happened before Romola saw him?

"No, I had not heard it," he said, with no more discomposure than the occasion seemed to warrant, turning and leaning against the doorpost, as if he had given up his intention of going away. "I knew that his sister had gone to see him. Did he die before she arrived?"

"No," said Cronaca; "I was in San Marco at the time, and saw her come out from the chapter-house with Fra Girolamo, who told us that the dying man's breath had been preserved as by a miracle, that he might make a disclosure to his sister."

Tito felt that his fate was decided. Again his mind rushed over all the circumstances of his departure from Florence, and he conceived a plan of getting back his money from Cennini before the disclosure had become public. If he once had his money he need not stay long in endurance of scorching looks and biting words. He would wait now, and go away with Cennini and get the money from him at once. With that project in his mind he stood motionlesshis hands in his belt, his eyes fixed absently on the ground. Nello, glancing at him, felt sure that he was absorbed in anxiety about Romola, and thought him such a pretty image of self-forgetful sadness that he just perceptibly pointed his razor at him, and gave a challenging look at Piero di Cosimo, whom he had never forgiven for his refusal to see any prognostics of character in his favorite's handsome face. Piero, who was leaning against the other door-post, close to Tito, shrugged his shoulders: the frequent recurrence of such challenges from Nello had changed the painter's first declaration of neutrality into a positive inclination to believe ill of the much-praised Greek.

"So you have got your Fra Girolamo back again, Cronaca?" said Nello. "I suppose we shall have him preaching again this next Advent," said Nello.

"And not before there is need," said Cronaca, gravely. "We have had the best testimony to his words since the last Quaresima; for even to the wicked wickedness has become a plague; and the ripeness of vice is turning to rottenness in the nostrils even of the vicious. There has not been a change since the Quaresima, either seal on the Frate's words-that the harvest of



sword."

"I hope he has had a new vision, however," said Francesco Cei, sneeringly. "The old ones are somewhat stale. Can't your Frate get a poet to help out his imagination for him?"

"He has no lack of poets about him," said Cronaca, with quiet contempt, "but they are great poets and not little ones; so they are contented to be taught by him, and no more think the truth stale which God has given him to utter than they think the light of the moon is stale. But perhaps certain high prelates and princes who don't like the Frate's denunciations might be pleased to hear that, though Giovanni Pico, and Poliziano, and Marsilio Ficino, and most other men of mark in Florence reverence Fra Girolamo, Messer Francesco Cei despises him."

"Poliziano?" said Cei, with a scornful laugh. "Yes, doubtless he believes in your new Jonah; witness the fine oration he wrote for the envoys of Sienna, to tell Alexander the Sixth that the world and the church were never so well off as since he became Pope."

"Nay, Francesco," said Macchiavelli, smiling, "a various scholar must have various opinions. And as for the Frate, whatever we may think of his saintliness, you judge his preaching too narrowly. The secret of oratory lies not in saying new things, but in saying things with a certain power that moves the hearers—without which, as old Filelfo has said, your speaker deserves to be called, 'non oratorem, sed aratorem.' And, according to that test, Fra Girolamo is a great orator.

"That is true, Niccolò," said Cennini, speaking from the shaving chair, "but part of the secret lies in the prophetic visions. Our peopleno offense to you, Cronaca-will run after any thing in the shape of a prophet, especially if he prophesies terrors and tribulations.'

"Rather say, Cennini," answered Cronaca, "that the chief secret lies in the Frate's pure life and strong faith, which stamp him as a messenger of God."

"I admit it-I admit it," said Cennini, opening his palms, as he rose from the chair. life is spotless: no man has impeached it."

"He is satisfied with the pleasant lust of arrogance," Cei burst out, bitterly. "I can see it in that proud lip and satisfied eye of his. He hears the air filled with his own name-Fra Girolamo Savonarola, of Ferrara; the prophet, the saint, the mighty preacher, who frightens the very babies of Florence into laying down their wicked baubles."

"Come, come, Francesco, you are out of humor with waiting," said the conciliatory Nello. "Let me stop your mouth with a little lather. I must not have my friend Cronaca made angry: I have a regard for his chin; and his chin is in no respect altered since he became a piagnone. And for my own part, I confess, when the Frate was preaching in the Duomo last Advent, I got into such a trick of slipping in to listen to him, thing raw in the mouth, eh?"

sin is ripe, and that God will reap it with a that I might have turned piagnone too, if I had not been hindered by the liberal nature of my art-and also by the length of the sermons, which are sometimes a good while before they get to the moving point. But as Messer Niccolo here says, the Frate lays hold of the people by some power over and above his prophetic visions. Monks and nuns who prophesy are not of that rareness. For what says Luigi Pulci? 'Dombruno's sharp-cutting cimiter had the fame of being enchanted; but,' says Messer Luigi, 'I am rather of opinion that it cut sharp because it was of strongly-tempered steel.' Yes, yes; paternosters may shave clean, but they must be said over a good razor."

"See, Nello!" said Macchiavelli, "what doctor is this advancing on his Bucephalus? thought your piazza was free from those furred and scarlet-robed lackeys of death. This man looks as if he had had some such night adventure as Boccaccio's Maestro Simone, and had his bonnet and mantle pickled a little in the gutter; though he himself is as sleek as a miller's rat."

"A-ah!" said Nello, with a low, long-drawn intonation, as he looked up toward the advancing figure—a round-headed, round-bodied personage, seated on a raw young horse, which held its nose out with an air of threatening obstinacy, and by a constant effort to back and go off in an oblique line showed free views about authority very much in advance of the age.

"And I have a few more adventures in pickle for him," continued Nello, in an under-tone, "which I hope will drive his inquiring nostrils to another quarter of the city. He's a doctor from Padua; they say he has been at Prato for three months, and now he's come to Florence to see what he can net. But his great trick is making rounds among the contadini. And do you note those great saddle-bags he carries? They are to hold the fat capons, and eggs, and meal he levies on silly clowns with whom coin is scarce. He vends his own secret medicines. so he keeps away from the doors of the speziali (druggists); and for this last week he has taken to sitting in my piazza for two or three hours every day, and making it a resort for asthmas and squalling bambini. It stirs my gall to see the toad-faced quack fingering the greasy quattrini, or bagging a pigeon in exchange for his pills and powders. But I'll put a few thorns in his saddle, else I'm no Florentine. Laudamus! he is coming to be shaved; that's what I've waited for. Messer Bernardo, go not awaywait; you shall see a rare bit of fooling, which I devised two days ago. Here, Sandro!"

Nello whispered in the ear of Sandro, who rolled his solemn eyes, nodded, and following up these signs of understanding with a slow smile, took to his heels with surprising rapidity.

"How is it with you, Maestro Tacco?" said Nello, as the doctor, with difficulty, brought his horse's head round toward the barber's shop. "That is a fine young horse of yours, but some-



"He is an accursed beast, the vermocane seize him!" said Maestro Tacco, with a burst of irritation, descending from his saddle and fastening the old bridle, mended with string, to an iron staple in the wall. "Nevertheless," he added, recollecting himself, "a sound beast and a valuable, for one who wanted to purchase, and get a profit by training him. I had him cheap."

"Rather too hard riding for a man who carries your weight of learning: eh, Maestro?" said Nello. "You seem hot."

"Truly, I am likely to be hot," said the doctor, taking off his bonnet, and giving to full view a bald low head and flat broad face, with high ears, wide lipless mouth, round eyes, and deep arched lines above the projecting eyebrows, which altogether made Nello's epithet "toadfaced" dubiously complimentary to the blameless batrachian. "Riding from Peretola, when the sun is high, is not the same thing as kicking your heels on a bench in the shade, like your Florence doctors. Moreover, I have had not a little pulling to get through the carts and mules into the Mercato to find out the husband of a certain Monna Ghita who had had a fatal seizure before I was called in; and if it had not been that I had to demand my fees-'

"Monna Ghita!" said Nello, as the perspiring doctor interrupted himself to rub his head and face. "Peace be with her angry soul! The Mercato will want a whip the more if her tongue is laid to rest."

Tito, who had roused himself from his abstraction and was listening to the dialogue, felt a new rush of the vague half-formed ideas about Tessa, which had passed through his mind the evening before: if Monna Ghita were really taken out of the way it would be easier for him to see Tessa again — whenever he wanted to see her.

"Gnaff?, maestro," Nello went on, in a sympathizing tone, "you are the slave of rude mortals, who, but for you, would die like brutes, without help of pill or powder. It is pitiful to see your learned lymph oozing from your pores as if it were mere vulgar moisture. You think my shaving will cool and disencumber you? One moment and I have done with Messer Francesco here. It seems to me a thousand years till I wait upon a man who carries all the science of Arabia in his head and saddle-bags. Ecco!"

Nello held up the shaving cloth with an air of invitation, and Maestro Tacco advanced and seated himself under a preoccupation with his heat and his self-importance, which made him quite deaf to the irony conveyed in Nello's officiously friendly tones.

"It is but fitting that a great medicus like you," said Nello, adjusting the cloth, "should be shaved by the same razor that has shaved the illustrious Antonio Benevieni, the greatest master of the chirurgic art."

"The chirurgic art!" interrupted the doctor, with an air of contemptuous disgust. "Is it your Florentine fashion to put the masters of the science of medicine on a level with men

who do carpentry on broken limbs, and sew up wounds like tailors, and carve away excrescences as a butcher trims meat. Via! A manual art, such as any artificer might learn, and which has been practiced by simple barbers like yourself—on a level with the noble science of Hippocrates, Galen, and Avicenna, which penetrates into the occult influences of the stars, and plants, and gems!—a science locked up from the vulgar!"

"No, in truth, maestro," said Nello, using his lather very deliberately, as if he wanted to prolong the operation to the utmost-"I never thought of placing them on a level: I know your science comes next to the miracles of Holy Church for mystery. But there, you see, is the pity of it"-here Nello fell into a tone of regretful sympathy-" your high science is sealed from the profane and the vulgar, and so you become an object of envy and slander. I grieve to say it, but there are low fellows in this city -mere sgherri, who go about in night-caps and long beards, and make it their business to sprinkle gall in every man's broth who is prospering. Let me tell you—for you are a stranger—this is a city where every man had need carry a large nail ready to fasten on the wheel of Fortune when his side happens to be uppermost. Already there are stories-mere fables, doubtlessbeginning to be buzzed about concerning you, that make me wish I could hear of your being well on your way to Arezzo. I would not have a man of your metal stoned; for though San Stefano was stoned, he was not great in medicine like San Cosmo and San Damiano....."

"What stories? what fables?" stammered Maestro Tacco. "What do you mean?"

"Lasso! I fear me you are come into the trap for your cheese, Maestro. The fact is, there is a company of evil youths who go prowling about the houses of our citizens carrying sharp tools in their pockets; no sort of door, or window, or shutter but they will pierce it. They are possessed with a diabolical patience to watch the doings of people who fancy themselves private. It must be they who have done it-it must be they who have spread the stories about you and your medicines. Have you by chance detected any small aperture in your door or window shutter? No? Ebbene, I advise you to look-for it is now commonly talked of that you have been seen in your dwelling at the Canto di Paglia making your secret specifics by night: pounding dried toads in a mortar, compounding a salve out of mashed worms, and making your pills from the dried livers of rats which you mix with saliva emitted during the utterance of a blasphemous incantation—which indeed these witnesses profess to repeat."

"It is a pack of lies!" exclaimed the doctor, struggling to get utterance, and then desisting in alarm at the approaching razor.

"It is not to me or any of this respectable company that you need to say that, dottore. We are not the heads to plant such carrots as those in. But what of that? What are a hand-



stones in their hands? There are those among us who think Cecco d'Ascoli was an innocent sage—and we all know how he was burned alive for being wiser than his fellows. It is not by living at Padua that you can learn to know Florentines. My belief is, they would stone the Holy Father himself if they could find a good excuse for it; and they are persuaded that you are a nigromante, who is trying to raise the pestilence by selling secret medicines-and I am told your specifics have in truth an evil

"It is false!" burst out the doctor, as Nello moved away his razor. "It is false! I will show the pills and the powders to these honorable signori—and the salve—it has an excellent odor-an odor of-of salve." He started up with the lather on his chin, and the cloth round his neck, to search in his saddle-bag for the belied medicines, and Nello in an instant adroitly shifted the shaving-chair till it was in the close vicinity of the horse's head, while Sandro, who had now returned, at a sign from his master, placed himself near the bridle.

"Behold messeri!" said the doctor, bringing a small box of medicines and opening it before them. "Let any signor apply this box to his nostrils and he will find an honest odor of medicaments—not indeed of pounded gems, or rare vegetables from the East, or stones found in the bodies of birds; for I practice on the diseases of the vulgar, for whom Heaven has provided cheaper and less powerful remedies according to their degree: and there are even remedies known to our science which are entirely free of cost—as the new tussis may be counteracted in the poor, who can pay for no specifics, by a resolute holding of the breath. And here is a paste which is even of savory odor, and is infallible against melancholia, being concocted under the conjunction of Jupiter and Venus-and I have seen it allay spasms."

"Stay, maestro," said Nello, while the doctor had his lathered face turned toward the group near the door, eagerly holding out his box and lifting out one specific after another; "here comes a crying contadina with her baby. Doubtless she is in search of you; it is perhaps an opportunity for you to show this honorable company a proof of your skill. Here, buona donna! here is the famous doctor. Why, what is the matter with the sweet bambino?"

This question was addressed to a sturdy-looking, broad-shouldered contadina, with her headdrapery folded about her face so that little was to be seen but a bronzed nose and a pair of dark eyes and eyebrows. She carried her child packed up in the stiff mummy-shaped case in which Italian babies have been from time immemorial introduced into society, turning its face a little toward her bosom, and making those sorrowful grimaces which women are in the habit of using as a sort of pulleys to draw down reluctant tears.

"Oh, for the love of the holy Madonna!"

ful of reasonable men against a crowd with look at my poor bambinetto? I know I can't pay you for it, but I took it into the Nunziata last night, and it's turned a worse color than before; it's the convulsions. But when I was holding it before the Santissima Nunziata, I remembered they said there was a new doctor come who cured every thing; and so I thought it might be the will of the Madonna that I should bring it to you."

> "Sit down, maestro, sit down," said Nello. "Here is an opportunity for you; here are honorable witnesses who will declare before the Magnificent Council of Eight that they have seen you practicing honestly and relieving a poor woman's child. And then if your life is in danger, the Magnificent Eight will put you in prison a little while just to insure your safety, and after that their sbirri will conduct you out of Florence by night, as they did the zealous Frate Minore, who preached against the Jews. What! our people are given to stone-throwing; but we have magistrates."

> The doctor, unable to refuse, seated himself in the shaving chair, trembling, half with fear and half with rage, and by this time quite unconscious of the lather which Nello had laid on with such profuseness. He deposited his medicine-case on his knees, took out his precious spectacles (wondrous Florentine device!) from his wallet, lodged them carefully above his flat nose and high ears, and lifting up his brows, turned toward the applicant.

> "O Santiddio! look at him," said the woman, with a more piteous wail than ever, as she held out the small mummy, which had its head completely concealed by dingy drapery wound round the head of the portable cradle, but seemed to be struggling and crying in a demoniacal fashion under this imprisonment. "The fit is on him! Ohime! I know what a color he is; it's the evileve-oh!"

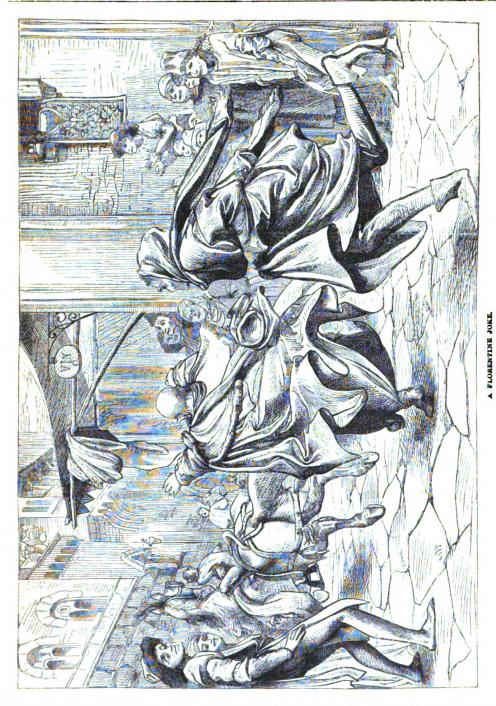
> The doctor, anxiously holding his knees together to support his box, bent his spectacles toward the baby, and said, cautiously, "It may be a new disease; unwind these rags, Monna!

> The contadina, with sudden energy, snatched off the encircling linen, when out struggledscratching, grinning, and screaming-what the doctor in his fright fully believed to be a demon, but what Tito recognized as Vaiano's monkey, made more formidable by an artificial blackness, such as might have come from a hasty rubbing up the chimney.

> Up started the unfortunate doctor, letting his medicine box fall, and away jumped the no less terrified and indignant monkey, finding the first resting-place for his claws on the horse's mane, which he used as a sort of rope-ladder till he had fairly found his equilibrium, when he continued to clutch it as a bridle. The horse wanted no spur under such a rider, and, the already loosened bridle offering no resistance, darted off across the piazza with the monkey clutching, grinning, and blinking, on his neck.

"Il cavallo! Il Diavolo!" was now shouted said the woman with a wailing voice, will you on all sides by the idle rascals who had gathered





in tones of alarm by the stall-keepers, whose vested interests seemed in some danger; while the doctor, out of his wits with confused terror at the Devil, the possible stoning, and the escape of his horse, took to his heels with spectacles on nose, lathered face, and the shaving-cloth about his neck, crying, "Stop him! stop him! for a powder-a florin-stop him for a florin!" while the lads, outstripping him, clapped their hands and shouted encouragement to the runaway.

from all quarters of the piazza, and was echoed | flight of his monkey along with the horse, had caught up his petticoats with much celerity, and showed a pair of parti-colored hose above his contadina's shoes, far in advance of the doctor. And away went the grotesque race up the Corso degli Adimari-the horse with the singular jockey, the contadina with the remarkable hose, and the doctor in lather and spectacles, with furred mantle outflying.

It was a scene such as Florentines loved, from the potent and reverend signor going to council The cerretano, who had not bargained for the in his lucco, down to the grinning youngster.



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who felt himself master of all situations when his bag was filled with smooth stones from the convenient dry bed of the torrent. The grayheaded Bernardo Cennini laughed no less heartily than the younger men, and Nello was triumphantly secure of the general admiration.

"Aha!" he exclaimed, snapping his fingers when the first burst of laughter was subsiding. "I have cleared my piazza of that unsavory flytrap, mi pare. Maestro Tacco will no more come here again to sit for patients than he will take to licking marble for his dinner."

"You are going toward the Piazza della Signoria, Messer Bernardo," said Macchiavelli. "I will go with you, and we shall perhaps see who has deserved the palio among these racers. Come, Melema, will you go too?"

It had been precisely Tito's intention to accompany Cennini, but before he had gone many steps he was called back by Nello, who saw Maso approaching.

Maso's message was from Romola. wished Tito to go to the Via de' Bardi as soon as possible. She would see him under the loggia, at the top of the house, as she wished to speak to him alone.

CHAPTER XVII.

UNDER THE LOGGIA.

THE loggia at the top of Bardo's house rose above the buildings on each side of it, and formed a gallery round quadrangular walls. On the side toward the street the roof was supported by columns; but on the remaining sides, by a wall pierced with arched openings, so that at the back, looking over a crowd of irregular, poorlybuilt dwellings toward the hill of Bogoli, Romola could at all times have a walk sheltered from observation. Near one of those arched openings, close to the door by which he had entered the loggia, Tito awaited her, with a sickening sense of the sunlight that slanted before him and mingled itself with the ruin of his hopes. He had never for a moment relied on Romola's passion for him as likely to be too strong for the repulsion created by the discovery of his secret; he had not the presumptuous vanity which might have hindered him from feeling that her love had the same root with her belief in him. But as he imagined her coming toward him in her radiant majesty, made so lovably mortal by her soft hazel eyes, he fell into wishing that she had been something lower, if it were only that she might let him clasp her and kiss her before they parted. He had had no real caress from hernothing but now and then a long glance, a kiss, a pressure of the hand; and he had so often longed that they should be alone together. They were going to be alone now; but he saw her standing inexorably aloof from him. His heart gave a great throb as he saw the door move: Romola was there. It was all like a flash of lightning: he felt, rather than saw, the glory read letters in happy dreams.

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about her head, the tearful appealing eyes; he felt, rather than heard, the cry of love with which she said, "Tito!"

And in the same moment she was in his arms, and sobbing with her face against his.

How poor Romola had yearned through the watches of the night to see that bright face! The new image of death; the strange bewildering doubt infused into her by the story of a life removed from her understanding and sympathy; the haunting vision, which she seemed not only to hear uttered by the low gasping voice, but to live through, as if it had been her own dream. had made her more conscious than ever that it was Tito who had first brought the warm stream of hope and gladness into her life, and who had first turned away the keen edge of pain in the remembrance of her brother. She would tell Tito every thing; there was no one else to whom she could tell it. She had been restraining herself in the presence of her father all the morning; but now that long pent-up sob might come forth. Proud and self-controlled to all the world besides, Romola was as simple and unreserved as a child in her love for Tito. She had been quite contented with the days when they had only looked at each other; but now, when she felt the need of clinging to him, there was no thought that hindered her.

"My Romola! my goddess!" Tito murmured with passionate fondness, as he clasped her gently, and kissed the thick golden ripples on her neck. He was in paradise: disgrace, shame, parting—there was no fear of them any longer. This happiness was too strong to be marred by the sense that Romola was deceived in him; nay, he could only rejoice in her delusion; for, after all, concealment had been wisdom. only thing he could regret was his needless dread; if, indeed, the dread had not been worth suffering for the sake of this sudden rapture.

The sob had satisfied itself, and Romola raised her head. Neither of them spoke; they stood looking at each other's faces with that sweet wonder which belongs to young love-she with her long white hands on the dark-brown curls, and he with his dark fingers bathed in the streaming gold. Each was so beautiful to the other; each was experiencing that undisturbed mutual consciousness for the first time. The cold pressure of a new sadness on Romola's heart made her linger the more in that silent soothing sense of nearness and love; and Tito could not even seek to press his lips to hers, because that would be change.

"Tito," she said, at last, "it has been altogether painful. But I must tell you every thing. Your strength will help me to resist the impressions that will not be shaken off by reason.'

"I know, Romola-I know he is dead," said Tito; and the long lustrous eyes told nothing of the many wishes that would have brought about that death long ago if there had been such potency in mere wishes. Romola only read her own pure thoughts in their dark depths, as we



"So changed, Tito! It pierced me to think that it was Dino. And so strangely hard: not a word to my father—nothing but a vision that he wanted to tell me. And yet it was so piteous—the struggling breath, and the eyes that seemed to look toward the crucifix, and yet not to see it. I shall never forget it; it seems as if it would come between me and every thing I shall look at."

Romola's heart swelled again, so that she was forced to break off. But the need she felt to disburden her mind to Tito urged her to repress the rising anguish. When she began to speak again her thoughts had traveled a little.

"It was strange, Tito. The vision was about our marriage, and yet he knew nothing of vou."

"What was it, my Romola? Sit down and tell me," said Tito, leading her to the bench that stood near. A fear had come across him lest the vision should somehow or other relate to Baldassarre; and this sudden change of feeling prompted him to seek a change of position.

Romola told him all that had passed from her entrance into San Marco, hardly leaving out one of her brother's words which had burned themselves into her memory as they were spoken. But when she was at the end of the vision she paused; the rest came too vividly before her to be uttered, and she sat looking at the distance almost unconscious for the moment that Tito was near her. His mind was at ease now; that vague vision had passed over him like white mist, and left no mark. But he was silent, expecting her to speak again.

"I took it," she went on, as if Tito had been reading her thoughts; "I took the crucifix; it is down below in my bedroom."

"And now, angiol mio," said Tito, entreatingly; "you will banish these ghastly thoughts. The vision was an ordinary monkish vision, bred of fasting and fanatical ideas. It surely has no weight with you."

"No, Tito; no. But poor Dino, he believed it was a divine message. It is strange," she went on, meditatively, "this life of men possessed with fervid beliefs that seem like madness to their fellow-beings. Dino was not a vulgar fanatic; and that Fra Girolamo, his very voice seems to have penetrated me with a sense that there is some truth in what moves them—some truth of which I know nothing."

"It was only because your feelings were highly wrought, my Romola. Your brother's state of mind was no more than a form of that theosophy which has been the common disease of excitable dreamy minds in all ages; the same ideas that your father's old antagonist, Marsilio Ficino, porcs over in the New Platonists; only your brother's passionate nature drove him to act out what other men write and talk about. And for Fra Girolamo, he is simply a narrowminded monk, with a gift for preaching and infusing terror into the multitude. Any words or any voice would have shaken you at that moment. When your mind has had a little repose, you will judge of such things as you have always done before.

"Not about poor Dino," said Romola. "I was angry with him; my heart seemed to close against him while he was speaking; but since then I have thought less of what was in my own mind, and more of what was in his. Oh, Tito! it was very piteous to see his young life coming to an end in that way. That yearning look at the crucifix when he was gasping for breath—I can never forget it. Last night I looked at the crucifix a long while, and tried to see that it would help him, until at last it seemed to me by the lamplight as if the suffering face shed pity."

"Romola mia, promise me to resist such thoughts; they are fit for sickly nuns, not for my golden-tressed Aurora, who looks made to scatter all such twilight fantasies. Try not to think of them now; we shall not long be alone together."

The last words were uttered in a tone of tender beseeching, and he turned her face toward him with a gentle touch of his right hand.

Romola had had her eyes fixed absently on the arched opening, but she had not seen the distant hill; she had all the while been in the chapter-house, looking at the pale images of sorrow and death.

Tito's touch and beseeching voice recalled her. and now in the warm sunlight she saw that rich dark beauty which seemed to gather round it all images of joy-purple vines festooned between the elms, the strong corn perfecting itself under the vibrating heat, bright-winged creatures hurrying and resting among the flowers, round limbs beating the earth in gladness, with cymbals held aloft; light melodies chanted to the thrilling rhythm of strings-all objects and all sounds that tell of Nature reveling in her force. Strange, bewildering transition from those pale images of sorrow and death to this bright youthfulness, as of a sun-god who knew nothing of night! What thought could reconcile that worn anguish in her brother's face—that straining after something invisible—with this satisfied strength and beauty, and make it intelligible that they belonged to the same world? Or was there never any reconciling of them-but only a blind worship of clashing deities, first in mad joy and then in wailing? Romola for the first time felt this questioning need like a sudden uneasy dizziness and want of something to grasp; it was an experience hardly longer than a sigh, for the eager theorizing of ages is compressed, as in a seed, in the momentary want of a single mind. But there was no answer to meet the need, and it vanished before the returning rush of young sympathy with the glad loving beauty that beamed upon her in new radiance, like the dawn after we have looked away from it to the gray west.

"Your mind lingers apart from our love, my Romola," Tito said, with a soft reproachful murmur. "It seems a forgotten thing to you."

She looked at the beseeching eyes in silence till the sadness all melted out of her own.

"My joy!" she said, in her full clear voice.
"Do you really care for me enough, then, to

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banish those chill fancies, or shall you always be suspecting me as the Great Tempter?" said Tito, with his bright smile.

"How should I not care for you more than for every thing else? Every thing I had felt before in all my life-about my father, and about my loneliness—was a preparation to love you. You would laugh at me, Tito, if you knew what sort of man I used to think I should marry-some scholar with deep lines in his face, like Alamanno Rinuccini, and with rather gray hair, who would agree with my father in taking the side of the Aristotelians, and be willing to live with him. I used to think about the love I read of in the poets, but I never dreamed that any thing like that could happen to me here in Florence in our old library. And then you came, Tito, and were so much to my father, and I began to believe that life could be happy for me too."

"My goddess! is there any woman like you?" said Tito, with a mixture of fondness and wondering admiration at the blended majesty and

simplicity in her.

"But, dearest," he went on, rather timidly, "if you minded more about our marriage you would persuade your father and Messer Bernardo not to think of any more delays. But you seem not to mind about it."

"Yes, Tito, I will, I do mind. But I am sure my godfather will urge more delay now because of Dino's death. He has never agreed with my father about disowning Dino, and you know he has always said that we ought to wait until you have been at least a year in Florence. Do not think hardly of my godfather. I know he is prejudiced and narrow, but yet he is very noble. He has often said that it is folly in my father to want to keep his library apart, that it may bear his name; yet he would try to get my father's wish carried out. That seems to me very great and noble—that power of respecting a feeling which he does not share or understand."

"I have no rancor against Messer Bernardo for thinking you too precious for me, my Romola," said Tito; and that was true. "But your father, then, knows of his son's death?"

"Yes, I told him-I could not help it-I told him where I had been, and that I had seen Dino die; but nothing else; and he has commanded me not to speak of it again. But he has been very silent this morning, and has had those restless movements which always go to my heart; they look as if he were trying to get outside the prison of his blindness. Let us go to him now. I had persuaded him to try to sleep, because he slept little in the night. Your voice will soothe him, Tito; it always does."

"And not one kiss? I have not had one," said Tito, in his gentle reproachful tone, which gave him an air of dependence very charming in a creature with those rare gifts that seem to excuse presumption.

The sweet pink flush spread itself with the quickness of light over Romola's face and neck as she bent toward him. It seemed impossible that their kisses could ever become common things. ed to disappointment? Should he try to see

"Let us walk once round the loggia," said Romola, "before we go down.

"There is something grim and grave to me always about Florence," said Tito, as they paused in the front of the house, where they could see over the opposite roofs to the other side of the river, "and even in its merriment there is something shrill and hard-biting rather than gay. I wish we lived in Southern Italy, where thought is broken not by weariness, but by delicious languors such as never seem to come over the 'ingenia acerrima Florentina.' I should like to see you under that southern sun, lying among the flowers, subdued into mere enjoyment, while I bent over you and touched the lute and sang to you some little unconscious strain that seemed all one with the light and the warmth. You have never known that happiness of the nymphs, my Romola."

"No, Tito; but I have dreamed of it often since you came. I am very thirsty for a deep draught of joy-for a life all bright like you. But we will not think of it now, Tito; it seems to me as if there would always be pale sad faces among the flowers, and eyes that look in vain. Let us go."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PORTRAIT.

WHEN Tito left the Via de' Bardi that day in exultant satisfaction at finding himself thoroughly free from the threatened peril, his thoughts, no longer claimed by the immediate presence of Romola and her father, recurred to those futile hours of dread in which he was conscious of having not only felt but acted as he would not have done if he had had a truer foresight. He would not have parted with his ring; for Romola, and others to whom it was a familiar object, would be a little struck with the apparent sordidness of parting with a gem he had professedly cherished, unless he feigned as a reason the desire to make some special gift with the purchase-money; and Tito had at that moment a nauseating weariness of simulation. He was well out of the possible consequences that might have fallen on him from that initial deception, and it was no longer a load on his mind; kind fortune had brought him immunity, and he thought it was only fair that she should. Who was hurt by it? Any results to Baldassarre were too problematical to be taken into account. But he wanted now to be free from any hidden shackles that would gall him, though ever so little, under his ties to Romola. He was not aware that that very delight in immunity which prompted resolutions not to entangle himself again was deadening the sensibilities which alone could save him from entanglement.

But after all the sale of the ring was a slight matter. Was it also a slight matter that little Tessa was under a delusion which would doubtless fill her small head with expectations doom-



the little thing alone again and undeceive her at once, or should he leave the disclosure to time and chance? Happy dreams are pleasant, and they easily come to an end with daylight and the stir of life. The sweet, pouting, innocent, round thing! It was impossible not to think of her. Tito thought he should like some time to take her a present that would please her, and just learn if her step-father treated her more cruelly now her mother was dead. Or, should he at once undeceive Tessa, and then tell Romola about her, so that they might find some happier lot for the poor thing? No: that unfortunate little incident of the cerretano and the marriage, and his allowing Tessa to part from him in delusion, must never be known to Romola, and since no enlightenment could expel it from Tessa's mind, there would always be a risk of betrayal; besides, even little Tessa might have some gall in her when she found herself disappointed in her love-yes, she must be a little in love with him, and that might make it well that he should not see her again. Yet it was a trifling adventure such as a country girl would perhaps ponder on till some ruddy contadino made acceptable love to her, when she would break her resolution of secrecy and get at the truth that she was free. Dunque - good-by, Tessa! kindest wishes! Tito had made up his mind that the silly little affair of the cerretano should have no further consequences for himself; and people are apt to think that resolutions made on their own behalf will be firm. As for the fifty-five florins, the purchase-money of the ring, Tito had made up his mind what to do with some of them; he would carry out a pretty ingenious thought which would make him more at ease in accounting for the absence of his ring to Romola, and would also serve him as a means of guarding her mind from the recurrence of those monkish fancies which were especially repugnant to him; and with this thought in his mind he went to the Via Gualfonda to find Piero di Cosimo, the artist who, at that time, was pre-eminent in the fantastic mythological design which Tito's purpose required.

Entering the court on which Piero's dwelling opened, Tito found the heavy iron knocker on the door thickly bound round with wool and ingeniously fastened with cords. Remembering the painter's practice of stuffing his ears against obtrusive noises, Tito was not much surprised at this mode of defense against visitors' thunder, and betook himself first to tapping modestly with his knuckles, and then to a more importunate attempt to shake the door. In vain! Tito was moving away, blaming himself for wasting his time on this visit, instead of waiting till he saw the painter again at Nello's, when a little girl entered the court with a basket of eggs on her arm, went up to the door, and standing on tip-toe, pushed up a small iron plate that ran in grooves, and putting her mouth to the aperture thus disclosed, called out in a piping voice, "Messer Piero!"

In a few moments Tito heard the sound of

bolts, the door opened, and Piero presented himself in a red night-cap and a loose brown serge tunic, with sleeves rolled up to the shoulder. He darted a look of surprise at Tito, but without further notice of him stretched out his hand to take the basket from the child, re-entered the house, and presently returning with the empty basket, said, "How much to pay?"

"Two grossoni, Messer Piero; they are all ready boiled, my mother says."

Piero took the coin out of the leathern scarsella at his belt, and the little maiden trotted away, not without a few upward glances of awed admiration at the surprising young signor.

Piero's glance was much less complimentary as he said,

"What do you want at my door, Messer Greco? I saw you this morning at Nello's; if you had asked me then, I could have told you that I see no man in this house without knowing his business and agreeing with him beforehand."

"Pardon, Messer Piero," said Tito, with his imperturbable good-humor; "I acted without sufficient reflection. I remembered nothing but your admirable skill in inventing pretty caprices, when a sudden desire for something of that sort prompted me to come to you."

The painter's manners were too notoriously odd to all the world for this reception to be held a special affront; but even if Tito had suspected any offensive intention, the impulse to resentment would have been less strong in him than the desire to conquer good-will.

Piero made a grimace which was habitual with him when he was spoken to with flattering suavity. He grinned, stretched out the corners of his mouth, and pressed down his brows, so as to defy any divination of his feelings under that kind of stroking.

"And what may that need be?" he said, after a moment's pause. In his heart he was tempted by the hinted opportunity of applying his invention.

"I want a very delicate miniature device taken from certain fables of the poets, which you will know how to combine for me. It must be painted on a wooden case—I will show you the size—in the form of a triptych. The inside may be simple gilding: it is on the outside I want the device. It is a favorite subject with you Florentines—the triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne; but I want it treated in a new waya story in Ovid will give you the necessary hints. The young Bacchus must be seated in a ship, his head bound with clusters of grapes, and a spear entwined with vine-leaves in his hand: dark-berried ivy must wind about the masts and sails, the oars must be thyrsi, and flowers must wreathe themselves about the poop; leopards and tigers must be crouching before him, and dolphins must be sporting round. But I want to have the fair-haired Ariadne with him, made immortal with her golden crown-that is not in Ovid's story, but no matter, you will conceive it all-and above there must be young



with roses at the points of their arrows-"

"Say no more!" said Piero. "I have Ovid in the vulgar tongue. Find me the passage. I love not to be choked with other men's thoughts. You may come in."

Piero led the way through the first room, where a basket of eggs was deposited on the open hearth, near a heap of broken egg-shells and a bank of ashes. In strange keeping with that sordid litter there was a low bedstead of carved ebony, covered carelessly with a piece of rich Oriental carpet, that looked as if it had served to cover the steps to a Madonna's throne; and a carved cassone, or large chest, with painted devices on its sides and lid. There was hardly any other furniture in the large room, except casts, wooden steps, easels, and rough boxes, all festooned with cobwebs.

The next room was still larger, but it was also much more crowded. Apparently Piero was keeping the festa, for the double door underneath the window which admitted the painter's light from above was thrown open, and showed a garden, or rather thicket, in which figtrees and vines grew in tangled, trailing wildness among nettles and hemlocks, and a tall cypress lifted its dark head from a stifling mass of yellowing mulberry-leaves. It seemed as if that dank luxuriance had begun to penetrate even within the walls of the wide and lofty room; for in one corner, amidst a confused heap of carved marble fragments and rusty armor, tufts of long grass and dark feathery fennel had made their way, and a large stone vase, tilted on one side, seemed to be pouring out the ivy that streamed around. All about the walls hung pen and oil sketches of fantastic sea-monsters; dances of satyrs and menads; Saint Margaret's resurrection out of the devouring dragon; Madonnas with the supernal light upon them; studies of plants and grotesque heads; and on irregular rough shelves a few books were scattered among great drooping bunches of corn, bullocks' horns, pieces of dried honey-comb, stones with patches of rare-colored lichen, skulls and bones, peacocks' feathers, and large birds' wings. Rising from among the dirty litter of the floor were lay figures—one in the frock of a Vallombrosan monk, strangely surmounted by a helmet with barred visor, another smothered with brocade and skins hastily tossed over it. Among this heterogeneous still life, several speckled and white pigeons were perched or strutting, too tame to fly at the entrance of men; three corpulent toads were crawling in an intimate friendly way near the door-stone; and a white rabbit, apparently the model for that which was frightening Cupid in the picture of Mars and Venus, placed on the central easel, was twitching its nose with much content on a box full of bran.

"And now, Messer Greco," said Piero, signing to Tito to sit down on a low stool near the door, and then standing over him with folded arms, "don't be trying to see every thing at once, like Messer Domeneddio, but let me a mist."

loves, such as you know how to paint, shooting know how large you would have this same triptvch."

> Tito indicated the desired dimensions, and Piero marked them on a piece of paper.

"And now for the book," said Piero, reaching down a manuscript volume.

"There's nothing about the Ariadne there," said Tito, giving him the passage: "but you will remember I want the crowned Ariadne by the side of the young Bacchus; she must have golden hair."

"Ha!" said Piero, abruptly, pursing up his "And you want them to be likelips again. nesses, eh?" he added, looking down into Tito's

Tito laughed and blushed. "I know you are great at portraits, Messer Piero; but I could not ask Ariadne to sit for you, because the painting is a secret."

"There it is! I want her to sit to me. Giovanni Vespucci wants me to paint him a picture of Œdipus and Antigone at Colonos, as he has expounded it to me: I have a fancy for the subject, and I want Bardo and his daughter to sit for it. Now, you ask them; and then I'll put the likeness into Ariadne."

"Agreed, if I can prevail with them. And your price for the Bacchus and Ariadne?"

"Baie! If you get them to let me paint them, that will pay me. I'd rather not have your money: you may pay for the case."

"And when shall I sit for you?" said Tito, "for if we have one likeness, we must have two."

"I don't want your likeness-I've got it already," said Piero, "only I've made you look frightened. I must take the fright out of it for Bacchus."

As he was speaking Piero laid down the book and went to look among some paintings, propped with their faces against the wall. He returned with an oil-sketch in his hand.

"I call this as good a bit of portrait as I ever did," he said, looking at it, as he advanced. "Yours is a face that expresses fear well, because it's naturally a bright one. I noticed it the first time I saw you. The rest of the picture is hardly sketched; but I've painted you in thoroughly."

Piero turned the sketch and held it toward Tito's eyes. He saw himself with his right hand uplifted, holding a wine-cup in the attitude of triumphant joy, but with his face turned away from the cup with an expression of such intense fear in the dilated eyes and pallid lips that he felt a cold stream through his veins, as if he were being thrown into sympathy with his imaged self.

"You are beginning to look like it already," said Piero, with a short laugh, moving the picture away again. "He's seeing a ghost—that fine young man. I shall finish it some day, when I've settled what sort of ghost is the most terrible-whether it should look solid, like a dead man come to life, or half transparent, like



Tito, rather ashamed of himself for this strange and sudden sensitiveness, so opposed to his usual easy self-command, said, carelessly:

"That is a subject after your own heart, Messer Piero—a revel interrupted by a ghost. You seem to love the blending of the terrible with the gay. I suppose that is the reason your shelves are so well furnished with death's-heads, while you are painting those roguish loves who are running away with the armor of Mars. I begin to think you are a Cynic philosopher in the pleasant disguise of a cunning painter."

"Not I, Messer Greco; a philosopher is the last sort of animal I would choose to resemble. I find it enough to live, without spinning lies to account for life. Fowls cackle, asses bray, women chatter, and philosophers spin false reasons—that's the effect the sight of the world brings out of them. Well, I am an animal that paints instead of cackling, or braying, or spinning lies. And now, I think, our business is done; you'll keep to your side of the bargain about the Œdipus and Antigone?"

"I will do my best," said Tito—on this strong hint, immediately moving toward the door.

"And you'll let me know at Nello's. No need to come here again."

"I understand," said Tito, laughingly, lifting his hand in sign of friendly parting.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE OLD MAN'S HOPE.

MESSER BERNARDO DEL NERO WAS AS IDEXorable as Romola had expected in his advice that the marriage should be deferred till Easter, and in this matter Bardo was entirely under the ascendency of his sagacious and practical friend. Nevertheless, Bernardo himself, though he was as far as ever from any susceptibility to the personal fascination in Tito which was felt by others, could not altogether resist that argument of success which is always powerful with men of the world. Tito was making his way rapidly in high quarters. He was especially growing in favor with the young Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici, who had even spoken of Tito's forming part of his learned retinue on an approaching journey to Rome; and the bright young Greek, who had a tongue that was always ready without ever being quarrelsome, was more and more wished for at gay suppers in the Via Larga, and at Florentine games in which he had no pretension to excel, and could admire the incomparable skill of Piero de' Medici in the most graceful manner in the world. By an unfailing law of sequence, Tito's reputation as an agreeable companion in "magnificent" society made his learning and talent appear more lustrous; and he was really accomplished enough to prevent an exaggerated estimate from being hazardous to him. Messer Bernardo had old prejudices and attachments which now began to argue down the newer and feebler prejudice against the

young Greek stranger who was rather too sup-To the old Florentine it was impossible to despise the recommendation of standing well with the best Florentine families, and since Tito began to be thoroughly received into that circle whose views were the unquestioned standard of social value, it seemed irrational not to admit that there was no longer any check to satisfaction in the prospect of such a son-in-law for Bardo, and such a husband for Romola. was undeniable that Tito's coming had been the dawn of a new life for both father and daughter. and the first promise had even been surpassed. The blind old scholar-whose proud truthfulness would never enter into that commerce of feigned and preposterous admiration which, varied by a corresponding measurelessness in vituperation, made the woof of all learned intercourse—had fallen into neglect even among his fellow-citizens, and when he was alluded to at all, it had long been usual to say that though his blindness and loss of his son were pitiable misfortunes, he was tiresome in contending for the value of his own labors; and that his discontent was a little inconsistent in a man who had been openly regardless of religious rites, and in days past had refused offers made to him from various quarters, if he would only take orders, without which it was not easy for patrons to provide for every scholar. But since Tito's coming, there was no longer the same monotony in the thought that Bardo's name suggested; the old man, it was understood, had left off his plaints, and the fair daughter was no longer to be shut up in dowerless pride, waiting for a parentado. The winning manners and growing favor of the handsome Greek who was expected to enter into the double relation of son and husband helped to make the new interest a thoroughly friendly one, and it was no longer a rare occurrence when a visitor enlivened the quiet library. Elderly men came from that indefinite prompting to renew former intercourse which arises when an old acquaintance begins to be newly talked about; and young men whom Tito had asked leave to bring once, found it easy to go again when they overtook him on his way to the Via de' Bardi, and, resting their hands on his shoulder, fell into easy chat with him. For it was pleasant to look at Romola's beauty: to see her, like old Firenzuola's type of womanly majesty, "sitting with a certain grandeur, speaking with gravity, smiling with modesty, and casting around, as it were, an odor of queenliness;"* and she seemed to unfold like a strong white lily under this genial breath of admiration and homage; it was all one to her with her new bright life in Tito's love.

Tito had even been the means of strengthening the hope in Bardo's mind that he might be-

FIREMEUOLA: Della Bellezza delle Donne.



[&]quot;Quando una donna è grande, ben formata, porta ben sua persona, siede con una certa grandezza, parla con gravità, ride con modestia, e finalmente getta quasi un odor di Regina; allora noi diciamo quella donna pare una maestà, ella ha una maestà."

concerning his library: that it should not be merged in another collection; that it should not be transferred to a body of monks, and be called by the name of a monastery; but that it should remain forever the Bardi Library, for the use of Florentines. For the old habit of trusting in the Medici could not die out while their influence was still the strongest lever in the State; and Tito, once possessing the ear of the Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici, might do more even than Messer Bernardo toward winning the desired interest, for he could demonstrate to a learned audience the peculiar value of Bardo's collection. Tito himself talked sanguinely of such a result, willing to cheer the old man, and conscious that Romola repaid those gentle words to her father with a sort of adoration that no direct tribute to herself could have won from

This question of the library was the subject of more than one discussion with Bernardo del Nero when Christmas was turned and the prospect of the marriage was becoming near-but always out of Bardo's hearing. For Bardo nursed a vague belief, which they dared not disturb, that his property, apart from the library, was adequate to meet all demands. He would not even, except under a momentary pressure of angry despondency, admit to himself that the will by which he had disinherited Dino would leave Romola the heir of nothing but debts; or that he needed any thing from patronage beyond the security that a separate locality should be assigned to his library, in return for a deed of gift by which he made it over to the Florentine Republic.

"My opinion is," said Bernardo to Romola, in a consultation they had under the loggia, "that since you are to be married, and Messer Tito will have a competent income, we should begin to wind up the affairs, and ascertain exactly the sum that would be necessary to save the library from being touched, instead of letting the debts accumulate any longer. Your father needs nothing but his shred of mutton and his maccaroni every day, and I think Messer Tito may engage to supply that for the years that remain; he can let it be in place of the morgen-

"Tito has always known that my life is bound up with my father's," said Romola, flushing; "and he is better to my father than I am: he delights in making him happy."

"Ah, he's not made of the same clay as other men, is he?" said Bernardo, smiling. "Thy father has thought of shutting woman's folly out of thee by cramming thee with Greek and Latin; but thou hast been as ready to believe in the first pair of bright eyes and the first soft words that have come within reach of thee, as if thou couldst say nothing by heart but Paternosters, like other Christian men's daughters."

"Now, godfather," said Romola, shaking her head playfully, "as if it were only bright eyes suppers and bonfires; to conclude with the standand soft words that made me love Tito! You ing entertainment of stone-throwing, which was

fore his death receive the longed-for security know better. You know I love my father and you because you are both good; and I love Tito, too, because he is so good. I see it, I feel it, in every thing he says and does. And he is handsome, too: why should I not love him the better for that? It seems to me beauty is part of the finished language by which goodness speaks. You know you must have been a very handsome youth, godfather"-she looked up with one of her happy, loving smiles at the stately old man-" you were about as tall as Tito, and you had very fine eyes; only you looked a little sterner and prouder, and-"

"And Romola likes to have all the pride to herself?" said Bernardo, not inaccessible to this pretty coaxing. "However, it is well that in one way Tito's demands are more modest than those of any Florentine husband of fitting rank that we should have been likely to find for you; he wants no dowry."

So it was settled in that way between Messer Bernardo del Nero, Romola, and Tito. Bardo assented with a wave of the hand when Bernardo told him that he thought it would be well now to begin to sell property and clear off debts-being accustomed to think of debts and property as a sort of thick wood that his imagination never even penetrated, still less got beyond. And Tito set about winning Messer Bernardo's respect by inquiring, with his ready faculty, into Florentine money-matters, the secrets of the Monti or public funds, the values of real property, and the profits of banking.

"You will soon forget that Tito is not a Florentine, godfather," said Romola. "See how he is learning every thing about Florence!"

"It seems to me he is one of the demoni, who are of no particular country, child," said Bernardo, smiling. "His mind is a little too nimble to be weighted with all the stuff we men carry about in our hearts."

Romola smiled too, in happy confidence.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DAY OF THE BETROTHAL

Ir was the last week of the Carnival, and the streets of Florence were at their fullest and noisiest: there were the masked processions, chanting songs, indispensable now they had once been introduced by Lorenzo; there was the favorite rigoletto, or round dance, footed in piazza under the blue frosty sky; there were practical jokes of all sorts, from throwing comfits to throwing stones—especially stones. For the boys and striplings, always a strong element in Florentine crowds, became at the height of Carnival-time as loud and unmanageable as tree-crickets, and it was their immemorial privilege to bar the way with poles to all passengers, until a tribute had been paid toward furnishing these lovers of strong sensations with



maiming was various, and it was not always a single person who was killed. So that the pleasures of the Carnival were of a checkered kind, and if a painter were called upon to represent them truly, he would have to make a picture in which there would be so much grossness and barbarity that it must be turned with its face to the wall, except when it was taken down for the grave historical purpose of justifying a reforming zeal which, in ignorance of the facts, might be unfairly condemned for its narrowness. Still. there was much of that more innocent picturesque merriment which is never wanting among a people with quick animal spirits and sensitive organs: there was not the heavy sottishness which belongs to the thicker northern blood, nor the stealthy fierceness which, in the more southern regions of the peninsula, makes the brawl lead to the dagger-thrust.

It was the high morning, but the merry spirits of the Carnival were still inclined to lounge and recapitulate the last night's jests, when Tito Melema was walking at a brisk pace on the way to the Via de' Bardi. Young Bernardo Dovizi, who now looks at us out of Raphael's portrait as the keen-eyed Cardinal da Bibbiena, was with him; and as they went, they held animated talk about some subject that had evidently no relation to the sights and sounds through which they were pushing their way along the Por' Santa Maria. Nevertheless, as they discussed, smiled, and gesticulated, they both, from time to time, cast quick glances around them, and at the turning toward the Lung' Arno, leading to the Ponte Rubaconte, Tito had become aware, in one of these rapid surveys, that there was some one not far off him by whom he very much desired not to be recognized at that moment. His time and thoughts were thoroughly preoccupied, for he was looking forward to a unique occasion in his life—he was preparing for his betrothal, which was to take place on the evening of this very day. The ceremony had been resolved upon rather suddenly; for although preparations toward the marriage had been going forward for some time-chiefly in the application of Tito's florins to the fitting-up of rooms in Bardo's dwelling, which, the library excepted, had always been scantily furnished—it had been intended to defer both the betrothal and the marriage until Easter, when Tito's year of probation, insisted on by Bernardo del Nero, would have been complete. But when an express proposition had come that Tito should follow the Cardinal Giovanni to Rome to help Bernardo Dovizi with his superior knowledge of Greek in arranging a library, and there was no possibility of declining his rapid step, had started forward with a deswhat lay so plainly on the road to advancement, he had become urgent in his entreaties that the betrothal might take place before his departure: there would be the less delay before the marriage on his return, and it would be less painful to part if he and Romola were outwardly as well as inwardly pledged to each other—if he had a claim which defied Messer Bernardo or any one for me."

not entirely monotonous, since the consequent | else to nullify it. For the betrothal, at which rings were exchanged and mutual contracts were signed, made more than half the legality of marriage, which was completed on a separate occasion by the nuptial benediction. Romola's feeling had met Tito's in this wish, and the consent of the elders had been won.

And now Tito was hastening, amidst arrangements for his departure the next day, to snatch a morning visit to Romola, to say and hear any last words that were needful to be said before their meeting for the betrothal in the evening. It was not a time when any recognition could be pleasant that was at all likely to detain him; still less a recognition by Tessa. And it was unmistakably Tessa whom he had caught sight of moving along, with a timid and forlorn look, toward that very turn of the Lung' Arno which he was just rounding. As he continued his talk with the young Dovizi, he had an uncomfortable under-current of consciousness which told him that Tessa had seen him and would certainly follow him: there was no escaping her along this direct road by the Arno, and over the Ponte Rubaconte. But she would not dare to speak to him or approach him while he was not alone, and he would continue to keep Dovizi with him till they reached Bardo's door. He quickened his pace, and took up new threads of talk; but all the while the sense that Tessa was behind him, though he had no physical evidence of the fact, grew stronger and stronger; it was very irritating—perhaps all the more so because a certain tenderness and pity for the poor little thing made the determination to escape without any visible notice of her a not altogether agreeable resource. Yet Tito persevered and carried his companion to the door, cleverly managing his addio without turning his face in a direction where it was possible for him to see an importunate pair of blue eves: and as he went up the stone steps, he tried to get rid of unpleasant thoughts by saving to himself that, after all, Tessa might not have seen him, or, if she had, might not have followed

But—perhaps because that possibility could not be relied on strongly-when the visit was over, he came out of the door-way with a quick step and an air of unconsciousness as to any thing that might be on his right hand or his Our eyes are so constructed, however, that they take in a wide angle without asking leave of our will; and Tito knew that there was a little figure in a white hood standing near the door-way-knew it quite well, before he felt a hand laid on his arm. It was a real grasp, and not a light, timid touch; for poor Tessa, seeing perate effort. But when he stopped and turned toward her her face wore a frightened look, as if she dreaded the effect of her boldness.

"Tessa!" said Tito, with more sharpness in his voice than she had ever heard in it before. "Why are you here? You must not follow me -you must not stand about door-places waiting



Her blue eyes widened with tears, and she said nothing. Tito was afraid of something worse than ridicule if he were seen in the Via de' Bardi with a girlish contadina looking pathetically at him. It was a street of high, silentlooking dwellings, not of traffic; but Bernardo del Nero, or some one almost as dangerous, might come up at any moment. Even if it had not been the day of his betrothal, the incident would have been awkward and annoying. Yet it would be brutal-it was impossible-to drive Tessa away with harsh words. That accursed folly of his with the cerretano—that it should have lain buried in a quiet way for months, and now start up before him, as this unseasonable crop of vexation! He could not speak harshly, but he spoke hurriedly.

"Tessa, I can not—must not talk to you here. I will go on to the bridge and wait for you there. Follow me slowly."

He turned and walked fast to the Ponte Rubaconte, and there leaned against the wall of one of the quaint little houses that rise at even distances on the bridge, looking toward the way by which Tessa would come. It would have softened a much harder heart than Tito's to see the little thing advancing with her round face much paled and saddened since he had parted from it at the door of the "Nunziata." Happily it was the least frequented of the bridges, and there were scarcely any passengers on it at this moment. He lost no time in speaking as soon as she came near him.

"Now, Tessa, I have very little time. You must not cry. Why did you follow me this morning? You must not do so again."

"I thought," said Tessa, speaking in a whisper, and struggling against a sob that would rise immediately at this new voice of Tito's—"I thought you wouldn't be so long before you came to take care of me again. And the patrigno beats me, and I can't bear it any longer. And always when I come for a holiday I walk about to find you, and I can't. Oh, please don't send me away from you again! It has been so long, and I cry so now, because you never come to me. I can't help it, for the days are so long, and I don't mind about the goats or kids, or any thing—and I can't—"

The sobs came fast now, and the great tears. Tito felt that he could not do otherwise than comfort her. Send her away—yes; that he must do, at once. But it was all the more impossible to tell her any thing that would leave her in a state of hopeless grief. He saw new trouble in the back-ground, but the difficulty of the moment was too pressing for him to weigh consequences.

"Tessa, my little one," he said, in his old caressing tones, "you must not cry. Bear with the cross patrigno a little longer. I will come back to you. But I'm going now to Rome—a long, long way off. I shall come back in a few weeks, and then I promise you to come and see you. Promise me to be good and wait for me."

the mere sound was half enough to soothe Tessa. She looked up at him with wide trusting eyes, that still glittered with tears, sobbing all the while, in spite of her utmost efforts to obey him. Again he said, in a gentle voice,

"Promise me, my Tessa."

"Yes," she whispered. "But you won't be long?"

"No, not long. But I must go now. And remember what I told you, Tessa. Nobody must know that you ever see me, else you will lose me forever. And now, when I have left you, go straight home, and never follow me again. Wait till I come to you. Good-by, my little Tessa: I will come."

There was no help for it; he must turn and leave her without looking behind him to see how she bore it, for he had no time to spare. When he did look round he was in the Via de' Benci, where there was no seeing what was happening on the bridge; but Tessa was too trusting and obedient not to do just what he had told her.

Yes, the difficulty was at an end for that day; yet this return of Tessa to him, at a moment when it was impossible for him to put an end to all difficulty with her by undeceiving her, was an unpleasant incident to carry in his memory. But Tito's mind was just now thoroughly penetrated with a hopeful first love, associated with all happy prospects flattering to his ambition; and that future necessity of grieving Tessa could be scarcely more to him than the far-off cry of some little suffering animal buried in the thicket, to a merry cavalcade in the sunny plain. When, for the second time that day, Tito was hastening across the Ponte Rubaconte, the thought of Tessa caused no perceptible diminution of his happiness. He was well muffled in his mantle, less, perhaps, to protect him from the cold than from the additional notice that would have been drawn upon him by his dainty apparel. He leaped up the stone steps by two at a time, and said, hurriedly, to Maso, who met him,

"Where is the damigella?"

"In the library; she is quite ready, and Monna Brigida and Messer Bernardo are already there with Ser Braccio, but none of the rest of the company."

"Ask her to give me a few minutes alone; I will await her in the salotto."

Tito entered a room which had been fitted up in the utmost contrast with the half-pallid, half-sombre tints of the library. The walls were brightly frescoed with "caprices" of nymphs and loves sporting under the blue among flowers and birds. The only furniture besides the red leather seats and the central table were two tall white vases, and a young faun playing the flute, modeled by a promising youth named Michelangelo Buonarotti. It was a room that gave a sense of being in the sunny open air.

ng, long way off. I shall come back in a few beks, and then I promise you to come and see toward the door. It was not long before Romola u. Promise me to be good and wait for me." entered, all white and gold, more than ever like It was the well-remembered voice again, and a tall lily. Her white silk garment was bound



by a golden girdle, which fell with large tassels; and above that was the rippling gold of her hair, surmounted by the white mist of her long veil, which was fastened on her brow by a band of pearls, the gift of Bernardo del Nero, and was now parted off her face so that it all floated backward.

"Regina mia!" said Tito, as he took her hand and kissed it, still keeping his mantle round him. He could not help going backward to look at her again, while she stood in calm delight, with that exquisite self-consciousness which rises under the gaze of admiring love.

"Romola, will you show me the next room now?" said Tito, checking himself with the remembrance that the time might be short. "You said I should see it when you had arranged every thing."

Without speaking she led the way into a long narrow room, painted brightly like the other, but only with birds and flowers. The furniture in it was all old; there were old faded objects for feminine use or ornament, arranged in an open cabinet between the two narrow windows; above the cabinet was the portrait of Romola's mother; and below this, on the top of the cabinet, stood the crucifix which Romola had brought from San Marco.

"I have brought something under my mantle," said Tito, smiling; and throwing off the large loose garment, he showed the little tabernacle which had been painted by Piero di Cosimo. The painter had carried out Tito's intention charmingly, and so far had atoned for his long delay. "Do you know what this is for, my Romola?" added Tito, taking her by the hand, and leading her toward the cabinet. is a little shrine, which is to hide away from you forever that remembrancer of sadness. have done with sadness now; and we will bury all images of it—bury them in a tomb of joy. See !"

A slight quiver passed across Romola's face as Tito took hold of the crucifix. But she had no wish to prevent his purpose; on the contrary, she herself wished to subdue certain importunate memories and questionings which still flitted like unexplained shadows across her happier thought.

He opened the triptych and placed the crucifix within the central space; then closing it again, taking out the key, and setting the little tabernacle in the spot where the crucifix had stood,

"Now, Romola, look and see if you are satisfied with the portraits old Piero has made of us. Is it not a dainty device? and the credit of choosing it is mine."

"Ah, it is you—it is perfect!" said Romola, looking with moist joyful eyes at the miniature Bacchus, with his purple clusters. "And I am Ariadne, and you are crowning me! Yes, it is true, Tito; you have crowned my poor life."

They held each other's hands while she spoke, and both looked at their imaged selves. But any appearance of claiming the advantages at-

white and golden, and he with his dark glowing beauty above the purple red-bordered tunic.

"And it was our good strange Piero who painted it?" said Romola. "Did you put it into his head to paint me as Antigone, that he might have my likeness for this?"

"No, it was he who made my getting leave for him to paint you and your father a condition of his doing this for me."

"Ah, I see now what it was you gave up your precious ring for. I perceived you had some cunning plan to give me pleasure.

Tito did not blench. Romola's little illusions about himself had long ceased to cause him any thing but satisfaction. He only smiled and said:

"I might have spared my ring; Piero will accept no money from me; he thinks himself paid by painting you. And now, while I am away, you will look every day at those pretty symbols of our life together—the ship on the calm sea, and the ivy that never withers, and those Loves that have left off wounding us and shower soft petals that are like our kisses; and the leopards and tigers, they are the troubles of your life that are all quelled now; and the strange sea-monsters, with their merry eyeslet us see-they are the dull passages in the heavy books, which have begun to be amusing since we have sat by each other."

" Tito mio!" said Romola, in a half laughing voice of love; "but you will give me the key?" she added, holding out her hand for it.

"Not at all!" said Tito, with playful decision, opening his scarsella and dropping in the little key. "I shall drown it in the Arno."

"But if I ever wanted to look at the crucifix

"Ah! for that very reason it is hiddenhidden by these images of youth and joy."

He pressed a light kiss on her brow, and she said no more, ready to submit, like all strong souls, when she felt no valid reason for resist-

And then they joined the waiting company, which made a dignified little procession as it passed along the Ponte Rubaconte toward Santa Croce. Slowly it passed, for Bardo, unaccustomed for years to leave his own house, walked with a more timid step than usual; and that slow pace suited well with the gouty dignity of Messer Bartolommeo Scala, who graced the occasion by his presence, along with his daughter Alessandra. It was customary to have very long troops of kindred and friends at the sposalizio, or betrothal, and it had even been found necessary in time past to limit the number by law to no more than four hundred-two hundred on each side; for since the guests were all feasted after this initial ceremony, as well as after the nozze, or marriage, the very first stage of matrimony had become a ruinous expense, as that scholarly Benedict, Leonardo Bruno, complained in his own case. But Bardo, who in his poverty had kept himself proudly free from the reality was far more beautiful; she all lily- tached to a powerful family name, would have



no invitations given on the strength of mere friendship; and the modest procession of twenty that followed the *sposi* were, with three or four exceptions, friends of Bardo's and Tito's, selected on personal grounds.

Bernardo del Nero walked as a vanguard before Bardo, who was led on the right by Tito, while Romola held her father's other hand. Bardo had himself been married at Santa Croce, and had insisted on Romola's being betrothed and married there rather than in the little church of Santa Lucia close by their house, because he had a complete mental vision of the grand church where he hoped that a burial might be granted him among the Florentines who had deserved well. Happily the way was short and direct, and lay aloof from the loudest riot of the Carnival, if only they could return before any dances or shows began in the great piazza of Santa Croce. The west was red as they passed the bridge, and shed a mellow light on the pretty procession, which had a touch of solemnity in the presence of the blind father. But when the ceremony was over, and Tito and Romola came out on to the broad steps of the church, with the golden links of destiny on their fingers, the evening had deepened into struggling starlight and the servants had their torches lit.

As they came out a strange dreary chant, as of a *Miserere*, met their ears, and they saw that at the extreme end of the piazza there seemed to be a stream of people impelled by something approaching from the Borgo de' Greci.

"It is one of their masked processions, I suppose," said Tito, who was now alone with Romola, while Bernardo took charge of Bardo.

And as he spoke there came slowly into view, at a height far above the heads of the onlookers, a huge and ghastly image of Winged Time with his scythe and hour-glass, surrounded by his winged children, the Hours. He was mounted on a high car completely covered with black, and the bullocks that drew the car were also covered with black, their horns alone standing out white above the gloom; so that in the sombre shadow of the houses it seemed to those at a distance as if Time and his children were apparitions floating through the air. And behind them came what looked like a troop of the sheeted dead gliding above blackness. And as they glided slowly they chanted in a wailing strain.

A cold horror seized on Romola, for at the first moment it seemed as if her brother's vision, which could never be effaced from her mind, was being half fulfilled. She clung to Tito, who, divining what was in her thoughts, said:

"What dismal fooling sometimes pleases your Florentines! Doubtless this is an invention of Piero di Cosimo, who loves such grim merriment."

"Tito, I wish it had not happened. It will deepen the images of that vision which I would fain be rid of."

"Nay, Romola, you will look only at the images of our happiness now. I have locked all sadness away from you."

"But it is still there—it is only hidden," said Romola, in a low tone, hardly conscious that she spoke.

"See, they are all gone now!" said Tito. "You will forget this ghastly mummery when we are in the light and can see each other's eyes. My Ariadne must never look backward now—only forward to Easter, when she will triumph with her Care-dispeller."

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF A LIFE.

AVING lived for forty-seven years of my life (I am now fifty-eight) in that peculiar circle of English society in which the middle classes somehow blend with the upper—a circle in which the artist and the soldier become connected with royalty and all those intermediate varieties of rank which go to make up an aristocracy -I have never attached much value to the accidents which have continually brought me into contact with some of the most remarkable people of the present century. But I find myself now a member of a lettered community to whom nothing is indifferent which relates to the men and women who have filled a certain space in the world's thought, and I therefore ransack the stores of my memory to supply a few pages of pleasant reading to the manifold admirers of Harper's Magazine. There may not be much in these souvenirs to cast light on character or alter the impressions already received of the distinguished individuals I shall bring on the tapis; but they all have the advantage of being quite true, and new.

GEORGE III.

I have placed George III. at the head of my list. Why? Not that I ever saw him, to my recollection, but because he is associated in my mind with an act of kindness to my relative, Mrs. Siddons, the illustrious tragédienne, which I heard described, in long after years, by her second son George. She was a reader to the Royal Family. Early in 1803 the King entered the room where she was engaged with one of the princesses. Her son George was with her.

"Ha! who's this? who's this?" exclaimed the monarch.

"My son, your Majesty."

"What do you intend to do with him? what? what? No actor—no—only one Siddons—only one Siddons!"

Mrs. S. replied that she had not determined upon any profession for him.

"Send him to India—India—fine place—very fine place—make a fortune there."

The tragedienne had not interest enough to obtain an appointment for him in the India service. The King abruptly left the room; presently returning, he handed her a letter written by Sir Herbert Taylor, and signed by himself, directing that one of the best civil appointments should be given to Mr. George Siddons. Campbell mentions the fact of the appointment being thus



bestowed, but does not give the characteristic language of the kind-hearted, obstinate old monarch. George Siddons went to India, and remained there nearly forty years. He latterly held the lucrative office of Collector of Customs. He was a polished, high-minded gentleman, well read in Shakspeare, of a kind and liberal, but not of an energetic temperament, or he would have advanced, under Court auspices, to the highest position under the Government.

for the more brilliant style of Edmund Kean, whose marvelous performances of Richard III., Othello, Shylock, Sir Giles Overreach, Bertram, Ludovico Sforza, Macbeth, Richard of York, Octavian, and Marlowe's Jew of Malta, it was my great happiness to see. But I could not like Kean personally. He was esteemed "a good fellow," and I observed that Sheridan and Lord Byron (then on the Drury Lane Committee of Management) petted the saviour of their prop-

MRS. SIDDONS.

I saw Mrs. Siddons act twice—once in Lady Macbeth and once in Queen Katharine; but I often, when a boy, heard her read in private. She has never been approached in either of the characters I have named. She played three or four times after her formal retirement from the stage, and always for the benefit of her younger brother, Charles Kemble, excepting on the first occasion of my seeing her, in 1816, when she returned for one night, at the request of Prince Leopold, now King of the Belgians, and the Princess Charlotte of Wales. I was behind the scenes, down near the proscenium, peeping through one of the old doors which then flanked the fore-part of the stage. I watched with a thrill of terror the wondrous expression of Lady Macbeth's countenance; I saw as plainly as I see the paper on which I now write that she had made up her mind to have Duncan murdered, but wished her husband to participate in the act which was to make them temporally great. "Thy face, my Thane," etc., was uttered in soul-searching tones, and John Kemble, who played Macbeth, hung his head as if he could not withstand her penetrating gaze or the language which interpreted aright the ambitious whisperings of his own heart. The Princess Charlotte and her consort expressed themselves delighted and grateful when the performance was over, and as I was standing by when her Royal Highness spoke her thanks, I received, for my own share in looking on, a gracious smile. People must live under a monarchy to appreciate the charm of a princely courtesy!

Mrs. Siddons's Queen Katharine was as great a personation every way as her Lady Macbeth. The famous passage, "Lord Cardinal, to you I speak!" which Harlowe has represented her in the act of uttering, invariably elicited seven distinct rounds of applause, during which she never altered her magnificent pose, and so gave time to the artist to study all the accessories of the group. But it was neither the commanding attitude nor the lofty tone which assured the nightly burst of enthusiasm. It was the manner in which Katharine shrunk from Campeius, and waved him off, preparatory to the grand enunciation of her special appeal to Wolsey, which made the ensemble so sublime.

JOHN KEMBLE .--- EDMUND KEAN.

John Kemble was very great on the stage to the last moment of his career; but the public had got tired of his classicality and forsook him

whose marvelous performances of Richard III.. Othello, Shylock, Sir Giles Overreach, Bertram, Ludovico Sforza, Macbeth, Richard of York, Octavian, and Marlowe's Jew of Malta, it was my great happiness to see. But I could not like Kean personally. He was esteemed "a good fellow," and I observed that Sheridan and Lord Byron (then on the Drury Lane Committee of Management) petted the saviour of their property a good deal, but his habits and general companions were low. John Kemble was not averse to "potations pottle deep," which certainly enfeebled his constitution and prematurely destroyed his mighty artistic powers and energies; yet, to my youthful apprehension, there was a wide difference between drinking port-wine with noblemen at their own dwellings, and soaking gin and water in the Coal Hole Tavern with inferior players and sporting satellites.

BYRON. -- SHERIDAN. -- LADY LOVELACE.

I spoke to Lord Byron once, or, rather, he spoke to me. It was in 1815. Sheridan took me with him to Drury Lane, and between the acts of a play he led me into the saloon at the back of the boxes. Lord Byron, in a dark-blue dress coat, broad white trowsers, his shirt-collar turned down, his digits encased in kid gloves, and a hat under his arm, was leaning in a studied attitude against a pillar. Sheridan led me up to him-mentioned who I was-and instantly moved away. Byron said something to me about the "dim religious light" of the saloon, and as I saw Sheridan going away I ran after him. I suspect I was not the only one after the poor hunted debtor that night, which may have accounted for his rapid exit. Byron followed. We got into the Green Room. The two authors again spoke, Byron quoted some poetry. Sheridan exclaimed "Nonsense!" or "Humbug!"-I forget which—and hurried me away. I never saw either of these remarkable men again.

In the following year Sheridan passed away, and Byron married and then parted from his wife. Whatever may have been the real causes of their separation, Lady Byron always entertained the highest reverence for his genius. Forty years later I paid a visit to Lady Lovelace ("Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart!"), and on my remarking to one of her boys, in the library, that I was surprised at the absence of Lord Byron's works, he said, "Oh, gran'ma has them in a library all to themselves. She won't allow grandpa's works to be associated with others." He said this with perfect childlike simplicity.

NAPOLEON I.

Four years now elapsed, during which period I was at a French college learning the art-military, and the science (so difficult to an English youth) of living upon soup maigre and haricots. And then I was sent to India to fight the battles of the East India Company.

Our ship was one of those selected to pay pe-



for the ships of war at the station and for the imperial exile and his suite. Major Parlby, an officer of the Madras army, who was one of my fellow-passengers, sought permission to pay his respects to "General Bonaparte." Sir Hudson Lowe sent to inquire if it would be agreeable to the unhappy prisoner to receive a party of English officers. It did please him. I accompanied Major Parlby, with three other officers, one a Captain in the navy. Napoleon's appearance distressed me. I believed him to have been a tyrant, the bitterest enemy of England, the most selfish of all successful military geniuses, a sanguinary monster who was responsible for an immense amount of bloodshed, and very properly a détenu at St. Helena. But his melancholy pierced me, his graceful, paternal manner fascinated me. At the close of the interview, he said to me, "Vous allez commencer vôtre carrière militaire"—"You are about to begin your military career, may it have a happier termination than mine!" I stifled my emotions for the moment, but the words often brought tears up from my heart in after-years. From the date of that interesting interview I could understand the influence of Napoleon over all around him.

BISHOP HEBER.

Seven years passed in India in the performance of military and magisterial duties (for the paucity of civil officers imposed even upon subalterns responsible judicial offices) shut me out of the society to which I had been accustomed, and I began to despair of ever seeing anybody of the least European note again, when accident brought me vis-a-vis with the admirable Reginald Heber. I went to Bombay from the fortress of Severndroog, where I was on duty, to enjoy a month's leave of absence. There was an amateur theatre in the town, and being so slim that I could have "crept through an Alderman's thumb ring," I was invited to play Lady Percy in Henry IV. ("a plague upon sighing and grief," I am now fitter for Falstaff!) I accepted the invitation. A few days later Bishop Heber arrived to visit the western part of his diocese, which then comprehended all India. I called to pay my respects. Having known my illustrious relative, he asked me to dinner. I stated that I was pledged to play Lady Percy. "Oh, how sorry I am," he exclaimed, "that I did not know there was to be a play! I would have fixed my party for another day. I have invited the Governor, the Judges, the Commander-in-Chief—can I put them off?" My reply was, "Certainly not, my Lord!" "Well," he rejoined, "as I can not go myself, Mrs. Heber shall attend the theatre at all events." And so she did. I mention the circumstance to illustrate the tolerant spirit of that most benign and excellent man. He remained some time with us, preaching every Sabbath and administering | the presence of a mighty spirit. He rose, limpthe sacrament. How we loved him! How we (I mean the whole society of Bombay, compris- | Walter took my hand.

riodical visits to St. Helena, and carry supplies | ing as it did many men remarkable for their classical and Oriental learning) sought his rich and unaffected conversation!

One of the principal Episcopalian ministers had transgressed the laws, and availed himself of the influence which his sacred calling conferred to corrupt the mind of the beautiful wife of a colonel of artillery. Heber had to investigate the case. He conducted the delicate inquisition with the utmost prudence; and after making every allowance for the infirmities of humanity, deemed it his duty to deprive the offending clergyman of his gown and send him to Europe. In his "Journal" he charitably suppressed all mention of the delinquency he had been called upon to chastise. Mrs. Heber, however, a coarse-minded woman, less scrupulous about such matters, included the Bishop's private remarks in a posthumous second edition of the "Journal," which much outraged the feelings of the families concerned, and revived the sort of scandal on which small communities subsist.

ELLISTON .- WALLACK.

From India I returned to England in 1826. The first night after my arrival I went to Drury Lane Theatre to see Elliston play Falstaff. A more unctuous knight it would be difficult to conceive. Macready was the impetuous Hotspur, and James W. Wallack, who has so worthily upheld the legitimate drama in America, was the Prince. I need not say it was a fine chivalrous piece of acting on Wallack's part. Elliston, however, ruined the play and himself by falling on the stage dead-drunk when he came to the passage-"Hal, if thou seest me down in the battle, and bestridest me so, 'tis a point of friendship." Elliston had not that hold upon the affections of the public which made them tolerant of the escapades of a Cooke or a Kean. One transgression annihilated his theatrical ca-

WALTER SCOTT.

Pressed by the relatives of a brother officer to pay a visit to Scotland, I proceeded in August, 1826, to Edinburgh, and became the guest of my friend, the Rev. E. Ramsay, now the beloved Dean Ramsay, whose late works on Scottish character and phraseology have created so much interest both in England and America. Mr. Ramsay showed me the lions of the modern Athens, then comprising Jeffrey, Christopher North, Andrew Thomson, and Sir Walter Scott. I was introduced to Scott at the Sessions House. I shall never forget the impression he made on me. When we entered the Court the judges had risen, the people, the advocates, the writers, etc., had dispersed. Scott sat alone, writing. We stood for a few moments watching him. Presently he looked up. The light from his keen, dark eyes shot through me. I insensibly acknowledged ed toward us. Mr. Ramsay presented me. Sir



"Eh, a soldier, eh! To judge from your countenance I should say a good comic actor spoiled!" countenance I should say a good comic actor mensely in the good opinion of the French people of the frenc

I don't think that I quite relished the compliment, for I loved the military better than the theatrical profession. At the same time, as an amateur performer at our India theatres, I was not altogether displeased with this tribute to my histrionic capacity. Sir Walter dined with us that day. The conversation was so purely local, referring to people and things quite foreign to me, that I sat silent, merely saying to myself, "Well, only think, I am sitting at the same table with the author of 'Waverley!"

I was subsequently invited to Abbotsford, and enjoyed the day very much indeed. Sir Walter had a story to tell about every dagger and every quaigh. It is a pity he did not transmit his stories to the old ciceroni who show strangers about the house. We should not have such replies as, "I dinna ken," to every other question put by anxious tourists.

GEORGE CANNING .- NAPOLEON PORTRAITS.

A letter from Calcutta, offering me a valuable appointment as editor of a daily paper, recalled me from Scotland. I could not, however, think of returning to the East until I had visited France. And, by a happy accident, Mr. Canning, the British Minister for Foreign Affairs, was induced to invite me to accompany him on a visit he was about to make to our Embassador, the late Lord Granville. I remember that the simplicity of Mr. Canning's attire (he always wore black, and a white cravat), destitute of orders and decorations of any kind, attracted much of the attention of the French noblesse, returned emigres of the Polignac and Artois cast, who were covered with stars and ribbons.

But the event of the greatest interest to me during that brief visit to Paris was the removal of the prohibition of the sale of portraits and busts of Napoleon. From 1815 until 1826 the French populace had not been permitted to look upon the effigies of their former idol. Bourbon timidity, augmented by Bourbon folly and misgovernment, had at first created an apprehension that the sight of the well-known and once wellloved countenance would revive all the old sympathies with the Consulate and the Empire, and endanger the stability of the throne. But ten years, it was fancied, would suffice to efface all reminiscences of the false glory in which France had reveled, and that now the old features might be contemplated with placidity. The decree went forth. The day was beautiful. I sallied out for a stroll. At every step I came upon a shop where portraits of Napoleon, under every variety of circumstance, were exposed for sale. bronze stores were beset by crowds purchasing equestrian figures of the Emperor-miniature Vendôme columns, busts with the petit chapeau, busts with the laurel crown, busts with the bare head and the thin hair so picturesquely described by Lamartine. In the Boulevards old soldiers, with tears in their eyes, bought rude col- field.

ored lithographs of le petit caporal—"et, voyez vous, le redingote gris!" Charles X. rose immensely in the good opinion of the French people through this concession to their smothered love. He was believed, and not unreasonably, to be much under the influence of the Jesuits; yet, on the night of the exposé of the Napoleonic images, I saw Tartuffe at the Théâtre Français, with Madame Mars for Dorine—ineffaceable recollection!—and when the Huissier said,

"Nous vivous sous un Prince ennemi de la crime!" the house rang with acclamations. I sat in Mr. Canning's box, and he applauded as earnestly as any one in the parterre or paradis; but I do not believe he thought Charles X. so thoroughly opposed to the villainy of the callotins. Indeed I am sure he did not.

THE POLISH INSURRECTION .- SKRZNECKI.

Back to India for three more years, and then a long, long journey on horseback through Persia, Turkey, Russia, Germany, Hanover, and Holland, and so across the channel to England. But there was one stoppage on the way. It was 1830. The flames of revolution were burning in France, in Holland, and in Poland. An army of 30,000 Poles, led by the brave Skrznecki, was endeavoring to assist the claims of the oppressed, involuntary subjects of the Czar to a rational measure of liberty; and an army of 200,000 Russians maintained the ascendency of the autocrat. The struggle was brief and sanguinary. The fate of Poland was sealed on the fields of Ostrolenka and Gronow. Inspired with a wish to see more service and to fight for the cause of liberty, I managed to join the Polish army, only in time to share in its retreat and dispersion. Skrznecki received Austrian protection at Linz, and I subsequently joined him there. He was the noblest fellow I ever knewthe finest soldier, the most polished gentleman, the most truly religious man. Many a happy evening did I pass in his company. Like every earnest Roman Catholic he was a sincere propagandist, and believed there was no chance whatever for heretics excepting in repentance and apostasy. He made magnificent efforts to convert me, and was surprised if not indignant that I was not satisfied with "Il faut croire!" as a clenching argument in favor of transubstantiation.

My time becoming short, I tore myself away to continue my equestrian tour into Bohemia and Prussia, and when I got to Berlin and met old Count Mostowka, who had been Governor of Warsaw, we often spoke of our common friend Skrznecki. "Ah," said the Count, "he was an admirable general! He only needed one qualification to make him great—success!" Skrznecki subsequently removed to Belgium and obtained a command in Leopold's army. He brought it into a high state of discipline, and from what I afterward saw of that army in the camp at Beverloo, I should say that les braves Belges of today will not imitate their illustrious predecessors of Waterloo should events call them into the



FANNY KEMBLE.

I did not reach London until the spring of 1832, and had just time to see Fanny Kemble play Julia in the "Hunchback."

"Do it! nor leave the act to me!"

There was the ring of the rich old metal again! I gloried in her just success, but having to leave London early the next morning I could not pay my respects. My stay in England was very brief, only just long enough to dine with my "Honorable Masters," the East India Directors, and to appear at some of the literary coteries where poor "L. E. L.," Jerdan, T. K. Hervey, Ainsworth, S. Lover, Marryatt, Mrs. Crawford, D. L. Richardson, St. John, and similar "small fry of literature," were wont to assemble.

MACAULAY AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

On resuming my editorial duties in India I had the happiness to become acquainted with Macaulay, whose friendship I afterward enjoyed to within a few days of his death. Macanlay was sent out to India by the Whig Government, with an appointment of £10,000 per annum, in recompense of a splendid speech he had made on the Reform Bill, and another on the Bill for renewing the East India Company's charter. The appointment was that of president of a law commission whose business it was to prepare a code of laws adapted to the heterogeneous community of British India. Down to 1833 justice was administered after the principles of the Common Law of England, modified to meet Hindoo usage and Mohammedan law. Out of this system. with all its attendant precedents, government regulations, exceptions, etc., a complication had arisen which set all attempt to proceed upon equitable principles completely at defiance. The courts were a scene of chaos. Macaulay and his compeers—able law-officers and financiers drawn from different parts of India-were to restore order and uniformity. They began by calling for returns, reports, statements, and similar documentary machinery which was to form the basis and leverage of their operations. Macaulay saw that at least a twelvemonth would elapse before a sufficiency could be collected from the various functionaries scattered over India wherewith to make a beginning.

He accordingly determined to pass his time in drawing his salary and writing for the Edinburgh Review! He began with his famous criticism on the "Life of Sir James Mackintosh" by his son. Macaulay loved the father—every one loved Mackintosh who knew him-and despised the son. I met Macaulay at dinner at Lord William Bentinck's, and having been introduced to him by Mr. George Siddons, we got into conversation. He had finished the article, he said, and he wished to send it to England. Safety required that it should be sent in triplicate. But he disliked the labor of transcription, and he could not depend upon the native copyists. Would I print half a dozen copies for

came to my office with the manuscript. in a fine bold hand, upon foolscap paper. I consigned it to my head printer. When I read the proofs I was so much struck with the beauty and power of the whole composition that I entreated Macaulay's permission to reprint it in my newspaper, in anticipation of the appearance in India of the Edinburgh Review. Impossible! editor of the Edinburgh was a despot in his way. He would probably expunge a large portion of the article, either from want of space, or a disagreement in opinion with the author. I could hardly believe this possible, but I dared not press the point, and Macaulay ultimately proved to be right. Napier cut away fourteen pages!

MACAULAY IN INDIA.

Macaulay now resolved to write a History of India, and with this view began to visit remarkable localities and to collect rare material. He was distressed that no vestige of the Black Hole of Calcutta remained, for the sufferings of the prisoners on that dreadful night, which he has so powerfully described in his sketch of Lord Clive, filled his imagination. He was, if possible, more dismayed when he found that the field of Plassey, the scene of Clive's victory over Suraj-oo-Dowlah, which has been said to have laid the foundation of the British empire in India, had been entirely washed away in the overflowings of the Ganges. He was fain, therefore, to content himself with a visit to Benares, rendered memorable by the courage displayed by Warren Hastings in his contest with Cheyt Sing, and a close examination of the multitudinous records placed at his command. Macaulay returned to England in 1837, having enjoyed his salary for three years, and accumulated material for those admirable sketches of Hastings and Clive which he found occasion to publish in the Edinburgh in 1840 and 1841, when Gleig's and Malcolm's books afforded him the means of showing how much more vivid a biographer the critic could be than the men who professed to write the lives of distinguished individuals. No one remembers or quotes Gleig's "Warren Hastings;" few persons treasure Malcolm's "Clive;" but who has not read Macaulay's splendid epitomes?

Macaulay's departure from India was not regretted. He led a comparatively secluded life, in the society of his sister and her husband, Sir Charles Trevelyan, of the Bengal Civil Service. who afterward became Governor of Madras. His only public act was to draft a scheme of law which deprived the European settler of the right he had thitherto enjoyed of appealing from the courts in the interior to the Supreme Court of Judicature at the presidencies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay. The effect of this was to place the European planter at the mercy of the native judges (Hindoos and Mohammedans), whose local connections biased their judgments, even if they were not accessible to corruption. The Act was called "The Black Act." It drew him? Of course I would. The next day he forth innumerable remonstrances.



I afterward saw much of Macaulay in England. He was greatly pleased with his elevation to the peerage. It was a tribute, he said, to literary reputation, and formed a good precedent. He regretted that Addison—whose memory above that of all men he venerated—had not died an earl. Macaulay was very susceptible of affectionate impressions, but he only loved high moral worth. His epitaphs on Lord William Bentinck, the enlightened Governor-General of India, and Sir Benjamin Malkin, a judge, sufficiently demonstrate the fervor and tenderness of his attachments.

SIR WILLOUGHBY COTTON.—THE HAVELOCKS.— LADY SALE.

At the close of 1838, although I had now laid aside the sword altogether for the service of Captain Pen, I could not resist the temptation to ask permission to join the army which was about to march into Afghanistan, ostensibly to replace Shah Shujah upon the throne, but in reality to checkmate the Russians, who, using the Persians as the monkey used the cat's-paw, were stealthily advancing their physical and moral power toward the confines of India. My friend, General Sir Willoughby Cotton, was placed in command of one of the divisions of the army, and he very kindly invited me to join his staff. I accordingly engaged a palanquin and bearers, and in about ten or twelve days contrived to get over 1100 miles of ground, the last 300 through a country wasted by famine and the march of 15,000 men with their thousands of followers.

I was very cordially received by Sir Willoughby Cotton, and by him was introduced to Henry Havelock, then only a captain of infantry, and aid-de-camp to Sir Willoughby. Cotton was a man of fashion: he had, in his earlier days, been an aid and companion of George the Fourth, whose manner he imitated, and of whose peculiarities he had a large fund of anecdote. But Cotton was a good soldier neverthe-He had served in the Peninsula, under Wellington, who esteemed his military talents; he had also commanded a brigade in the Burmese war of 1824-25, and during the latter operation had formed the acquaintance of Henry Havelock, in whom he at once discovered high military qualities. As Sir Willoughby had only one small sleeping tent attached to his banqueting marquee, Havelock invited me to share his tent, and thus arose an intimacy, the stronger, perhaps, that we were so unlike each other in every respect. I admired and respected him, and he tolerated me. He was grave and thoughtful, pious, brave, judicious. Always poor, because he married early in life, he had been unable to return to England when his regiments were recalled, and therefore obtained a transfer to the relieving regiment, which carried him to the bottom of the list of lieutenants. This occurring twice, he was forty years of age, or thereabout, before he obtained a company.

was a cheerful companion in the tent and the morning ride. His mind was well stored. I used to tell him that the Bible and the Articles of War would form his library when he retired from the service; but this was only badinage, for no one was better read in history and the poets. Every now and then a word in admiration of Oliver Cromwell would slip out; but our mutual beau-ideal of the pure patriot and skilful leader was George Washington. Havelock vastly admired the Duke of Wellington, and had the Duke been a moral man he probably would have been preferred to Washington.

Havelock's brother, William, was a soldier of a very different stamp to himself. He was a dear fellow, notwithstanding. Chivalrous, daring, frank, generous, he was the idol of his regiment when in Spain. Napier records an instance of his intrepidity. But he was rash, and in later years when he rose to command became a very martinet. He was killed at the head of the 14th Light Dragoons in an action with the Sikhs at Ramnagur. Charles Havelock, a third brother, and a good soldier, is now, I believe, in America. At least I remember seeing it stated that his services had been accepted by President Lincoln.

During my stay with the army of Afghanistan I formed the acquaintance of Lady Sale, and we became such good friends that she insisted on my sharing her clephant howdah during a review of the army before Runjeet Singh, the ruler of the Punjab. Florentia Sale was at this time a burly lady of middle age; a strong-minded woman, whose manners smacked of a barrack education. She was the deity of the 13th Light Infantry, which her husband, Sir Robert, commanded, and when I drew her attention to the steady marching of the 3d Buffs (who, as Runject said, "moved like one wall"), she took a pinch of snuff and exclaimed, "Ah, well, give me the Light Infantry any day. I don't care for the marching. The fighting's what I look at!" The history of Lady Sale's captivity among the Afghans has been told by herself. They dramatized the incidents of the war at one of our London theatres a few years later, and I could not help being much amused when I saw her ladyship represented by a spare young lady of twenty-a veritable heroine-bestriding a white charger and tearing up impassable rocks, leaping terrific chasms, three feet wide and four feet deep, and achieving with sword and pistol more deeds of daring than Turk Gregory or Paul Jones.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

and he tolerated me. He was grave and thoughtful, pious, brave, judicious. Always poor, because he married early in life, he had been unable to return to England when his regiments were recalled, and therefore obtained a transfer to the relieving regiment, which carried him to the relieving regiment, which carried him to the bottom of the list of lieutenants. This occurring twice, he was forty years of age, or thereabout, before he obtained a company. Though rather taciturn in society, Havelock Though rather taciturn in society, Havelock Though rather taciture and thought after a long tour through Egypt, Italy, Switzerland, and France. Presented to Louis Philippe, I was admitted to the privilege of some conversation with him. He was curious to know the exact position of the French in India. A Colonel Dubois, whilom barber to the King of Oude, had been received as an envoy from that wretched sovereign, and cramming the French King with representations of the anxiety of the



ruler of Oude—a miserable sensualist, who left | It is quieter than any of the others." He then to his Vizier all state affairs—to form an alliance with France, received a cross and a service of Sèvres porcelain. Louis Philippe, astute as he was, had been singularly impressed with Dubois's statement, which it gave me very little trouble to demolish. The King spoke of the Algerian campaigns, the necessity for keeping a French army employed and amused. "Les Français," said he, "ne sont que des petits enfans. Il faut qu'ils soient amusés aujourd'hui, et fouettés demain!" and he slapped the back of his hand significantly.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Soon after my arrival in London I had the supreme satisfaction of being introduced to the Duke of Wellington. A grand ball was given at Willis's Rooms-it was called The Waverley Ball, and its leading feature consisted in the formation of several sets of quadrilles, each of which was danced by sixteen couple costumed to represent the characters in one of Scott's novels. The crowd at the entrance to the rooms, as well as the crowd within, was immense. As I ascended the grand staircase I heard shouts from the crowd at the entrance. Turning round, I said aloud, "I wonder who they are shouting The Duke of Wellington was at my elbow, and supposing I had addressed him, replied in his usual dry way: "I suppose it is either for you or I, Sir!" As I saw that the Duke would have had some difficulty in making his way through the throng to the upper end of the ball-room, I was glad to escape from my confusion, and atone for my apparent rudeness by opening a path for him. When we reached the upper end he bowed to me and said, "Thank you, Sir. I shall be glad to see you at Apsley House if you are fond of pictures."

THE DUKE AND WATERLOO PICTURES.

I need not say that I allowed very few days to elapse before I presented myself at the gate of the mansion, which still, in its protection of iron blinds, reminded the passer-by that the Duke had once found it necessary to protect his windows from mob fury. The Duke received me very kindly, and at once led me to the Waterloo gallery—a long room in which he was accustomed annually to entertain the old heroes of the great fight of June 18, 1815. Many of the pictures were the works of Wilkie, Jan Stein, Gainsborough, etc. There were numerous portraits of the Duke's companions in arms, and of Napoleon, whose military genius he seemed delighted to honor. There was a colossal statue of Napoleon at the foot of the stairs. There was but one picture of the battle of Waterloo in the gallery, and as it represented Napoleon and his staff with the British in the remote distance almost enveloped in smoke, I ventured to ask his Grace which was the best representation of the battle he had ever seen? "All bad, Sir. A battle can not be painted. It is continual motion. I chose this because I could not say it was false. say enlightened me. "You see," he observed, Vol. XXVI.—No. 151.—F

proceeded to descant on the falsehoods perpetuated by painters.

"Now," said he, "there's Mr. Barker's painting of my meeting with Blucher on the field of Waterloo. It is absurd. He has made us in the act of saluting with our cocked hats. That was not the way of it at all. Blucher rushed up to me at La Belle Alliance, threw his arms round my neck, kissed me and covered me with mud! I see that Maclise has sent in a design for a fresco illustration of this event in the House of Lords; but from the description given of it in the papers, I fear it will be no nearer to the truth than Barker's."

There is a picture extant of the Duke showing the present Duchess, the Marchioness of Douro, the localities of the chief incidents at Waterloo. I remarked,

"The likeness of your Grace is good."

"Yes," he replied; "but the devil of it is that the whole picture is false. I never took the Marchioness to Belgium at all!"

Seeing him in a chatty humor, I ventured to inquire if it were true that he cried out, "Up Guards and at them!" at the crisis of Waterloo. He said: "It stands to reason I couldn't be such a d-d fool. I was a quarter of a mile away and couldn't have been heard. Maybe some of the staff called out to the Guards to rise out of the corn where they were lying down. I merely said-'Let the line advance.'

On a later occasion I found the Duke in a Gallery of Illustrations, scrutinizing a picture of himself looking at the dead body of Crawfurd as it lay in a Spanish chapel after the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo. I inquired, "Is it like, Sir?"

"All a lie," he answered. "I never was there; never saw Crawfurd after he fell."

So much for pictures. For.a long time there was one-nay, more than one-exposed for sale representing Lord Cardigan leaping over a gun at Balaklava. When the Prince of Wales saw this he asked me, as I was standing by, whether Lord Cardigan really did accomplish the feat, and on my replying in the negative he exclaimed, "Then why do they perpetuate such errors?"

LADY BLESSINGTON AND HER SET.

I had not been long in London before I fell into my old circle of society, seeing occasionally Lady Blessington and D'Orsay, Louis Napoleon, Charles Dickens, the Napiers, Tom Hood, etc. The evenings passed at Kensington Gore (Lady Blessington's) were pleasant enough, because both the host and hostess had abundance of conversation of the most attractive and piquant character; and you were also sure to meet some of the outsiders of the aristocracy, whose irregularities of life had made them the heroes or heroines of innumerable adventures, and whose acquaintance was legion. It was curious to see so many English ladies with foreign titles. I could not quite understand it at first, but D'Or-



"when an Englishman of the honorable name | the introduction of a "new-fangled" weapon. of Spiffens, or Snooks, separates from his wife, he does not like that she shall go through the world proclaiming she is a divorcée, and so casting discredit on his family. Therefore he purchases for her a small estate in Italy or in Germany which carries with it a feudal title, and thus Mrs. Snooks becomes the Baroness Fromaggia, or the Contessa Seccatura, or the Graafin Hogsfleisch, and takes her place in distinguished circles." He introduced me to one of the Baronesses-an elegant woman, once rich and young, now in her "uncertain" age, doing the literary lady upon a small pittance, and editing a quasi-fashionable journal. She was welcome at Lady Blessington's as long as she praised her ladyship's tedious stories, but woe betide the honest critic!

Louis Napoleon—then a refugee, awaiting the fullness of time, and lamenting (à ce qu'on dit) that it should be his destiny one day to superintend the sacking of London-was a frequent visitor at Gore House. I met him twice or thrice. He was generally reserved, but whatever he did say was marked by strong good sense and originality. To his honor be it recorded he did not forget the hospitalities of the unfortunate Lady Blessington. When he became Emperor he gave D'Orsay an appointment in connection with the Fine Arts, and paid much attention to his sister, the Duchess de Grammont. In 1856 I had occasion to visit Paris, and to seek an interview with the Emperor for the purpose of obtaining his patronage of an invention of a friend of mine, adapted to purposes of war. He was very cordial, and spoke with much feeling of the host and hostess of Gore House.

THE NAPIERS.

Naturally seeking military society, I was not long in making the acquaintance of Sir Charles and Sir William Napier—the one illustrious by his Indian conquests and his administrative capacity, the other distinguished by his rare powers as a military historian. They were both "live" men, of strong passions and prejudices, fearless in the expression of their sentiments, and obstinate in their adherence to opinions once formed. William Napier, with a profusion of white locks, a white beard and long mustache, his deep-set gray eyes glaring through his spectacles over a large aquiline nose, was the very impersonation of fierceness. Charles, a smaller man, with a milder expression, was equally ardent and uncompromising. If he anathematized any one—and the East India Company were favorite objects of his wrath—he spoke with scorching vehemence. But when these brave men and good soldiers were not excited by their personal animosities their conversation was a real treat. Both were accomplished scholars and men of world-wide experience. The new Minié rifle interested both brothers, yet, accustomed as they had been to see great victories obtained by Brown Bess, they could hardly reconcile themselves to tained publicity:

Charles, to the last, upheld the bayonet, which, he feared, would be brought into disuse by the long shots. There was a little vanity in all this. The effectiveness of the modern rifle made the operations of the old smooth bores look very small. In this resistance to change Sir C. Napier resembled the Duke of Wellington, who was slow to believe in improvements. With him "the knapsack question was exhausted;" "leave well alone;" "it is folly to waste money in experiments." Such were the replies invariably given to suggested changes. It was not until 1849 that the Duke considered it necessary that an officer should be educated, and then he only came to the conclusion upon receiving a letter from a young lieutenant in which "physic" was spelled with an "f," and other orthographical eccentricities were apparent.

THOMAS HOOD.

Among the literati upon whom I occasionally stumbled there was, as I have said, Tom Hood. Poor Tom! What between his physical sufferings and his pecuniary troubles it is wonderful that he had so many "whims and oddities" at command. To the last he was humorous. His very miseries were themes for his own diversion. He seemed to derive comfort from the jokes to which his anguish gave rise. Even the personal annoyances from creditors which he experienced were suggestive of bon mots. One of his last effusions was leveled at Colburn, the publisher, whom he never could forgive. Colburn and Bentley were very fond of having celebrated authors as editors of their Magazines, evidently hoping that the notorious incapacity of such men for the delicate and harassing duties devolving on editors, who had to sit in judgment upon all sorts of productions, would be more than compensated by the extra demand which their fame would create for the periodicals. This was proved to be a mistake in the case of Campbell, Moore, Dickens, Bulwer, Hook, and Ainsworth; it was equally a blunder in the case of Tom Hood. But Hood's occupation of the editorial chair in Great Marlborough Street, where Colburn published his New Monthly Magazine, was not only a source of trouble in respect to his editorial incapacity, it led to the office being diurnally besieged by bill discounters and tradesmen to whom Hood was in debt. At length Tom was discharged, and obliged to seek a retreat at the Hôtel Anglais, Boulogne sur mer. To all the hungry creditors who called at Colburn's the answer was, "Mr. Hood has left England;" and at length, in a fit of spleen, Colburn (who was a little old man affecting juvenility) answered some applicants that he "did not know any body of the name of Hood." This galled poor Tom, who forthwith wrote the following, and sent it over to some friends in England. Hurst, who succeeded to the business of Colburn, entreated that it might not be published, and I believe to this hour it has not ob-



"For a season or two, in the columns of Puff,
I was reckoned a passable writer enough;
But alas for the favors of Fame!
My decline in repute is so very complete,
Since I quitted my seat in Great Marlborough Street,
That a Colburn don't know of my name.

"Now a Colburn I knew, of dimensions so small,
He seemed the next neighbor of nothing at all,
Yet in spirit a Dwarf may be big;
But his mind was so narrow, his person so alim,
No wonder that all I remember of him
Is a little boy's suit and a wig!"

CHARLES DICKENS.

Of Charles Dickens, whose family I had known in his boyhood, I saw but little excepting when he was in public. His incessant literary occupations, his amateur theatricals, his operations as chief agent for the execution of Miss Burdett Coutts's charitable actions, his visits abroad, and the necessity he was under of being much at the service of strange visitors, English and foreign (impelled by curiosity), gave him but little time for tête-à-têtes with old friends. We were all surprised at the announcement which he published in Household Words regarding his domestic déménage, but the ultimate separation from Mrs. Dickens occasioned no astonishment. Never were two people less suited to each other. He, ardent, sanguine, energetic, full of imagination and animated by powerful human sympathies: she, supine, frivolous, commonplace, passing her time between the nursery and the drawing-room. In his youth Charles Dickens had conceived a fondness for the picturesque scenery in the vicinity of Rochester, and vowed that if ever he became rich enough he would build a house at Gadshill and live there. Mrs. Dickens declared she would never leave London. Thereupon the parties joined issue. He did in time build the house, and as his wife would not accompany him thither he took his daughters and a suitable companion for them; and out of this event arose all the scandal with which England busied herself for some time. After Dickens had retired to the country he wrote "Great Expectations;" which is, in most respects, a great improvement upon the works which immediately preceded it. We know that Canary birds sing the sweeter when they are in separate cages. May not the isolation of the author have been the cause of the revival of that rich humor which imparted immortality to "Pickwick?"

Niell has already described Charles Dickens's "Readings" in these pages. It is needless for me, therefore, to attempt a sketch of him while reading the "Chimes." Suffice to say that his passion for the stage, which in his youth he had adopted as a profession—thus becoming the original of his own "Nicholas Nickleby"—finds ample gratification in the delineation of his own creations. Pathos is his forte, but he is not deficient in vis comica.

Apropos of "Nicholas Nickleby," how many of the dramatis personæ might be traced to living individuals who had fallen in Dickens's way!

Digitized The Crunm'es family came to this country on

a theatrical speculation some fifteen years since, and the quondam infant phenomenon is now the honored widow of a deceased General officer, who recently died from the effect of his noble exertions in the Union cause. Once, in the course of a journey into Cheshire, I came upon the whole of the Peerybingle family, including Tilly Slowboy (and the Cricket!); and Dickens has often said that he never invented characters but found them ready-made, only requiring a little height of color to make them presentable. The Cheeryble brothers, old Weller, Carker, Skimpole, old Dorritt, Barkis, Micawber are all types of a very large class. Dickens never moved in good society until he became eminent, and then he was only lionized. Hence his inability to delineate true gentlemen and real gentlewomen.

LORD PALMERSTON.

Among the many celebrities with whom accident brought me into contact I was perhaps more impressed by Lord Palmerston than any other. No man with the weight of a nation upon his shoulders appeared more completely at his ease-more profuse of bonhomie. I was introduced to him by a nobleman who had family sympathies with me; Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, himself the son of Mrs. Jordan, the celebrated comic actress, and mistress of William IV., when Duke of Clarence. Lord Palmerston received me very cordially, called me familiarly by my name without the prefix "Mr."-even "my dear fellow"ed me in the course of conversation, and exposed his patronage system very unreservedly. I went to ask a favor of Lord Palmerston on behalf of an old soldier, who in earlier life had rendered service to the Duke of Clarence. Lord Palmerston was then Home Secretary, and in his hands lay the appointment of the Military Knights of Windsor. These Knights are composed of veteran officers of the army and navy who have seen service and are in a state of poverty. They are allowed a suite of apartments in Windsor Castle, coals, candles, and two shillings per diem-they are expected to appear occasionally in uniform, and to occupy their apartments for three months in each year. I mentioned the service which entitled the old officer to the favor I sought. "My dear fellow," said the Home Secretary, "no doubt your friend is a very worthy man and all that, and if William IV. had lived he would probably have rewarded him. But you know very well we only give away appointments to those who serve our party. Now I am asked for this very appointment by men who have greatly assisted us in Parliament -men who are still living, and whom it is of importance to oblige; so you see, my dear friend, the thing can't be done—and now let's talk of something else."

Frank, at any rate, thought I.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

To Lord Frederick Fitzclarence I owed an

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

introduction to the Duke of Cambridge, the Queen's cousin, and now Commander-in-chief of the British army. The Duke is one of the kindest and high-spirited of men. Brought up in a regiment of dragoons, and forming at a very early period of his life a liaison with a second-rate danseuse, it was expected that his command would have been distinguished by favoritism and corruption. The whole tenor of his occupation of the office has falsified that expectation. From the very commencement of his duties he sought the assistance of all the oldest and ablest Generals in the service, deferring to their opinions and benefiting by their experience. He was accessible to all applicants, and manifested an honest anxiety to render justice to well-founded claims. Under him the army has been advanced in all the essentials of efficiency. He has encouraged good marksmen, enforced the importance of continual marchings out and encampments, and put an end to the extravagance and folly which, through the pernicious example of rich young officers, were ruining the messes. At his instance the standard of military education has been materially raised, and no one, however high his birth or great the political claims of his family, can obtain a commission in the British army out of his turn, or until he has passed a severe examination by able Professors, in the presence of the Council of Military Education, composed of able scientific officers.

And here let me remark, to the honor of America, that when an inquiry was instituted by the British Secretary at War, five years since, into the state of military education throughout the civilized world—in view to the introduction of its best features into the English College at Sandhurst-it was found that the "West Point system" was more complete and effective than | high places.

any other extant! I well remember hearing Colonel Lefroy, of the Artillery, observe, "Is it not singular that the Americans, who have the smallest army in the world, and little need of that, possess the best college and turn out the finest soldiers?" Little did he, or any one else, foresee how heavy a demand would soon be made upon the talent issuing from the West Point Academy by both Southerners and Northerners, or how completely the efforts of the Government to create good officers would be turned against itself!

The connection of the Duke of Cambridge with the danseuse, Miss Fairbrother, who is now known as Mrs. Fitzgeorge, has never been a source of corruption or intrigue, such as disgraced the career of the Duke of York. She is a woman of great discretion, and values the honor of his Royal Highness too highly to peril it by any interference. Of her five children two of the sons are in the army, and her daughter is married to a captain. The liaison is nevertheless a subject of great annoyance to Queen Victoria, in view of its possible influence upon the Prince of Wales.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

And now that I have got into the precincts of the Court I must arrest the course of my pen, for to unfold the diurnal operations of the admirable lady who wields the British sceptre. and show how fully the whole time of a constitutional sovereign is occupied, would require more space than I have a right to expect should be placed at my disposal. On another, and possibly no very remote occasion, I may be permitted to describe "The Queen and a Queen's day," which will comprehend a full description of Court usages and a just tribute to rare worth in

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

JOHN KENNEBY'S DOOM.

ON the evening but one after the trial was over Mr. Moulder entertained a few friends to supper at his apartments in Great St. Helen's, and it was generally understood that in doing so he intended to celebrate the triumph of Lady Mason. Through the whole affair he had been a strong partisan on her side, had expressed a very loud opinion in favor of Mr. Furnival, and had hoped that that scoundrel Dockwrath would get all that he deserved from the hands of Mr. Chaffanbrass. When the hour of Mr. Dockwrath's punishment had come he had been hardly contented, but the inadequacy of Kenneby's testimony had restored him to good-humor, and the verdict had made him triumphant.

"Didn't I know it, old fellow?" he had said, Digitalapping his friend Spengkeld on the back. Mother Smiley may say or think about my

"When such a low scoundrel as Dockwrath is pitted against a handsome woman like Lady Mason he'll not find a jury in England to give a verdict in his favor." Then he asked Snengkeld to come to his little supper; and Kantwise also he invited, though Kantwise had shown Dockwrath tendencies throughout the whole affairbut Moulder was fond of Kantwise as a butt for his own sarcasm. Mrs. Smiley, too, was asked, as was natural, seeing that she was the betrothed bride of one of the heroes of the day; and Moulder, in the kindness of his heart, swore that he never was proud, and told Bridget Bolster that she would be welcome to take a share of what was going.

"Laws, M.," said Mrs. Moulder, when she was told of this. "A chamber-maid from an inn! What will Mrs. Smiley say?"

"I ain't going to trouble myself with what

friends. If she don't like it, she may do the other thing. What was she herself when you first knew her?"

"Yes, Moulder; but then money do make a difference, you know."

Bridget Bolster, however, was invited, and she came in spite of the grandeur of Mrs. Smiley. Kenneby also, of course, was there, but he was not in a happy frame of mind. Since that wretched hour in which he had heard himself described by the judge as too stupid to be held of any account by the jury he had become a melancholy, misanthropic man. The treatment which he received from Mr. Furnival had been very grievous to him, but he had borne with that, hoping that some word of eulogy from the judge would set him right in the public mind. But no such word had come, and poor John Kenneby felt that the cruel, hard world was too much for him. He had been with his sister that morning, and words had dropped from him which made her fear that he would wish to postpone his marriage for another space of ten years or so. "Brick-fields!" he had said. "What can such a one as I have to do with landed property? I am better as I am."

Mrs. Smiley, however, did not at all seem to think so, and welcomed John Kenneby back from Alston very warmly in spite of the disgrace to which he had been subjected. It was nothing to her that the judge had called her future lord a fool; nor indeed was it any thing to any one but himself. According to Moulder's views it was a matter of course that a witness should be abused. For what other purpose was he had into the court? But deep in the mind of poor Kenneby himself the injurious words lay festering. He had struggled hard to tell the truth. and in doing so had simply proved himself to be an ass. "I ain't fit to live with any body else but myself," he said to himself as he walked down Bishopsgate Street.

At this time Mrs. Smiley was not yet there. Bridget had arrived, and had been seated in a chair at one corner of the fire. Mrs. Moulder occupied one end of a sofa opposite, leaving the place of honor at the other end for Mrs. Smiley. Moulder sat immediately in front of the fire in his own easy-chair, and Snengkeld and Kantwise were on each side of him. They were of course discussing the trial when Mrs. Smiley was announced; and it was well that she made a diversion by her arrival, for words were beginning to run high.

"A jury of her countrymen has found her innocent," Moulder had said, with much heat; "and any one who says she's guilty after that is a libeler and a coward, to my way of thinking. If a jury of her countrymen don't make a

woman innocent, what does?"

"Of course she's innocent," said Snengkeld, "from the very moment the words was spoken by the foreman. If any newspaper was to say she wasn't she'd have her action."

"That's all very well," said Kantwise, looking up to the ceiling with his eyes nearly shut. Smiley.

"But you'll see. What'll you bet me, Mr. Moulder, that Joseph Mason don't get the prop-

"Gammon!" answered Moulder.

"Well, it may be gammon; but you'll see."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" said Mrs. Smiley, sailing into the room; "upon my word one hears all you say ever so far down the street."

"And I didn't care if they heard it right away to the Mansion House," said Moulder. "We ain't talking treason, nor yet highway robbery.'

Then Mrs. Smiley was welcomed; -her bonnet was taken from her and her umbrella, and she was encouraged to spread herself out over the sofa. "Oh, Mrs. Bolster—the witness!" she said, when Mrs. Moulder went through some little ceremony of introduction. And from the tone of her voice it appeared that she was not quite satisfied that Mrs. Bolster should be there as a companion for herself.

"Yes, ma'am. I was the witness as had never signed but once," said Bridget, getting up and courtesying. Then she sat down again, folding her hands one over the other on her lap.

"Oh, indeed!" said Mrs. Smiley. "But where's the other witness, Mrs. Moulder? He's the one who is a deal more interesting to me. Ha, ha, ha! But as you all know it here, what's the good of not telling the truth? Ha, ha, ha!"

"John's here," said Mrs. Moulder. "Come, John, why don't you show yourself?"

"He's just alive, and that's about all you can say for him," said Moulder.

"Why, what's there been to kill him?" said Mrs. Smiley. "Well, John, I must say you're rather backward in coming forward, considering what there's been between us. You might have come and taken my shawl, I'm thinking."

"Yes, I might," said Kenneby, gloomily. "I hope I see you pretty well, Mrs. Smiley."

"Pretty bobbish, thank you. Only I think it might have been Maria between friends like us.'

"He's sadly put about by this trial," whispered Mrs. Moulder. "You know he is so tender-hearted that he can't bear to be put upon like another."

"But you didn't want her to be found guilty; did you, John?"

"That I'm sure he didn't," said Moulder. "Why it was the way he gave his evidence that brought her off."

"It wasn't my wish to bring her off," said Kenneby; "nor was it my wish to make her guilty. All I wanted was to tell the truth and do my duty. But it was no use. I believe it pever is any use."

"I think you did very well," said Moulder.

"I'm sure Lady Mason ought to be very much obliged to you," said Kantwise.

"Nobody needn't care for what's said to them in a court," said Snengkeld. "I remember when once they wanted to make out that I'd taken a parcel of teas-"

"Stolen, you mean, Sir," suggested Mrs.



"Yes; stolen. But it was only done by the opposite side in court, and I didn't think a happorth of it. They knew where the teas was well enough."

"Speaking for myself," said Kenneby, "I

must say I don't like it."

"But the paper as we signed," said Bridget,
"wasn't the old gentleman's will—no more than
this is;" and she lifted up her apron. "I'm

rightly sure of that."

Then again the battle raged hot and furious, and Moulder became angry with his guest, Bridget Bolster. Kantwise finding himself supported in his views by the principal witness at the trial took heart against the tyranny of Moulder and expressed his opinion, while Mrs. Smiley, with a woman's customary dislike to another woman, sneered ill-naturedly at the idea of Lady Mason's innocence. Poor Kenneby had been forced to take the middle seat on the sofa between his bride and sister; but it did not appear that the honor of his position had any effect in lessening his gloom or mitigating the severity of the judgment which had been passed on him.

"Wasn't the old gentleman's will!" said Moulder, turning on poor Bridget in his anger with a growl. "But I say it was the old gentleman's will. You never dared say as much as

that in court."

"I wasn't asked," said Bridget.

"You weren't asked! Yes, you was asked often enough."

"I'll tell you what it is," said Kantwise, "Mrs. Bolster's right in what she says as sure as your name's Moulder."

"Then as sure as my name's Moulder she's wrong. I suppose we're to think that a chap like you knows more about it than the jury! We all know who your friend is in the matter. I haven't forgot our dinner at Leeds, nor sha'n't in a hurry."

"Now, John," said Mrs. Smiley, "nobody can know the truth of this so well as you do. You've been as close as wax, as was all right till the lady was out of her troubles. That's done and over, and let us hear among friends how the matter really was." And then there was silence among them in order that his words might come forth freely.

"Come, my dear," said Mrs. Smiley with a tone of encouraging love. "There can't be any harm now; can there?"

"Out with it, John," said Moulder. "You're honest, any ways."

"There ain't no gammon about you," said Snengkeld.

"Mr. Kenneby can speak if he likes, no doubt," said Kantwise; "though maybe it mayn't be very pleasant to him to do so after all that's come and gone."

"There's nothing that's come and gone that need make our John hold his tongue," said Mrs. Moulder. "He mayn't be just as bright as some of those lawyers, but he's a deal more true-hearted."

"But he can't say as how it was the old gen- are," said Moulder.

tleman's will as we signed. I'm well assured of that," said Bridget.

But Kenneby, though thus called upon by the united strength of the company to solve all their doubts, still remained silent. "Come, lovey," said Mrs. Smiley, putting forth her hand and giving his arm a tender squeeze.

"If you've any thing to say to clear that woman's character," said Moulder, "you owe it to society to say it; because she is a woman, and because her enemies is villains." And then again there was silence while they waited for him.

"I think it will go with him to his grave,"

said Mrs. Smiley, very solemnly.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Snengkeld.

"Then he must give up all idea of taking a wife," said Moulder.

"He won't do that, I'm sure," said Mrs. Smiley.

"That he won't. Will you, John?" said his sister.

"There's no knowing what may happen to me in this world," said Kenneby, "but sometimes I almost think I ain't fit to live in it along with any body else."

"You'll make him fit, won't you, my dear?" said Mrs. Moulder.

"I don't exactly know what to say about it," said Mrs. Smiley. "If Mr. Kenneby ain't willing, I'm not the woman to bind him to his word, because I've had his promise over and over again, and could prove it by a number of witnesses before any jury in the land. I'm a independent woman as needn't be beholden to any man, and I should never think of damages. Smiley left me comfortable before all the world, and I don't know but what I'm a fool to think of changing. Any ways if Mr. Kenneby—"

"Come, John. Why don't you speak to

her?" said Mrs. Moulder.

"And what am I to say?" said Kenneby, thrusting himself forth from between the ample folds of the two ladies' dresses. "I'm a blighted man; one on whom the finger of scorn has been pointed. His lordship said that I was—stupid; and perhaps I am."

"She don't think nothing of that, John."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Smiley.

"As long as a man can pay twenty shillings in the pound and a trifle over, what does it matter if all the judges in the land was to call him stupid?" said Snengkeld.

"Stupid is as stupid does," said Kantwise.

"Stupid be d-," said Moulder.

"Mr. Moulder, there's ladies present," said Mrs. Smiley.

"Come, John, rouse yourself a bit," said his sister. "Nobody here thinks the worse of you for what the judge said."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Smiley. "And as it becomes me to speak, I'll say my mind. I'm accustomed to speak freely before friends, and as we are all friends here, why should I be ashamed?"

"For the matter of that, nobody says you are," said Moulder.



"And I don't mean, Mr. Moulder. Why should I? I can pay my way, and do what I like with my own, and has people to mind me when I speak, and needn't mind nobody else myself-and that's more than every body can sav. Here's John Kenneby and I is engaged as man and wife. He won't say as it's not so, I'll be bound."

"No," said Kenneby, "I'm engaged I know."

"When I accepted John Kenneby's hand and heart-and well I remember the beauteous language in which he expressed his feelings, and always shall-I told him that I respected him as a man that would do his duty by a woman, though perhaps he mightn't be so cute in the way of having much to say for himself as some others. 'What's the good,' said I, 'of a man's talking, if so be he's ashamed to meet the baker at the end of the week?' So I listened to the vows he made me, and have considered that he and I was as good as one. Now that he's been put upon by them lawyers, I'm not the woman to turn my back upon him."

"That you're not," said Moulder.
"No I ain't, Mr. Moulder; and so, John, there's my hand again, and you're free to take it if you like." And so saying she put forth her hand almost into his lap.

"Take it, John!" said Mrs. Moulder. But poor Kenneby himself did not seem to be very quick in availing himself of the happiness offered to him. He did raise his right arm slightly; but then he hesitated, and allowed it to fall again between him and his sister.

"Come, John, you know you mean it," said Mrs. Moulder. And then with both her hands she lifted his, and placed it bodily within the grasp of Mrs. Smiley's, which was still held forth to receive it.

"I know I'm engaged," said Kenneby.

"There's no mistake about it," said Moulder.

"There needn't be none," said Mrs. Smiley, softly blushing; "and I will say this of myself -as I have been tempted to give a promise, I'm not the woman to go back from my word. There's my hand, John; and I don't care though all the world hears me say so." And then they sat hand in hand for some seconds, during which poor Kenneby was unable to escape from the grasp of his bride elect. One may say that all chance of final escape for him was now gone by.

"But he can't say as how it was the old gentlemen's will as we signed," said Bridget, breaking the silence which ensued.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," said Kantwise, "as Mrs. Bolster has come back to that matter, I'll tell you something that will surprise you. My friend Mr. Moulder here, who is as hospitable a gentleman as I know any where, wouldn't just let me speak before."

"That's gammon, Kantwise. I never hindered you from speaking."

"How I do hate that word! If you knew my aversion, Mr. Moulder-"

"But what were you going to tell us, Mr. Kantwise?" said Mrs. Smilev.

"Something that will make all your hairs stand on end, I think." And then he paused and looked round upon them all. It was at this moment that Kenneby succeeded in getting his hand once more to himself. "Something that will surprise you all, or I'm very much mistaken. Lady Mason has confessed her guilt."

He had surprised them all. "You don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Moulder.

"Confessed her guilt!" said Mrs. Smiley. "But what guilt, Mr. Kantwise?"

"She forged the will," said Kantwise.

"I knew that all along," said Bridget Bolster.

"I'm d-d if I believe it," said Moulder.

"You can do as you like about that," said Kantwise; "but she has. And I'll tell you what's more: she and young Mason have already left Orley Farm and given it all up into Joseph Mason's hands."

"But didn't she get a verdict?" asked Snengkeld.

"Yes, she got a verdict. There's no doubt on earth about that."

"Then it's my opinion she can't make herself guilty if she wished it; and as for the property, she can't give it up. The jury has found a verdict and nobody can go beyond that. If any body tries she'll have her action against 'em." That was the law as laid down by Snengkeld.

"I don't believe a word of it," said Moulder. "Dockwrath has told him. I'll bet a hat that Kantwise got it from Dockwrath."

It turned out that Kantwise had received his information from Dockwrath; but nevertheless, there was that in his manner, and in the nature of the story as it was told to them, that did produce belief. Moulder for a long time held out, but it became clear at last that even he was shaken; and now, even Kenneby acknowledged his conviction that the signature to the will was not his own.

"I know'd very well that I never did it twice," said Bridget Bolster, triumphantly, as she sat down to the supper table.

I am inclined to think that, upon the whole, the company in Great St. Helen's became more happy as the conviction grew upon them that a great and mysterious crime had been committed, which had baffled two courts of law, and had at last thrust itself forth into the open daylight through the workings of the criminal's con-When Kantwise had completed his science. story, the time had come in which it behooved Mrs. Moulder to descend to the lower regions, and give some aid in preparation of the supper. During her absence the matter was discussed in every way, and on her return, when she was laden with good things, she found that all the party was contented except Moulder and her brother.

"It's a very terrible thing," said Mrs. Smiley, later in the evening, as she sat with her steam-"I can't pick my words for you, old fellow!" ing glass of rum and water before her. "Very



.terrible indeed; ain't it, John? I do wish now I'd gone down and see'd her, I do indeed. Don't you, Mrs. Moulder?"

"If all this is true I should like just to have had a peep at her."

"At any rate we shall have pictures of her in all the papers," said Mrs. Smiley.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

THE LAST OF THE LAWYERS.

"I should have done my duty by you, Mr. Mason, which those men have not, and you would at this moment have been the owner of Orley Farm."

It will easily be known that these words were spoken by Mr. Dockwrath, and that they were addressed to Joseph Mason. The two men were seated together in Mr. Mason's lodgings at Alston, late on the morning after the verdict had been given, and Mr. Dockwrath was speaking out his mind with sufficient freedom. On the previous evening he had been content to put up with the misery of the unsuccessful man, and had not added any reproaches of his own. He also had been cowed by the verdict, and the two had been wretched and crest-fallen together. But the attorney since that had slept upon the matter, and had bethought himself that he at any rate would make out his little bill. He could show that Mr. Mason had ruined their joint affairs by his adherence to those London attorneys. Had Mr. Mason listened to the advice of his new adviser all would have been well. So at least Dockwrath was prepared to declare, finding that by so doing he would best pave the way for his own important claim.

But Mr. Mason was not a man to be bullied with tame endurance. "The firm bears the highest name in the profession, Sir," he said; "and I had just grounds for trusting them."

"And what has come of your just grounds, Mr. Mason? Where are you? That's the question. I say that Round and Crook have thrown you over. They have been hand and glove with old Furnival through the whole transaction; and I'll tell you what's more, Mr. Mason. I told you how it would be from the beginning."

"I'll move for a new trial."

"A new trial; and this a criminal prosecution! She's free of you now forever, and Orley Farm will belong to that son of hers till he chooses to sell it. It's a pity; that's all. I did my duty by you in a professional way, Mr. Mason; and you won't put the loss on my shoulders."

"I've been robbed—damnably robbed, that's all that I know."

"There's no mistake on earth about that, Mr. Mason; you have been robbed; and the worst of it is, the costs will be so heavy! You'll be going down to Yorkshire soon, I suppose, Sir."

"I don't know where I shall go?" said the squire of Groby, not content to be cross-questioned by the attorney from Hamworth.

"Because it's as well, I suppose, that we should settle something about the costs before you leave. I don't want to press for my money exactly now, but I shall be glad to know when I'm to get it."

"If you have any claim on me, Mr. Dock-wrath, you can send it to Mr. Round."

"If I have any claim! What do you mean by that, Sir? And I shall send nothing in to Mr. Round. I have had quite enough of Mr. Round already. I told you from the beginning, Mr. Mason, that I would have nothing to do with this affair as connected with Mr. Round. I have devoted myself entirely to this matter since you were pleased to engage my services at Groby Park. It is not by my fault that you have failed. I think, Mr. Mason, you will do me the justice to acknowledge that." And then Dockwrath was silent for a moment, as though waiting for an answer.

"I have nothing to say upon the subject, Mr. Dockwrath," said Mason.

"But, by Heaven, something must be said. That won't do at all, Mr. Mason. I presume you do not think that I have been working like a slave for the last four months for nothing."

Mr. Mason was in truth an honest man, and did not wish that any one should work on his account for nothing; much less did he wish that such a one as Dockwrath should do so. But then, on the other side, in his present frame of mind he was by no means willing to yield any thing to any one. "I neither deny nor allow your claim, Mr. Dockwrath," said he. "But I shall pay nothing except through my regular lawyers. You can send your account to me if you please, but I shall send it on to Mr. Round without looking at it."

"Oh, that's to be the way, is it? That's your gratitude! Very well, Mr. Mason; I shall now know what to do. And I think you'll find—"

Here Mr. Dockwrath was interrupted by the lodging-house servant, who brought in a note for Mr. Mason. It was from Mr. Furnival, and the girl who delivered it said that the gentleman's messenger was waiting for an answer.

"SE"—said the note—"A communication has been made to me this morning on the part of your brother, Mr. Lucius Mason, which may make it desirable that I should have an interview with you. If not inconvenient to you, I would ask you to meet me to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock at the chambers of your own lawyer, Mr. Round, in Bedford Row. I have already seen Mr. Round, and find that he can meet us.

"I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,
"THOMAS FURNIVAL.
"J. MASON, Esq., J.P. (of Groby Park)."

Mr. Furnival when he wrote this note had already been over to Orley Farm, and had seen Lucius Mason. He had been at the farm almost before daylight, and had come away with the assured conviction that the property must be abandoned by his client.



- Lucius had said. "It must be so."
- "You have discussed the matter with your mother?"
- "No discussion is necessary, but she is quite aware of my intention. She is prepared to leave the place forever."

"But the income-"

"Belongs to my brother Joseph. Mr. Furnival, I think you may understand that the matter is one in which it is necessary that I should act, but as to which I trust I may not have to say many words. If you can not arrange this for me, I must go to Mr. Round."

Of course Mr. Furnival did understand it all. His client had been acquitted, and he had triumphed; but he had known for many a long day that the estate did belong of right to Mr. Mason of Groby; and though he had not suspected that Lucius would have been so told, he could not be surprised at the result of such telling. It was clear to him that Lady Mason had confessed, and that restitution would therefore be made.

"I will do your bidding," said he.

"And, Mr. Furnival, if it be possible, spare my mother." Then the meeting was over, and Mr. Furnival, returning to Hamworth, wrote his note to Mr. Joseph Mason.

Mr. Dockwrath had been interrupted by the messenger in the middle of his threat, but he caught the name of Furnival as the note was delivered. Then he watched Mr. Mason as he read it and read it again.

"If you please, Sir, I was to wait for an answer," said the girl.

Mr. Mason did not know what answer it would behoove him to give. He felt that he was among Philistines while dealing with all these lawyers, and yet he was at a loss in what way to reply to one without leaning upon another. "Look at that," he said, sulkily handing the note to Dockwrath.

"You must see Mr. Furnival, by all means," " But-" said Dockwrath.

"But what?"

"In your place I should not see him in the presence of Mr. Round, unless I was attended by an adviser on whom I could rely." Mr. Mason, having given a few moments' consideration to the matter, sat himself down and wrote a line to Mr. Furnival, saying that he would be in Bedford Row at the appointed time.

"I think you are quite right," said Dock-

"But I shall go alone," said Mr. Mason.

"Oh, very well; you will of course judge for yourself. I can not say what may be the nature of the communication to be made; but if it be any thing touching the property, you will no doubt jeopardize your own interests by your imprudence."

"Good-morning, Mr. Dockwrath," said Mr.

"Oh, very well. Good-morning, Sir. You shall hear from me very shortly, Mr. Mason; your own legal adviser and friend.'

"We need not talk about it, Mr. Furnival," and I must say that, considering every thing, I do not know that I ever came across a gentleman who behaved himself worse in a peculiar position than you have done in yours." And so they parted.

Punctually at eleven o'clock on the following day Mr. Mason was in Bedford Row. "Mr. Furnival is with Mr. Round," said the clerk, "and will see you in two minutes." Then he was shown into the dingy office waiting-room, where he sat with his hat in his hand, for rather more than two minutes.

At that moment Mr. Round was describing to Mr. Furnival the manner in which he had been visited some weeks since by Sir Peregrine Orme. "Of course, Mr. Furnival, I knew which way the wind blew when I heard that."

"She must have told him every thing."

"No doubt, no doubt. At any rate he knew it all."

"And what did you say to him?"

"I promised to hold my tongue; and I kept my promise. Mat knows nothing about it to this day."

The whole history thus became gradually clear to Mr. Furnival's mind, and he could understand in what manner that marriage had been avoided. Mr. Round also understood it, and the two lawyers confessed together, that though the woman had deserved the punishment which had come upon her, her character was one which might have graced a better destiny. "And now, I suppose, my fortunate client may come in," said Mr. Round. Whereupon the fortunate client was released from his captivity, and brought into the sitting-room of the senior partner.

"Mr. Mason, Mr. Furnival," said the attorney, as soon as he had shaken hands with his client. "You know each other very well by name, gentlemen."

Mr. Mason was very stiff in his bearing and demeanor, but remarked that he had heard of Mr. Furnival before.

"All the world has heard of him," said Mr. Round. "He hasn't hid his light under a bushel." Whereupon Mr. Mason bowed, not quite understanding what was said to him.

"Mr. Mason," began the barrister, "I have a communication to make to you, very singular in its nature, and of great importance. It is one which I believe you will regard as being of considerable importance to yourself, and which is of still higher moment to my-my friend, Lady Mason."

"Lady Mason, Sir-" began the other; but Mr. Furnival stopped him.

"Allow me to interrupt you, Mr. Mason. I think it will be better that you should hear me before you commit yourself to any expression as to your relative."

"She is no relative of mine."

"But her son is. However, if you will allow me. I will go on. Having this communication to make, I thought it expedient for your own sake that it should be done in the presence of



"I have already explained to Mr. Round that which I am about to explain to you, and he was good enough to express himself as satisfied with the step which I am taking."

"Quite so, Mr. Mason. Mr. Furnival is behaving, and I believe has behaved throughout, in a manner becoming the very high position which he holds in his profession.'

"I suppose he has done his best on his side," said Mason.

"Undoubtedly I have—as I should have done on yours, had it so chanced that I had been honored by holding a brief from your attorneys. `But the communication which I am going to make now I make not as a lawyer but as a friend. Mr. Mason, my client Lady Mason, and her son Lucius Mason, are prepared to make over to vou the full possession of the estate which they have held under the name of Orley Farm."

The tidings, as so given, were far from conveying to the sense of the hearer the full information which they bore. He heard the words, and at the moment conceived that Orley Farm was intended to come into his hands by some process to which it was thought desirable that he should be brought to agree. He was to be induced to buy it, or to be bought over from further opposition by some concession of an indefinitely future title. But that the estate was to become his at once, without purchase, and by the mere free-will of his hated relatives, was an idea that he did not realize.

"Mr. Furnival," he said, "what future steps I shall take I do not yet know. That I have been robbed of my property I am as firmly convinced now as ever. But I tell you fairly, and I tell Mr. Round so too, that I will have no dealings with that woman."

"Your father's widow, Sir," said Mr. Furnival, "is an unhappy lady, who is now doing her best to atone for the only fault of which I believe her to have been guilty. If you were not unreasonable as well as angry, you would understand that the proposition which I am now making to you is one which should force you to forgive any injury which she may hitherto have done to you. Your half-brother Lucius Mason has instructed me to make over to you the possession of Orley Farm." These last words Mr. Furnival uttered very slowly, fixing his keen gray eyes full upon the face of Joseph Mason as he did so, and then turning round to the attorney he said, "I presume your client will understand me now.'

"The estate is yours, Mr. Mason," said Round. "You have nothing to do but to take possession of it."

"What do you mean?" said Mason, turning round upon Furnival.

"Exactly what I say. Your half-brother Lucius surrenders to you the estate."

"Without payment?"

you will of course absolve him from all liability father Joseph Mason had gone. "Mat," said

"Umph!" grunted the disappointed liti- on account of the proceeds of the property while in his hands."

> "That will be a matter of course," said Mr. Round.

> "Then she has robbed me," said Mason, jumping up to his feet. "By ----, the will was forged after all!"

> "Mr. Mason," said Mr. Round, "if you have a spark of generosity in you, you will accept the offer made to you without asking any question. By no such questioning can you do yourself any good-nor can you do that poor lady any harm."

> "I knew it was so," he said loudly, and as he spoke he twice walked the length of the room. "I knew it was so; twenty years ago I said the same. She forged the will. I ask you, as my lawyer, Mr. Round-did she not forge the will herself?"

> "I shall answer no such question, Mr. Mason." "Then by Heavens I'll expose you. If I spend the whole value of the estate in doing it I'll expose you, and have her punished yet. The slippery villain! For twenty years she has robbed me."

> "Mr. Mason, you are forgetting yourself in your passion," said Mr. Furnival. "What you have to look for now is the recovery of the property." But here Mr. Furnival showed that he had not made himself master of Joseph Mason's character.

> "No," shouted the angry man; "no, by Heaven! What I have first to look to is her punishment, and that of those who have assisted her. I knew she had done it—and Dockwrath knew it. Had I trusted him, she would now have been in jail."

> Mr. Furnival and Mr. Round were both desirous of having the matter quietly arranged, and with this view were willing to put up with much. The man had been ill used. When he declared for the fortieth time that he had been robbed for twenty years, they could not deny it. When with horrid oaths he swore that that will had been a forgery, they could not contradict him. When he reviled the laws of his country, which had done so much to facilitate the escape of a criminal, they had no arguments to prove that he was wrong. They bore with him in his rage, hoping that a sense of his own self-interest might induce him to listen to reason. But it was all in vain. The property was sweet, but that sweetness was tasteless when compared to the sweetness of revenge.

> "Nothing shall make me tamper with justice; nothing," said he.

> "But even if it were as you say, you can not

do any thing to her," said Round.
"I'll try," said Mason. "You have been my attorney, and what you know in the matter you are bound to tell. And I'll make you tell, Sir."

"Upon my word," said Round, "this is beyond bearing. Mr. Mason, I must trouble you to walk out of my office." And then he rang the bell. "Tell Mr. Mat I want to see him." "Yes; without payment. On his doing so But before that younger partner had joined his



the old man, "I don't interfere with you in many things, but on this I must insist. As long as my name is in the firm Mr. Joseph Mason of Groby shall not be among our customers."

"The man's a fool," said Mr. Furnival. "The end of all that will be that two years will go by before he gets his property; and in the mean time, the house and all about it will go to ruin."

In these days there was a delightful family concord between Mr. Furnival and his wife, and perhaps we may be allowed to hope that the peace was permanent. Martha Biggs had not been in Harley Street since we last saw her there, and was now walking round Red Lion Square by the hour with some kindred spirit, complaining bitterly of the return which had been made for her friendship. "What I endured, and what I was prepared to endure for that woman, no breathing creature can ever know," said Martha Biggs, to that other Martha; "and now—"

"I suppose the fact is he don't like to see you there," said the other.

"And is that a reason?" said our Martha. "Had I been in her place I would not have put my foot in his house again till I was assured that my friend should be as welcome there as myself. But then, perhaps, my ideas of friendship may be called romantic."

But though there were heart-burnings and war in Red Lion Square, there was sweet peace in Harley Street. Mrs. Furnival had learned that beyond all doubt Lady Mason was an unfortunate woman on whose behalf her husband was using his best energies as a lawyer; and though rumors had begun to reach her that were very injurious to the lady's character, she did not on that account feel animosity against her. Had Lady Mason been guilty of all the sins in the calendar except one, Mrs. Furnival could find it within her heart to forgive her.

But Sophia was now more interested about Lady Mason than was her mother, and during those days of the trial was much more eager to learn the news as it became known. She had said nothing to her mother about Lucius, nor had she said any thing as to Augustus Staveley. Miss Furnival was a lady who on such subjects did not want the assistance of a mother's counsel. Then, early on the morning that followed the trial, they heard the verdict and knew that Lady Mason was free.

"I am so glad!" said Mrs. Furnival; "and I am sure it was your papa's doing."

"But we will hope that she was really innocent," said Sophia.

"Oh yes, of course; and so I suppose she was. I am sure I hope so. But, nevertheless, we all know that it was going very much against her."

"I believe papa never thought she was guilty for a moment."

"I don't know, my dear; your papa never talks of the clients for whom he is engaged. But what a thing it is for Lucius! He would have lost every acre of the property."

"Yes; it's a great thing for him, certainly." And then she began to consider whether the standing held by Lucius Mason in the world was not even yet somewhat precarious.

It was on the same day—in the evening that she received her lover's letter. She was alone when she read it, and she made herself quite master of its contents before she sat herself to think in what way it would be expedient that she should act. "I am bound to relinquish to my brother-in-law my title to Orley Farm." Why should he be so bound, unless-? And then she also came to that conclusion which Mr. Round had reached, and which Joseph Mason had reached, when they heard that the property was to be given up. "Yes, Sophia, I am a beggar," the letter went on to say. She was very sorry, deeply sorry; so, at least, she said to herself. As she sat there alone, she took out her handkerchief and pressed it to her eyes. Then, having restored it to her pocket, after moderate use, she refolded her letter, and put that into the same receptacle.

"Papa," said she, that evening, "what will Mr. Lucius Mason do now? will he remain at Orley Farm?"

"No, my dear. He will leave Orley Farm, and, I think, will go abroad with his mother."

"And who will have Orley Farm?"

"His brother Joseph, I believe."

"And what will Lucius have?"

"I can not say. I do not know that he will have any thing. His mother has an income of her own, and he, I suppose, will go into some profession."

"Oh, indeed. Is not that very sad for him, poor fellow?" In answer to which her father made no remark.

That night, in her own room, she answered her lover's letter, and her answer was as follows:

" HARLEY STREET. March. 18-"MY DEAR ME. MASON, ... I need hardly tell you that I was grieved to the heart by the tidings conveyed in your letter. I will not ask you for that secret which you withhold from me, feeling that I have no title to inquire into it; nor will I attempt to guess at the cause which induces you to give up to your brother the property which you were always taught to regard as your own. That you are actuated by noble motives I am sure; and you may be sure of this, that I shall respect you quite as highly in your adversity as I have ever done in your prosperity. That you will make your way in the world I shall never doubt; and it may be that the labor which you will now encounter will raise you to higher standing than any you could have achieved had the property remained in your possession.

"I think you are right in saying, with reference to our mutual regard for each other, that neither should be held as having any claim upon the other. Under present circumstances any such claim would be very silly. Nothing would hamper you in your future career so much as a long marriage engagement; and for myself, I am aware that the sorrow and solicitude thence arising would be more than I could support. Apart from this, also, I feel certain that I should never obtain my father's sanction for such an engagement, nor could I make it unless he sanctioned it. I feel so satisfied that you will see the truth of this that I need not trouble you and harass my own heart by pursuing the subject any further.

"My feelings of friendship for you—of affectionate friendship—will be as true as ever. I shall look to your future career with great hope, and shall hear of your suc-



cess with the utmost satisfaction. And I trust that the time may come, at no very distant date, when we may all welcome your return to London, and show you that our regard for you has never been diminished.

"May God bless and preserve you in the trials which are before you, and carry you through them with honor and safety! Wherever you may be I shall watch for tidings of you with anxiety, and always hear them with gratification. I need hardly bid you remember that you have no more affectionate friend

"Than yours always most sincerely,

"P.S.—I believe that a meeting between us at the present moment would only cause pain to both of us. It might drive you to speak of things which should be wrapped in silence. At any rate, I am sure that you will not press it on me."

Lucius, when he received this letter, was living with his mother in lodgings near Finsbury Circus, and the letter had been redirected from Hamworth to a post-office in that neighborhood. It was his intention to take his mother with him to a small town on one of the rivers that feed the Rhine, and there remain hidden till he could find some means by which he might earn his bread. He was sitting with her in the evening, with two dull tallow-candles on the table between them, when his messenger brought the letter to him. He read it in silence very deliberately, then crushed it in his hand, and threw it from him with violence into the fire.

"I hope there is nothing further to distress you, Lucius," said his mother, looking up into his face as though she were imploring his confidence.

"No, nothing; nothing that matters. It is an affair quite private to myself."

Sir Peregrine had spoken with great truth when he declared that Lucius Mason was able to bear adversity. This last blow had now come upon him, but he made no wailings as to his misery, nor did he say a word further on the subject. His mother watched the paper as the flame caught it and reduced it to an ash; but she asked no further question. She knew that her position with him did not permit of her asking or even hoping for his confidence.

"I had no right to expect it would be otherwise," he said to himself. But even to himself he spoke no word of reproach against Miss Furnival. He had realized the circumstances by which he was surrounded, and had made up his mind to bear their result.

As for Miss Furnival, we may as well declare here that she did not become Mrs. Staveley. Our old friend Augustus conceived that he had received a sufficient answer on the occasion of his last visit to Harley Street, and did not repeat it immediately. Such little scenes as that which took place there had not been uncommon in his life; and when in after months he looked back upon the affair, he counted it up as one of those miraculous escapes which had marked his career.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

FAREWELL.

"That letter you got this morning, my dear, was it not from Lady Mason?"

- "It was from Lady Mason, father; they go on Thursday."
- "On Thursday! so soon as that?" And then Sir Peregrine, who had asked the question, remained silent for a while. The letter, according to the family custom, had been handed to Mrs. Orme over the breakfast table; but he had made no remark respecting it till they were alone together and free from the servants. It had been a farewell letter, full of love and gratitude, and full also of repentance. Lady Mason had now been for three weeks in London, and once during that time Mrs. Orme had gone up to visit her. She had then remained with her friend for hours, greatly to Lady Mason's comfort, and now this letter had come, bringing a last adject.
- "You may read it, Sir, if you like," said Mrs. Orme, handing him the letter. It was evident by his face that he was gratified by the privilege; and he read it, not once only, but over and over again. As he did so he placed himself in the shade, and sat with his back to Mrs. Orme; but nevertheless she could see that from time to time he rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand, and gradually raised his handkerchief to his face.
- "Thank you, dearest," he said, as he gave the letter back to her.
- "I think that we may forgive her now even all that she has done," said Mrs. Orme.
- "Yes—yes—yes," he answered. "For my-self, I forgave her from the first."
- "I know you did. But as regards the property, it has been given up now." And then again they were silent.
- "Edith," he said, after a while, "I have forgiven her altogether. To me she is the same as though she had never done that deed. Are we not all sinners?"
 - "Surely, father."
- "And can I say because she did one startling thing that the total of her sin is greater than mine? Was I ever tempted as she was tempted? Was my youth made dangerous for me as was hers? And then she did nothing for herself; she did it all for another. We may think of that now."
 - "I have thought of it always."
- "It did not make the sin the less; but among her fellow-mortals—" And then he stopped himself, wanting words to express his meaning. The sin, till it was repented, was damning; but now that it was repented, he could almost love the sinner for the sin.
- "Edith," he said again. And he looked at her so wishfully! She knew well what was the working of his heart, and she knew also that she did not dare to encourage him.
- "I trust," said Mrs. Orme, "that she will bear her present lot for a few years; and then, perhaps—"
- "Ah! then I shall be in my grave. A few months will do that."
 - "Oh, Sir!"
- "Why should I not save her from such a life as that?"



- "From that which she had most to fear she ed. But he also knew that that pretense at comhas been saved."
- "Had she not so chosen it herself she could now have demanded from me a home. Why should I not give it to her now?"
 - "A home here, Sir?"
- "Yes; why not? But I know what you would say. It would be wrong to you and Perry."
- "It would be wrong to yourself, Sir. Think of it, father. It is the fact that she did that thing. We may forgive her, but others will not do so on that account. It would not be right that you should bring her here."

Sir Peregrine knew that it would not be right. Though he was old, and weak in body, and infirm in purpose, his judgment had not altogether left him. He was well aware that he would offend all social laws if he were to do that which he contemplated, and ask the world around him to respect as Lady Orme—as his wife—the woman who had so deeply disgraced herself. But yet he could hardly bring himself to confess that it was impossible. He was as a child who knows that a coveted treasure is beyond his reach, but still covets it, still longs for it, hoping against hope that it may yet be his own. It seemed to him that he might yet regain his old vitality if he could wind his arm once more about her waist, and press her to his side, and call her his own. It would be so sweet to forgive her; to make her sure that she was absolutely forgiven; to teach her that there was one at least who would not bring up against her her past sin, even in his memory. As for his grandson, the propcrty should be abandoned to him altogether. 'Twas thus he argued with himself; but yet, as he argued, he knew that it could not be so.

"I was harsh to her when she told me," he said, after another pause-"cruelly harsh."

"She does not think so."

"No. If I had spurned her from me with my foot she would not have thought so. She had condemned herself, and therefore I should have spared her."

"But you did spare her. I am sure she feels that from the first to the last your conduct to her has been more than kind."

"And I owed her more than kindness, for I loved her; yes, I loved her, and I do love her. Though I am a feeble old man, tottering to my grave, yet I love her—love her as that boy loves the fair girl for whom he longs. He will overcome it, and forget it, and some other one as fair will take her place. But for me it is all over."

What could she say to him? In truth it was all over-such love at least as that of which his old heart was dreaming in its dotage. There is no Medea's caldron from which our limbs can come out young and fresh; and it were well that the heart should grow old as does the body.

"It is not all over while we are with you," she said, caressing him. But she knew that what she said was a subterfuge.

"Yes, yes; I have you, dearest," he answer- he said. "We have known each other too well

- fort was false and hollow.
- "And she starts on Thursday," he said; "on next Thursday."
- "Yes, on Thursday. It will be much better for her to be away from London. While she is there she never ventures even into the street."
 - "Edith, I shall see her before she goes."

"Will that be wise, Sir?"

- "Perhaps not. It may be foolish-very foolish; but still I shall see her. I think you forget, Edith, that I have never yet bidden her farewell. I have not spoken to her since that day when she behaved so generously."
 - "I do not think that she expects it, father."
- "No; she expects nothing for herself. Had it been in her nature to expect such a visit, I should not have been anxious to make it. I will go to-morrow. She is always at home, you say ?''
 - "Yes, she is always at home."

"And, Lucius-"

"You will not find him there in the daytime."

"I shall go to-morrow, dear. You need not tell Peregrine."

Mrs. Orme still thought that he was wrong, but she had nothing further to say. She could not hinder his going, and therefore, with his permission, she wrote a line to Lady Mason, telling her of his purpose. And then, with all the care in her power, and with infinite softness of manner, she warned him against the danger which she so much feared. What might be the result, if, overcome by tenderness, he should again ask Lady Mason to become his wife? Mrs. Orme firmly believed that Lady Mason would again refuse; but, nevertheless, there would be danger.

"No," said he, "I will not do that. When I have said so you may accept my word." Then she hastened to apologize to him, but he assured her with a kiss that he was in nowise angry with her.

He held by his purpose, and on the following day he went up to London. There was nothing said on the matter at breakfast, nor did she make any further endeavor to dissuade him. He was infirm, but still she knew that the actual fatigue would not be of a nature to injure him. Indeed her fear respecting him was rather in regard to his staving at home than to his going abroad. It would have been well for him could he have been induced to think himself fit for more active movement.

Lady Mason was alone when he reached the dingy little room near Finsbury Circus, and received him standing. She was the first to speak, and this she did before she had even touched his hand. She stood to meet him, with her eyes turned to the ground, and her hands tightly folded together before her. "Sir Peregrine," she said, "I did not expect from you this mark of your-kindness."

"Of my esteem and affection, Lady Mason."

Original from



MRS. ORME'S FAREWELL.

to allow of our parting without a word. I am an old man, and it will probably be forever."

Then she gave him her hand, and gradually lifted her eyes to his face. "Yes," she said; "it will be forever. There will be no coming back for me."

"Nay, nay; we will not say that. That's as may be hereafter. But it will not be at once. It had better not be quite at once. Edith tells me that you go on Thursday."

"Yes, Sir; we go on Thursday." She had still allowed her hand to remain in



his, but now she withdrew it, and asked him to | and comfort her, and heal that festering wound, "Lucius is not here," she said. sit down. "He never remains at home after breakfast. then he has lawyers to see."

Sir Peregrine had not at all wished to see Lucius Mason, but he did not say so. "You will give him my regards," he said, "and tell him that I trust that he may prosper."

"Thank you. I will do so. It is very kind of you to think of him."

"I have always thought highly of him as an excellent young man."

"And he is excellent. Where is there any one who could suffer without a word as he suffers? No complaint ever comes from him; and yet-I have ruined him."

"No, no. He has his youth, his intellect, and his education. If such a one as he can not earn his bread in the world-ay, and more than his bread-who can do so? Nothing ruins a young man but ignorance, idleness, and depravity."

"Nothing; unless those of whom he should be proud disgrace him before the eyes of the world. Sir Peregrine, I sometimes wonder at my own calmness. I wonder that I can live. But, believe me, that never for a moment do I forget what I have done. I would have poured out for him my blood like water, if it would have served him; but instead of that I have given him cause to curse me till the day of his death. Though I still live, and eat, and sleep, I think of that always. The remembrance is never away from me. They bid those who repent put on sackcloth, and cover themselves with ashes. That is my sackcloth, and it is very sore. Those thoughts are ashes to me, and they are very bitter between my teeth."

He did not know with what words to comfort her. It all was as she said, and he could not bid her even try to free herself from that sackcloth and from those ashes. It must be so. Were it not so with her, she would not have been in any degree worthy of that love which he felt for her. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," he

"Yes," she said, "for the shorn lamb-And then she was silent again. But could that bitter, biting wind be tempered for the she-wolf who, in the dead of night, had broken into the fold, and with prowling steps and cunning clutch had stolen the fodder from the sheep? That was the question as it presented itself to her; but she sat silent, and refrained from putting it into words. She sat silent, but he read her heart. "For the shorn lamb-" she had said, and he had known her thoughts, as they followed, quick, one upon another, through her "Mary," he said, seating himself now close beside her on the sofa, "if his heart be as true to you as mine, he will never remember these things against you."

"It is my memory, not his, that is my punishment," she said.

and stop that ever running gush of her heart's blood? But he could not. He had pledged He has much to settle as to our journey; and his word and pawned his honor. All the comfort that could be his to bestow must be given in those few minutes that remained to him in that room. And it must be given, too, without falsehood. He could not bring himself to tell her that the sackcloth need not be sore to her poor lacerated body, nor the ashes bitter between her teeth. He could not tell her that the cup of which it was hers to drink might yet be pleasant to the taste, and cool to the lips! What could he tell her? Of the only source of true comfort others, he knew, had spoken - others who had not spoken in vain. He could not now take up that matter, and press it on her with available strength. For him there was but one thing to say. He had forgiven her; he still loved her; he would have cherished her in his bosom had it been possible. He was a weak, old, foolish man; and there was nothing of which he could speak but of his own heart.

"Mary," he said, again taking her hand. "I wish-I wish that I could comfort you."

"And yet on you also have I brought trouble, and misery—and—all but disgrace.'

"No, my love, no; neither misery nor disgrace, except this misery, that I shall be no longer near to you. Yes, I will tell you all now. Were I alone in the world, I would still beg you to go back with me."

"It can not be: it could not possibly be so."

"No; for I am not alone. She who loves you so well has told me so. It must not be. But that is the source of my misery. I have learned to love you too well, and do not know how to part with you. If this had not been so I would have done all that an old man might to comfort vou."

"But it has been so," she said. "I can not wash out the past. Knowing what I did of myself, Sir Peregrine, I should never have put my foot over your threshold."

"I wish I might hear its step again upon my floors. I wish I might hear that light step once again."

"Never, Sir Peregrine. No one again ever shall rejoice to hear either my step or my voice, or to see my form, or to grasp my hand. The world is over for me, and may God soon grant me relief from my sorrow! But to you-in return for your goodness-"

"For my love."

"In return for your love what am I to say? I could have loved you with all my heart had it been so permitted. Nay, I did do so. Had that dream been carried out, I should not have sworn falsely when I gave you my hand. I bade her tell you so, from me, when I parted with her."

"She did tell me."

"I have known but little love. He-Sir Joseph-was my master rather than my husband. He was a good master, and I served him Why could he not take her home with him, truly—except in that one thing. But I never





SIR PEREGRINE'S FAREWELL.

loved him. But I am wrong to talk of this, and | quiet spirit, and a heart at rest! Till you hear I will not talk of it longer. May God bless you, that I am under the ground, you will know that Sir Peregrine! It will be well for both of us there is one living who loves you well." Then now that you should leave me."

he took her in his arms, twice kissed her on the "May God bless you, Mary, and preserve forehead, and left the room without further you, and give back to you the comforts of a speech on either side.



herself down, and her thoughts ran back over the whole course of her life. Early in her days, when the world was yet beginning to her, she had done one evil deed, and from that time up to those days of her trial she had been the victim of one incessant struggle to appear before the world as though that deed had not been done -to appear innocent of it before the world, but, beyond all things, innocent of it before her son. For twenty years she had striven with a labor that had been all but unendurable; and now she had failed, and every one knew her for what she was. Such had been her life; and then she thought of the life which might have been hers. In her earlier days she had known what it was to be poor, and had seen and heard those battles after money which harden our hearts, and quench the poetry of our natures. But it had not been altogether so with her. Had things gone differently with her it might afterward have been said that she had gone through the fire unscathed. But the beast had set his foot upon her, and when the temptation came it was too much for her. Not for herself would she have sinned, or have robbed that old man, who had been to her a kind master. But when a child was born to her, her eyes were blind, and she could not see that wealth ill gotten for her child would be as sure a curse as wealth ill gotten for herself. She remembered Rebekah, and with the cunning of a second Rebekah she filched a world's blessing for her baby. Now she thought of all this as pictures of that life which might have been hers passed before her mind's eye.

And they were pleasant pictures, had they not burned into her very soul as she looked at them. How sweet had been that drawing-room at The Cleeve, as she sat there in luxurious quiet with her new friend! How sweet had been that friendship with a woman pure in all her thoughts, graceful to the eye, and delicate in all her ways! She knew now, as she thought of this, that to her had been given the power to appreciate such delights as these. How full of charm to her would have been that life, in which there had been so much of true, innocent affection, had the load ever been absent from her shoulders! And then she thought of Sir Peregrine, with his pleasant, ancient manner and truth of heart. and told herself that she could have been happy with the love of even so old a man as that, had that burden been away from her! But the burden had never been away-never could be away. Then she thought once more of her stern but just son, and as she bowed her head and kissed the rod she prayed that her release might come to her soon.

And now we will say farewell to her, and as we do so the chief interest of our tale will end. I may, perhaps, be thought to owe an apology to my readers in that I have asked their sympathy for a woman who had so sinned as to have placed her beyond the general sympathy of the world at large. If so, I tender my apology, and perhaps feel that I should confess a fault. But

Lady Mason, as soon as she was alone, sat as I have told her story that sympathy has grown upon myself till I have learned to forgive her, and to feel that I too could have regarded her as a friend. Of her future life I will not venture to say any thing. But no lesson is truer than that which teaches us to believe that God does temper the wind to the shorn lamb. To how many has it not seemed, at some one period of their lives, that all was over for them, and that to them in their afflictions there was nothing left but to die! And yet they have lived to laugh again, to feel that the air was warm and the earth fair, and that God in giving them ever-springing hope had given every thing. How many a sun may seem to set on an endless night, and yet rising again on some morrow-

> "He tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore Flames in the forehead of the morning sky."

For Lady Mason let us hope that the day will come in which she also may once again trick her beams in some modest, unassuming way, and that for her the morning may even yet be sweet with a glad warmth. For us, here in these pages, it must be sufficient to say this last kindly farewell.

As to Lucius Mason and the arrangement of his affairs with his step-brother a very few concluding words will suffice. When Joseph Mason left the office of Messrs. Round and Crook he would gladly have sacrificed all hope of any eventual pecuniary benefit from the possession of Orley Farm could he by doing so have secured the condign punishment of her who had so long kept him out of his inheritance. he soon found that he had no means of doing this. In the first place, he did not know where to turn for advice. He had quarreled absolutely with Dockwrath, and though he now greatly distrusted the Rounds, he by no means put implicit trust in him of Hamworth. Of the Rounds he suspected that they were engaged to serve his enemy, of Dockwrath he felt sure that he was anxious only to serve himself. Under these circumstances he was driven into the arms of a third attorney, and learned from him, after a delay that cut him to the soul, that he could take no further criminal proceeding against Lady Mason. It would be impossible to have her even indicted for the forgery-seeing that two juries, at the interval of twenty years, had virtually acquitted her-unless new evidence which should be absolute and positive in its kind should be forthcoming. But there was no new evidence of any kind. The offer made to surrender the of any kind. property was no evidence for a jury, whatever it might be in the mind of the world at large.

"And what am I to do?" asked Mason.

"Take the goods the gods provide you," said the attorney. "Accept the offer which your half-brother has very generously made you."

"Generously!" shouted Mason of Groby.

"Well, on his part it is generous. It is quite within his power to keep it; and were he to do so no one would say he was wrong. Why should he judge his mother?"

Then Mr. Joseph Mason went to another at-

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torney; but it was of no avail. The time was passing away, and he learned that Lady Mason and Lucius had actually started for Germany. In his agony for revenge he had endeavored to obtain some legal order that should prevent her departure—"ne exeat regno," as he repeated over and over again to his advisers learned in the law. But it was of no avail. Lady Mason had been tried and acquitted, and no judge would interfere.

"We should soon have her back again, you know, if we had evidence of forgery," said the last attorney.

"Then, by ——! we will have her back again," said Mason.

But the threat was vain; nor could he get any one even to promise him that she could be prosecuted and convicted. And by degrees the desire for vengeance slackened as the desire for gain resumed its sway. Many men have threatened to spend a property upon a lawsuit who have afterward felt grateful that their threats were made abortive. And so it was with Mr. Mason. After remaining in town over a month he took the advice of the first of those new lawyers and allowed that gentleman to put himself in communication with Mr. Furnival. The result was that by the end of six months he again came out of Yorkshire to take upon himself the duties and privileges of the owner of Orley Farm.

And then came his great fight with Dockwrath, which in the end ruined the Hamworth attorney, and cost Mr. Mason more money than he ever liked to confess. Dockwrath claimed to be put in possession of Orley Farm at an exceedingly moderate rent, as to the terms of which he was prepared to prove that Mr. Mason had already entered into a contract with him. Mr. Mason utterly ignored such contract, and contended that the words contained in a certain note produced by Dockwrath amounted only to a proposition to let him the land in the event of certain circumstances and results, which circumstances and results never took place.

This lawsuit Mr. Joseph Mason did win, and Mr. Samuel Dockwrath was, as I have said, ruined. What the attorney did to make it necessary that he should leave Hamworth I do not know; but Miriam, his wife, is now the mistress of that lodging-house to which her own mahogany furniture was so ruthlessly removed.

CHAPTER LXXX.

SHOWING HOW AFFAIRS SETTLED THEMSELVES AT NONINGSBY.

We must now go back to Noningsby for one concluding chapter, and then our work will be completed.

"You are not to go away from Noningsby up. I do when the trial is over, you know. Mamma said that I had better tell you so." It was thus that "Who, Madeline had spoken to Felix Graham as he colonies?"

was going out to the judge's carriage on the last morning of the celebrated great Orley Farm case, and as she did so she twisted one of her little fingers into one of his button-holes. This she did with a prettiness of familiarity, and the assumption of a right to give him orders and hold him to obedience, which was almost intoxicating in its sweetness. And why should she not be familiar with him? Why should she not hold him to obedience by his button-hole? Was he not her own? Had she not chosen him and taken him up to the exclusion of all other such choosings and takings?

"I shall not go till you send me," he said, putting up his hand as though to protect his coat, and just touching her fingers as he did so.

"Mamma says it will be stupid for you in the mornings, but it will not be worse for you than for Augustus. He stays till after Easter."

"And I shall stay till after Whitsuntide unless I am turned out."

"Oh! but you will be turned out. I am not going to make myself answerable for any improper amount of idleness. Papa says you have got all the law courts to reform."

"There must be a double Hercules for such a set of stables as that," said Felix; and then with the slight ceremony to which I have before adverted he took his leave for the day.

- "I suppose there will be no use in delaying it," said Lady Staveley, on the same morning as she and her daughter sat together in the drawing-room. They had already been talking over the new engagement by the hour together; but that is a subject on which mothers with marriageable daughters never grow tired, as all mothers and marriageable daughters know full well.
 - "Oh! mamma, I think it must be delayed."
- "But why, my love? Mr. Graham has not said so?"
- "You must call him Felix, mamma. I'm sure it's a nice name."
 - "Very well, my dear, I will."
- "No; he has said nothing yet. But of course he means to wait till—till it will be prudent"
- "Men never care for prudence of that kind when they are really in love; and I'm sure he is."
 - "Is he, mamma?"
- "He will marry on any thing or nothing. And if you speak to him he tells you of how the young ravens were fed. But he always forgets that he's not a young raven himself."
 - "Now you're only joking, mamma."
- "Indeed I'm quite in earnest. But I think your papa means to make up an income for you—only you must not expect to be rich."
 - "I do not want to be rich. I never did."
 "I suppose you will live in London, and then
- you can come down here when the courts are up. I do hope he won't ever want to take a situation in the colonies."
- "Who, Felix? Why should he go to the



- "They always do—the clever young barristers who marry before they have made their way. That would be very dreadful. I really think it would kill me."
 - "Oh! mamma, he sha'n't go to any colony."
- "To be sure there are the county courts now, and they are better. I suppose you wouldn't like to live at Leeds or Merthyr-Tydvil?"
- "Of course I shall live wherever he goes; but I don't know why you should send him to Merthyr-Tydvil."

"Those are the sort of places they do go to. There is young Mrs. Bright Newdegate—she had to go to South Shields, and her babies are all dreadfully delicate. She lost two, you know. I do think the Lord Chancellor ought to think about that. Reigate, or Maidstone, or anywhere about Great Marlow would not be so bad." And in this way they discussed the coming event and the happy future, while Felix himself was listening to the judge's charge and thinking of his client's guilt.

Then there were two or three days passed at Noningsby of almost unalloyed sweetness. It seemed that they had all agreed that Prudence should go by the board, and that Love with sweet promises, and hopes bright as young trees in spring, should have it all her own way. Judge Staveley was a man who on such an occasion-knowing with whom he had to dealcould allow ordinary prudence to go by the board. There are men, and excellent men too, from whose minds the cares of life never banish themselves, who never seem to remember that provision is made for the young ravens. They toil and spin always, thinking sternly of the worst and rarely hoping for the best. They are ever making provision for rainy days, as though there were to be no more sunshine. So anxious are they for their children that they take no pleasure in them, and their fear is constant that the earth will cease to produce her fruits. Of such was not the judge. "Dulce est desipere in locis," he would say, "and let the opportunities be frequent and the occasions many.' Such a love-making opportunity as this surely should be one.

So Graham wandered about through the dry March winds with his future bride by his side, and never knew that the blasts came from the pernicious east. And she would lean on his arm as though he had been the friend of her earliest years, listening to and trusting him in all things. That little finger, as they stood together, would get up to his button-hole, and her bright, frank eyes would settle themselves on his, and then her hand would press closely upon his arm, and he knew that she was neither ashamed nor afraid of her love. Her love to her was the same as her religion. When it was once acknowledged by her to be a thing good and trust-worthy, all the world might know Was it not a glory to her that he had chosen her, and why should she conceal her glory? Had it been that some richer, greater man had and high place in the world approved—it may well be that then she would have been less free with him.

"Papa would like it best if you would give up your writing, and think of nothing but the law," she said to him. In answer to which he told her, with many compliments to the special fox in question, that story of the fox who had lost his tail and thought it well that other foxes should dress themselves as he was dressed.

"At any rate papa looks very well without his tail," said Madeline, with somewhat of a daughter's pride. "But you shall wear yours all the same, if you like it," she added, with much of a young maiden's love.

As they were thus walking near the house on the afternoon of the third or fourth day after the trial, one of the maids came to them and told Madeline that a gentleman was in the house who wished to see her.

"A gentleman!" said Madeline.

"Mr. Orme, Miss. My lady told me to ask you up if you were any where near."

"I suppose I must go," said Madeline, from whom all her pretty freedom of manner and light happiness of face departed on the moment. She had told Felix every thing as to poor Peregrine in return for that story of his respecting Mary Snow. To her it seemed as though that had made things equal between them-for she was too generous to observe that though she had given nothing to her other lover, Felix had been engaged for many months to marry his other love. But girls, I think, have no objection to They do not desire first-fruits, or even early fruits, as men do. Indeed I am not sure whether experience, on the part of a gentleman, in his use of his heart, is not supposed by most young ladies to enhance the value of the article. Madeline was not in the least jealous of Marv Snow; but with great good-nature promised to look after her and patronize her when she should have become Mrs. Albert Fitzallen. "But I don't think I should like that Mrs. Thomas,' she said.

"You would have mended the stockings for her all the same."

"Oh yes, I would have done that; and so did Miss Snow. But I would have kept my box locked. She should never have seen my letters."

It was now absolutely necessary that she should return to the house, and say to Peregrine Orme what words of comfort might be possible for her. If she could have spoken simply with her heart she would have said much that was friendly, even though it might not be comfortable. But it was necessary that she should express herself in words, and she felt that the task was very difficult. "Will you come in?" she said to Felix.

good and trust-worthy, all the world might know
it. Was it not a glory to her that he had chosen her, and why should she conceal her glory?
Had it been that some richer, greater man had
won her love—some one whose titles were known

"No, I think not. But he's a splendid fellow, and to me was a stanch friend. If I can
catch him as he comes out I will speak to him."
And then Madeline, with hesitating steps, with
her hat still on her head and her gloves on her

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hands, walked through the hall into the drawing-room. There she found her mother seated on the sofa, and Peregrine Orme standing before her. Madeline walked up to him with extended hand and a kindly welcome, though she felt that the color was high in her cheeks. Of course it would be impossible to come out from such an interview as this without having confessed her position, or hearing it confessed by her mother in her presence. That, however, had been already done, and Peregrine knew that the prize was gone.

"How do you do, Miss Staveley?" said he.
"As I am going to leave The Cleeve for a long time, I have come over to say good-by to Lady Staveley—and to you."

"Are you going away, Mr. Orme?"

"Yes, I shall go abroad—to Central Africa, I think. It seems a wild sort of a place, with plenty of animals to kill."

"But isn't it very dangerous?"

- "No, I don't think so. The people always come back alive. I've a sort of idea that nothing will kill me. At any rate I couldn't stay here."
- "Madeline, dear, I've told Mr. Orme that you have accepted Mr. Graham. With a friend such as he is I know that you will not be anxious to keep this a secret."

"No, mamma."

"I was sure of that; and now that your papa has consented to it, and that it is quite fixed, I am sure that it is better that he should know it. We shall always look upon him as a very dear friend—if he will allow us."

Then it was necessary that Peregrine should speak, which he did as follows, holding Madeline's hand for the first three or four seconds of the time: "Miss Staveley, I will say this of myself, that if ever a fellow loved a girl truly, I loved you; and I do so now as well or better than ever. It is no good my pretending to be contented, and all that sort of thing. I am not contented, but very unhappy. I have never wished for but one thing in my life; and for that I would have given all that I have in the world. I know that I can not have it, and that I am not fit to have it."

"Oh, Mr. Orme, it is not that."

"But it is that. I knew you before Graham did, and loved you quite as soon. I believe—though of course I don't mean to ask any questions—but I believe I told you so before he ever did."

"Marriages, they say, are planned in heaven," said Lady Staveley.

"Perhaps they are. I only wish this one had not been planned there. I can not help it —I can not express my satisfaction, though I will heartily wish for your happiness. I knew from the first how it would be, and was always sure that I was a fool to love you. I should have gone away when I first thought of it, for I used to feel that you never cared to speak to me."

"Oh, indeed I did," said poor Madeline.

"No, you did not. And why should you when I had nothing to say for myself? I ought to have fallen in love with some foolish chit with as little wit about her as I have myself."

"I hope you will fall in love with some very nice girl," said Lady Staveley, "and that we shall know her and love her very much."

"Oh, I dare say I shall marry some day. I feel now as though I should like to break my neck, but I don't suppose I shall. Good-by, Lady Staveley."

"Good-by, Mr. Orme; and may God send

that you may be happy!"

"Good-by, Madeline. I shall never call you so again—except to myself. I do wish you may be happy—I do indeed. As for him—he has been before me and taken away all that I wanted to win."

By this time the tears were in his eyes, and his voice was not free from their effect. Of this he was aware, and therefore, pressing her hand, he turned upon his heel and abruptly left the room. He had been unable to say that he wished also that Felix might be happy; but this omission was forgiven him by both the ladies. Poor Madeline, as he went, muttered a kind farewell, but her tears had mastered her also, so that she could hardly speak.

He went directly to the stables, there got upon his horse, and then walked slowly down the avenue toward the gate. He had got the better of that tear-compelling softness as soon as he found himself beyond the presence of the girl he loved, and was now stern in his mood, striving to harden his heart. He had confessed himself a fool in comparison with Felix Graham; but yet, he asked himself, in spite of that, was it not possible that he would have made her a better husband than the other? It was not to his title or his estate that he trusted as he so thought, but to a feeling that he was more akin to her in circumstances, in ways of life, and in tenderness of heart. As all this was passing through his mind Felix Graham presented himself to him in the road.

"Orme," said he, "I heard that you were in the house, and have come to shake hands with you. I suppose you have heard what has taken place. Will you not shake hands with me?"

"No," said Peregrine, "I will not."

"I am sorry for that, for we were good friends, and I owe you much for your kindness. It was a fair stand-up fight, and you should not be angry."

"I am angry, and I don't want your friendship. Go and tell her that I say so, if you like."

"No, I will not do that."

"I wish with all my heart that we had both killed ourselves at that bank."

"For shame, Orme, for shame!"

"Very well, Sir; let it be for shame." And then he passed on, meaning to go through the gate, and leaving Graham on the grass by the roadside. But before he had gone a hundred yards down the road his better feelings came back upon him, and he returned.



"No, no; I am sure you did not mean them," said Felix, putting his hand on the horse's mane.

"I did mean them then, but I do not mean them now. I won't say any thing about wishes. Of course you will be happy with her. Any body would be happy with her. I suppose you won't die, and give a fellow another chance."

"Not if I can help it," said Graham.

"Well, if you are to live, I don't wish you any evil. I do wish you hadn't come to Noningsby, that's all. Good-by to you." And he held out his hand, which Graham took.

"We shall be good friends yet, for all that is come and gone," said Graham; and then there were no more words between them.

Peregrine did as he said, and went abroad, extending his travels to many wild countries, in which, as he used to say, any one else would have been in danger. No danger ever came to him—so at least he frequently wrote word to his mother. Gorillas he slew by scores, lions by hundreds, and elephants sufficient for an ivory palace. The skins, and bones, and other trophies, he sent home in various ships; and when he appeared in London as a lion no man doubted his word. But then he did not write a book, nor even give lectures; nor did he presume to know much about the huge brutes he had slain, except that they were pervious to powder and ball.

Sir Peregrine had endeavored to keep him at home by giving up the property into his hands; but neither for grandfather, nor for mother, nor for lands and money would he remain in the neighborhood of Noningsby. "No, mother," he said; "it will be better for me to be away." And away he went.

The old baronet lived to see him return, though with plaintive wail he often declared to his daughter-in-law that this was impossible. He lived, but he never returned to that living life which had been his before he had taken up the battle for Lady Mason. He would sometimes allow Mrs. Orme to drive him about the grounds, but otherwise he remained in the house, sitting solitary over his fire, with a book, indeed, open before him, but rarely reading. He was waiting patiently, as he said, till death should come to him.

Mrs. Orme kept her promise, and wrote constantly to Lady Mason, hearing from her as constantly. When Lucius had been six months in Germany he decided on going to Australia, leaving his mother for the present in the little German town in which they were staying. For her, on the whole, the change was for the better. As to his success in a thriving colony there can be but little doubt.

Felix Graham was soon married to Madeline; and as yet I have not heard of any banishment either to Patagonia or to Merthyr-Tydvil.

And now I may say, Farewell.

A CAMP-MEETING IN TENNES-SEE.

A N hour since I was listening to the fervid, fiery Parson Brownlow, and now I am thinking not so much of his moving narration as of a former visit to Tennessee, and my first attendance at a camp-meeting held by the denomination of which the free-spoken Parson is a member. Had he only been present on this occasion I should be less doubtful of the acceptableness of my reminiscences.

In the summer of 1856, in company with Rev. Mr. Warner, of Boston, I visited a favorite cousin residing in Tennessee. We found him delightfully situated, with a lovely wife and interesting little daughter, who soon became my especial pet and plaything. Walter M'Connell was a man of genial, affectionate, and hopeful nature; loved and esteemed by his equals, and fairly worshiped by his servants, who found in him a kind and considerate master—a rarer article, they seemed to think, than some Northern politicians would have us imagine.

Mr. Warner was an Episcopal clergyman, and an agreeable though fastidious gentleman. Very sensitive to variations from his established customs and ideas, he was still neither irritable nor perverse in the maintenance of his views of right and propriety. My cousin had been his warm friend and class-mate in college, and good-naturedly amused himself during our visit with "showing up heathendom to my very proper and reverend friend, Ned Warner."

Prominent in the sable household was a devoted, affectionate creature, originally rejoicing in the classic name of Juno. But the heathen goddess vanished when, as Nonie's nurse, she was christened by that little lady's baby lips "Mammy June."

She came into the parlor one morning, her honest black face radiant and shining as the month of roses, whose namesake she was. Finding her mistress, she spoke quite in an ecstasy:

"Miss Kate, than's a new preacher cum to the camp-meeting gwine on at Salem, an' I's jes studyin' if I can get to go dis evenin'?"

"Well, June, can he preach, or is he a trifling, no-account fellow like that Jacobs?"

"No, Missus, not a natomy like Jacobs is dis yer. I heerd him las Sunday night, au' he's powerful: dat's so. He tell'd us 'bout de judgment-day till I fairly 'spected to hear Gabriel toot ebery minnit. And he tell'd ob de lake of fire, and us cumbrous timmer as what'll be cut down, and slung in, till I jes heerd de flames a-cracklin' 'mong de dead branches, and suckin' up de dry leaves. An' he done said how none ob us could hide out de way in dat turrible time, but whareber we's at, plum hind a mighty big rock or clar up de furdest mounting, we'll hear de Lord's driber blowin' his horn, loud as thunder. An' he'll take de whole raft ob us wid a come-quick to de Lord in glory or de debbil in hell."

"Well, Mammy, you've proved him a preach-



er; go as soon as you like, and do take that | surfaces presented quite a gay and banner-like witch, Hally, along-she'll mind no one but

"Kate," said M'Connell, "suppose we all go over this evening. It'll be a fine opportunity for Ned to cultivate another branch of the church catholic, and Philip is already 'a wide liker.' What say you?"

"Oh, I go with pleasure, if the gentlemen like; but I think, Walter, you should offer Mr. Warner another inducement—the scenery is certainly fine."

"Very, Ned, and the apostolic succession undoubted. Like Peter and his associates, these stirring preachers are mostly 'unlearned and ignorant men;' and excellent Christians are some of them; ditto their hearers. Mammy 'got religion,' as she terms it, fifteen years ago at a camp-meeting, and a better old soul never lived."

"I presume I can not refuse attending any tomfoolery in the county, M'Connell, on pain of being called strait-laced Pharisee, bigoted Churchman, and the like. So I'll away to this Methodish pow-wow as soon as you please. All the more readily for the hint of a landscape given by your generous wife."

"It is ten miles to the ground. We will drive over in time to look around the secular department before dark, and after ten o'clock we have the finest of moons for our return."

The day was delightful, and seemed exuberantly happy in having found the very golden mean of temperature. Our road wound about with charming indirectness, affording us a varicty of prospect. Here it passed through a woodland, where great downy flakes from the tall cotton-wood were sailing slowly and leisurely down, filling the air and covering the ground with a summer shower of snow. Soon we were on an emerald plain bounded in the distance by lofty hills. "See that hill range, Phil!" exclaimed Warner; "green as Vermont's own."

"That chain is called Cedar Hills," replied Mrs. M'Connell. They are covered with that tree; and here let me repeat a remark of Mammy June's on the cedar: "It's the pootiest bush yet, Missus; 'tan't never dead." Docsn't "never dead" rival our phrase ever-green in poetical force?

We reached Salem Camp an hour before dark. This time we devoted to observations on the secular department, as Walter called the living-place. For thirty years this had been an established camp-ground; a place of annual resort for the hundreds in attendance upon the meeting of a week's duration. In the centre of the temporary village was a long row of permanent wooden buildings, much like the horsesheds about a country meeting-house in New England. These were dwelling-places for many; but the greater part of those in attendance occupied tents, which were of all shapes and colorswhite being most prevalent. The humbler of these were formed of old blankets and worn

appearance.

Suppers were in all stages of activity and preparation at this hour. Negroes and poor negroless whites considered it a time of pressing business. Some were "toting" water from the creek or spring, others milking the cows. Here a woman took hoe-cakes from the ashes, while her neighbor placed a bacon-filled "skillet" —as they term a frying-pan—over a gipsy fire. Troops of children, equipped with huge corndodgers and slices of fat pork, wandered at will, each juvenile having at least two curs in close attendance. These little folks seemed chiefly interested in the feeding and watering of the numerous animals, which occupied a large force of negroes and "white trash." Around suburban stalls, from which liquors, tobacco, etc., were dispensed, sat groups of men drinking, smoking, chewing, spitting, and talking. The conversation seemed unequally divided between politics and religion; the gifts of Elder Jones and the prospects of Buchanan. Matters of state had the ascendency; and more offensive imprecations were hurled at "them devil's chil'en, the Abolitionists," than at the paternal Satan himself.

Just before evening service-"night meetin" rather-we proceeded to the sanctum sanctorum; and it was a noble specimen of "God's first temples," that grove of giant trees, miles from the habitation of man, on the right bank of the Cahoo—a noble stream, pronounced "a mighty 1 ooty creek" by the natives. All undergrowth and smaller trees had been carefully removed; none were spared but patriarchal oaks, whose cups had caught the dews of centuries, and towering hickories, that had tossed their nuts on the graves of successive generations. Between these sylvan pillars the grass grew long and soft, and now lay in plushy mats from the trampling feet. Away up among the green-leaved arches gleamed the stars, like bright birds resting on the topmost boughs in their upward flight.

Blazing pine-knots and smoking torches, in countless numbers, made a strange glitter in the darkness. They seemed a congregation of mammoth fire-flies, now dancing at sight of their imaged forms in the water below, then leaping and reaching for some passing breeze. Surrounded by troops of fitful, flickering shadows they gave an air of grotesque beauty to the scene.

The grove was longer than wide, and several speakers' stands were erected, some rods apart, for the accommodation of the vast congregation of hearers. We stopped in the vicinity of the first we reached, although "the new preacher"-Elder Jones—held forth at the stand below. The view from here was so wildly picturesque that we cared not to exchange it for other groupings. The long lines of white tents lay at an enchanting distance; beyond slept the quiet dimpled valley, dreaming of May-flowers and sheaves of gold; guarding its slumbers stood those faraway sentinel hills, drinking the dews of the twilight and clasping the mists of the morning. bed-quilts, whose parti-colored though tattered The clouds stooped to kiss their green plumes,



and the zephyrs wooed them lovingly, but in tles, the goodly fellowship of the Prophets, and of their first allegiance. "Ah, Cousin Kate, see, is an old favorite hymn of mine. Thereyou were quite right. None but an artist eye hark!" located Salem Camp."

Shortly after our arrival horns were sounded, and soon hundreds of people were pouring into the grove. Rough planks fastened to stakes firmly driven into the ground afforded seats to such as chose them. But the greatest latitude in position and manner was allowed. Some reclined on the grass, others leaned against trees, while a few venturesome youngsters were perched like crows in the branches above.

The hearers comfortably arranged in their various attitudes, a white-haired yet vigorous old man commenced the services with an eloquent prayer. Its every clause met scores of appreciative and fervent responses in all manner of twanging Amens; ejaculations of "That's so!" "Yes, Lord!" "Send a witness!" "True as Bible!" etc., accompanied by groanings and snortings indescribable.

"Ned," whispered M'Connell, "which is the active voice? Wouldn't that style of response suit you precisely? You'd say the Apostle's Creed backward in your bewilderment.

But Father Hill would have been quite lost without these rejoinders, and at the close of each distinct petition paused for the never-failing in-

The final Amen was followed by "The Hebrew Children"-a well-known hymn, as are all in use at night camp-meetings. Hymn-books and pine-knots are not made for each other-to say nothing of a necessary acquaintance with the invention of Cadmus, as perfected by the printing Dutchman, on the part of the singers.

The vast assembly rose, and all, even the boys in the trees, sung with a will. The air was a sort of chant or recitative, and though harsh voices joined in it, that volume of sound had a thrilling, inspiring power. Richer, fuller than any anthem from deep-toned organ rose the grand chorus of hope:

> "By-and-by we'll go and meet them, Safe in the promised land."

And the hymn proceeds:

"Where now is the good old Daniel? Where now is the good old Daniel? Where now is the good old Daniel? Safe in the promised land.

"He went up from the den of lions, He went up from the den of lions, He went up from the den of lions, Safe to the promised land."

"Rather a free grouping of incidents, M'Connell," said Warner. "I fear the Scripture worthies would hardly know if 'I be I' in this rapid sequence of their life's leading events."

"Yes, a terrible massacre of the unities, Ned; and yet not so great a misrepresentation after all. But listen to the next stanza. It has a glimpse of the same spirit that prompted 'Te Deum Laudamus,' with its glowing remem-

They were faithful to the lowly valley the noble army of Martyrs.' This hymn, you

- "Where now are the saints and martyrs? Where now are the saints and martyrs? Where now are the saints and martyrs? Safe in the promised land.
- "They went up through great tribulation, They went up through great tribulation, They went up through great tribulation, Safe to the promised land.
- "By-and-by we'll go and meet them, By-and-by we'll go and meet them."

"Doesn't it bring the cloud of witnesses very near? After all, Ned, the communion of the saints is far more extended than we incline to think."

The singing concluded, Father Hill announced his text: "He that endureth to the end shall receive a crown of life."

The lapse of time, and my want of acquaintance with the local idioms, which gave the sermon a quaint raciness, disqualify me for the part of a reporter. I feel constrained to beg the good man's pardon for presenting these mutilated and detached portions of his discourse as I recall them:

"Endureth what, bretheren? I take it to be the cross-the cross which every geniwine sureenough Christian must bear like his blessed Master afore him. We hain't all got the same cross-oh no! Thar's no two jes like no more than our eyes or noses. The same pattern wouldn't fit us all; but thar's nary rale child of God but has his cross made a purpose for him and no other. And let him love it as God's kiss; not endure it a-whinin', an' grudgin', an' a-draggin' it 'long in the dust. Let him bear it proudly, as a soldier carries his gun; and tenderly, as the lover holds the rose-bud given by his sweet-heart.

"It's Christ's draft for a crown. You know how men carry drafts to the bank for gold and silver. Bime-by, in the fields of glory, you'll see stacks and stacks of golden crowns all glitterin' with jewels, and shinin' with stars-and they're all crowns of life. Once on your head, it will ache no more. Your hair will never turn gray. Sickness, pain, and death will be done forgot for ever and evermore - for they're all crowns of life. But though there's heaps an' heaps you must show a draft or nary a one will you get.

"The Lord will say, 'Whar's your cross, stranger?' And when you show him the battered old thing he'll answer, 'All right; angel, give this brother or this sister a crown.' And, bretheren, the heavier, the crookeder, the uglier the cross, jes so much brighter 'll be the crown. P'r'aps 'twas a thorny cross, tearin' your flesh, and spotted with your blood. Well, every blooddrop 'll turn to a costly jewel in your splendid crown, and will shine like the sun while you dance in silver slippers above.

"So you see you must endure it to the endbrance of 'the glorious company of the Apos- | fur thar's no possumin' thar. 'Twon't do to say



that you toted it a good spell, till so mighty tired that you jes got shet of it fornenst that big hill or deep river. You'd a heap better never teched it if you don't endure clear to the end.

"We can't allus know for sure sartain, bretheren, who's barin' the cross in this yer world and who's not, for it's a world of make-believes and shams. When I mind all the humbugs I've seen on this yer globe, it 'pears like it might possum the great fire at last, and 'stead o' burnin' sound and solid-like, jes roll up inter a big ball of gas and hustle off into space.

"No, bretheren, the cross-bearers ain't labeled here below, and we're sometimes mightily taken in. One goes loging and limpin' along like his back was most broke with a cross of lead, and we say, 'Thar's a saint. Jes look at Brother B. endurin' his cross. He's a'mos' ripe for glory!' Like enough he hasn't the shadow of a cross, and is just packin' around his luggage of self and sin. And here comes a sister singin' and skippin' like ready to fly, and we say, 'Giddy Sister A., poor thing! I'm afeard she's nary harp and crown above!' And perhaps the inseein' Lord knows jes how she's endurin' a sharp cutting cross right on her heart. and in her arms, and that she does it so gladly out of love to Him who died for her crown of

"No, bretheren, we can't say who's cross-bearers here, without any doubt; and I expect, if I am ever so happy as to reach heaven, to be completely through-othered with the folks I shall meet and miss. Them I never thought o' seein' thar 'll take me by the hand and say, 'How d'ye, Brother Hill?' and them that I reckoned had a good title, years ago, to a mansion incorruptible, and whom I hoped to find settled down to house-keepin' nice and comfortable won't be thar, nor nowhar tharabout. Yes, I expect to be surprised—but more at finding William Hill safe landed on the shores of glory than at any body else. I'm such a vile sinner that it will throughother me out and out.

"A crown of life in heaven! Friends, if you only knowed the place you wouldn't groan about your cross. It is so exceedin' glorious that one glimpse of it struck Paul dumb, and he wrote afterward that the language hadn't yet been made that could describe it. I tried last night, in my poor way, to give you some idee of that celestial country; and what I said then is all true, every word—for, bretheren, it's a rale Tennessee of a place.

"If ye mind yer own cross ye'll have plenty to do without studyin' about your neighbor's cross, that's noways like yours. But thar's many a one who, in the words of Scripture, strains at another's gnat when he could vomit a camel himself; and I'm mighty afeard some o' you'll miss goin' into heaven yerselves from bein' so busy watching who does get in, that the door will be shet plum-to afore you mind. Now hold on to your individual cross, every last one of ye, till ye've swapped it for a crown of life!"

The congregation here sung a hymn, known from its chorus, which is,

"O stem the storm! it won't be long; We'll anchor by-and-by."

Brother Brinsmade then rose for a short exhortation, as he premised. He was so hoarse that a fulfillment of his promise seemed probable.

"Bretheren and sisters, I've talked so much this week that my voice is nigh giving out. And yet I must say one word to these poor sinners; and I will, if it immolates me on this altar. And then the good Father above will give me a pair of lungs to match the talkest angel about the throne, and I'll shout 'Glory!' with the best of them.

"I was glad to hear 'O stem the storm!' it's a favorite hime of mine, for I was converted in a storm, twenty years ago and odd. I was a wild young fellow then, and we was plum-rough down here. If we'd a coon-skin cap, deer-skin breeches, and moccasins, we was dressed up sure, and went it prime at many a hoe-down. We hadn't no occasion then for gloves, pole-hats, nor broadcloth; and I reckon these yer girls ain't no pootier in muslins and bootees than their mothers was in linsey and barefoot.

"Yes, I was convarted in a storm, and a right smart chance of 'em I've had since. It 'pears like Satan holds a pertikkeler spite at me, and never quits pesterin' even for a breathing spell; but keeps tusslin' and wrastlin' with me constant.

"And, bretheren, you and I know that occasionally, if not oftener, I've been the under-dog in the fight. Many's the lammin' I've took from him. But when he had the best of it, and I was jes ready to give in beat, the Lord reached out the hand, and I up and at him agin. And so I reckon 'twill be till I die—harricane on harricane, till I go up to glory in a regular whirlwind, and anchor by-and-by. But so I'm sure enough thar at last, I'm noways choosy about the road. I'm my Heavenly Father's child. He may give me jes such a raising as suits him, so he'll take me home at the end.

"But what will you poor sinners do that don't onst try to stem the storm, and makes no show of fightin' Satan, but just up and crony with him, like he was an angel of light or a great gold eagle? A storm is coming worse than all these yer—one that will rain fire and brimstone; and there is but one shelter from it, and that's heaven.

"And a pooty fist you'll make of it knockin' and halloin' at that place, and callin' on the Lord, when you never answered his call here below, but disremembered all his precepts and done forgot his reproof. Now salvation is plain and easy; you can build on the rock, and be sure. No account how black you are, how poor you are, how ignorant you are. The Lord don't mind a hair whether you're white or black, you'll all be angel-color in heaven. Your Maker sets no store on your money, and don't care if ye haven't one lone picayune. He don't ask for no book-larnin' nor eddication; he only wants you



to have the good horse-sense to obey his commandments right off. And here's one of them, 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.'

"Now, while the bretheren and sisters sing 'We're passing away,' let all who will obey the Lord, stem the storms of this life, and be safely landed on Canaan's shore at the great day, come up to the altar, and help us beg for mercy on their poor souls."

The scene that followed baffles description. Numbers went forward and knelt around the rude railing. All of twenty preachers, with zealous lay men and women, prayed, entreated, exhorted, and shouted at once, while laboring with "the seekers," producing confusion of the first quality. These seekers were in all stages of excitement, weeping and shrieking; tearing their hair, and springing about with violent gestures; while a few remained quiet and apparently thoughtful.

Each exhorter seemed desirous of being the loudest, and the strange medley that reached my ears was sometimes ludicrous in the extreme. From one came the exclamation, "This poor man is agoing right to the pit of darkness!"—"Amen! the Lord grant it," was screamed from another quarter.

These exercises had been prolonged nearly an hour when several of the seekers were taken with "the power," as it is termed. I had never witnessed this affection, and was interested by it to a painful degree.

One fine-looking girl, with a most interesting countenance, I observed particularly. She had seemed frantic with agony, wildly swaying from side to side. But now she stood statue-like and motionless. Her hands were tightly clenched, and her entire expression that of acute mental distress. Her luxuriant hair had escaped from its fastening, and falling almost to her feet gave an air of classic grace to her figure. With her pale, earnest face in that fixed agony of terror and supplication, while her splendid, dreamy eyes—such as I call Indian summer eyes—had a far-off look, as if they gazed on the dread mysteries of eternity. She was a noble study for a painter. Suddenly, with one piercing scream, the tense muscles relaxed, and she fell to the earth in what seemed the silence and pallor of death, and lay like some sweet-shadowed lily reft from its stem.

Several old ladies immediately surrounded her, bending over and hemming her in, as if for the express purpose of excluding any chance breath of air. Father Hill, too, came up, "Thank the Lord, he's sent a witness to this young sister. He's showing her the crown of life!" All in the immediate circle joined him in a vigorous hand-clapping and shoutings of "Glory!" Perhaps it was the best restorative, for presently there was a slight tremor in the prostrate figure. Life was seen timidly stealing over the cold, rigid face, and then slowly and wearily the eyes unclosed, still with that soul-heavy, vision-seeing look.

"Are you happy, sister? Has the Lord blessed your soul?"

The voice was not yet returned from that strange visit to the borders of the dark valley; and a faint, brief smile of seraphic sweetness gave the affirmative response.

"Then praise him, beloved. He'll give you more grace if you praise him. Spat your hands, sister."

But the soft little hands lay motionless.

"Mother Jones, help her praise till she's stronger."

And Elder Hill went on to another "power" patient.

Mother Jones seated herself on the ground, pillowed the girl's head in her lap, and taking the nerveless hands of her charge by the wrists spatted them together unremittingly. She accompanied this exercise with shoutings, such as I had previously supposed unutterable by human voice. We remained until the young girl was sufficiently restored to render acknowledgments in her own voice, far more musical than that of Mother Jones.

By this time the moon, in the full beauty of her regal state, was half-way up the heavens. Hosts of timid stars, who shrink from the stern presence of the Day King, came thronging forth to feast their bright eyes on her lovely face. One bolder than the rest strove to touch with her twinkling fingers the floating royal robe, woven of pure fleecy cloudlets, and spangled with diamond dews.

By four of us that ride home was given into Memory's hand to be folded away with her sweetest recollections. My little pet, Nonie, quite exhausted with the evening's novelties, lay asleep in my arms. 'Cousin Kate was the first to break the silence.

"How strange that all these diversities of faith and practice branch from one root, and that the living Vine! I love to picture to myself the parting interview of those representatives of all Christians, Methodists or Churchmen, Puritans or Papists, at the Last Supper with their Lord. And I am always thankful that Judas had gone when that last hymn was sung. I should so dislike to associate him with sacred song. How I wish we knew what were the words, and what the melody, sung by that small band in that sweet yet painful hour, and if they realized the tortured life and cruel death awaiting them beyond that closed door!"

"I was forcibly struck, M'Connell, by your remark on the wide communion of saints. Yes, 'the household of faith' are brethren, differing widely in non-essentials, yet in vital characteristics the same. Just as the race of man varies in form of life, lineaments, and complexion, and is yet one in all the great distinctive traits of humanity."

"Well, Ned, live up to that, and I'll call you Pharisee no longer, but a true shepherd over a unit of the many flocks again to be gathered in one fold."



MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XXIII.

POLLOWING Miss Hilary's earnest advice that every thing should be fair and open, Elizabeth, on the very next day after that happy Whit-Monday, mustered up her courage, asked permission to speak to her mistress, and told her she was going to be married to Tom Cliffe: not immediately, but in a year's time or so, if all went well.

Mrs. Ascott replied sharply that it was no affair of hers, and she could not be troubled about it. For her part she thought, if servants knew their own advantages, they would keep a good place when they had it, and never get married at all. And then, saying she had heard a good character of her from the housekeeper, she offered Elizabeth the place of upper house-maid, a young girl, a protégée of the housekeeper's, being substituted in hers.

"And when you have sixteen pounds a year, and somebody to do all your hard work for you, I dare say you'll think better of it, and not be so foolish as to go and get married."

But Elizabeth had her own private opinion on that matter. She was but a woman, poor thing! and two tiny rooms of her own, with Tom to care for and look after, seemed a far happier home than that great house, where she had not only her own work to do, but the responsibility of teaching and taking charge of that careless, stupid, pretty Esther, who had all the forwardness, untidiness, and unconscientiousness of a regular London maid-servant, and was a sore trial to the staid, steady Elizabeth.

Tom consoled her, in his careless but affectionate way; and another silent consolation was the "little bits of things," bought out of her additional wages, which she began to put by in her box-sticks and straws for the new sweet nest that was a-building: a metal tea-pot, two neat glass salt-cellars, and-awful extravagance!two real second-hand silver spoons-Tom did so like having things nice about him! These purchases, picked up at stray times, were solid, substantial, and useful; domestic rather than personal; and all with a view to Tom rather than herself. She hid them with a magpic-like closeness, for Esther and she shared the same room; but sometimes when Esther was asleep she would peep at them with an anxious, lingering tenderness, as if they made more of an assured reality what even now seemed so very like a dream.

-Except, indeed, on those Sunday nights when Tom and she went to church together, and afterward took a walk, but always parted at the corner of the square. She never brought him in to the house, nor spoke of him to her fellow- whole house. Shortly afterward "Missis's" bell

servants. How much they guessed of her engagement she neither knew nor cared.

Mrs. Ascott, too, had apparently quite forgotten it. She seemed to take as little interest in her servants' affairs as they in hers.

Nevertheless, ignorant as the lower regions were in general of what was passing in the upper, occasionally rumors began to reach the kitchen that "Master had been a-blowing up Missis, rather!" And once, after the solemn dinner, with three footmen to wait on two people, was over, Elizabeth, passing through the hall, caught the said domestics laughing together, and saying it was "as good as a play; cat and dog was nothing to it." After which "the rows up stairs" became a favorite joke in the servants' hall.

But still Mr. Ascott went out daily after breakfast, and came home to dinner; and Mrs. Ascott spent the morning in her private sittingroom, or "boudoir," as she called it; lunched, and drove out in her handsome carriage, with her footman behind; dressed elegantly for dinner, and presided at her own table with an air of magnificent satisfaction in all things. She had perfectly accommodated herself to her new position; and if under her satins and laces beat a solitary, dissatisfied, or aching heart, it was nobody's business but her own. At least, she kept up the splendid sham with a most creditable persistency.

But all shams are dangerous things. Be the surface ever so smooth and green, it will crack sometimes, and a faint wreath of smoke betray the inward volcano. The like had happened once or twice, as on the day when the men-servants were so intensely amused. Also Elizabeth, when putting in order her mistress's bedroom, which was about the hour Mr. Ascott left for the city, had several times seen Mrs. Ascott come in there suddenly, white and trembling. Once, so agitated was she, that Elizabeth had brought her a glass of water; and instead of being angry or treating her with the distant dignity which she had always kept up, her mistress had said, almost in the old Stowbury tone, "Thank you, Elizabeth."

However, Elizabeth had the wisdom to take no notice, but to slip from the room, and keep her own counsel.

At last one day the smouldering domestic earthquake broke out. There was "a precious good row," the footman suspected, at the breakfast-table; and after breakfast, Master, without waiting for the usual attendance of that functionary, with his hat and gloves and a Hansom cab, had flung himself out at the hall door, slamming it after him with a noise that startled the



had rung violently, and she had been found ly- | man, for, as Elizabeth went on, her heart warming on the floor of her bedroom in a dead faint, her maid, a foolish little Frenchwoman, screaming over her.

The frightened servants gathered round in a cluster, but nobody attempted to touch the poor lady, who lay rigid and helpless, hearing none of the comments that were freely made upon her, or the conjectures as to what Master had done or said that produced this state of things. Mistress she was, and these four or five women, her servants, had lived in her house for months, but nobody loved her; nobody knew any thing about her; nobody thought of doing aught for her, till a kitchen-maid, probably out of former experience in some domestic emergency, suggested, "Fetch Elizabeth."

The advice was eagerly caught at, every body being so thankful to have the responsibility shifted to some other body's shoulders; so in five minutes Elizabeth had the room cleared, and her mistress laid upon the bed, with nobody near except herself and the French maid.

By-and-by Mrs. Ascott opened her eyes.

"Who's that? What are you doing to me?" "Nothing, ma'am. It's only me-Eliza-

beth."

At the familiar soothing voice the poor woman-a poor, wretched, forlorn woman she looked, lying there, in spite of all her grandeurturned feebly round.

"Oh, Elizabeth, I'm so ill! take care of me." And she fainted away once more.

It was some time before she came quite to herself, and then the first thing she said was to bid Elizabeth bolt the door and keep every body

"The doctor, ma'am, if he comes?"

"I'll not see him. I don't want him. know what it is. I—"

She pulled Elizabeth closer to her, whispered something in her ear, and then burst into a violent fit of hysterical weeping.

Amazed, shocked, Elizabeth at first did not know what to do; then she took her mistress's head on her shoulder, and quieted her by degrees The sobbing almost as she would a child. ceased, and Mrs. Ascott lay still a minute, till suddenly she clutched Elizabeth's arm.

"Mind you don't tell. He doesn't know, and he shall not; it would please him so. It does not please me. Sometimes I almost think I shall hate it because it is his child.'

She spoke with a fierceness that was hardly credible either in the dignified Mrs. Peter Ascott or the languid Miss Selina. To think of Miss Selina's expecting a baby! The idea perfectly confounded poor Elizabeth.

"I don't know very much about such matters," said she, deprecatingly; "but I'm sure, ma'am, you ought to keep yourself quiet, and I wouldn't hate the poor little baby if I were you. It may be a very nice little thing, and turn out a great comfort to you."

Mrs. Ascott lifted her heavy eyes to the kindly, sympathetic, womanly face—thorough wo- important position; whether her duties were

ed with the strong instinct which comes almost of itself.

"Think, to have a tiny little creature lying here beside you; something your very own, with its pretty face looking so innocent and sweet at you, and its pretty fingers touching you." Here Elizabeth's voice quite faltered over the picture she had drawn. "Oh, ma'am, I'm sure you would be so fond of it."

Human nature is strong. This cold, selfish woman, living her forty years without any strong emotion, marrying without love, and reaping, not in contrition but angry bitterness, the certain punishment of such a marriage, even this woman was not proof against the glorious mystery of maternity, which should make every daughter of Eve feel the first sure hope of her first-born child to be a sort of Divine annuncia-

Mrs. Ascott lay listening to Elizabeth. Gradually through her shut eyelids a few quiet tears began to flow.

"Do you mind me talking to you this way, ma'am?

"No, no! Say what you like. I'm glad to have any body to speak to. Oh, I am a very miserable woman!"

Strange that Selina Ascott should come to betray, and to Elizabeth Hand, of all people, that she was a "iniserable woman." But circumstances bring about unforeseen confidences; and the confidence once given is not easily recalled. Apparently the lady did not wish to recall it. In the solitude of her splendid house, in her total want of all female companionship -for she refused to have her sisters sent for-"he would only insult them, and I'll not have my family insulted"-poor Selina clung to her old servant as the only comfort she had.

During the dreary months that followed, when, during the long, close summer days, the sick lady scarcely stirred from her bedroom, and, fretful, peevish, made the very most of what to women in general are such patiently borne and sacred sufferings, Elizabeth was her constant attendant. She humored all her whims, endured all her ill-tempers, cheered her in her low spirits, and was, in fact, her mistress's sole companion and friend.

This position no one disputed with her. It is not every woman who has, as Miss Leaf used to say of Elizabeth, "a genius for nursing;" and very few patients make nursing a labor of love. The whole household were considerably relieved by her taking a responsibility for which she was so well fitted and so little envied. Even Mr. Ascott, who, when his approaching honors could no longer be concealed from him, became for the nonce a most attentive husband, and succumbed dutifully to every fancy his wife entertained, openly expressed his satisfaction in Elizabeth, and gave her one or two bright golden guineas in earnest of his gratitude.

How far she herself appreciated her new and



done from duty, or pity, or that determined selfdevotedness which some women are always ready to carry out toward any helpless thing that needs them, I can not say, for she never told. Not even to Miss Hilary, who at last was permitted to come and pay a formal visit; nor to Tom Cliffe, whom she now saw very rarely, for her mistress, with characteristic selfishness, would hardly let her out of her sight for half an hour.

Tom at first was exceedingly savage at this: by degrees he got more reconciled, and met his sweet-heart now and then for a few minutes at the area gate, or wrote her long poetical letters, which he confided to some of her fellow-servants, who thereby got acquainted with their secret. But it mattered little, as Elizabeth had faithfully promised that, when her mistress's trial was over, and every thing smooth and happy, she would marry Tom at once. So she took the jokes below stairs with great composure; feeling, indeed, too proud and content to perplex herself much about any thing.

Nevertheless, her life was not easy, for Mrs. Ascott was very difficult to manage. She resisted angrily all the personal sacrifices entailed by impending motherhood, and its terrors and forebodings used to come over her—poor weak woman that she was!—in a way that required all Elizabeth's reasonings to counteract, and all her self-control to hide the presentiment of evil, not unnatural under the circumstances.

Yet sometimes poor Mrs. Ascott would take fits of pathetic happiness; when she busied herself eagerly over the preparations for the newcomer; would make Elizabeth take out, over and over again, the little clothes, and examine them with childish delight. Sometimes she would gossip for hours over the blessing that was sent to her so late in life—half-regretting that it had come so late; that she should be almost an old woman before her little son or daughter was grown up.

"Still, I may live to see it, you know: to have a pretty girl to take on my arm into a ball-room, or a big fellow to send to College: the Leafs always went to College in old times. He shall be Henry Leaf Ascott, that I am determined on; and if it's a girl, perhaps I may call her Johanna. My sister would like it; wouldn't she?"

For more and more, in the strange softening of her nature, did Selina go back to the old ties.

"I am not older than my mother was when Hilary was born. She died, but that was because of trouble. Women do not necessarily die in childbirth even at forty; and in twenty years more I shall only be sixty—not such a very old woman. Besides, mothers never are old; at least not to their children. Don't you think so, Elizabeth?"

And Elizabeth answered as she best could. She too, out of sympathy or instinct, was becoming wondrous wise.

But I am aware all this will be thought very uninteresting, except by women and mothers. Let me hasten on.

By degrees, as Mrs. Ascott's hour approached, a curious tranquillity and even gentleness came over her. Her fretful dislike of seeing any face about her but Elizabeth's became less. She even endured her husband's company for an hour of an evening; and at last humbled her pride enough to beg him to invite her sisters to Russell Square from Saturday to Monday, the only time when Hilary could be spared.

"For we don't know what may happen," said she to him, rather seriously.

And though he answered, "Oh, nonsense!" and desired her to get such ridiculous fancies out of her head, still he consented, and himself wrote to Miss Leaf, giving the formal invitation.

The three sisters spent a happy time together, and Hilary made some highly appreciated family jokes about the handsome Christmas box that Selina was going to be so kind as to give them, and the small probability that she would have much enjoyment of the Christmas dinner to which Mr. Ascott, in the superabundance of his good feeling, had invited his sisters-in-law. The baby, blessed innocent! seemed to have softened down all things—as babies often do.

Altogether, it was with great cheerfulness, affectionateness, and hope that they took leave of Selina: she, with unwonted consideration, insisting that the carriage should convey them all the way to Richmond.

"And," she said, "perhaps some of these days my son, if he is a son, may have the pleasure of escorting his aunts home. I shall certainly call him 'Henry Leaf,' and bring him up to be in every way a credit to our family."

When the ladies were away, and Mrs. Ascott had retired to bed, it was still only nine o'clock, and a bright moonlight night. Elizabeth thought she could steal down stairs and try to get a breath of fresh air round the square. Her long confinement made her almost sick sometimes for a sight of the outer world, a sight of—let me tell the entire truth—her own faithful Tom

She had not seen him now for fourteen days, and though his letters were very nice and exceedingly clever, still she craved for a look at his face, a grasp of his hand, perhaps even a kiss, long and close and tender, such as he would sometimes insist upon giving her, in spite of all policemen. His love for her, demonstrative as was his nature, had become to this still, quiet girl inexpressibly sweet, far sweeter than she knew.

It was a clear winter night, and the moon went climbing over the fleecy white clouds in a way that made beauty even in Russell Square. Elizabeth looked up at the sky, and thought how Tom would have enjoyed it, and wished he were beside her, and was so glad to think he would soon be beside her always, with all his humors and weaknesses, all his little crossnesses and complainings; she could put up with all, and be happy through all, if only she had him with her and loving her.



was yet so warm and real that it had become a she expected and deserved. necessity of her life. As he always told herespecially after he had had one of his little quarrels with her-hers was to him.

"Poor Tom, I wonder how he gets on without me! Well, it won't be for long."

And she wished she could have let him know she was out here, that they might have had a chat for just ten minutes.

Unconsciously she walked toward their usual trysting-place, a large overhanging plane-tree on the Keppel Street corner of the square.

Surely, surely, that could not be Tom! Quite impossible, for he was not alone. Two people, a young man and a young woman, stood at the tryst, absorbed in conversation: evidently sweethearts, for he had one arm round her, and he kissed her unresisted, several times.

Elizabeth gazed, fascinated, almost doubting the evidence of her own senses. For the young man's figure was so excessively like Tom's. At length, with the sort of feeling that makes one go steadily up to a shadow by the roadside, some ugly spectre that we feel sure, if we stare it out. will prove to be a mere imagination, she walked deliberately up to and past these "sweethearts."

They did not see her; they were far too much occupied with one another; but she saw them, and saw at once that it was Tom, Tom's own self, and with him her fellow-servant, Esther.

People may write volumes on jealousy, and volumes will still remain to be written. It is, next to remorse for guilt, the sharpest, sorest, most maddening torment that human nature can endure.

We may sit and gaze from the boxes at our Othellos and Biancas; we may laugh at the silly heart-burnings between Cousin Kate and Cousin Lucy in the ball-room, or the squabbles of Mary and Sally in the kitchen over the gardener's lad; but there the thing remains. A man can not make love to two women, a woman can not coquet with two men, without causing in degree that horrible agony, cruel as death, which is at the root of half the tragedies, and the cause of half the crimes of this world.

The complaint comes in different forms; sometimes it is a case of slow poisoning, or of ordeal by red-hot irons, which though not fatal, undermines the whole character, and burns ineffaceable scars into the soul. And people take it in various ways—some fiercely, stung by a sense of wounded self-love; others haughtily:

"Pride's a safe robe, I'll wear it; but no rags." Others, again, humble, self-distrustful natures, whose only pride came through love, have nothing left them except rags. In a moment all their thin robes of happiness are torn off; they stand shivering, naked, and helpless before the blasts of the bitter world.

This was Elizabeth's case. After the first instant of stunned bewilderment and despair she took it all quite naturally, as if it were a thing which she ought all along to have known was

His love for her, though fitful and fanciful, | sure to happen, and which was no more than

She passed the couple, still unobserved by them, and then walked round the other side of the square, deliberately home.

I am not going to make a tragic heroine of this poor servant-girl. Perhaps, people may say, there is nothing tragic about the incident. Merely a plain, quiet, old-fashioned woman, who is so foolish as to like a handsome young swain. and to believe in him, and to be surprised when he deserts her for a pretty girl of eighteen. All quite after the way things go on in the world, especially in the servant-world; and the best she can do is to get over it, or take another sweetheart as quickly as possible. A very common story after all, and more of a farce than a trag-

But there are some farces which, if you look underneath the surface, have a good many of the elements of tragedy.

I shall neither paint Elizabeth tearing her own hair nor Esther's, nor going raging about the square in moonlight in an insane fit of jealousy. She was not given to "fits" under any circumstances, or about any thing. All she felt went deep down into her heart, rooted itself, and either blossomed or cankered there.

On this night she, as I said, walked round the square to her home; then quietly went up stairs to her garret, locked the door, and sat down upon her bed.

She might have sat there for an hour or more. her bonnet and shawl still on, without stirring, without crying, altogether cold and hard like a stone, when she fancied she heard her mistress's bell ring, and mechanically rose up and went down stairs to listen. Nothing was wanted, so she returned to her garret and crept to bed in the dark.

When soon afterward Esther likewise came up to bed, Elizabeth pretended to be asleep. Only once, taking a stealthy glance at the pretty girl who stood combing her hair at the looking-glass, she was conscious of a sick sense of repulsion, a pain like a knife running through her, at sight of the red young lips which Tom had just been kissing, of the light figure which he had clasped as he used to clasp her. But she never spoke, not one word.

Half an hour after she was roused by the nurse coming to her bedside. Mrs. Ascott was very ill, and was calling for Elizabeth. Soon the whole establishment was in confusion, and in the sharp struggle between birth and death Elizabeth had no time to think of any thing but her mistress.

Contrary to every expectation, all ended speedily and happily; and before he went off to the City next day the master of the house, who, in the midst of his anxiety and felicity, had managed to secure a good night's sleep and a good breakfast, had the pleasure of sending off a special messenger to the Times office with the notification, "The Lady of Peter Ascott, Esq., of a son and heir."



CHAPTER XXIV.

A FORTNIGHT'S time rather increased than diminished the excitement incident on the event at Russell Square.

Never was there such a wonderful baby, and never was there such a fuss made over it. Unprejudiced persons might have called it an ugly, weakly little thing; indeed, at first there were such apprehensions of its dying that it had been baptized in a great hurry, "Henry Leaf Ascott," according to the mother's desire, which in her critical position nobody dared to thwart. Even at the end of fourteen days the "son and heir" was still a puling, sickly, yellow-faced baby. But to the mother it was every thing.

From the moment she heard its first cry Mrs. Ascott's whole nature seemed to undergo a change. Her very eyes—those cold blue eyes of Miss Sclina's—took a depth and tenderness whenever she turned to look at the little bundle that lay beside her. She never wearied of touching the tiny hands and feet, and wondering at them, and showing—to every one of the household who was favored with a sight of it—"my baby," as if it had been a miracle of the universe. She was so unutterably happy and proud.

Elizabeth, too, seemed not a little proud of the baby. To her arms it had first been committed; she had stood by at its first washing and dressing, and had scarcely left it or her mistress since. Nurse, a very grand personage, had been a little jealous of her at first, but soon grew condescending, and made great use of her in the sick-room, alleging that such an exceedingly sensible young person, so quiet and steady, was almost as good as a middle-aged married woman. Indeed, she once asked Elizabeth if she was a widow, since she looked as if she had "seen trouble;" and was very much surprised to learn she was single and only twenty-three years old.

Nobody else took any notice of her. Even Miss Hilary was so engrossed by her excitement and delight over the baby that she only observed, "Elizabeth, you look rather worn-out; this has been a trying time for you." And Elizabeth had just answered, "Yes"—no more.

During the fortnight she had seen nothing of Tom. He had written her a short note or two, and the cook told her he had been to the kitchendoor several times asking for her, but being answered that she was with her mistress up stairs, had gone away.

"In the sulks, most like, though he didn't look it. He's a pleasant-spoken young man, and I'm sure I wish you luck with him," said Cookie, who, like all the other servants, was now exceedingly civil to Elizabeth.

Her star had risen; she was considered in the household a most fortunate woman. It was shortly understood that nurse—majestic nurse, had spoken so highly of her, that at the month's end the baby was to be given entirely into her charge, with, of course, an almost fabulous amount of wages.

"Unless," said Mrs. Ascott, when this proposition was made, suddenly recurring to a fact which seemed hitherto to have quite slipped from her mind—"unless you are still willing to get married, and think you would be happier married. In that case I won't hinder you. But it would be such a comfort to me to keep you a little longer."

"Thank you, ma'am," answered Elizabeth, softly, and busied herself with walking baby up and down the room, hushing it on her shoulder. If in the dim light tears fell on its puny face, God help her, poor Elizabeth!

Mrs. Ascott made such an excellent recovery that in three weeks' time nobody was the least anxious about her, and Mr. Ascott arranged to start on a business journey to Edinburgh; promising, however, to be back in three days for the Christmas dinner, which was to be a grand celebration. Miss Leaf and Miss Hilary were to appear thereat in their wedding-dresses; and Mrs. Ascott herself took the most vital interest in Johanna's having a new cap for the occasion. Nay, she insisted upon ordering it from her own milliner, and having it made of the most beautiful lace—the "sweetest" old lady's cap that could possibly be invented.

Evidently this wonderful baby had opened all hearts, and drawn every natural tic closer. Selina, lying on the sofa, in her graceful white wrapper, and her neat close cap, looked so young, so pretty, and, above all, so exceedingly gentle and motherly, that her sisters' hearts were full to overflowing. They acknowledged that happiness, like misery, was often brought about in a fashion totally unforescen and incredible. Who would have thought, for instance, on that wretched night when Mr. Ascott came to Hilary at Kensington, or on that dreary heartless wedding-day, that they should ever have been sitting in Sclina's room so merry and comfortable, admiring the baby, and on the friendliest terms with baby's papa?

"Papa" is a magical word, and let married people have fallen ever so wide asunder, the thought, "my child's mother," "my baby's father," must in some degree bridge the gulf between them. When Peter Ascott was seen stooping, awkwardly enough, over his son's cradle, poking his dumpy fingers into each tiny cheek in a half-alarmed, half-investigating manner, as if he wondered how it had all come about, but, on the whole, was rather pleased than otherwise—the good angel of the household might have stood by and smiled, trusting that the ghastly skeleton therein might in time crumble away into harmless dust, under the sacred touch of infant fingers.

The husband and wife took a kindly, even affectionate leave of one another. Mrs. Ascott called him "Peter," and begged him to take care of himself, and wrap up well that cold night. And when he was gone, and her sisters also, she lay on her sofa with her eyes open, thinking. What sort of thoughts they were, whether repentant or hopeful, solemn or tender,



whether they might have passed away and been forgotten, or how far they might have influenced her life to come, none knew, and none ever did

When there came a knock to the door, and a message for Elizabeth, Mrs. Ascott suddenly overheard it and turned round.

"Who is wanting you? Tom Cliffe? Isn't that the young man you are to be married to? Go down to him at once. And stay, Elizabeth, as it's such a bitter night, take him for half an hour into the housekeeper's room. Send her up stairs, and tell her I wished it, though I don't allow 'followers.'"

"Thank you, ma'am," said Elizabeth once more, and obeyed. She must speak to Tom some time, it might as well be done to-night as not. Without pausing to think, she went down with dull heavy steps to the housekeeper's room.

Tom stood there alone. He looked so exactly his own old self, he came forward to meet her so completely in his old familiar way, that for the instant she thought she must be under some dreadful delusion; that the moonlight night in the square must have been all a dream; Esther, still the silly little Esther, whom Tom had often heard of and laughed at; and Tom, her own Tom, who loved nobody but her.

"Elizabeth, what an age it is since I've had a sight of you!"

But though the manner was warm as ever,

"In his tone

A something smote her, as if Duty tried To mock the voice of Love, how long since flown," and quiet as she stood, Elizabeth shivered in his arms.

"Why, what's the matter? Aren't you glad to see me? Give me another kiss, my girl, do!"

He took it; and she crept away from him and sat down.

"Tom, I've got something to say to you, and I'd better say it at once."

"To be sure. 'Tisn't any bad news from home, is it? Or"—looking uneasily at her—"I haven't vexed you, have I?"

" Vexed me," she repeated, thinking what a small foolish word it was to express what had happened, and what she had been suffering. "No, Tom, not vexed me exactly. But I want to ask you a question. Who was it that you stood talking with, under our tree in the square, between nine and ten o'clock, this night three weeks ago?"

Though there was no anger in the voice it was so serious and deliberate that it made Tom

- "Three weeks ago; how can I possibly tell?"
- "Yes, you can; for it was a fine moonlight night, and you stood there a long time."
- "Under the tree, talking to somebody? What nonsense! Perhaps it wasn't me at all."
 - "It was, for I saw you."
 - "The devil you did!" muttered Tom.

The young woman that was with you was our Esther here, wasn't she?'

For a moment Tom looked altogether confounded. Then he tried to recover himself, and said, crossly, "Well, and if it was, where's the harm? Can't a man be civil to a pretty girl without being called over the coals in this. wav?"

Elizabeth made no answer, at least not immediately. At last she said, in a very gentle, subdued voice,

"Tom, are you fond of Esther? You would not kiss her if you were not fond of her. Do you like her as—as you used to like me?"

And she looked right up into his eyes. Hers had no reproach in them, only a piteous entreaty, the last clinging to a hope which she knew to be false.

"Like Esther? Of course I do. She's a nice sort of girl, and we're very good friends."

"Tom, a man can't be 'friends,' in that sort of way, with a pretty girl of eighteen, when he is going to be married to somebody else. At least, in my mind, he ought not."

Tom laughed in a confused manner. "I say, you're jealous, and you'd better get over it."

Was she jealous? was it all fancy, folly? Did Tom stand there, true as steel, without a feeling in his heart that she did not share, without a hope in which she was not united, holding her, and preferring her, with that individuality and unity of love which true love ever gives and exacts, as it has a right to exact?

Not that poor Elizabeth reasoned in this way. but she felt the thing by instinct without reason-

"Tom," she said, "tell me outright, just as if I was somebody else, and had never belonged to you at all, do you love Esther Martin?"

Truthful people enforce truth. Tom might be fickle, but he was not deceitful; he could not look into Elizabeth's eyes and tell her a deliberate lie; somehow he dared not.

"Well, then-since you will have it out of me-I think I do."

So Elizabeth's "ship went down." It might have been a very frail vessel, that nobody in their right senses would have trusted any treasure with, still she did; and it was all she had, and it went down to the bottom like a stone.

It is astonishing how soon the sea closes over this sort of wreck; and how quietly people take -when they must take, and there is no more disbelieving it—the truth which they would have given their lives to prove was an impossible lic.

For some minutes Tom stood facing the fire, and Elizabeth sat on her chair opposite without speaking. Then she took off her brooch, the only love-token he had given her, and put it into his

"What's this for?" asked he, suddenly.

"You know. You'd better give it to Esther. It's Esther, not me, you must marry now."

And the thought of Esther, giddy, flirting, useless Esther, as Tom's wife, was almost more "Don't be angry, only tell me the plain truth. than she could bear. The sting of it put even



into her crushed humility a certain honest self- the door upon them, and crept up stairs, conassertion.

"I'm not going to blame you, Tom; but I think I'm as good as she. I'm not pretty, I know, nor lively, nor young, at least I'm old for my age; but I was worth something. You should not have served me so."

Tom said, the usual excuse, that he "couldn't help it." And suddenly turning round, he begged her to forgive him, and not forsake him.

She forsake Tom! Elizabeth almost smiled. "I do forgive you; I'm not a bit angry with you. If I ever was I have got over it.

"That's right. You're a dear soul. Do you think I don't like you, Elizabeth?"

"Oh yes," she said, sadly, "I dare say you do, a little, in spite of Esther Martin. But that's not my way of liking, and I couldn't stand it."

"What couldn't you stand?"

"Your kissing me to-day, and another girl to-morrow: your telling me I was every thing to you one week, and saying exactly the same thing to another girl the next. It would be hard enough to bear if we were only friends, but as sweet-hearts, as husband and wife, it would be impossible. No, Tom, I tell you the truth, I could not stand it."

She spoke strongly, unhesitatingly, and for an instant there flowed out of her soft eyes that wild, fierce spark, latent even in these quiet humble natures, which is dangerous to meddle with.

Tom did not attempt it. He felt all was over. Whether he had lost or gained; whether he was glad or sorry, he hardly knew.

"I'm not going to take this back, any how," he said, "fiddling" with the brooch; and then going up to her, he attempted, with trembling hands, to refasten it in her collar.

The familiar action, his contrite look, were too much. People who have once loved one another, though the love is dead (for love can die), are not able to bury it all at once, or if they do, its pale ghost will still come knocking at the door of their hearts, "Let me in, let me in!"

Elizabeth ought, I know, in proper feminine dignity, to have bade Tom farewell without a glance or a touch. But she did not. When he had fastened her brooch she looked up in his familiar face a sorrowful, wistful, lingering look, and then clung about his neck:

"O Tom, Tom, I was so fond of you!"

And Tom mingled his tears with hers, and kissed her many times, and even felt his old affection returning, making him half oblivious of Esther; but mercifully—for love rebuilt upon lost faith is like a house founded upon sandsthe door opened, and Esther herself came in.

Laughing, smirking, pretty Esther, who, thoughtless as she was, had yet the sense to draw back when she saw them.

"Come here, Esther!" Elizabeth called, imperatively; and she came.

"Esther, I've given up Tom; you may take him if he wants you. Make him a good wife, and I'll forgive you. If not-"

scious only of one thought-if she only could get away from them, and never see either of their faces any more!

And in this fate was kind to her, though in that awful way in which fate-say rather Providence-often works; cutting, with one sharp blow, some knot that our poor, feeble, mortal fingers have been long laboring at in vain, or making that which seemed impossible to do the most natural, easy, and only thing to be done.

How strangely often in human life "one woe doth tread upon the other's heel!" How continually, while one of those small private tragedies that I have spoken of is being enacted within, the actors are called upon to meet some other tragedy from without, so that external energy counteracts inward emotion, and holy sympathy with another's sufferings stifles all personal pain. That truth about sorrows coming "in battalions" may have a divine meaning in it-may be one of those mysterious laws which guide the universe-laws that we can only trace in fragments, and guess at the rest, believing, in deep humility, that one day we shall "know even as we are known."

Therefore I ask no pity for Elizabeth, because ere she had time to collect herself, and realize in her poor confused mind that she had indeed said good-by to Tom, given him up and parted from him forever, she was summoned to her mistress's room, there to hold a colloquy outside the door with the seriously-perplexed

One of those sudden changes had come which sometimes, after all seems safe, strike terror into a rejoicing household, and end by carrying away, remorseless, the young wife from her scarcely tasted bliss, the mother of many children from her close circle of happy duties and yearning loves.

Mrs. Ascott was ill. Either she had taken cold or been too much excited, or, in the overconfidence of her recovery, some slight neglect had occurred—some trifle which nobody thinks of till afterward, and which yet proves the fatal cause, the "little pin" that

"Bores through the castle wall" of mortal hope, and King Death enters in all his awful state.

Nobody knew it or dreaded it; for though Mrs. Ascott was certainly ill, she was not at first very ill; and there being no telegraphs in those days no one thought of sending for either her husband or her sisters. But that very hour, when Elizabeth went up to her mistress, and saw the flush on her cheek and the restless expression of her eye, King Death had secretly crept in at the door of the mansion in Russell Square.

The patient was carefully removed back into her bed. She said little, except once, looking up uneasily-

"I don't feel quite myself, Elizabeth."

And when her servant soothed her in the She could not say another word. She shut | long-familiar way, telling her she would be bet-



ter in the morning, she smiled contentedly, and | turned to go to sleep.

Nevertheless, Elizabeth did not go to her bed, but sat behind the curtain, motionless, for an hour or more.

Toward the middle of the night, when her baby was brought to her, and the child instinctively refused its natural food, and began screaming violently, Mrs. Ascott's troubled look returned.

"What is the matter? What are you doing, Nurse? I won't be parted from my baby -I won't, I sav!"

And when, to soothe her, the little thing was again put into her arms, and again turned from her, a frightened expression came into the mo-

"Am I going to be ill?—is baby—"

She stopped; and as nurse determinately carried it away, she attempted no resistance, only followed it across the room with eager eyes. It was the last glimmer of reason there. From that time her mind began to wander, and before morning she was slightly delirious.

Still nobody apprehended danger. Nobody really knew any thing about the matter except nurse, and she, with a selfish fear of being blamed for carelessness, resisted sending for the doctor till his usual hour of calling. In that large house, as in many other large houses, every body's business was nobody's business, and a member of the family, even the mistress, might easily be sick or dying in some room therein, while all things else went on just as usual, and no one was any the wiser.

About noon even. Elizabeth's ignorance was roused up to the conviction that something was very wrong with Mrs. Ascott, and that nurse's skill could not counteract it. On her own responsibility she sent, or rather she went to fetch the doctor. He came; and his flat threw the whole household into consternation.

Now they knew that the poor lady whose happiness had touched the very stoniest hearts in the establishment hovered upon the brink of the grave. Now all the women-servants, down to the little kitchen-maid with her dirty apron at her eyes, crept up stairs, one after the other, to the door of what had been such a silent, mysterious room, and listened, unhindered, to the ravings that issued thence. "Poor Missis," and the "poor little baby," were spoken of softly at the kitchen dinner-table, and confidentially sympathized over with inquiring tradespeople at the area gate. A sense of awe and suspense stole over the whole house, gathering thicker hour by hour of that dark December day.

When her mistress was first pronounced "in danger," Elizabeth, aware that there was no one to act but herself, had taken a brief opportunity to slip from the room and write two letters, one to her master in Edinburgh, and the other to Miss Hilary. The first she gave to the footman to post; the second she charged him to send by special messenger to Richmond. But he, being

was only given by Elizabeth, it was of comparatively little moment, posted them both. vainly did the poor girl watch and wait; neither Miss Leaf nor Miss Hilary came.

By night Mrs. Ascott's delirium began to subside, but her strength was ebbing fast. Two physicians-three-stood by the unconscious woman, and pronounced that all hope was gone, if, indeed, the case had not been hopeless from the beginning.

"Where is her husband? Has she no relations-no mother or sisters?" asked the fashionable physician, Sir ---, touched by the sight of this poor lady dying alone, with only a nurse and a servant about her. "If she has, they ought to be sent for immediately."

Elizabeth ran down stairs, and rousing the old butler from his bed, prevailed on him to start immediately in the carriage to bring back Miss Leaf and Miss Hilary. It would be midnight before he reached Richmond; still it must be done.

"I'll do it, my girl," said he, kindly; "and I'll tell them as gently as I can. Never fear."

When Elizabeth returned to her mistress's room the doctors were all gone, and nurse, standing at the foot of Mrs. Ascott's bed, was watching her with the serious look which even a hireling or a stranger wears in the presence of that sight which, however familiar, never grows less awful-a fellow-creature slowly passing from this life into the life unknown.

Elizabeth crept up to the other side. change, undescribable yet unmistakable, which comes over a human face when the warrant for its dissolution has gone forth, struck her at once.

Never yet had Elizabeth seen death. Her father's she did not remember, and among her few friends and connections none other had occurred. At twenty-three years of age she was still ignorant of that solemn experience which every woman must go through some time, often many times, during her life. For it is to women that all look in their extreme hour. Very few men, even the tenderest-hearted, are able to watch by the last struggle and close the eyes of the dying.

For the moment, as she glanced round the darkened room, and then at the still figure on the bed, Elizabeth's courage failed. Strong love might have overcome this fear-the natural recoil of youth and life from coming into contact with death and mortality; but love was not exactly the bond between her and Mrs. Ascott. It was rather duty, pity, the tenderness that would have sprung up in her heart toward any body she had watched and tended so long.

"If she should die, die in the night, before Miss Hilary comes!" thought the poor girl, and glanced once more round the shadowy room, where she was now left quite alone. For nurse, thinking with true worldly wisdom of the preservation of the "son and heir," which was decidedly the most important question now, had stolen away, and was busy in the next room, seeing various young women whom the doctors lazily inclined, or else thinking that, as the order | had sent, one of whom was to supply to the in-

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fant the place of the poor mother whom it would never know.

There was nobody left but herself to watch this dying mother, so Elizabeth took her lot upon her, smothered down her fears, and sat by the bedside waiting for the least expression of returning reason in the sunken face, which was very quiet now.

Consciousness did return at last, as the doctors had said it would. Mrs. Ascott opened her eyes; they wandered from side to side, and then she said, feebly,

"Elizabeth, where's my baby?"

What Elizabeth answered she never could remember; perhaps nothing, or her agitation betrayed her, for Mrs. Ascott said again,

"Elizabeth, am I going to—to leave my baby?"

Some people might have considered it best to reply with a lie—the frightened, cowardly lie that is so often told at death-beds to the soul passing direct to its God. But this girl could not and dared not.

Leaning over her mistress, she whispered as softly as she could, choking down the tears that might have disturbed the peace which, mercifully, seemed to have come with dying,

"Yes, you are going very soon—to God. He will watch over baby, and give him back to you again some day quite safe."

"Will He?"

The tone was submissive, half-inquiring; like that of a child learning something it had never learned before—as Selina was now learning. Perhaps even those three short weeks of motherhood had power so to raise her whole nature that she now gained the composure with which even the weakest soul can sometimes meet death, and had grown not unworthy of the dignity of a Christian's dying.

Suddenly she shivered. "I am afraid; I never thought of—this. Will nobody come and speak to me?"

Oh, how Elizabeth longed for Miss Hilary, for any body, who would have known what to say to the dying woman; who perhaps, as her look and words implied, till this hour had never thought of dying. Once it crossed the servant's mind to send for some clergyman; but she knew none, and was aware that Mrs. Ascott did not either. She had no superstitious feeling that any clergyman would do; just to give a sort of spiritual extreme unction to the departing soul. Her own religious faith was of such an intensely personal silent kind, that she did not believe in any good to be derived from a strange gentleman coming and praying by the bedside of a stranger, repeating set sayings with a set countenance, and going away again. And yet with that instinct which comes to almost every human soul, fast departing, Mrs. Ascott's white lips whispered, "Pray."

Elizabeth had no words, except those which Miss Leaf used to say night after night in the little parlor at Stowbury. She knelt down, and once humble name, even on a tomb-stone, with in a trembling voice repeated in her mistress's one of the oldest names in the annals of Stow-

ear-"Our Father which art in heaven"-to the end.

After it Mrs. Ascott lay very quiet. At length she said, "Please-bring-my-baby." It had been from the first, and was to the last, "my" baby.

The small face was laid close to hers that she might kiss it.

"He looks well; he does not miss me much yet, poor little fellow!" And the strong natural agony came upon her, conquering even the weakness of her last hour. "Oh, it's hard, hard! Will nobody teach my baby to remember me?"

And then lifting herself up on her elbow she caught hold of nurse.

"Tell Mr. Ascott that Elizabeth is to take care of baby. Promise, Elizabeth. Johanna is old—Hilary may be married—you will take care of my baby?"

"I will—as long as I live," said Elizabeth

She took the child in her arms, and for almost another hour stood beside the bed thus, until nurse whispered, "Carry it away; its mother doesn't know it now."

But she did; for she feebly moved her fingers as if in search of something. Baby was still asleep, but Elizabeth contrived, by kneeling down close to the bed, to put the tiny hand under those cold fingers; they closed immediately upon it, and remained so till the last.

When Miss Leaf and Miss Hilary came in Elizabeth was still kneeling there, trying softly to take the little hand away; for the baby had wakened and began its piteous wail. But it did not disturb the mother now.

"Poor Selina" was no more. Nothing of her was left to her child except the name of a mother. It may have been better so.

CHAPTER XXV.

"IN MEMORY OF SELINA,

THE BELOVED WIFE OF PETER ASCOTT, ESQ., OF BUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, AND DAUGHTER OF THE LATE HENRY LEAF, ESQ. OF THIS TOWN. DIED DECEMBER 94, 1839,

AGED 41 YEARS."

Such was the inscription which now, for six months, had met the eyes of the inhabitants of Stowbury, on a large, dazzlingly-white marble monument, the first that was placed in the church-vard of the New Church.

What motive induced Mr. Ascott to inter his wife here—whether it was a natural wish to lay her, and some day lie beside her, in their native earth; or the less creditable desire of showing how rich he had become, and of joining his



bury—nobody could find out. Probably nobody cared.

The Misses Leaf were content that he should do as he pleased in the matter: he had shown strong but not exaggerated grief at his loss; if any remorse mingled therewith, Selina's sisters happily did not know it. Nobody ever did know the full history of things except Elizabeth, and she kept it to herself. So the family skeleton was buried quietly in Mrs. Ascott's grave.

Peter Ascott showed, in his coarse fashion, much sympathy and consideration for his wife's sisters. He had them staying in the house till a week after the funeral was over, and provided them with the deepest and handsomest mourning. He even, in a formal way, took counsel with them as to the carrying out of Mrs. Ascott's wishes, and the retaining of Elizabeth in charge of the son and heir, which was accordingly settled. And then they went back to their old life at Richmond, and the widower returned to his solitary bachelor ways. He looked as usual; went to and from the City as usual; and his brief married life seemed to have passed away from him like a dream.

Not altogether a dream. Gradually he began to wake up to the consciousness of an occasional child's cry in the house—that large, silent, dreary house, where he was once more the sole, solitary master. Sometimes, when he came in from church of Sundays, he would mount another flight of stairs, walk into the nursery at the top of the house, and stare with distant curiosity at the little creature in Elizabeth's arms, pronounce it a "fine child, and did her great credit!" and walk down again. He never seemed to consider it as his child, this poor old bachelor of so many years' standing; he had outgrown apparently all sense of the affections or the duties of a father. Whether they ever would come into him; whether, after babyhood was passed, he would begin to take an interest in the little creature who throve and blossomed into beauty-which, as if watched by guardian angels, dead mothers' children seem often to do-was a source of earnest speculation to Elizabeth.

In the mean time he treated both her and the baby with extreme consideration, allowed her to do just as she liked, and gave her indefinite sums of money to expend upon the

When summer came, and the doctor ordered change of air, Mr. Ascott consented to her suggestion of taking a lodging for herself and baby near baby's aunts at Richmond; only desiring that the lodging should be as handsome as could be secured, and that every other Sunday she should bring up his son to spend the day at Russell Square.

And so, during the long summer months, the motherless child, in its deep mourning-which looks so pathetic on a very young baby-might be seen carried about in Elizabeth's arms every where. When, after the first six weeks, the wet-nurse left-in fact, two or three wet-nurses

Henry solely under her own charge. She had comparatively small experience, but she had common sense, and the strong motherly instinct which comes by nature to some women. Besides, her whole soul was wrapped up in this little child.

From the hour when, even with her mistress dying before her eyes, Elizabeth had felt a strange thrill of comfort in the new duty which had come into her blank life, she took to this duty as women only can whose life has become a blank. She received the child as a blessing sent direct from God; by unconscious handsfor Mrs. Ascott knew nothing of what happened; something that would heal her wounded heart, and make her forget Tom.

And so it did. Women and mothers well know how engrossing is the care of an infant; how each minute of the day is filled up with something to be done or thought of; so that "fretting" about extraneous things becomes quite impossible. How gradually the fresh life growing up and expanding puts the worn-out or blighted life into the back-ground, and all the hopes and fancies cling around the small, beautiful present, the ever-developing, ever-marvelous mystery of a young child's existence! Why it should be so, we can only guess; but that it is so, many a wretched wife, many a widowed mother, many a broken-hearted, forlorn aunt, has thankfully proved.

Elizabeth proved it likewise. She did not exactly lose all memory of her trouble, but it seemed lighter; it was swallowed up in this second passion of adopted motherhood. And so she sank, quietly and at once, into the condition of a middle-aged woman, whose life's story -and her sort of women have but one-was a mere episode, told and ended.

For Esther had left and been married to Tom Cliffe within a few weeks of Mrs. Ascott's funeral. Of course, the household knew every thing; but nobody condoled with Elizabeth. was a certain stand-off-ishness about her which made them hold their tongues. They treated her with much respect, as her new position demanded. She took this, as she took every thing, with the grave quietness which was her fashion from her youth up; assumed her place as a confidential upper servant; dressed well, but soberly, like a woman of forty, and was called "Mrs. Hand."

The only trace her "disappointment" left upon her was a slightly bitter way of speaking about men in general, and a dislike to any chatter about love-affairs and matrimony. Her own story she was never known to refer to in the most distant way, except once.

Miss Hilary-who, of course, had heard all, but delicately kept silence - one night, when little Henry was not well, remained in the lodgings on Richmond Hill, and slept in the nursery. Elizabeth making up for herself a bed on the floor close beside baby and cradle. In the dead of night the two women, mistress and maid, by successively were abolished—she took little some chance, said a few things to one another



which never might have been said in the daylight, and which, by their consent, were never afterward referred to by either, any more than if they had been spoken in a dream.

Elizabeth told briefly, though not without emotion, all that had happened between herself and Tom, and how he was married to Esther Martin. And then both women went back, in a moralizing way, to the days when they had both been "young" at Stowbury, and how different life was from what they then thought and looked forward to-Miss Hilary and her "bow-

"Yes," answered the former, with a sigh, "things are indeed not as people fancy when they are girls. We dream, and dream, and think we see very far into the future, which nobody sees but God. I often wonder how my life will end."

Elizabeth said, after a pause, "I always felt sure you would be married, Miss Hilary. There was one person—Is he alive still? Is he ever coming home?"

"I don't know."

"I am sure he was very fond of you. And he looked like a good man."

"He was the best man I ever knew."

This was all Miss Hilary said, and she said it softly and mournfully. She might never have said it at all; but it dropped from her unawares in the deep feeling of the moment, when her heart was tender over Elizabeth's own sad, simply-told story. Also because of a sudden and great darkness which had come over her

Literally, she did not now know whether Robert Lyon were alive or dead. Two months ago his letters had suddenly ceased, without any explanation, his last being exactly the same as the others - as frank, as warmly affectionate, as cheerful and brave.

One solution to this was his possible coming home. But she did not, after careful reasoning on the subject, believe that likely. She knew exactly his business relations with his employers; that there was a fixed time for his return to England, which nothing except the very strongest necessity could alter. Even in the chance of his health breaking, so as to incapacitate him for work, he should, he always said, have to go to the hills, rather than take the vovage home prematurely. And in that case he certainly would have informed his friends of his movements. There was nothing erratic, or careless, or eccentric about Robert Lyon; he was a practical, business-like Scotchman-far too cautious and too regular in all his habits to be guilty of those accidental negligences by which wanderers abroad sometimes cause such cruel anxieties to friends at home.

For the same reason, the other terrible possibility—his death—was not likely to have happened without their hearing of it. Hilary felt sure, with the strong confidence of love, that he would have taken every means to leave her some

reach her after he was gone, and comfort her with the assurance of what, living, he had never plainly told. Sometimes, when a wild terror of his death seized her, this settled conviction drove it back again. He must be living, or she would have heard.

There was another interpretation of the silence, which many would have considered the most probable of all—he might be married. Not deliberately, but suddenly; drawn into it by some of those impelling trains of circumstance which are the cause of so many marriages, especially with men; or, impelled by one of those violent passions which occasionally seize on an exceedingly good man, fascinating him against his conscience, reason, and will, until he wakes up to find himself fettered and ruined for life. Such things do happen, strangely, pitifully often. The like might have happened to Robert Lyon.

Hilary did not actually believe it, but still her common sense told her that it was possible. She was not an inexperienced girl now; she looked on the world with the eyes of a woman of thirty; and though, thank Heaven! the romance had never gone out of her-the faith, and trust, and tender love-still it had sobered down a little. She knew it was quite within the bounds of possibility that a young man, separated from her for seven years, thrown into all kinds of circumstances and among all sorts of people, should have changed very much in himself, and, consequently, toward her. That, without absolute faithlessness, he might suddenly have seen some other woman he liked better, and have married at once. Or if he came back unmarried-she had taught herself to look this probability also steadily in the face-he might find the reality of her-Hilary Leaf-different from his remembrance of her; and so, without actual falseness to the old true love, might not love her any more.

These fears made her resolutely oppose Johanna's wish to write to the house of business at Liverpool, and ask what had become of Mr. Lyon. It seemed like seeking after him, trying to hold him by the slender chain which he had never attempted to make any stronger, and which, already, he might have broken, or desired to break.

She could not do it. Something forbade her: that something in the inmost depths of a woman's nature which makes her feel her own value, and exact that she shall be sought; that, if her love be worth having, it is worth seeking; that, however dear a man may be to her, she refuses to drop into his mouth like an overripe peach from a garden wall. In her sharpest agony of anxiety concerning him, Hilary felt that she could not, on her part, take any step that seemed to compel love-or even friendship-from Robert Lyon. It was not pride, she could hardly be called a proud woman; it was an innate sense of the dignity of that love which, as a free gift, is precious as "much fine gold," yet becomes the last word—some farewell token—which would merest dross—utterly and insultingly poor—



when paid as a debt of honor, or offered as a love," ought to contain, to every doubting soul, benevolent largess.

And so, though oftentimes her heart felt breaking, Hilary labored on; sat the long day patiently at her desk; interested herself in the young people over whom she ruled; became Miss Balquidder's right hand in all sorts of schemes which that good woman was forever carrying out for the benefit of her fellow-creatures; and at leisure times occupied herself with Johanna, or with Elizabeth and the baby, trying to think it was a very beautiful and happy world, with love still in it, and a God of love ruling over it-only, only-

Women are very humble in their cruelest pride. Many a day she felt as if she could have crawled a hundred miles in the dust-like some Catholic pilgrim—just to get one sight of Robert

Autumn came—lovely and lingering late. was November, and yet the air felt mild as May, and the sunshine had that peculiar genial brightness which autumnal sunshine alone possesses; even as, perhaps, late happiness has in it a holy calm and sweetness which no youthful ecstasy can ever boast.

The day happened to be Hilary's birthday. She had taken a holiday, which she, Johanna, Elizabeth, and the baby, had spent in Richmond Park, watching the rabbits darting about under the brown fern, and the deer grazing contentedly hard by. They had sat a long time under one of the oak-trees with which the Park abounds, listening for the sudden drop, drop of an occasional acorn among the fallen leaves; or making merry with the child, as a healthy, innocent, playful child always can make good women merry.

Still Master Henry was not a remarkable specimen of infanthood, and had never occupied more than his proper nepotal corner in Hilary's heart. She left him chiefly to Elizabeth, and to his aunt Johanna, in whom the grandmotherly character had blossomed out in full perfection. And when these two became engrossed in his infant majesty, Hilary sat a little apart, unconsciously folding her hands and fixing her eyes on vacancy; becoming fearfully alive to the sharp truth, that of all griefs a strong love unreturned or unfulfilled is the grief which most blights a woman's life. Say, rather, any human life; but it is worst to a woman, because she must necessarily endure passively. So enduring, it is very difficult to recognize the good hand of God therein. Why should He ordain longings, neither selfish nor unholy, which yet are never granted; tenderness which expends itself in vain; sacrifices which are wholly unneeded; and sufferings which seem quite thrown away? That is, if we dared allege of any thing in the moral or in the material world, where so much loveliness, so much love, appear continually wasted, that it is really "thrown away." We never know through what divine mysteries of compensation the Great Father of the universe may be carrying out His | that, in spite of all outward change, he was the

the solution of all things.

As Hilary rose from under the tree there was a shadow on her sweet face, a listless weariness in her movements, which caught Johanna's attention. Johanna had been very good to her child. When, do what she would, Hilary could not keep down fits of occasional dullness or impatience, it was touching to see how this woman of over sixty years slipped from her due pedestal of honor and dignity, to be patient with her younger sister's unspoken bitterness and incommunicable care.

She now, seeing how restless Hilary was, rose when she rose, put her arm in hers, and accompanied her, speaking or silent, with quick steps or slow, as she chose, across the beautiful park, than which, perhaps, all England can not furnish a scene more thoroughly sylvan, thoroughly English. They rested on that high ground near the gate of Pembroke Lodge, where the valley of the Thames lies spread out like a map, stretching miles and miles away in luxuriant greenery.

"How beautiful! I wonder what a foreigner would think of this view? Or any one who had been long abroad? How inexpressibly sweet and home-like it would seem to him!"

Hilary turned sharply away, and Johanna saw at once what her words had implied. She felt so sorry, so vexed with herself; but it was best to leave it alone. So they made their way homeward, speaking of something else; and then that happened which Johanna had been almost daily expecting would happen, though she dared not communicate her hopes to Hilary, lest they should prove fallacious.

The two figures, both in deep mourning, might have attracted any one's attention; they caught that of a gentleman, who was walking quickly and looking about him, as if in search of something. He passed them at a little distance, then repassed, then turned, holding out both his hands.

"Miss Leaf; I was sure it was you."

Only the voice; every thing else about him was so changed that Hilary herself would certainly have passed him in the street, that brown, foreign-looking, middle-aged man, nor recognized him as Robert Lyon. But for all that it was himself; it was Robert Lyon.

Nobody screamed, nobody fainted. People seldom do that in real life, even when a friend turns up suddenly from the other end of the They only hold out a warm hand, and world. look silently in one another's faces, and try to believe that all is real, as these did.

Robert Lvon shook hands with both ladies, one after the other, Hilary last, then placed himself between them.

"Miss Leaf, will you take my arm?"

The tone, the manner, were so exactly like himself, that in a moment all these intervening years seemed crushed into an atom of time. Hilary felt certain, morally and absolutely certain, sublime plan; and those three words, "God is same Robert Lyon who had bade them all good-



by that Sunday night in the parlor at Stowbury. The same, even in his love for herself, though he had simply drawn her little hand under his arm, and never spoken a single word.

Hilary Leaf, down, secretly, on your heart's lowest knees, and thank God! Repent of all your bitternesses, doubts, and pains,; be joyful, be joyful! But, oh, remember to be so humble withal.

She was. As she walked silently along by Robert Lyon's side she pulled down her veil to hide the sweetest, most contrite, most child-like tears. What did she deserve, more than her neighbors, that she should be so very, very happy? And when, a good distance across the park, she saw the dark, solitary figure of Elizabeth carrying baby, she quietly guided her companions into a different path, so as to avoid meeting, lest the sight of her happiness might in any way hurt poor Elizabeth.

"I only landed last night at Southampton," Mr. Lyon explained to Miss Leaf, after the fashion people have, at such meetings, of falling upon the most practical and uninteresting details. "I came by the Overland Mail. It was a sudden journey. I had scarcely more than a few hours' notice. The cause of it was some very unpleasant defalcations in our firm."

Under any other circumstances Hilary might have smiled; maybe she did smile, and tease him many a time afterward, because the first thing he could find to talk about, after seven years' absence, was "defalcations in our firm." But now she listened gravely, and by-and-by took her part in the unimportant conversation which always occurs after a meeting such as this.

"Were you going home, Miss Leaf? They told me at your house you were expected to dinner. May I come with you? for I have only a few hours to stay. To-night I must go on to Liverpool."

"But we shall hope soon to see you again?"
"I hope so. And I trust, Miss Leaf, that I

do not intrude to-day?"

He said this with his Scotch shyness, or pride, or whatever it was; so like his old self, that it made somebody smile! But somebody loved it. Somebody lifted up to his face eyes of silent welcome; sweet, soft, brown eyes, where never, since he knew them, had he seen one cloud of anger darken, one shadow of unkindness rise.

"This is something to come home to," he said in a low voice, and not over lucidly. Ay, it was.

"I am by no means disinterested in the matter of dinner, Miss Leaf; for I have no doubt of finding good English roast beef and plum-pudding on your sister's birthday. Happy returns of the day, Miss Hilary."

She was so touched by his remembering this, that, to hide it, she put on a spice of her old mischievousness, and asked him if he was aware how old she was?

"Yes: you are thirty; I have known you for fifteen years."

"It is a long time," said Johanna, thoughtfully.

Johanna would not have been human had she not been a little thoughtful and silent on the way home, and had she not many times, out of the corners of her eyes, sharply investigated Mr. Robert Lyon.

He was much altered; there was no doubt of that. Seven years of Indian life would change any body; take the youthfulness out of any body. It was so with Robert Lyon. When coming into the parlor he removed his hat many a white thread was visible in his hair, and besides the spare, dried-up look which is always noticeable in people who have lived long in hot climates, there was an "old" expression in his face, indicating many a worldly battle fought and won, but not without leaving scars behind.

Even Hilary, as she sat opposite to him at table, could not but feel that he was no longer a young man either in appearance or reality.

We ourselves grow old, or older, without knowing it, but when we suddenly come upon the same fact in another it startles us. Hilary had scarcely recognized how far she herself had left her girlish days behind till she saw Robert Lyon.

"You think me very much changed?" said he, guessing by his curiously swift intuition of old what she was thinking of.

"Yes, a good deal changed," she answered truthfully; at which he was silent.

He could not read—perhaps no man's heart could—all the emotion that swelled in hers as she looked at him, the love of her youth, no longer young. How the ghostly likeness of the former face gleamed out under the hard, worn lines of the face that now was touching her with ineffable tenderness. Also, with solemn content came a sense of the entire indestructibleness of that love which through all decay or alteration traces the ideal image still, clings to it, and cherishes it with a tenacity that laughs to scorn the grim dread of "growing old."

In his premature and not specially comely middle age, in his gray hairs, in the painful, anxious, hulf-melancholy expression which occasionally flitted across his features, as if life had gone hard with him, Robert Lyon was a thousand times dearer to her than when the world was all before them both in the early days at Stowbury.

There is a great deal of a sentimental nonsense talked about people having been "young together." Not necessarily is that a bond. Many a tie formed in youth dwindles away and breaks off naturally in maturer years. Characters alter, circumstances divide. No one will dare to allege that there may not be loves and friendships formed in middle life as dear, as close, as firm as any of those of youth; perhaps, with some temperaments, infinitely more so. But when the two go together, when the calm election of maturity confirms the early instinct, and the lives have run parallel, as it were, for many years, there can be no bond like that of those



who say, as these two did, "We were young together."

He said so when, after dinner, he came and stood by the window where Hilary was sitting sewing. Johanna had just gone out of the room; whether intentionally or not this history can not avouch. Let us give her the benefit of the doubt; she was a generous woman.

During the three hours that Mr. Lyon had been with her Hilary's first agitation had subsided. That exceeding sense of rest which she had always felt beside him—the sure index of people who, besides loving, are meant to guide and help and bless one another—returned as strong as ever. That deep affection which should underlie all love revived and clung to him with a childlike confidence, strengthening at every word he said, every familiar look and way.

He was by no means so composed as she was, especially now when, coming up to her side and watching her hands moving for a minute or so, he asked her to tell him, a little more explicitly, of what had happened to her since they parted.

"Things are rather different from what I thought;" and he glanced with a troubled air round the neat but very humbly furnished parlor. "And about the shop?"

"Johanna told you."

"Yes; but her letters have been so few, so short—not that I could expect more. Still—now, if you will trust me—tell me all."

Hilary turned to him, her friend for fifteen years. He was that if he was nothing more. And he had been very true; he deserved to be trusted. She told him, in brief, the history of the last year or two, and then added:

"But after all it is hardly worth the telling, because, you see, we are very comfortable now. Poor Ascott, we suppose, must be in Australia. I earn enough to keep Johanna and myself, and Miss Balquidder is a good friend to us. We have repaid her, and owe nobody any thing. Still we have suffered a great deal. Two years ago; oh! it was a dreadful time."

She was hardly aware of it, but her candid tell-tale face betrayed more even than her words. It cut Robert Lyon to the heart.

- "You suffered, and I never knew it."
- "I never meant you to know."
- "Why not?" He walked the room in great excitement. "I ought to have been told; it was cruel not to tell me. Suppose you had sunk under it; suppose you had died, or been driven to do what many a woman does for the sake of mere bread and a home—what your poor sister did—married. But I beg your pardon."

For Hilary had started up with her face all aglow.

"No," she cried; "no poverty would have sunk me as low as that. I might have starved, but I should never have married."

Robert Lyon looked at her, evidently uncomprehending, then said humbly, though rather formally, "I beg your pardon once more. I had no right to allude to any thing of the kind."

Hilary replied not. It seemed as if now, close together, they were further apart than when the Indian seas rolled between them.

Mr. Lyon's brown cheek turned paler and paler; he pressed his lips hard together; they moved once or twice, but still he did not utter a word. At last, with a sort of desperate courage, and in a tone that Hilary had never heard from him in her life before, he said:

"Yes, I believe I have a right, the right that every man has when his whole happiness depends upon it, to ask you one question. You know every thing concerning me; you always have known; I meant that you should—I have taken the utmost care that you should. There is not a bit of my life that has not been as open to you as if—as if—. But I know nothing whatever concerning you."

"What do you wish to know?" she faltered.

"Seven years is a long time. Are you free? I mean, are you engaged to be married?"

" No."

"Thank God!"

He dropped his head down between his hands and did not speak for a long time.

And then with difficulty-for it was always hard to him to speak out—he told her, at least he somehow made her understand, how he had loved her. No light fancy of sentimental youth, captivated by every fresh face it sees, putting upon each one the coloring of its own imagination, and adorning not what is, but what itself creates: no sudden, selfish, sensuous passion, caring only to attain its object, irrespective of reason, right, or conscience; but the strong deep love of a just man, deliberately choosing one woman as the best woman out of all the world, and setting himself resolutely to win her. Battling for her sake with all hard fortune; keeping, for her sake, his heart pure from all the temptations of the world; never losing sight of her; watching over her so far as he could, consistently with the sense of honor (or masculine pride-which was it? but Hilary forgave it, anyhow) which made him resolutely compel himself to silence; holding her perfectly free, while he held himself bound. Bound by a faithfulness perfect as that of the knights of old-asking nothing, and yet giving all.

Such was his love—this brave, plain-spoken, single-hearted Scotsman. Would that there were more such men and more such love in the world!

Few women could have resisted it, certainly not Hilary, especially with a little secret of her own lying perdu at the bottom of her heart; that "sleeping angel" whence half her strength and courage had come; the noble, faithful, generous love of a good woman for a good man. But this secret Robert Lyon had evidently never guessed, or deemed himself wholly unworthy of such a possession.

He took her hand at last, and held it firmly. "And now that you know all, do you think



in time—I'll not hurry you—but in time, do you one of us knows the alphabet, and it's contrary think I could make you love me?" to the book of etiquette for the Prince to eat his

She looked up in his face with her honest eyes. Smiling as they were, there was pathos in them; the sadness left by those long years of hidden suffering, now forever ended.

"I have loved you all my life," said Hilary.

A FAIRY IN SEARCH OF A PLACE.

SUCH a provoking baby! There he lay in the cradle by the hearth, five little pink toes showing from under the blanket, and a fat thumb in his mouth, staring with all his might at the fire, while nurse sung and rocked till the cradle's shadow seemed going crazy on the bright wall opposite.

"Bless the child!" cried nurse at last, quite out of breath; "will he never go to sleep?"

As if even a pudding-headed baby could go to sleep, when, perched on the back log, sat a Fire Elf, kicking up his heels into the chimney; turning somersaults on the wall; throwing up his bright, pointed cap to the ceiling, and winking with all his might right into baby's eyes.

"Hushaby baby!" sung nurse.

"Don't you do it," crackled the Fire Elf. "We'll serve her out, baby, for washing you and poking me. What! are you winking? You mustn't think of such a thing. Wait a moment, and I'll tell you about the fairy that was shut out of Fairy-land."

So baby opened his eyes wide, and the Elf commenced:

"Yesterday afternoon, when you sat in nurse's lap looking at the sunset, if you had but known it, baby, you were looking straight into Fairyland. The closed gates were opened wide, and the pretty star that nurse showed was the great diamond tower where the Elves keep watch night and day, flashing out in the soft evening light; and the little rosy clouds toppling about were the boats in which the fairies sail on the air sea; and the dark that came so fast was the Shadow-Elf, coming to hunt up the stray sunbeams and fairies, and send them home to Fairy-land for the night. Almost all made for the hill-tops as fast as they could scramble at once, but a few sunbeams hid away on the hill-sides, and in among rocks and tangles of green; and between chasing them out, and shutting up the flowers, and pulling the curtains about the hills, and hanging out the stars, our poor Elf was kept so busy that one fairy crept away from him unobserved, and hiding under a toad-stool, played bo-peep with a cricket, till on a sudden closed the gates of Fairy-land, and our fairy was shut out.

"There was no one to take him in, for the flowers were shut up and the birds fast asleep; so he journeyed on sorrowfully enough till he came to a palace where every body was running about as if distracted.

"'What is the matter?' asked the fairy.

"'Matter enough,' answered the courtiers all together. 'The Prince's tutor is dead, and not

one of us knows the alphabet, and it's contrary to the book of etiquette for the Prince to eat his dinner without having first said his ABC's, and it's contrary to etiquette for us to eat dinner without him; and we've sent east, west, north, and south for a tutor, and there is none to be found, and so we are all starving together.'

"'Try me, said the fairy. 'I can hear him

say the alphabet.'

"So they took him to the Lord High Fiddlestick, who put on his spectacles and his wisest look, and said,

"'Pray, Sir Tutor, do you speak Persian and Chaldee? Can you make lace and weave cloth of gold? Can you square the circle, and do you know any thing of astronomy?'

"'Why no,' answered the fairy; 'but then one doesn't need to understand Persian to hear a child say his A B C's.'

"'Alas!' groaned the Lord High Fiddlestick and the courtiers, 'it's contrary to the book of etiquette. You won't answer.'

"So the fairy went out in a huff, and near the gates he met an owl, to whom he told what had happened.

"'To-whit! to-whoo! what a fool you are!' shricked the owl. 'Hoo! hoo! hoo! Wait now, and see how I will manage. I'll wager all my feathers against your cap that I will be appointed tutor in half an hour.'

"A fine tutor you will be,' said the fairy, scornfully. 'What will you teach the Prince?' To catch frogs and mice?' But the owl only hooted the louder as he knocked at the palace gate, which the guards could hardly open, they were so weak from hunger.

"'I am a tutor,' said the owl; so they brought him to the Lord High Fiddlestick, who said, mournfully,

"'Do you understand Persian?"

"'Ankeh Mhanashim,' answered the owl; 'I never use any other language while I am eating.'

"'And Chaldee?"

"'Oh! I talk that in my sleep.'

"'And making lace and weaving cloth of gold?"

"'I was educated in those professions, and will give you a sample as soon as you will have made a set of diamond wheels and golden needles."

"The Lord High Fiddlestick could hardly credit his senses. He was almost afraid to ask about astronomy and squaring the circle, but the owl was just as much at home there as in all the rest.

"'Astronomy is my amusement, my lord. I have discovered six new planets, and will show them to you if you will build me a telescope a hundred miles long. Mine is unfortunately broken. As for squaring the circle, that is mere child's play. I can teach you to do it in five seconds. You take a scalene isosceles, subtend it with a conical section, apply therapeutics, bisect with—'

"'Enough!' cried the Lord High Fiddle-



stick; 'you are the very person we want; you shall be tutor to the Prince.'

"'One moment,' said the owl, loftily. 'There are conditions. I must have private apartments. During the day I am not to be disturbed, as I shall be lost in philosophical meditations. must have a key of the palace, as I am in the habit of walking in the woods to conduct my scientific experiments, and I must also be supplied with large quantities of frogs and mice for my dissecting room.'

"'Certainly, certainly,' answered the Lord High Fiddlestick, while the courtiers whispered together, 'What a wonderful mind! It is worth a week's starving to have such a tutor for our prince.'

"But the poor rejected fairy went away sad and angry, though he is not the first fairy that has been turned away for an owl," concluded the Fire Elf: "but it is time now to go to sleep; so shut your eyes, baby, and to-morrow night I will tell you what became of our fairy."

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.



CHAPTER VII.

THE BEGINNING OF TROUBLES.

ILY, as she parted with her lover in the garden, had required of him to attend upon her the next morning as he went to his shooting, and in obedience to this command he appeared on Mrs. Dale's lawn after breakfast, accompanied by Bernard and two dogs. The men had guns in their hands, and were got up with all proper sporting appurtenances, but it so turned out that they did not reach the stubblefields on the farther side of the road until after luncheon. And may it not be fairly doubted whether croquet is not as good as shooting when a man is in love?

It will be said that Bernard Dale was not in him will bring it falsely. He was in love with Charing Cross and the far end of Bayswater

his cousin Bell according to his manner and fashion. It was not his nature to love Bell as John Eames loved Lily; but then neither would his nature bring him into such a trouble as that which the charms of Amelia Roper had brought upon the poor clerk from the Incometax Office. Johnny was susceptible, as the word goes; whereas Captain Dale was a man who had his feelings well under control. He was not one to make a fool of himself about a girl, or to die of a broken heart; but, nevertheless, he would probably love his wife when he got a wife, and would be a careful father to his children.

They were very intimate with each other now, these four. It was Bernard and Adolphus-or sometimes Apollo-and Bell and Lily among them: and Crosbie found it to be pleasant enough. A new position of life had come upon him, and one exceeding pleasant; but, nevertheless, there were moments in which cold fits of a melancholy nature came upon him. He was doing the very thing which throughout all the years of his manhood he had declared to himself that he would not do. According to his plan of life he was to have eschewed marriage, and to have allowed himself to regard it as a possible event only under the circumstances of wealth, rank, and beauty all coming in his way together. As he had expected no such glorious prize, he had regarded himself as a man who would reign at the Beaufort and be potent at Sebright's to the end of his chapter. But now-

It was the fact that he had fallen from his settled position, vanquished by a silver voice, a pretty wit, and a pair of moderately bright eyes. He was very fond of Lily, having in truth a stronger capability for falling in love than his friend Captain Dale; but was the sacrifice worth his while? This was the question which he asked himself in those melancholy moments; while he was lying in bed, for instance, awake in the morning, when he was shaving himself, and sometimes also when the squire was prosy after dinner. At such times as these, while he would be listening to Mr. Dale, his self-reproaches would sometimes be very bitter. Why should he undergo this-he, Crosbie of Sebright's, Crosbie of the General Committee Office, Crosbie love; but they who bring such accusation against who would allow no one to bore him between



-why should he listen to the long-winded | stories of such a one as Squire Dale? If, indeed, the squire intended to be liberal to his niece, then it might be very well. But as yet the squire had given no sign of such intention, and Crosbie was angry with himself in that he had not had the courage to ask a question on that subject.

And thus the course of love was not all smooth to our Apollo. It was still pleasant for him when he was there on the croquet ground, or sitting in Mrs. Dale's drawing-room with all the privileges of an accepted lover. It was pleasant to him also as he sipped the squire's claret, knowing that his coffee would soon be handed to him by a sweet girl who would have tripped across the two gardens on purpose to perform for him this service. There is nothing pleasanter than all this, although a man when so treated does feel himself to look like a calf at the altar. ready for the knife, with blue ribbons round his horns and neck. Crosbie felt that he was such a calf-and the more calf-like, in that he not as yet dared to ask a question about his wife's fortune. "I will have it out of the old fellow this evening," he said to himself, as he buttoned on his dandy shooting gaiters that morning.

"How nice he looks in them!" Lily said to her sister afterward, knowing nothing of the thoughts which had troubled her lover's mind while he was adorning his legs.

"I suppose we shall come back this way," Crosbie said, as they prepared to move away on their proper business when lunch was over.

"Well, not exactly!" said Bernard. shall make our way round by Darvell's farm, and so back by Gruddock's. Are the girls going to dine up at the Great House to-day?"

The girls declared that they were not going to dine up at the Great House, that they did not intend going to the Great House at all that

"Then, as you won't have to dress, you might as well meet us at Gruddock's gate, at the back of the farm-yard. We'll be there exactly at half past five."

"That is to say, we're to be there at half past five, and you'll keep us waiting for three-quarters of an hour," said Lily. Nevertheless the arrangement as proposed was made, and the two ladies were not at all unwilling to make it. It is thus that the game is carried on among unsophisticated people who really live in the country. The farm-yard gate at Farmer Gruddock's has not a fitting sound as a trysting-place in romance, but for people who are in earnest it does as well as any oak in the middle glade of a forest. Lily Dale was quite in earnest—and so indeed was Adolphus Crosbie-only with him the earnest was beginning to take that shade of brown which most earnest things have to wear in this vale of tears. With Lily it was as yet all rose-colored. And Bernard Dale was also in earnest. Throughout this morning he had stood very near to Bell on the lawn, and had thought that his cousin did not receive his little to Lily with the knowledge of us all. Then,

whisperings with any aversion. Why should she? Lucky girl that she was, thus to have eight hundred a year pinned to her skirt!

"I say, Dale," Crosbie said, as in the course of their day's work they had come round upon Gruddock's ground, and were preparing to finish off his turnips before they reached the farm-yard gate. And now, as Crosbie spoke, they stood leaning on the gate, looking at the turnips while the two dogs squatted on their haunches. Crosbie had been very silent for the last mile or two, and had been making up his mind for this con-"I say, Dale, your uncle has never versation. said a word to me yet as to Lily's fortune."

"As to Lily's fortune! The question is whether Lily has got a fortune."

"He can hardly expect that I am to take her without something. Your uncle is a man of the world, and he knows-"

"Whether or no my uncle is a man of the world I will not say; but you are, Crosbie, whether he is or not. Lily, as you have always known, has nothing of her own."

"I'm not talking of Lily's own. I'm speaking of her uncle. I have been straightforward with him; and when I became attached to your cousin I declared what I meant at once."

"You should have asked him the question, if you thought there was any room for such a question.'

"Thought there was any room! Upon my word you are a cool fellow.

"Now look here, Crosbie; you may say what you like about my uncle, but you must not say a word against Lily."

"Who is going to say a word against her? You can little understand me if you don't know that the protection of her name against evil words is already more my care than it is yours. I regard Lily as my own."

"I only meant to say, that any discontent you may feel as to her money, or want of money, you must refer to my uncle, and not to the family at the Small House."

"I am quite well aware of that."

"And though you are quite at liberty to say what you like to me about my uncle, I can not say that I can see that he has been to blame."

"He should have told me what her prospects are."

"But if she have got no prospects! It can not be an uncle's duty to tell every body that he does not mean to give his niece a fortune. In point of fact, why should you suppose that he has such an intention?"

"Do you know that he has not? because you once led me to believe that he would give his niece money."

"Now, Crosbie, it is necessary that you and I should understand each other in this matter-

"But did you not?"

"Listen to me for a moment. I never said a word to you about my uncle's intentions in any way, until after you had become fully engaged



when my belief on the subject could make no possible difference in your conduct, I told you that I thought my uncle would do something for her. I told you so because I did think so; and as your friend, I should have told you what I thought in any matter that concerned your interest."

"And now you have changed your opinion?"

"I have changed my opinion; but very probably without sufficient ground."

"That's hard upon me."

"It may be hard to bear disappointment: but you can not say that any body has ill-used you."

"And you don't think he will give her any thing?"

"Nothing that will be of much moment to

"And I'm not to say that that's hard? I think it confounded hard. Of course I must put off my marriage."

"Why do you not speak to my uncle?"

- "I shall do so. To tell the truth, I think it would have come better from him; but that is a matter of opinion. I shall tell him very plainly what I think about it; and if he is angry, why, I suppose I must leave his house; that will be all.'
- "Look here, Crosbie; do not begin your conversation with the purpose of angering him. He is not a bad-hearted man, but is very obstinate."

"I can be quite as obstinate as he is." And then, without further parley, they went in among the turnips, and each swore against his luck as he missed his birds. There are certain phases of mind in which a man can neither ride nor shoot, nor play a stroke at billiards, nor remember a card at whist, and to such a phase of mind had come both Crosbie and Dale after their conversation over the gate.

They were not above fifteen minutes late at the trysting-place, but nevertheless, punctual though they had been, the girls were there before them. Of course the first inquiries were made about the game, and of course the gentlemen declared that the birds were scarcer than they had ever been before, that the dogs were wilder, and their luck more excruciatingly badto all which apologies very little attention was paid. Lily and Bell had not come there to inquire after partridges, and would have forgiven the sportsmen even though no single bird had been killed. But they could not forgive the want of good spirits which was apparent.

"I declare I don't know what's the matter with you," Lily said to her lover.

"We have been over fifteen miles of ground,

"I nèver knew any thing so lackadaisical as you gentlemen from London. Been over fifteen miles of ground! Why Uncle Christopher would think nothing of that."

"Uncle Christopher is made of sterner stuff than we are," said Crosbie. "They used to be born so sixty or seventy years ago." And then they walked on through Gruddock's fields, and Uncle Christopher, and does not want any one to

the home paddocks, back to the Great House, where they found the squire standing in the front of the porch.

The walk had not been so pleasant as they had all intended that it should be when they made their arrangements for it. Crosbie had endeavored to recover his happy state of mind, but had been unsuccessful; and Lily, fancying that her lover was not all that he should be, had become reserved and silent. Bernard and Bell had not shared this discomfiture, but then Bernard and Bell were, as a rule, much more given to silence than the other two.

"Uncle," said Lily, "these men have shot nothing, and you can not conceive how unhappy they are in consequence. It's all the fault of the naughty partridges."

"There are plenty of partridges if they knew how to get them," said the squire.

"The dogs are uncommonly wild," said Crosbie.

"They are not wild with me," said the squire; "nor yet with Dingles." Dingles was the squire's game-keeper. "The fact is, you young men nowadays expect to have dogs trained to do all the work for you. It's too much labor for you to walk up to your game. You'll be late for dinner, girls, if you don't look sharp."

"We're not coming up this evening, Sir," said Bell.

"And why not?"

"We're going to stay with mamma."

"And why will not your mother come with you? I'll be whipped if I can understand it. One would have thought that under the present circumstances she would have been glad to see you all as much together as possible."

"We're together quite enough," said Lily. "And as for mamma, I suppose she thinks-And then she stopped herself, catching the glance of Bell's imploring eye. She was going to make some indignant excuse for her mother-some excuse which would be calculated to make her uncle angry. It was her practice to say such sharp words to him, and consequently he did not regard her as warmly as her more silent and more prudent sister. At the present moment he turned quickly round and went into the house; and then, with a very few words of farewell, the two young men followed him. The girls went back over the little bridge by themselves, feeling that the afternoon had not gone off altogether well.

"You shouldn't provoke him, Lily," said Bell.

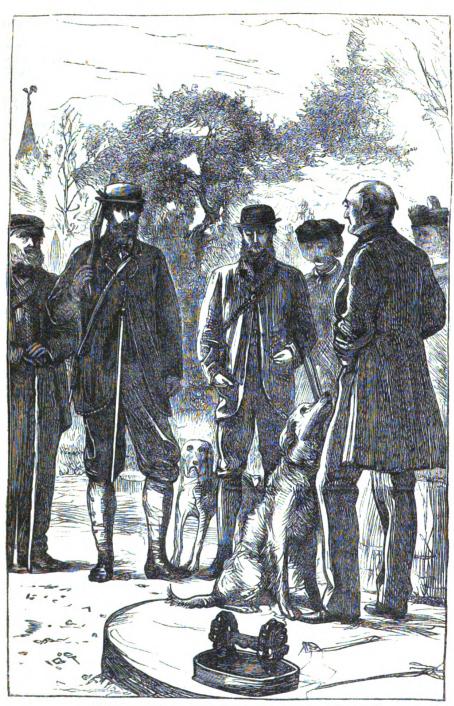
"And he shouldn't say those things about mamma. It seems to me that you don't mind what he says."

"Ob, Lily!"

"No more you do. He makes me so angry that I can not hold my tongue. He thinks that because all the place is his, he is to say just what he likes. Why should mamma go up there to please his humors?"

"You may be sure that mamma will do what she thinks best. She is stronger-minded than





LILY SPEAKS. "IT'S ALL THE FAULT OF THE NAUGHTY PARTRIDGES."

though I were careless about mamma. You didn't mean that, I know."

"Of course I didn't." Then the two girls joined their mother in their own little domain; but we will return to the men at the Great House.

Crosbie, when he went up to dress for dinner, fell into one of those melancholy fits of which I have spoken. Was he absolutely about to destroy all the good that he had done for himself

help her. But, Lily, you shouldn't speak as | throughout the past years of his hitherto success. ful life? or rather, as he at last put the question to himself more strongly, was it not the case that he had already destroyed all that success? His marriage with Lily, whether it was to be for good or bad, was now a settled thing, and was not regarded as a matter admitting of any doubt. To do the man justice, I must declare that in all these moments of misery he still did the best he could to think of Lily herself as of a great treas-



should, and perhaps would, compensate him for his misery. But there was the misery very plain. He must give up his clubs, and his fashion, and all that he had hitherto gained, and be content to live a plain, humdrum, domestic life, with eight hundred a year, and a small house, full of babies. It was not the kind of Elysium for which he had tutored himself. Lily was very nice, very nice indeed. She was, as he said to himself, "by odds the nicest girl that he had ever seen." Whatever might now turn up, her happiness should be his first care. But as for his own, he began to fear that the compensation would hardly be perfect. "It is my own doing," he said to himself, intending to be rather noble in the purport of his soliloquy, "I have trained myself for other things-very foolishly. Of course I must suffer-suffer damnably. But she shall never know it. Dear, sweet, innocent, pretty little thing!" And then he went on about the squire, as to whom he felt himself entitled to be indignant by his own disinterested and manly line of conduct toward the niece. "But I will let him know what I think about it," he said. "It's all very well for Dale to say that I have been treated fairly. It isn't fair for a man to put forward his niece under false pretenses. Of course I thought that he intended to provide for her." And then, having made up his mind in a very manly way that he would not desert Lily altogether after having promised to marry her, he endeavored to find consolation in the reflection that he might, at any rate, allow himself two years' more run as a bachelor in London. Girls who have to get themselves married without fortunes always know that they will have to wait. Indeed, Lily had already told him that, as far as she was concerned, she was in no hurry. He need not, therefore, at once withdraw his name from Sebright's. Thus he endeavored to console himself, still, however, resolving that he would have a little serious conversation with the squire that very evening as to Lily's fortune.

And what was the state of Lily's mind at the same moment, while she, also, was performing some slight toilet changes preparatory to their simple dinner at the Small House?

"I didn't behave well to him," she said to herself; "I never do. I forget how much he is giving up for me; and then, when any thing annoys him, I make it worse instead of comforting him." And upon that she made accusation against herself that she did not love him half enough—that she did not let him see how thoroughly and perfectly she loved him. She had an idea of her own, that as a girl should never show any preference for a man till circumstances should have fully entitled him to such manifestation, so also should she make no drawback on her love, but pour it forth for his benefit with all her strength when such circumstances had come to exist. But she was ever feeling that she was not acting up to her theory, now that the time for such practice had come. She would unwittingly assume little reserves, and make small and Crosbie thought it well to begin as though

ure which he had won—as of a treasure which | pretenses of indifference in spite of her own judgment. She had done so on this afternoon, and had left him without giving him her hand to press, without looking up into his face with an assurance of love, and therefore she was angry with herself. "I know I shall teach him to hate me," she said out loud to Bell.

"That would be very sad," said Bell; "but I don't see it."

"If you were engaged to a man you would be much better to him. You would not say so much, but what you did say would be all affection. I am always making horrid little speeches, for which I should like to cut out my tongue afterward.".

"Whatever sort of speeches they are I think that he likes them."

"Does he? I'm not all so sure of that, Bell. Of course I don't expect that he is to scold me-not yet, that is. But I know by his eye when he is pleased and when he is displeased."

And then they went down to their dinner.

Up at the Great House the three gentlemen met together in apparent good-humor. Bernard Dale was a man of an equal temperament, who rarely allowed any feeling, or even any annoyance, to interfere with his usual manner-a man who could always come to table with a smile, and meet either his friend or his enemy with a properly civil greeting. Not that he was especially a false man. There was nothing of deceit in his placidity of demeanor. It arose from true equanimity; but it was the equanimity of a cold disposition rather than of one well ordered by discipline. The squire was aware that he had been unreasonably petulant before dinner, and having taken himself to task in his own way, now entered the dining-room with the courteous greeting of a host. "I find that your bag was not so bad after all," he said; "and I hope that your appetite is at least as good as your bag."

Crosbie smiled, and made himself pleasant, and said a few flattering words. A man who intends to take some very decided step in an hour or two generally contrives to bear himself in the mean time as though the trifles of the world were quite sufficient for him. So he praised the squire's game, said a good-natured word as to Dingles, and bantered himself as to his own want of skill. Then all went merrynot quite as a marriage bell; but still merry enough for a party of three gentlemen.

But Crosbie's resolution was fixed; and as soon, therefore, as the old butler was permanently gone, and the wine steadily in transit upon the table, he began his task, not without some apparent abruptness. Having fully considered the matter, he had determined that he would not wait for Bernard Dale's absence. He thought it possible that he might be able to fight his battle better in Bernard's presence than he could do behind his back.

"Squire," he began. They all called him squire when they were on good terms together,



there was nothing amiss between them. "Squire, of course I am thinking a good deal at the present moment as to my intended marriage."

"That's natural enough," said the squire.

"Yes, by George! Sir, a man doesn't make a change like that without finding that he has got something to think of."

"I suppose not," said the squire. "I never was in the way of getting married myself, but I

can easily understand that."

- "I've been the luckiest fellow in the world in finding such a girl as your niece—" Whereupon the squire bowed, intending to make a little courteous declaration that the luck in the matter was on the side of the Dales. "I know that," continued Crosby, "she is exactly every thing that a girl ought to be."
 - "She is a good girl," said Bernard.
 "Yes, I think she is," said the squire.

"But it seems to me," said Crosbie, finding that it was necessary to dash at once headlong into the water, "that something ought to be said as to my means of supporting her properly."

Then he paused for a moment, expecting that the squire would speak. But the squire sat perfectly still, looking intently at the empty fireplace, and saying nothing. "Of supporting her," continued Crosbie, "with all those comforts to which she has been accustomed."

"She has never been used to expense," said the squire. "Her mother, as you doubtless know, is not a rich woman."

"But living here, Lily has had great advantages—a horse to ride, and all that sort of thing."

- "I don't suppose she expects a horse in the park," said the squire, with a very perceptible touch of sarcasm in his voice.
 - "I hope not," said Crosbie.
- "I believe she has had the use of one of the ponies here sometimes, but I hope that has not made her extravagant in her ideas. I did not think that there was any thing of that nonsense about either of them."
 - "Nor is there, as far as I know."
 - "Nothing of the sort," said Bernard.
- "But the long and the short of it is this, Sir!" and Crosbie, as he spoke, endeavored to maintain his ordinary voice and usual coolness, but his heightened color betrayed that he was nervous. "Am I to expect any accession of income with my wife?"
- "I have not spoken to my sister-in-law on the subject," said the squire; "but I should fear that she can not do much."
- "As a matter of course, I would not take a shilling from her," said Crosbie.
 - "Then that settles it," said the squire.

Crosbie paused a moment, during which his color became very red. He unconsciously took up an apricot and ate it, and then he spoke out. "Of course I was not alluding to Mrs. Dale's income; I would not, on any account, disturb her arrangements. But I wished to learn, Sir, whether you intend to do any thing for your niece."

- "In the way of giving her a fortune? Nothing at all. I intend to do nothing at all."
- "Then I suppose we understand each other—at last," said Crosbie.
- "I should have thought that we might have understood each other at first," said the squire. "Did I ever make you any promise or give you any hint that I intended to provide for my niece? Have I ever held out to you any such hope? I don't know what you mean by that word 'at last,' unless it be to give offense."
- "I meant the truth, Sir—I meant this—that seeing the manner in which your nieces lived with you, I thought it probable that you would treat them both as though they were your daughters. Now I find out my mistake; that is all!"
- "You have been mistaken, and without a shadow of excuse for your mistake."
- "Others have been mistaken with me," said Crosbie, forgetting, on the spur of the moment, that he had no right to drag the opinion of any other person into the question.
- "What others?" said the squire, with anger; and his mind immediately betook itself to his sister-in-law.
- "I do not want to make any mischief," said Croshie.
- "If any body connected with my family has presumed to tell you that I intended to do more for my niece Lilian than I have already done, such person has not only been false but ungrateful. I have given to no one any authority to make any promise on behalf of my niece."
- "No such promise has been made. It was only a suggestion," said Crosbie.

He was not in the least aware to whom the squire was alluding in his anger; but he perceived that his host was angry, and, having already reflected that he should not have alluded to the words which Bernard Dale had spoken in his friendship, he resolved to name no one. Bernard, as he sat by listening, knew exactly how the matter stood; but, as he thought, there could be no reason why he should subject himself to his uncle's ill-will, seeing that he had committed no sin.

"No such suggestion should have been made," said the squire. "No one has had a right to make such a suggestion. No one has been placed by me in a position to make such a suggestion to you without manifest impropriety. I will ask no further questions about it; but it is quite as well that you should understand at once that I do not consider it to be my duty to give my niece Lilian a fortune on her marriage. I trust that your offer to her was not made under any such delusion."

"No, Sir, it was not," said Crosbie.

"Then I suppose that no great harm has been done. I am sorry if false hopes have been given to you; but I am sure you will acknowledge that they were not given to you by me."

"I think you have misunderstood me, Sir. My hopes were never very high; but I thought it right to ascertain your intentions."

"Now you know them. I trust, for the girl's



can hardly believe that she has been to blame in the matter."

Crosbie hastened at once to exculpate Lily; and then, with more awkward blunders than a man should have made who was so well acquainted with fashionable life as the Apollo of the Beaufort, he proceeded to explain that, as Lily was to have nothing, his own pecuniary arrangements would necessitate some little delay in their marriage.

"As far as I myself am concerned," said the squire, "I do not like long engagements. But I am quite aware that in this matter I have no right to interfere, unless, indeed-" and then he stopped himself.

"I suppose it will be well to fix some day; eh, Crosbie?" said Bernard.

"I will discuss that matter with Mrs. Dale," said Crosbie.

"If you and she understand each other," said the squire, "that will be sufficient. Shall we go into the drawing-room now, or out upon the lawn?"

That evening, as Crosbie went to bed, he felt that he had not gained the victory in his encounter with the squire.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT CAN NOT BE.

On the following morning at breakfast each of the three gentlemen at the Great House received a little note on pink paper, nominally from Mrs. Dale, asking them to drink tea at the Small House on that day week. At the bottom of the note which Lily had written for Mr. Crosbie was added: "Dancing on the lawn, if we can get any body to stand up. Of course you must come, whether you like it or not. And Bernard also. Do your possible to talk my uncle into coming." And this note did something toward recreating good-humor among them at the breakfast-table. It was shown to the squire, and at last he was brought to say that he would perhaps go to Mrs. Dale's little evening-party.

It may be well to explain that this promised entertainment had been originated with no special view to the pleasure of Mr. Crosbie, but altogether on behalf of poor Johnny Eames. What was to be done in that matter? question had been fully discussed between Mrs. Dale and Bell, and they had come to the conclusion that it would be best to ask Johnny over to a little friendly gathering, in which he might be able to meet Lily with some strangers around them. In this way his embarrassment might be overcome. It would never do, as Mrs. Dale said, that he should be suffered to stay away unnoticed by them. "When the ice is once broken he won't mind it," said Bell. And, therefore, early in the day, a messenger was

sake, that it will make no difference to her. I | note from Mrs. Eames, saying that she would come on the evening in question with her son and daughter. They would keep the fly and get back to Guestwick the same evening. This was added, as an offer had been made of bods for Mrs. Eames and Mary.

Before the evening of the party another memorable occurrence had taken place at Allington, which must be described, in order that the feelings of the different people on that evening may be understood. The squire had given his nephew to understand that he wished to have that matter settled as to his niece Bell; and as Bernard's views were altogether in accordance with the squire's, he resolved to comply with his uncle's wishes. The project with him was not a new thing. He did love his cousin quite sufficiently for purposes of matrimony, and was minded that it would be a good thing for him to marry. He could not marry without money, but this marriage would give him an income without the trouble of intricate settlements, or the interference of lawyers hostile to his own interests. It was possible that he might do better; but then it was possible also that he might do much worse; and, in addition to this, he was fond of his cousin. He discussed the matter within himself very calmly; made some excellent resolutions as to the kind of life which it would behoove him to live as a married man; settled on the street in London in which he would have his house, and behaved very prettily to Bell for four or five days running. That he did not make love to her, in the ordinary sense of the word, must, I suppose, be taken for granted, seeing that Bell herself did not recognize the fact. She had always liked her cousin, and thought that in these days he was making himself particularly agreeable.

On the evening before the party the girls were at the Great House, having come up nominally with the intention of discussing the expediency of dancing on the lawn. Lily had made up her mind that it was to be so, but Bell had objected that it would be cold and damp, and that the drawing-room would be nicer for dancing.

"You see we've only got four young gentle-men and one ungrown," said Lily; "and they will look so stupid standing up all properly in a room, as though we had a regular party."

"Thank you for the compliment," said Crosbie, taking off his straw-hat.

"So you will; and we girls will look more stupid still. But out on the lawn it won't look stupid at all. Two or three might stand up on the lawn, and it would be jolly enough."

"I don't quite see it," said Bernard.

"Yes, I think I see it," said Crosbie. "The unadaptability of the lawn for the purpose of a

"Nobody is thinking of a ball," said Lily, with mock petulance.

"I'm defending you, and yet you won't let me speak. The unadaptability of the lawn for the purposes of a ball will conceal the insuffisent over to Guestwick, who returned with a ciency of four men and a boy as a supply of



male dancers. But, Lily, who is the ungrown gentleman? Is it your old friend Johnny Eames?"

Lily's voice became sobered as she answered him.

- "Oh no; I did not mean Mr. Eames. He is coming, but I did not mean him. Dick Boyce, Mr. Boyce's son, is only sixteen. He is the ungrown gentleman."
 - "And who is the fourth adult?"
- "Dr. Croft, from Guestwick. I do hope you will like him, Adolphus. We think he is the very perfection of a man."

"Then of course I shall hate him; and be very jealous, too!"

And then that pair went off together, fighting their own little battle on that head, as turtle-doves will sometimes do. They went off, and Bernard was left with Bell standing together over the ha-ha fence which divides the garden at the back of the house from the field.

"Bell," he said, "they seem very happy, don't they?"

"And they ought to be happy now, oughtn't they? Dear Lily! I hope he will be good to her. Do you know, Bernard, though he is your friend, I am very, very anxious about it. It is such a vast trust to put in a man when we do not quite know him."

"Yes, it is; but they'll do very well together. Lily will be happy enough."

"And he?"

"I suppose he'll be happy too. He'll feel himself a little straitened as to income at first, but that will all come round."

"If he is not, she will be wretched."

"They will do very well. Lily must be prepared to make the money go as far as she can, that's all."

"Lily won't feel the want of money. It is not that. But if he lets her know that she has made him a poor man, then she will be unhappy. Is he extravagant, Bernard?"

But Bernard was anxious to discuss another subject, and therefore would not speak such words of wisdom as to Lily's engagement as might have been expected from him had he been in a different frame of mind.

"No, I should sas not," said he. "But, Bell-"

"I do not know that we could have acted otherwise than we have done, and yet I fear that we have been rash. If he makes her unhappy, Bernard, I shall never forgive you."

But as she said this she put her hand lovingly upon his arm, as a cousin might do, and spoke in a tone which divested her threat of its acerbity.

"You must not quarrel with me, Bell, whatever may happen. I can not afford to quarrel with vou."

"Of course I was not in earnest as to that."

"You and I must never quarrel, Bell; at least, I hope not. I could bear to quarrel with any one rather than with you." And then, as he spoke, there was something in his voice which

gave the girl some slight, indistinct warning of what might be his intention. Not that she said to herself at once that he was going to make her an offer of his hand—now, on the spot; but she felt that he intended something beyond the tenderness of ordinary cousinly affection.

"I hope we shall never quarrel," she said. But as she spoke her mind was settling itself—forming its resolution, and coming to a conclusion as to the sort of love which Bernard might, perhaps, expect. And it formed another conclusion; as to the sort of love which might be given in return.

"Bell," he said, "you and I have always been dear friends."

"Yes, always."

"Why should we not be something more than friends?"

To give Captain Dale his due I must declare that his voice was perfectly natural as he asked this question, and that he showed no signs of nervousness, either in his face or limbs. He had made up his mind to do it on that occasion, and he did it without any signs of outward disturbance. He asked his question, and then he waited for his answer. In this he was rather hard upon his cousin; for, though the question had certainly been asked in language that could not be mistaken, still the matter had not been put forward with all that fullness which a young lady, under such circumstances, has a right to expect.

They had sat down on the turf close to the ha-ha, and they were so near that Bernard was able to put out his hand with the view of taking that of his cousin within his own. But she contrived to keep her hands locked together, so that he merely held her gently by the wrist.

"I don't quite understand, Bernard," she said, after a minute's pause.

"Shall we be more than cousins? Shall we be man and wife?"

Now, at least, she could not say that she did not understand. If the question was ever asked plainly, Bernard Dale had asked it plainly. Shall we be man and wife? Few men, I fancy, dare to put it all at once in so abrupt a way, and yet I do not know that the English language affords any better terms for the question.

"Oh, Bernard! you have surprised me."

"I hope I have not pained you, Bell. I have been long thinking of this, but I am well aware that my own manner, even to you, has not been that of a lover. It is not in me to smile and say soft things as Crosbie can. But I do not love you the less on that account. I have looked about for a wife, and I have thought that if I could gain you I should be very fortunate."

He did not then say any thing about his nucle and the eight hundred a year, but he fully intended to do so as soon as an opportunity should serve. He was quite of opinion that eight hundred a year and the good-will of a rich uncle were strong grounds for matrimony—were grounds even for love; and he did not doubt but his cousin would see the matter in the same light.

"You are very good to me-more than good.



Of course I know that. did not expect this a bit."

- "But you will answer me, Bell! Or if you would like time to think, or to speak to my aunt, perhaps you will answer me to-morrow?'
 - "I think I ought to answer you now."
- "Not if it be a refusal, Bell! Think well of it before you do that. I should have told you that our uncle wishes this match, and that he will remove any difficulty there might be about money."
 - "I do not care for money."
- "But, as you were saying about Lily, one has to be prudent. Now, in our marriage, every thing of that kind would be well arranged. My uncle has promised me that he would at once allow us-
- "Stop, Bernard. You must not be led to suppose that any offer made by my uncle would help to purchase— Indeed, there can be no need for us to talk about money."
- "I wished to let you know the facts of the case, exactly as they are. And as to our uncle, I can not but think that you would be glad, in such a matter, to have him on your side.'
- "Yes, I should be glad to have him on my side; that is, if I were going- But my.uncle's wishes could not influence my decision. The two. fact is, Bernard-"
 - "Well, dearest, what is the fact?"
- "I have always regarded you rather as a brother than as any thing else.'
 - "But that regard may be changed."
- "No; I think not. Bernard, I will go further and speak on at once. It can not be changed. I know myself well enough to say that with certainty. It can not be changed."
 - "You mean that you can not love me?"
- "Not as you would have me do. I do love you very dearly—very dearly, indeed. I would go to you in any trouble, exactly as I would go to a brother."
 - "And must that be all, Bell?"
- "Is not that all the sweetest love that can be felt? But you must not think me ungrateful, or proud. I know well that you are-are proposing to do for me much more than I deserve. Any girl might be proud of such an offer. But, dear Bernard-"
- "Bell, before you give me a final answer, sleep upon this and talk it over with your mother. Of course you were unprepared, and I can not expect that you should promise me so much without a moment's consideration."
- "I was unprepared, and therefore I have not answered you as I should have done. But as it has gone so far, I can not let you leave me in uncertainty. It is not necessary that I should keep you waiting. In this matter I do know my own mind. Dear Bernard, indeed, indeed it can not be as you have proposed."

She spoke in a low voice, and in a tone that had in it something of almost imploring humility; but, nevertheless, it conveyed to her cousin an assurance that she was in earnest; an assurance also that that earnest would not readily be goodness. I will not intrude it on you again-

But oh, Bernard! I | changed. Was she not a Dale? And when did a Dale change his mind? For a while he sat silent by her; and she too, having declared her intention, refrained from further words. For some minutes they thus remained, looking down into the ha-ha. She still kept her old position, holding her hands clasped together over her knees; but he was now lying on his side, supporting his head upon his arm, with his face indeed turned toward her, but with his eyes fixed upon the grass. During this time, however, he was not idle. His cousin's answer, though it had grieved him, had not come upon him as a blow stunning him for a moment, and rendering him unfit for instant thought. He was grieved. more grieved than he had thought he would have been. The thing that he had wanted moderately, he now wanted the more in that it was denied to him. But he was able to perceive the exact truth of his position, and to calculate what might be his chances if he went on with his suit, and what his advantage if he at once abandoned it.

- "I do not wish to press you unfairly, Bell; but may I ask if any other preference-
- "There is no other preference," she answered. And then again they were silent for a minute or
- "My uncle will be much grieved at this," he said at last.
- "If that be all," said Bell, "I do not think that we need either of us trouble ourselves. He can have no right to dispose of our hearts."
 - "I understand the taunt, Bell."
- "Dear Bernard, there was no taunt. I intended none."
- "I need not speak of my own grief. You can not but know how deep it must be. Why should I have submitted myself to this mortification had not my heart been concerned? But that I will bear, if I must bear it-" And then he paused, looking up at her.
 - "It will soon pass away," she said.
- "I will accept it at any rate without complaint. But as to my uncle's feelings, it is open to me to speak, and to you, I should think, to listen without indifference. He has been kind to us both, and loves us two above any other living beings. It's not surprising that he should wish to see us married, and it will not be surprising if your refusal should be a great blow to him."
 - "I shall be sorry—very sorry."
- "I also shall be sorry. I am now speaking of him. He has set his heart upon it; and as he has but few wishes, few desires, so is he the more constant in those which he expresses. When he knows this, I fear that we shall find him very stern."
 - "Then he will be unjust."
- "No; he will not be unjust. He is always a just man. But he will be unhappy, and will, I fear, make others unhappy. Dear Bell, may not this thing remain for a while unsettled? You will not find that I take advantage of your



gone."

"No, no, no," said Bell.

"Why are you so eager in your noes? There can be no danger in such delay. I will not press you - and you can let my uncle think that you have at least taken time for consideration."

"There are things as to which one is bound to answer at once. If I doubted myself, I would let you persuade me. But I do not doubt myself, and I should be wrong to keep you in suspense. Dear, dearest Bernard, it can not be; and as it can not be, you, as my brother, would bid me say so clearly. It can not be."

As she made this last assurance, they heard the steps of Lily and her lover close to them, and they both felt that it would be well that their intercourse should thus be brought to a close. Neither had known how to get up and leave the place, and yet each had felt that nothing further could then be said.

"Did you ever see any thing so sweet and affectionate and romantic?" said Lily, standing over them and looking at them. "And all the while we have been so practical and worldly. Do you know, Bell, that Adolphus seems to think we can't very well keep pigs in London? It makes me so unhappy.'

"It does seem a pity," said Crosbie, "for

Lily seems to know all about pigs!"

"Of course I do. I haven't lived in the country all my life for nothing. Oh, Bernard, I should so like to see you rolled down into the bottom of the ha-ha. Just remain there, and we'll do it between us.'

Whereupon Bernard got up, as did Bell also, and they all went in to tea.

MY FIRST SERMON.

THE long looked-for and nervously-antici-. pated day came. I was to preach my first sermon. It was one of the purest, brightest, calmest of June Sabbaths. Just three days before a letter had come to me from a young clergyman, settled in a small village twenty miles distant by rail:

"DEAR ARTHUR"-he wrote-"I am sick. A severe cold, taken while officiating at a funeral, has produced hoarseness and a cough. The Doctor says there is considerable inflammation of the throat, and that I must intermit at least one Sabbath service. Your welcome favor of two weeks ago should have been answered earlier; but any things prevented. I need not say how much gratifled I was to learn that you had received a license to preach. Come down on Saturday and fill my pulpit for me next Sabbath. I will take no denial, understand. One thing I can promise you, and that is, a kind as well as an appreciative audience.

How my heart fluttered! I was inwardly pleased, yet disturbed by the invitation. It gave me just the opportunity I had desired. In literary societies I had sought honors as a debater, and on two occasions had written and pronounced public addresses. But in the graver matter of a sermon I was yet to be tried; or, to speak with exactness, in the graver matter speaking comes from the heart that is all alive

say for a fortnight — or till Crosbie shall be of preaching a sermon. Several discourses had already been written, and I had only to make my selection from these, and, with manuscript in my pocket, take the cars on Saturday, and stand ready to occupy my friend's place in the pulpit on Sunday.

> Promptly sending an affirmative answer, in which were introduced sundry depreciating and doubtful passages touching myself, I entered at once upon the not very easy task of deciding which of my half dozen sermons would best impress the congregation before whom I was to appear with a due sense of my literary and oratorical powers. I am on the confessional, and must tell the truth. Not that I, consciously, set this end before me. Far from it. I even flattered myself that a sole desire to become the medium of good to others ruled in my soul. But I did not know the human heart then as well as I know it now.

> The selection of a sermon was at last made, but not till the whole six had been read over, some for the third time. The few more than usually eloquent passages in the one finally taken really decided the choice. I would have been indignant then had any one hinted such a thing, and felt that my indignation was just. How little we know ourselves! How deeply hidden often are our springs of action!

> I was up until after twelve o'clock on Saturday night, talking with my friend and arranging the order of service for next day. I felt very much excited, exhilarant almost; the higher velocity attained by the machinery of my mind giving thought a buoyancy and clearness above the ordinary state. Is it to be wondered that I was self-confident? That I felt myself wholly equal to the occasion? Sleep rested on my eyelids during the morning-watches for only brief seasons, and unable to lie in bed longer, I arose with the sun, and spent the time that intervened until the breakfast hour in going over my sermon again, and studying certain effective passages which I hoped to render in a way that could not fail to move the audience.

> Something in my appearance, when I met my friend at the breakfast-table, caused him to look at me with just a shade of concern on his face.

> "I'm afraid we were up too late," he remarked. "Did you sleep soundly after you went to bed?"

"Not very soundly," I replied. "This is a new experience for me, and, of course, I feel a little nervous. Thought gets so busy, sometimes, that it will not yield to the poppies. Still, I feel very well, and shall make up for lost sleeping-time to-night."

"There is no occasion whatever for being nervous," answered my friend, smiling. "You have your discourse all written out, your eyesight is good, and you are an effective reader. Trust to these and keep fast hold of your selfpossession. Above all, let your thought rest in the truths to which you give utterance so that you can feel their significance. Truly effective



with its theme. Forget every thing but your subject."

No better advice could have been given; the difficulty lay in making it the rule of action on this occasion. Considering my state of mind, that was a simple impossibility; for I was ambitious to do well, to make a favorable impression, to extort admiration. Poor human nature! shall I expose your weakness still further? lift the veil a little higher? It may be well, for the day of humiliation is past. Even as I dwelt in fancy on the eloquent manner with which this my first sermon was to be delivered-for, with all my nervousness, I felt great confidence in my ability to impress an audience—a suggestion of the contrast likely to be drawn between me and my friend, unfavorable to him of course, was thrown into my mind. Did I cast it out instantly? Push it aside as an unseemly thing? Not so! It was dwelt upon and referred to, over and over again, even until the thought of being called to fill his place was reached, and I became aware of a pleasant excitement of feeling.

I was rather startled at this discovery, but not deeply shocked at the time. Simply turning myself away from the thought, instead of attempting to exorcise it as an evil, I let my mind again dwell on the manner and address I was to assume in the pulpit.

I was in my room, and in the act of studying a passage in my sermon, with a view to its effective delivery, when the bell rang for church. The first peal made my heart leap. Folding my manuscript hurriedly, I went down stairs, where I found my friend and his wife awaiting me. We had to walk about an eighth of a mile, along the outskirts of the town, and through streets shaded by great elms, which made them seem like rural avenues, and where June had spread her mantle of green, broidered all over with richest flowers. But the peace of nature did not fall upon my soul. There was no echo to the singing birds in my heart. The blossoms for me sent forth their odors in vain. I was thinking only of myself; looking only at the image of myself as I stood up, in imagination, before the people. As we neared the church, and I saw group after group approaching the vestibule and entering, a weight began to settle down upon my bosom which I vainly tried to throw off by deep-drawn inspirations. As my friend nodded and spoke to one parishioner after another, I noted the curious glances that were cast upon me. Of course it was known that a stranger would preach on that morning, and, of course, I was recognized as that stranger. What impression did I make? Yes, that was the thought I permitted to come in through some unguarded door.

We entered the vestry room, my friend and I, and from thence passed up to the pulpit. The organ commenced playing as we took our seats side by side on the sofa just behind the readingdesk. Every eye in the assembly was upon me. I strove to repress the unquiet beating of my I turned the first page. My mouth was dry and heart, to still the low tremor that shook along clammy; and there was a great obstruction in

my nerves, to forget every thing but the duty I was there to perform.

A few minutes and then the rich swells and tender harmonies of the organ died away, and there followed a deep silence. My time had come! Rising, I advanced, with that slow and solemn manner which I thought befitting the place and occasion, to the desk. Opening the Bible, I read a brief psalm. At first I scarcely knew the sound of my own voice; but I soon had it under control, and executed the portion of Holy Writ quite to my satisfaction. A hymn came next. Few clergymen read poetry well. I don't know why it is, unless they are generally deficient in imagination. Being a little vain of my skill in this line, I laid myself out on the hymn. The words were so familiar that I had no occasion to look down upon the book; nevertheless I, affecting to catch the lines by quick glances at the page before me, and then lifting my eyes, sometimes upward and sometimes to the range of my audience, would recite them with all the elocutionary skill at my command. In the midst of this performance I noticed an intelligent-looking man, whom I had already felt a desire to impress, glance sideways at a lady with a half-amused expression on his face. Is was a dash of ice-water on my enthusiasm. Against ridicule I have no proof armor. On that side I have always been weak. Was I making myself ridiculous! The thought stung me like an adder. I was only half through the hymn. How the balance was read I can not remember. Not with much effect, I am sure. The congregation, if not amused at the contrast of styles, must have been struck with the sudden change in my way of reading.

The prayer came next. It was to be extempore. I had laid myself out for this important part of the services, carefully committing to memory devotional passages previously written down, which might be uttered with the most pious fervors. Nothing finer, I was sure, had ever been addressed to that congregation. But, alas for my eloquent prayer! That single meaning glance had taken all the conceit out of me. I had no more heart for display. The stage terror, of which actors speak, had seized upon me. Instead of an appreciating and admiring audience, I felt that I was in the presence of unmerciful critics. All my eloquent sentences were forgotten, and I stumbled, almost helplessly, through a series of disconnected petitions, with scarcely an idea of the God I was addressing in all my thoughts. How weak, and poor in spirit, and humbled I was, when I arose from my knees, and in a subdued voice, read a psalm for the singers to chant. It was a relief to get back again on the sofa beside my friend, even for the short interval between the choir-singing and the sermon.

I know that my face must have been pale when I stood up again, and opened the manuscript sermon I was to read. My hand shook as



choke me. All self-confidence was gone; and in my weakness, and almost despair, I looked upward and prayed for sustaining power. My voice, which in the opening chapter and hymn had been pitched to a somewhat elevated key, dropped now to so low a range as I commenced reading my discourse that I noticed some in the distant pews leaning forward to listen, while an almost unnatural stillness pervaded the whole assembly.

It was impossible to recover myself, and just as impossible to get my thought down into any appreciable comprehension of my subject. I read, and read, in a dull, unsympathetic way, conscious of no efflux from the people, yet hurrying on in order to get through the unprofitable task as quickly as possible, and away from the hurting gaze of a thousand arrowy eyes.

The last page was turned at last. I sat down. weak-in a tremor-overcome with sense of humiliation—and remained motionless, with my eyes on the floor, until my friend gave out the closing hymn, and pronounced the benediction. Then I shrunk away from the pulpit, and descended to the session room, into which a few of the leading members of the church came, and to whom I was introduced. No one seemed very cordial—that was my impression—certainly no one complimented me on my performance, or even referred to it. On our way back to the parsonage, both my friend and his wife were silent as to the sermon. He tried to talk cheerfully on a theme outside of theology, but I could only respond in monosyllables.

I had failed miserably, and there was no glossing it over; failed through self-conceit, and the effort to act instead of preach. On arriving at the parsonage, I went immediately to my room, where I sat down and gave way to unmanly tears. That was, I think, the bitterest hour I have known in my whole life. I resolved to give up my license, and abandon all thought of preaching. To eschew forever a profession in which, at my first essay, I had won, as I believed, only contempt. I would fain have excused myself, when the bell rang for dinner, on the plea of a headache, which had set in, and want of appetite; but this would be attracting more attention to myself than was desirable. So I joined my friend and his wife at the table. In spite of their kind and hospitable natures they could not rise out of a certain embarrassment which in no way helped my unhappy state. No reference whatever was made to the morning services. How could they speak of these? Truth kept them from compliments or approval, and tenderness for my feelings from suggestive criticism.

That evening, as I sat alone with my friend in his study, I broke through the ice of reserve which had hardened between us since morning, and said, with a bitterness of tone which I did not try to veil,

"I shall give up my license."

my throat constantly rising and threatening to surprise, yet with the old kind interest in his voice.

"Simply," I answered, "because I have mistaken my calling."

He dropped his eyes in reflection for some moments.

"I am not so sure of that," was his gravelyspoken reply, as he looked up again into my

"You have eyes and ears. My performance is before you, and you are as well aware as I am that it was a wretched failure, alike discreditable to me and the profession I disgraced," said I, with considerable excitement of manner.

"You did not do so well as I expected, Arthur," was frankly returned, "and simply because you tried to do too well, failed, became conscious of failure, and broke down. You started at too high a speed. A preacher, Arthur, to be successful, must forget himself in his high calling—must preach truth with the end of saving souls, and not to display his talents."

"As I, this morning, endeavored to do," I answered, with much bitterness.

"There are few young preachers, Arthur," my friend said, kindly, "who do not, in the beginning, fall into the same error."

"But not into the same degree of error. Oh, have I not been sharply punished! How could I have been so blind to my real state! How was it that I dared go into the pulpit, as an actor goes upon the stage, with no higher end than to sustain a character!"

"If you had no higher end," was replied, with a seriousness of tone that almost expressed rebuke, "then it is well that failure instead of success crowned your effort. But in your present state of mind it is natural to accept an exaggerated view of the case."

"Be that as it may," I returned, "my future course is settled. I have preached my first sermon and my last one also."

My friend looked at me calmly for some time; then he said:

"The motive from which a man acts gives the quality of his action."

I did not reply, and he went on:

"Instead of turning back in the way you have entered, Arthur, let me suggest, as the first thing to be done, an examination into the motives that prompted you to set your feet in this way. Was it from a desire to serve your fellowman in the highest possible degree; or to secure a position for yourself and to win honorable distinction? Don't let this examination be any half-way performance. Go down into the very depths of your soul. Find out just what you are as to main-springs of action. And if, through the painful experiences of to-day, you are led into a fuller knowledge of yourself, the hand of a kind Providence may be traced in the confusion that befell you this morning. Reflect for a moment. There was no lack of personal ability nor of preparation. Your sermon was quite above the average of sermons, and would have "Why so, Arthur?" he asked, in manifest been listened to with interest and instruction if



it had been even passably delivered. You have a good voice, and can read effectively. It was your thought of yourself that ruined every thing. Your overweening desire to do well-not for the sake of good to others, but praise to yourself. Now, as a brother, I would admonish you in all love and duty. Put away hindrances that stand in the way; but as you value your soul do not turn aside from the way. The present is an hour of sore temptation, in which the quality of your life is, as it were, on trial. The Tempter has flowed in with your natural love of doing well and seeming well, and drawn you into slippery places, that he may cast you down. The best, Arthur, fall into temptation. All have inherited forms of evil-you of one kind, I of another; and unless we are tempted of evil we can not know of its existence, nor put it away. But when the hour of temptation comes let us beware that we do not fall in the struggle; for if we do, then will our last state be worse than the first. Don't, then, give your adversary the advantage he is seeking. Don't, at his sugges- him.

tion, turn back from the work to which you were about consecrating your life; but sweeping aside, in the strength of a divinely-inspired purpose, all weaknesses of the flesh-all hindrances that unregenerate human nature throws in the waypress toward the mark for the prize of your high calling."

"You have saved me!" I exclaimed, overcome by the emotions which now swept over me; for I saw myself as I had never seen myself before, and trembled as I looked into the dim abyss on which my feet were standing.

On the next morning I returned home a little wiser and a great deal sadder than when I went forth-thinking only of myself and the impression I would make - to preach my first sermon. It was the last I ever gave in my friend's pulpit, though not the last of my preaching-as witness some thirty years of, I trust, not wholly unfruitful labor in the vineyard of God. He did not venture upon a second invitation, for which I could not find it in my heart to blame

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES

OUR Record closes on the 10th of November. For more than a month after the battle of Antietam the great body of our Army of the Potomac remained in Maryland. At length on the 20th of October the main body of the army began the passage of the river at Berlin, six miles below Harper's Ferry, the cavalry under General Pleasanton lead-They proceeded by way of Leesburg, pushing forward scouts toward Aldie and Middleburg. The enemy meanwhile had fallen back from the Potomac, following up the course of the Shenandoah with the apparent design of occupying that valley, and threatening another incursion into Maryland, or of falling back by that route in the direction of Richmond. The main advance of our army was in a parallel direction, the Blue Ridge being between, our forces being on the east side and those of the Confederates on the west. There was a continued series of skirmishes between cavalry corps and outposts; but in the course of the week we had occupied the chief passes through the Blue Ridge. On the 8th of November our head-quarters were at Warrenton, with the advance at Culpepper Court House, some twenty miles further south. Our Army of the Potomac then occupied nearly the same ground as before the battles of Bull Run and Centreville at the end of August. The enemy apparently were spread over the valley of the Shenandoah from Winchester southward. It was reported that their main strength, largely reinforced, was at Gordonsville, on the Rappahannock, seventy-five miles south of Winchester, from which point there is direct railroad communication with Richmond, so that they had the choice either to fall back or to turn and give battle at pleasure. Their plan appeared to be, if they found themselves in sufficient force, to give battle on the Rappahannock, where they are strongly intrenched, while a simultaneous attack on our rear should be made from the Valley of the Shenandoah. It will thus be seen that the chief apparent object of our advance into Virginia, the cutting off the enemy | around our whole army, and escaping without loss.

from Richmond, or forcing him to give battle except at his pleasure, has not been attained. Matters stood thus on the 8th of November, when an order unexpectedly arrived at head-quarters removing General M'Clellan from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and appointing General Burnside in his place. As far as we can now judge, the reason of this action is to be found in the delay of the advance of the army. General Halleck, in a report to the Secretary of War, dated on the 28th of October, says that on the 1st of October he urged General M Clellan to cross the Potomac at once, pointing out the disadvantage of delaying until the autumn rains had swollen the Potomac, and impaired the roads, and on the 6th he peremptorily ordered General M'Clellan to "cross the Potomac and give battle to the enemy or drive him south." Three weeks passed before this order was complied with. General Halleck affirms that, in his opinion, "there has been no such want of supplies in the army under General M'Clellan as to prevent his compliance with the orders to advance against the enemy. Had he moved to the south side of the Potomac, he could have received his supplies almost as readily as by remaining inactive on the north."

A dashing exploit has been performed by a body of Stuart's Confederate cavalry. On the 9th of October they crossed the Potomac, about 2000 strong, at a point considerably above the right of our army. They pushed rapidly on and reached Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, where they secured a considerable amount of clothing, and destroyed some property belonging to the Government, and burned the railroad dépôt. The incursion was such a perfect surprise that no opposition was offered. Having supplied themselves with fresh horses, which they seized from the inhabitants, they set out to return to Virginia; but instead of retracing their steps they made a detour to the south, and reached the Potomac at a point to the left of our forces; thus having made a three-days' dash to our rear, actually passing clear

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The invasion of Kentucky, and the threatened incursion into Ohio, by the Confederates under Bragg, has been repelled. On the 26th of September General Bragg issued a proclamation to the people of the Northwestern States, in which he said that the South was waging a wholly defensive war; that they had been and were anxious for peace; but that hitherto hostilities had been carried on solely within their borders; and that self-defense required that they should visit some of the consequences of the war upon those who obstinately refused to make peace. The responsibility of the continuance of the war he said rested upon the people of the Northwest. They were the natural allies of the South, and should conclude a separate peace with the Confederate Government. The Mississippi River was a natural bond of union between the grain and stock-raising States of the Northwest and the cotton and sugar States of the South, which should never have been disturbed by the cupidity and bigotry of New England and the East. The South would be the best customers of the West, while the East would be their perpetual rivals. As for the free navigation of the Mississippi, the South were ready to concede it without striking a blow; as for the Union, it was a thing of the past; a Union of consent was the only union worth a drop of blood. "I come, then," concludes this proclamation, "with the olive branch of peace, and offer it for your acceptance, in the name of the memories of the past and the ties of the future." The arrival of General Buell's army at Louisville put a stop to the projected invasion of the Northwest, if it had ever been seriously entertained; and General Bragg began to fall back. But during his incursion into Kentucky he had secured a large amount of stores and supplies, which were sent forward in advance. General Buell came up with the rear of Bragg's army near Perryville, where a sharp action took place on the 8th of October, attended, however, with no important result. The enemy were repulsed in their assaults, but continued their retreat with no serious molestation. Guerrilla fights and combats of detached bodies have occurred at various points in Kentucky, but these have had no decisive bearing upon the main result. General Buell, who has been sharply censured for want of activity in advancing upon the retreafing forces of the Confederates, has been relieved from the command of the army of the West, which has been confided to General Rose-

The battle of Corinth, briefly noted in our Record of last month, proves to have been one of the most sharply contested and decisive engagements of the war. The enemy, under Van Dorn, in superior force, made a violent attack upon our advanced positions on the 3d of October, and succeeded in driving us into the town of Corinth. Van Dorn sent a dispatch to Richmond saying, "We have driven the enemy from every position; we are within three quarters of a mile of Corinth; the enemy are huddled together about the town; some are on the extreme left, trying to hold their position." On the morning of the 4th the Confederates made an attack upon a fort on the northwest of the town, and succeeded in gaining momentary possession of it, but were soon driven back with great loss. They then made a vigorous assault from another quarter, and penetrated the streets into the main part of the town; but they were met with so severe a fire that they were driven back in disorder and abandoned the attack. They were followed up in their retreat for with their cargoes, were burned; the others were some days, suffering severely. General Rosecrans, released, upon their captains giving bonds for their

who has since been appointed to the command hitherto held by General Buell, was in actual command in this engagement. The official report gives our total loss in these actions as 315 killed, 1812 wounded, and 247 prisoners and missing-a total of 2374. Of the enemy 1423 are reported to have been buried by our forces, 5000 were wounded and left behind in the retreat, and 3000 prisoners were made—a total loss of 9423.

In Arkansas a second battle took place near Pea Ridge on the 22d of October. General Curtis reports that General Schofield, finding that the enemy had encamped here, sent General Blunt toward that point. He found the enemy, estimated at from 5000 to 7000 strong, at Maysville, in the northwest corner of the State. After a sharp engagement, which lasted about an hour, they were totally routed, with the loss of all their artillery, many horses, and a part of their transportation and garrison equipage, and were driven in disorder beyond the Boston Mountains. Their whole organized forces were thus driven back to the valley of the Arkansas River.

In the Department of the South some important movements have been made. The most considerable of these was an expedition sent from Hilton Head on the 21st of October, with the design of destroying the bridges on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad. Three or four sharp encounters took place in the neighborhood of Pocotaligo, which resulted in our favor; but the enemy having destroyed the bridge in their rear, the advantage could not be followed up. The obstruction of the railroad was only partially accomplished, and the enemy having been reinforced both from Charleston and Savannah, the expedition was abandoned. The chief point gained seems to have been a thorough reconnoissance of the region between the island of Port Royal and the line of the railroad .- General Mitchell, who was only recently appointed to the command of this department, died of fever on the 30th of October. He was a native of Kentucky, born in 1810; graduated at West Point in 1829, in the same class with the Confederate Generals Lee and Johnston. He afterward devoted himself mainly to scientific pursuits, and became widely known as an astronomer. Upon the breaking out of the war he was appointed a Brigadier-General, and established his reputation for skill and daring by his famous raid upon Chattanooga. --- Galveston, Texas, was occupied on the 9th of October by a detachment from our mortar ficet, under command of Commodore Renshaw. The military forces of the enemy had before abandoned the place, and the occupation was accomplished without opposition.

It has been for some months reported that armed vessels of great power were being built in Great Britain for the insurgents, to be employed in preying upon our commerce. This could not be done with-out the direct knowledge and indirect complicity of the British Government. At least one of these vessels has been sent out. She is known as the Alabama; was built and equipped at Liverpool and Birkenhead, and left the latter port late in August, under the command of Captain Semmes, formerly of the Sumter, with a crew composed mainly of Englishmen. She is a propeller, said to be very fast under sail or steam, and heavily armed. She made her appearance off our coast early in October, and since that time is known to have captured 22 merchant vessels of various descriptions. Of these 19,



value, to be paid after the conclusion of peace. These vessels appear to have been released solely to enable them to take off the crews of those which had been destroyed, for whom the Alabama had no adequate means of making provision.

The Autumn Elections have generally resulted unfavorably to the Republican party. In Vermont, Maine, Massachusetts, and Michigan, the candidates have generally succeeded by majorities greatly reduced from the last election. In New York, where State officers and members of Congress were to be chosen, Mr. Seymour, the Democratic candidate for Governor, had a majority of about 10,000 over Mr. Wadsworth, the Republican candidate. We have returns of the elections for members of the next Congress from fourteen States. From these States the Republicans have in the present Congress 95 members, and their opponents 38; in the next Congress, which meets in December, 1863, the Republicans will have 72, and their opponents 69-a Republican loss of 23, and an Opposition gain of 31. The principal changes are in New York, where the Republicans lose 10 members; in Ohio they lose 8; in Pennsylvania 7. According to the best estimates which can now be formed, the next House of Representatives from the loval States will consist of 185 members, of whom 83 will be Republicans and 102 Opposition of different shades of opinion. The Senate will consist of 48 members-29 Republicans, and 19 Opposition.

MEXICO.

The advance of a powerful French naval and military expedition against Mexico reached Vera Cruz on the 21st of October. General Forey, the commander, previous to landing, issued a proclamation declaring that it remained to France alone to defend the position which she had originally taken in conjunction with Spain and Great Britain. The war which had been undertaken was not against the Mexican people, but against a handful of adventurers who had seized upon the government; and as soon as the Mexican people were freed from restraint by French arms, they would be at liberty to select whatever form of government pleased them. France, in intervening, acted solely in behalf of the interests of the Mexican nation and the cause of civilization. -All accounts concur in representing that, in the capital and other chief towns of Mexico, there was the utmost determination manifested to resist the French invasion.

EUROPE.

The American war, in its various aspects, continues to be the absorbing subject of thought and discussion. The rumors in respect to European intervention are so discordant that no reliance can be placed upon them. As far as the action of the British Government is concerned, the most significant expressions are contained in recent speeches of Sir George C. Lewis, the Secretary of War, and Mr. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer. The former denies the claim of the Confederate States to recognition, on the ground that they "have not vet accomplished their independence;" and the latter says that while he thinks it for the interest of England that the Union should continue, and that the neutral course of the British Government has been the only wise one, he yet holds that the Confederate leaders have made an army, are making a navy, and, what is more, have made a nation. He anticipates their certain success, as far as regards their separation from the North. He, with other responsible members of the Government, opposes any present recognition of the Confederate States .- Sir John Pakington, in a recent speech, advises an offer of mediation, on the ground of a separation between the North and the South, with the understanding that the failure of this proposal will be followed by an immediate recognition of the Southern Confederacy.-Sir E. Bulwer Lytton declares that the Union can never be restored, and that "the curse of slavery" will not long survive the separation. Mr. Cobden urges the formation of a league, the object of which shall be to procure the abolition of all blockades of commercial ports, and the exemption from capture of merchant vessels not actually engaged in the conveyance of articles contraband of war. ---- The project of an Atlantic Telegraph has been revived: Messrs, Glass, Elliott, and Company, who are extensive marine telegraph contractors, have formally offered to make and lay a cable from Ireland to Newfoundland upon condition of being paid weekly their actual disbursements, with an additional 20 per cent. in shares of the Company, when the line shall have been put in working order. Upon these conditions they offer to subscribe £25,000 to the capital of the Company. -A revolutionary movement has taken place in Greece; King Otho, after vainly endeavoring to quell it; abdicated in favor of his brother; and a Provisional Government has been established, with Prince Mavrocordato as President.

Motices. Literary

Memoirs of the Rev. Nicholas Murray, D.D. (Kirwan), by Samuel Irenaus Prime. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) To the great public Dr. Murray was known as a keen controversialist; to a narrower, but by no means limited circle as a laborious preacher and faithful pastor; to his intimate associates as a man of most genial temperament and quick humor. He was in many respects a representative man. He came to America in 1818, a burly, untrained Irish lad of seventeen, and found employment in a printing-office. Having abjured the Catholic faith and joined the Presbyterian Church, the subscriptions of a few individuals furnished him with the means of pursuing his studies for the ministry. Ten years after his arrival in America he became the minister of a congregation in the Valley of

pastorate of an important church at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, where the remaining twenty-eight years of his life were passed. More than a thousand carefully-written sermons are witnesses of the industry with which he performed one part of the functions of his office, while his long charge over a single church bears witness to the faithful fulfillment of his other pastoral duties. The controversial works which made his nom de plume of "Kirwan" so widely known were but an episode in his labors. Though born and reared a Catholic, his faith sat lightly upon him. The priests with whom he came in early contact were not favorable specimens of their order. When he left Ireland for America his mother had him denounced from the altar: and when in time she learned that he had become a Wyoming; and four years later was called to the Protestant she had masses said for the repose of his



soul, as though he were actually dead. It was natural that he should cherish a strong dislike for the Church which he had abandoned, but nearly twenty years passed after he became a minister before he appeared as her public antagonist. He had been thoroughly occupied with the ordinary duties of his profession, and, with the exception of a few newspaper articles, wrote nothing for the press. But at the age of forty-seven, when in the full maturity of his powers, he began his famous "Kirwan" letters. They were addressed to Bishop Hughes, the acknowledged leader of the Catholic Church in the United States. Though they appeared separately in a weekly denominational newspaper, each series was written in full before the publication of the first number, so that they manifested no traces of the crudeness inseparable from the composition of a series of papers written on the promptings of the moment. These letters attracted immediate attention by their nervous style, keen wit, and caustic humor. They were widely copied, and finally gathered into a little volume, of which more than 100,000 were soon in circulation. A second series soon followed; and Bishop Hughes having replied to these, a third series was added. These three series make, in their collected shape, one small volume. Some years later he wrote, in the form of Letters to Chief-Justice Taney, a work on "Romanism at Home," giving the result of his impressions of the system as he had seen it during a brief tour in Europe. These two volumes comprise the whole of "Kirwan's" strictly controversial works, though a strong anti-Catholic tone runs through the volume in which he describes his travels in Europe. Besides these works, Dr. Murray published a volume of "Parish and other Pencilings," mainly describing scenes and incidents which had come under his own observation during his long ministry; a work on "Preachers and Preaching," full of sound suggestions for his brother clergymen; and a little volume called the "Happy Home," the inspiration of which was drawn from his own fireside. Six small volumes, of which only two come fairly within the category of theological controversy, thus comprise the whole of his writings as published by himself. Another volume, which contains a series of written discourses whose delivery was prevented by his sudden death, forms an appropriate legacy to the people of his charge, and to the wide circle of his personal friends. Dr. Murray's death was sudden and wholly unexpected. Though he had almost reached the age of threescore, his hale and vigorous frame gave promise of many additional years. On the 1st of February, 1862, a paroxysm of pain, which was attributed to a sudden cold, prevented him from fulfilling an appointment. Still no danger was apprehended up to the evening of the 4th, when a sharper pang seized him, and he fainted; he recovered consciousness for a short time, but all felt that the supreme hour was at hand. His last words were, "Let the world go; it will all be right."-Mr. Prime's Memoir, though excellent in its way, we think fails to do full justice to its subject. It presents to us, indeed, the acute controversialist, the earnest preacher, and the faithful pastor. But those who knew him well will miss something of the broad and genial nature of the man whose smile was like a gleam of sunshine, and whose stores of anecdote and reminiscence made him so charming as a host and a guest. The man is, after all, greater than his office, or at least more interesting; and of all the brave and noble men whom Ireland has given to America

there have been few so noble and brave as was Nicholas Murray.

Miriam, by MARION HARLAND. Two previous tales by the same writer, "Alone" and "The Hidden Path," have won for her a fair rank among our American writers of fiction. The present work will at least sustain her claim to this position. The scene of the story is mainly in Kentucky; the characters, saving perhaps the clergyman who performs the rôle of hero, are such as may reasonably be supposed to have had an existence. He is one of those faultless models of physical, intellectual, and moral excellence which we apprehend exist only in the fancy of novelists. The prevailing quiet tone of the story is especially pleasing in these days of sensation novels. There is throughout a fine moral tone, and the style is uniformly in excellent taste, though not manifesting any where traces of extraordinary power. (Published by Sheldon and Company.) --- The Household Edition of DICKENS'S Works, now issued by the same publishers, is worthy of note as by far the most attractive form in which they have been put forth either in England or America. Dombey and Son forms the latest issue, each of the four volumes being enriched by an exquisite illustration, three being by Darley and one by Gilbert. The palm must certainly be given to our own countryman, whose drawings for these volumes will compare favorably with any former productions of his pencil.

The Student's History of France (published by Harper and Brothers) forms one of an admirable series of historical compends which give, within a moderate compass, the essential points of the great facts of universal history, drawn out upon a nearly uniform scale. In a single volume is given a clear epitome of the history of Rome from the earliest times to the foundation of the Empire. A second volume, parallel with this, gives the history of Greece down to the Roman conquest, when Grecian history merges into that of Rome. A third volume presents an admirable condensation of Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Descending to modern times, Hume's History of England, with a continuation bringing it down to the year 1851, is compressed into a single volume. In the History of France, which forms the latest issue of this series, all the essential facts, from the earliest time down to the foundation of the present empire, in 1852, are clearly and succinctly narrated. In one volume the author has succeeded in presenting, not merely a dry epitome of names and dates, but a vivid and connected narrative of the main transactions which have marked the varying fortunes of the French nation from the time when it first emerged into the light of history down to the accession of its present astute ruler. This work supplies a deficiency which has long been acknowledged. There are in our language able and exhaustive works upon different periods of French history; and others, like that of Mr. Parke Godwin, have been projected and partially executed; but hitherto there has been no one work to which the American reader could recur with the hope of finding any thing like a complete resumé of French history. The series of "Student's Histories," as far as completed, is worthy of all praise. Two or three additional volumes-one, for example, giving the history of Germany, another that of America, including the United States and the Spanish Republics-are still required. When these are added the general readers of history, and the students in our colleges and higher seminaries, will be supplied with a uniform series of works for reading and study which



will leave little to be desired for amplitude of information and thoroughness of execution.

The Rev. THOMAS H. STOCKTON, Chaplain to Congress, has issued, through Carter and Brothers. a small volume of Poems, with Autobiographic and other Notes. The three longest and most ambitious of these poems, though begun quite thirty years ago, are still but fragments. The Notes give an idea of the immense fields which lav in the contemplation of the author. One of these poems, "Faith and Sight," was to be "comprehensive of all the variety of earth and heaven;" another, "Man," was "designed to sweep the whole circle of human interests. current and prospective, as affected by all the influences of creation, providence, and redemption." The third of these poems, "Snow," was to be more limited in scope, the purpose being "to make a simple home commencement, and then glide away on the snow-line from zone to zone, and from one peak of perpetual frost to another, all around the world, observing the character, conditions, and customs of all nations." These grand schemes are but imperfectly realized in the fragments which are published. Some of the minor poems possess considerable merit; but the notes, biographical and autobiographical, are more characteristic than the poems. These of themselves will commend the volume to the regards of that large circle, for whom it was specially designed, who know and love the author.

The Future of Africa, by Rev. ALEX. CRUMMELL. The author of this volume is a native of New York, of pure African descent. Finding it impossible to pursue his theological studies in the American institution which he preferred, he went to England, entered at Queen's College, Cambridge, and graduated with credit. He subsequently took up his residence in Liberia. This volume consists mainly of addresses and sermons which had been delivered in his adopted home. They show talent, cultivation, and thought of no common order. Those parts which relate especially to the duties, condition, and prospects of the civilized Africans in the land of their ancestors, are especially worthy of consideration. The leading idea which runs through the whole is that the colored man, shut out by various circumstances from a worthy career in Europe or America, has a promising future before him in Africa, where he has been called to meet the demands of civilization, commerce, and nationality; and that he is now becoming awake to the solemn responsibility of the work imposed upon him. (Published by Charles Scribner.)

Grape Culture, Wines, and Wine-Making, by A. HARASZTHY. The author of this work, himself a vine-grower on a large scale, was appointed by the Legislature of California as Commissioner to visit Europe to investigate the ways and means best adapted to promote the improvement and culture of the grape-vine in California. He visited in succession the chief wine districts of France, Germany, Spain, and Italy, being familiar with the process of wine-making as practiced in his native Hungary. His credentials gave him ready access to every means of information. The proprietors of the leading vineyards and wine establishments afforded him every facility for investigation, and he collected in addition a vast amount of material in the shape of reports and treatises upon the subject. The most important of these are embodied, either in full or abridged translations, in this volume, which abundantly attests the rare zeal, fidelity, and intelligence with · which he performed the duties of his commission.

Few more readable books of travel have been produced than that portion of the work which describes his own personal experiences and observations. He always keeps in view the special object of his journey, describing fully and clearly all the processes employed in the culture of the vine, the gathering of the grapes, and the fabrication of wines: noting also all other subjects which could relate to the agricultural interests of his adopted State. The statistics of the wine-culture, which he has laboriously collated, are something remarkable. There are, in round numbers, in Europe, twelve and a quarter millions of acres devoted to the production of wine. The average product in Germany is a little less than 150 gallons to the acre; in the rest of Europe somewhat more than 255 gallons. In this respect Italy ranks highest, producing 441 gallons, and Saxony lowest, producing only 57 gallons to the acre; the average product of France being 176 gallons. The whole product of Europe is something more than three thousand millions of gallons, worth, at twenty-five cents a gallon—the average price received by the producers-more than 775 millions of dollars. The single State of California, according to Mr. Haraszthy, contains five millions of acres adapted to the growth of the vine; the product of the vine here is fully double that of Italy, which stands foremost in Europe. Thus the possible wineproduct of California, according to Mr. Haraszthy, "though it yield no better than Italy, will still amount to \$551,858,208 33. This large sum may astonish the most sanguine; nevertheless, in another generation California will produce this result." Making the largest possible deductions from the results of the statistics of Mr. Haraszthy, there can be no doubt that the vine-culture is destined to become a most important element in the productions of California; and the sum expended in gathering the immense mass of information embodied in this volume can not fail to have been well bestowed.

First Book in Chemistry, by WORTHINGTON HOOKER. Dr. Hooker possesses the rare faculty of presenting scientific subjects in a form which, while strictly accurate, is at the same time attractive to, because comprehensible by children. In this little volume the leading principles of chemistry are laid down and illustrated by examples from everyday life, in such a manner as to be readily understood by any intelligent child of ten or a dozen years. One of the most noticeable features of the book is the large number of experiments, illustrating almost every leading principle of the science, which can be performed by the aid of materials and utensils to be found in almost every family. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Camp and Outpost Duty, by General DANIEL BUT-TERFIELD. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) This little book is founded upon a pamphlet prepared by the author for the special use of his own brigade. He was requested by the General commanding his division to adapt it for the use of the whole army. The MS. was then submitted to Generals Porter, Hooker, Kearney, and M'Clellan, who recommended that it should be published by authority, and circulated throughout the companies of each regiment. In addition to a full system of Outpost Duty, it comprehends the important portions of the Standing Orders, and Regulations for the Army, with Rules for Health, and an excellent chapter on the Duties of Officers, prepared by General Casey. The volume should be the pocket-companion of every intelligent officer and soldier.



Modern War: its Theory and Practice, by EMERIC SZABAD, Captain U. S. A. The author of this work is a Hungarian, who served through the war in his own country and in the recent Italian campaign of the Emperor Napoleon. He has written several works of great value in French and English, besides contributing largely to the "Encyclopædia Britannica." In this work he undertakes to lav down the great principles upon which modern warfare is conducted; describes the composition of an army, its raising, organization, maintenance, and mode of handling; explains the nature and object of military movements, whether in a general campaign or in actual battle; illustrating the whole by descriptions of and commentaries upon the great campaigns and battles of modern times, especially those of Frederick, Napoleon, and Wellington. Accurate military maps are given of the countries covered by Napoleon's leading campaigns, and diagrams of his chief battles. Captain Szabad writes our language with as much grace and fluency as though it were his vernacular. His work being divested of all mere technicalities is perfectly intelligible to the general reader, who will from it be able to form a clear idea of the important subject upon which it treats. (Published by Harper and Brothers.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE letter of Garibaldi to the British nation contrasts strangely in the purity of its appeal to the loftiest principle with the apparent character and conduct of the people to whom it is addressed. Yet the contrast is between the heroic faith of Garibaldi and the hesitating, treacherous timidity of the British Government, and not between the instinct of the Italian fils du peuple and that of the people of England. When you hear the high appeal, breathed in passionate music, it is impossible not to think of Titania and Bottom. When you turn from English history, or the London newspaper of to-day, to listen to that clear Southern voice intoning the principles and ideas which it is the glory of men to have uttered centuries ago, it is almost as if you heard that voice itself out of history, vague, remote, illusive.

It is the ideal Britain that Garibaldi addresses; that other nation hidden deep in the one we see; the nation that justifies Shakespeare, Chancer, Milton; the nation which glimmers and disappears before Lord Palmerston and the Saturday Review. Individuals are two-fold, and certainly nations are. When you are thrown with the Englishman of ordinary intercourse, clumsy, spluttering, bigoted, and ill-bred, you ask yourself, involuntarily, "Who, in the name of wonder, writes the English poetry? Who makes the jokes? Who makes the England that such men as Browning and Tennyson praise today, and that Milton and Chaucer loved and believed in long ago?" There is a clew to that England in few Englishmen you meet.

And some, and even brilliant and famous Englishmen, strip all the charm from their country. Macaulay was a kind of typical Briton. His virtues and his failings as an author are purely British. But how his clear, hard, glittering page belittles England! How sordid, upon the whole, the national character looks in his History and Essays! You try to follow the line of the development of the great principles that distinguish English history by some corresponding nobleness in British character.

as you would trace a river-course by the winding line of richness in the verdure; but it is impossible. Certainly the right of personal liberty, of free speech, of the jury trial, bills of rights, and the privileges of Parliament, are great and sacred obligations which civil society owes to Great Britain. But they seem to have been won somehow in spite of the people. You are shocked and astonished at every step by the ignorance and superstition of the masses, and the partisan duplicity of the leaders. Who has fully made up his mind about Cromwell except Carlyle? To how many of the best Englishmen, until within late years, has not King Charles been truly the martyr? Nay, the glorious revolution of '88, how it loses much of the dignity that belongs to a truly great epoch by the party intrigues and low characters by which it was achieved! Macaulay's pages are a terrible record for that Great Britain which every generous foreigner appeals to, but which so seldom becomes visible. Carlyle is called a cynic, but he has said the best things for his nation of any of her modern children. In his Friedrich it is clear that the Scotchman can not help feeling the full stupidity of such a Britannic Majesty as George II., seeing him to be a ludicrous Defender of the Faith of Liberty. But he is just to the jewel in that toad. We in this country think it hard to have had for four years, by popular election, such a magistrate as Buchanan; but think of a nation that had George IV., by hereditary descent, as supreme ruler and anointed head of the church for life! No wonder John Bull is surly and ill-mannered.

But it is to that England or Britain, call it what you will, of whose genius Shakespeare is the ripest fruit; whose historic achievements are the safeguards of liberty which we most value; whose benediction the noblest men desire; for which in our day Carlyle, and Mill, and Tennyson, and Ruskin, and Cairnes, and Bright speak, each in his way. That is the Britain which we Americans fondly call our mothercountry, and to which Garibaldi writes his fervent pathetic prayer. Its request will have no practical answer. John Bull, in the shape of Palmerston and Co., will smile at a well-meaning enthusiast, probably delirious from a wound received in an utterly Quixotic enterprise. A World's Congress, to be chosen by mutual understanding, and to meet at London to settle by arbitration what has hitherto been settled by war, is not a project likely to be eagerly supported by the late party to the Congress of Paris, and a few years since of Vienna; nor by a Government which proclaims its perfect neutrality between a friendly constitutional Government and an insurrection against every principle of the traditional British policy, and then permits every kind of blow to be leveled and struck from its shores against that Government.

But still the appeal is not in vain. When Garibaldi cries "Begin, O English people! For the love of God begin the great era of the human compact, and benefit present generations with so great a gift!" his words not only thrill many an English heart in which the same holy prayer lies unspoken, but they address themselves instinctively to the only nation in Europe from whose civilization the era he yearns for can legitimately arise. The same instinct makes him appreciate also the solemn and vast scope of our struggle. He sees and says what the external England of to-day denies, but what the true interior England perceives, that our cause is the cause of mankind, of civil liberty, of civilization.

If England but knew it, if she only could know .



spoken to her in this century are in this glowing poetical apostrophe of the man whom the people of Europe love as their God-given leader. If the intelligent, industrious, active, and practical England of to-day were really represented by men whose names are not Palmerston and Russell, and by journals which were not the Times, and the Saturday Review, and the Cornhill, it would ponder these words of Garibaldi, and wonder how they might be justified in fact as well as in hope. "And what should we be in Europe without your dignified behavior? Autocracy can strike her exiled ones in other countries, where only a bastard freedom is enjoyed-where freedom is but a lie. But let one seek for it on the sacred ground of Albion. I, like so many others, seeing the cause of justice oppressed in so many parts of the world, despair of all human progress. But when I turn my thoughts to you, I find tranquillity from your steady and fearless advancement toward that end to which the human race seems to be called by Providence."

THE story of "Romola," by the author of "Adam Bede," which is published serially in these pages, is entirely worthy the hand that writes it. When it began, a few months since, we spoke of the difficulty of writing a novel of Italian life nearly four hundred years ago, but this difficulty has disappeared in the profound interest and power of the story. Of course in all such tales, as in Thackeray's "Henry Esmond," which is one of the best of the purely historical and dramatic novels, there is something which is quaint and not exactly natural. That is to say, the characters speak and move in a manner that would be strange to-day, and therefore impress us not as contemporaries would be impressed. In truth, you can not take the portrait of a man who has been dead four hundred years. You can only copy other portraits. Such a novel is necessarily more like a masquerade than like the society with which we daily mingle. What looks stiff and sounds strained did not seem so to the people who really saw and heard the life and the times of which we are reading.

Concede that at the portal, and then you will enter this stately and pathetic story like a temple. It is a love-story of old Florence. But then the lover is a Greek and he loves Romola, the daughter of a blind old Florentine scholar who lives in his library, burns with the consuming and irritating zeal of a commentator, and dreams that when he dies he may be thought worthy to be buried in Santa Croce. The story is not far advanced, nor would it be fair to tell it here if it were. But as a study of Florentine life at the period it is exquisite in its elaborate detail, and in the curious familiarity with the streetlife, always so striking in the old republic and so difficult to reproduce. We say familiarity, because the reader is impressed by the intrinsic reality of the description, not because there are many who are competent to pronounce it accurate. But the Italian flavor of the street jesting, and gossip, and incident is as unmistakable as the glow of the Italian atmosphere and the silver sheen of the olive hills of Tuscany in which the tale is set.

Tito, the beautiful young Greek, is drawn from the Antinous. He enters upon the scene always with a bright grace that fascinates; a strange brilliancy that is yet shallow and cool shining all around him. A selfishness that springs from his very full-ness of power to enjoy speciously asserts the right

it, the noblest, the sublimest words that have been of eminent domain over the choicest enjoyment which resides in splendid and imperial youth. Romola, who has had no other experience of men than her old father and his companions, and a brother who has left the home for a convent, finds in Tito a fulfillment of unconscious hope such as she had not dared to imagine. To her his coming is like lighting a lamp in a vase in a darkened chamber. Every thing is softly luminous. But the vase itself is most brilliant and exquisite of all. Emotions in the mind of Tito are like the swift, glittering, and glooming gusts that wrinkle a sunny sea. They are swift, brisk, and evanescent. The great substance and depth of the ocean are untouched. But are there any depths? or are they stagnant?

Romola herself is magnificent. A pure, queenly, profound nature: a beauty which, as Tito vaguely feels, is a consequence of her superb soul: altogether a woman to whom every man has seen some resemblance in some few women; an amplitude of noble being such as no Greek goddess nor Christian Madonna precisely represents, but mingling the incisive force and splendor of the one with the lofty tenderness of the other. This, at least, is the outline already drawn, but only the first book is finished and the design is to be completed. The childlike candor and stately simplicity of Romola are delicately but most pathetically contrasted with the equal candor and simplicity of the shrinking, timid, dove-like Tessa, a poor little peasant girl unconscious of any thing in the world but what appears, or in Tito, but an overwhelming splendor toward which her whole nature helplessly tends like a moth to a star.

This clearly is where the outer tragedy of that bright and beautiful and shallow Greek nature is to show itself. Already, through the sunshine and distant vineyards, and gay music of church bells, and merry chat of the market, the mystic shadow throws its chill. Already that conflict of essential character in which this author finds her truest sphere has begun. The gloom of the tragedy gathers. And if the story be conducted to the end as it has thus far advanced, it will be one of the most powerful and remarkable of our novels. The very remoteness of the scene and the characters from our actual modern life is one of the chief charms. The familiar aspects of contemporary experience have been so fully and almost exclusively presented of late that to move away from them for a subject is itself an interest. There is also in "Romola" a purely æsthetic element which has not been so evident heretofore in these novels. The very selection of the place and the figures, and the setting given to them, reveal an exquisite appreciation of pure art. Florence strangely lives again in these pages. A weird haunting sadness, like that you feel in all the autumn brightness of woods that mack the spring, hangs over this delightful story.

THE changing aspects of the war compel every observer to remark the force of party-spirit, which is the terrible strain of every popular government. And if the observation lead some one to repudiate it, it will not only have helped him but the country.

As Americans our primary interest is the honor and integrity of our country. That implies, of course, the maintenance of our Government. The policy of that Government is the proper platform of party. Whether we shall have a tariff or free trade. whether a bank or no bank, whether long or short naturalization, whether slavery shall be limited or extended, and a thousand other questions of policy



and national advantage, are the points upon which men of various views and interests naturally divide into parties. Some of the questions involve moral considerations. But still the practical solution of them is political. The various parties endeavor to persuade the people to give them votes in order that the policy they favor may prevail. The people decide, and the defeated party, by still farther and more convincing argument, strives still for the result it wishes. During the discussion there will be excitement, rage, and the unreasonable consequences of rage. The dangers to the country if the Smith policy prevail, are depicted in ghastly colors by The total destruction of all things if Jones should succeed, is set forth with heart-rending eloquence by Smith. The election arrives. Smith or Jones is defeated; and the loser counts his chances for another struggle.

This is the simple, natural, normal operation of parties in a free government. Intrigue, chicanery, corruption, disgust, despair, and rebellion may all spring from it. But when rebellion actually comes, and the object is either to destroy the Government itself or forcibly to impose a policy upon the country, parties, which are institutions of peace, at once disappear, and the great body of citizens are simply men who are faithful or unfaithful to their government. If the faithful are wiser as well as stronger, they will maintain the government. If the unfaithful are wiser or stronger, the government will be destroyed.

Now, practically, when the rebellion begins in a free system the government is administered by one of the parties. The administration virtually depends upon the people, and the danger of the government itself naturally merges questions of policy in the paramount interest of the continuance of the government itself. To perplex its administration, when lawfully the guidance must remain as it is for a long time, is to do the work of an enemy. For in war unity of counsel, as of action, is indispensable. While you discuss whether to point your gun east or west-whether to shoot high or low, the enemy scales the wall and the fort is taken. So while parties spend the golden days in wrangling as to who shall conduct the war, and how it shall be conducted, the war is not conducted, and the state is ruined.

To assume, in a civil war, that questions of mere policy in the conduct of the contest can and ought to divide either side, to a point beyond friendly debate, is either a fatal ignorance or a disastrous knavery. For it breeds delay, paralysis, and destruction. To divide the foe, is it not the very golden rule of strategy? To be divided by him, that is your own crime. The policy of a legal administration of a government in a civil war is like a plan of battle. If the inferior generals and soldiers do not like it, they do not therefore feel themselves at liberty to quarrel with it upon the field, unless they wish the enemy to conquer. So in the general management of a war maturely settled by an administration you can not make a party issue, since the administration can not be changed without imperiling the government a hundred-fold more than by assenting to a policy which you do not prefer. The only conceivable honest issue at such a time is one of vigor. If the war flags, if the public mind is growing languid, there may well be fear of the result, and the government will, by all faithful men, be constantly stimulated to greater energy. But an issue to make

view to surrender—is not that the last, sad, tragical triumph of party-spirit?

Of course upon all questions of policy, in every relation of human life, there will be differing opinions. But when you know that a work must be done by a certain pair of hands, if you do not like the way in which those hands are doing it, you will suggest and remonstrate. But to insist that the work shall wait for another pair is to insist that it shall remain undone. If a man takes that ground every other man has a right to say to him, "You don't want the work done." And if you remember what such a man has said or done before, and watch closely what he says and does afterward, you will be sure to find something which proves that he did not wish it done.

The secret of party-spirit is the love of power. It is selfishness at last. To a brave and honest man, who hopes well and means well for mankind, party is an ascending grade by which he helps all men up. To an ambitious, selfish, unprincipled man it is a pulley by which he hauls himself higher.

WE speak of party-spirit, and we have an illustration of it in the perpetual debate between England and France upon the Waterloo question, of which we spoke last month. John Bull and Johnny Crapeau are forever fighting the battle of Waterloo. Every few years a fresh charge is made upon one side or the other. The other side springs to arms. Serried pages of furious assertion engage in mortal difference, and gradually the noise subsides.

Victor Hugo and Thiers having lately glorified France in describing Waterloo, the English periodicals storm into the most vehement "pish!" and "pooh!" and "untrue!" They are not careful to agree among themselves, and Waterloo becomes dimmer and dimmer. When a few more Frenchmen have described it, and a few more Englishmen have criticised the descriptions, we shall have reached the most profound and hopeless ignorance upon the whole subject. Thiers's account of the battle is especially distressing to the English mind, and it begins its observations upon it by calmly saying that Thiers is not truthful. That once admitted, the rest of the task is tolerably easy.

The Cornhill speaks of Thiers as "bright and vivacious," but "not truthful." His history is "a romance." It has "errors of detail which have had their origin in the writer's contempt for authentic M. Thiers has not studied the map at all. records." He has "a profound misconception of the whole position" of the two armies. His "singular errors" show "the habitual carelessness with which M. Thiers has written what he calls history." He makes a misstatement "to prepare the reader for receiving a fundamental blunder in his history.' "There is really something sublime in the contempt of M. Thiers for facts. He is as ignorant of the English as he is of the Prussian movements." "It is quite useless to expect precision from our author." There are "gravest errors" which lie at the very base of this superstructure of misstatements." "Errors of detail" abound every where. "His habit of inaccuracy becomes fatally conspicuous." "M. Thiers is not a whit more enlightened than the earliest French historian-always excepting Napoleontouching the details of the battle of Waterloo. He does not even know the ground," etc. "Finally, we have this charming battle-piece, unique for inaccuracy in the writings of M. Thiers."

stimulated to greater energy. But an issue to make the war flag—a party to encourage lassitude with a famous French historian. It regards his history as



a romance. It finds it ludicrous from its errors. Mitford's Greece is thorough and authentic by Thiers's Napoleon. And it is remarkable that the romances and errors and grave inaccuracies are generally in regard to some advantage gained by the French over the English. Were the squares of the British infantry broken? Were any British standards taken? They did, they didn't-you're one, you're anotheris the attractive style of the debate. The English critics have not exactly agreed upon any consistent statement as a base of operations against the French descriptions; for in the Cornhill we read: "In this onset the cuirassiers of the hero of Marengo did roll up the Sixty-ninth and capture its colors;" while the Athenaum, charging upon the exasperating Thiers, emphatically declares, in a distinct paragraph: "Not an English square was broken, not an English standard was captured, all that day."

We speak of it not to take a side, but to observe how difficult it is to know the truth. The survey of all this truculent assertion and contradiction makes ns modest in the matter of our own news. Who can tell correctly the story of the great battles of this war? Will the history which Mr. W. Gilmore Simms will certainly write confirm that of any Northern historian? Are we never to know exactly how it was at Bull Run, at Mill Spring, at Hilton Head, at Shiloh, at Corinth, or on the Virginia peninsula? Do we know how it was at Detroit or on Lake Erie, at Bunker Hill or Saratoga, at Quebec or Louisburg; at Minden, Oudenarde, and Dettingen; at Pharsalia, at Salamis, at Marathon, in Gaul? Is all history as inaccurately told as the history of battles? Is Hume upon Cromwell any better than Thiers upon Wellington, or John Bull upon Napoleon? At least, then, let us be patient in reading our own story; not too swift to condemn, not too sure that we un-

THOSE of us who remember Hannegan, Minister of the United States, haranguing in his shirt the populace of Berlin from a balcony-or Mason in Paris triumphing in the ability to chew and smoke at the same time-or any other of the grotesque and extraordinary performances of our foreign plenipotentiaries, will learn with interest that Earl Russell has issued a new set of regulations for the English Diplomatic Service. Whether they extend to personal habits, or to costume as Mr. Marcy's famous letter did, does not appear. But it is evidence of the fact that there is a Diplomatic Service. Another fact is, that in America we have no diplomatic career.

derstand, and willing to believe the best until the

The question is often asked, "Why not have a regular diplomatic career? Why not appoint a young man as an attaché, then a secretary, and in due order a minister? Should we not secure better servants by such a course and wiser service?

But at the very proposition of the question the reply, founded in practical experience is, how can you dispense with the rewards of political labor; and why should not all service of the country be a career from which only incapacity and dishonesty should exclude the incumbent? The answer is simply that all public service should be such a career, and if the system could be initiated, the habits of office-holding as a reward of party service, and not of personal fitness and ability, would be forever destroyed. But how will you initiate it? The difficulty is chiefly in the minds and customs of the people. It would be easy to find a President, for in-

faithful servants of the Government. those servants have been appointed by party. They are all partisans. They will be glad enough to stay in, but they will inevitably be working to turn the administration out. Then what will the supporters of the administration do? I do not know how many men were really the men who nominated the President, but there is a very large number who have told me in strict confidence that they elected the Governor of New York. "They spent money, by George! They spared nothing, you see. And this, this is the reward! The men who worked against us, and swore and spent money against us, are now comfortably sipping the public pap." 'Tis too much! Human nature succumbs.

Well, party nature will succumb, whatever human nature may do. Therefore unless the people really wish the change it can not be made, except when, by some rare chance, the leading men of all parties shall resolve that it is better to renounce patronage as political machinery. When do you think that will be?

Certainly, if we are to have ministers at all, they should be as accomplished for their position and duty as the representatives of any power. It is not necessary to insist upon small hands and feet, nor manners in proportion. A boor, surely, should not be an embassador; but a very homely, simple man may be the very best man for the purpose. On the other hand, because a man is admirably fitted to bring out all the voters in his town or State to the polls, it does not follow that he could negotiate a good treaty. If the positions abroad are to be regarded as sinecures, which do not require any ability, then pay the money and keep the men at home. But if there be any duty to be done or character to be maintained, let us send men who are competent to do the duty and to represent the character.

The new code of Earl Russell provides that when a young man receives his appointment to the diplomatic service he is to pass four years without any pay. How would that suit our political aspirants? months of those four years are to be spent in the Foreign Office, in order to learn the routine of diplomatic business, and three years at one of the embassies. At the end of the four years the unpaid attaché becomes third secretary, provided that the Minister with whom he last served gives him a certificate of good character and conduct, and stating that he understands and speaks French well, as well as one other foreign language.

But before this-within three months after he is appointed-the young diplomatist must be examined in orthography, handwriting, procis (style of expression), Latin, Arithmetic, French, German, and History; and before he receives a penny of salary as third secretary he is to pass another examination. If he chooses he may have but one examination; but this will include, beside all the studies named, the first book of Euclid and International Law.

Nothing can be better in intention than such a system. If a thing is worth doing, it is surely worth doing well. If a merchant would not make a man his book-keeper because he had cobbled his shoes well, why should a state appoint a man an embassador because he makes a good stump speech, or buys votes, or brings them out, or gives thirty thousand dollars to carry an election? would our diplomatic service be if it had to be established upon such foundations? Let any traveler in Europe during the last twenty years refresh his stance, who might make a stand and retain all the recollections of the probability of our embassadors



worst is proved.

successfully passing an examination in the first book of Euclid, or their chances of a certificate asserting their knowledge of French and of "one other" language! In that time the country has been represented abroad by eminent scholars and gentlemen; but we are speaking of the rule.

It will be naturally supposed that Earl Russell's code is aristocratic and exclusive. An effort was made to throw open the diplomatic service to all comers and select the best for appointment, as in the Civil Service of India and the Ordnance Corps; but it was hopeless. The gate of entrance into the career is very narrow. "The candidate will continue to be nominated by the Foreign Secretary." The basis of the appointment is thus purely political, as with us. "The heads of the great houses," as Macaulay magniloquently calls them, will continue to provide in the diplomatic service for their friends and retainers. As by hereditary right any nincompoop with a title is a life-long governor and legislator of Great Britain, so by the close borough system of Cabinet nominations the influential noblemen will secure a perpetuity of this privilege. It has this advantage over the House of Lords that, for a seat in that assembly no examination of fitness, no selection by a satisfied constituency is necessary; but simply the fact of being born the oldest son of a peer. The oldest son of an embassador stands no chance of an embassy if he does not know the first book of Euclid and three languages. What would happen if an exact knowledge of English grammar were required of our embassadors!

The practical difficulty with us is that men of refined and high-toned natures hate to soil their fingers with politics, and consequently have no political eminence. They have the heartiest sympathy often, and they do all they can for the promotion of the good old cause of America and Liberty. But they make no claim for reward, and the reward goes to the worker who asks for it, and not to the worker who does not, nor to him who has not been a worker. That surely is not the best way for the state to find its best servants. But there is this to be said for it, that if every citizen did his fair share of political duty the fittest men for the various offices would have as clear a claim in service as those who are less fit. Indeed our whole free popular system proceeds upon the assumption that we are faithful to our duty, however disagreeable it may be. That system is now in danger because the best citizens have so willingly shirked that duty.

WHEN the operations of a Confidence Man are exposed, there is always a smile of derision at the stupid rural victim; but the supply of victims does not fail. So when you pass a mock-auction shop, and contemplate Peter Funk and his friends unweariedly playing buy and sell mock watches and brass jewelry, it is impossible not to admire the gullibility which is so exact and calculable a quantity that a trade like this may be established upon it, and gentry like these make a living by it. Year after year the Confidence Man drops a wallet or shows the secret of a safe, and year after year Peter Funk chatters over his counter the merits and cheapness of his glass diamonds. And year after year also the rustic falls into both the traps, and hies homeward a wiser and a poorer man.

But all this is not more surprising than the performances of royal Confidence Men and imperial Peter Funks from the beginning of time. Their game goes on from century to century. The same

old brass time-pieces are extolled as the purest gold. The same old promises are made of sudden elevation to wealth. The same old farce of friendship is played and played again.

The last mock-auction upon the great scale is the movement of Louis Napoleon in Mexico, which has a very natural and peculiar interest for all of us neighbors of that restless nation. The Emperor of Russia a few years since thought his dear friend Turkey a sick man—sick even unto death: so sick that his estate must be administered upon; and who so competent, who so clearly Heaven-called to the task, as the ancient ally and disinterested friend of Turkey, Russia? In a similar manner the heart of the French Emperor is touched by the misery of Mexico. It is not, indeed, his neighbor. But who—says Louis Funk—who is my neighbor if not a suffering State?

Spain and England, as we were saying some few months since when General Prim was our hero of an hour, have withdrawn from the errand of mercy. But the conscience of the Emperor of France would be troubled if he should give over his noble friends, the Mexicans, to their own destruction. So he has sent an army and a navy-why? To revenge the defeat of the French arms last summer? Softly, impetuous inquirer! Do you think that Peter Funk sells watches for his own advantage? Does he not expressly tell you that this watch is an article of the finest gold, of the most exquisite workmanship, with thirty jewels, and a regulator of the sun? Is it not knocked down to you at a fearful sacrifice and dirt cheap, expressly to close a concern? Is it not the very last of the lot, and, by a curious but lucky chance, the very best? What, then, says Peter Napoleon by his man Forey? Has it not the true washed-copper ring? Is it not the purest strain of the mock-auction shop? Listen:

"As soon as the Mexican people are freed by our arms they will choose, without restraint, the Government that suits them. I bring a positive command to declare so to them.

"In the name of the Emperor I invite, without distinction of parties, all who wish the independence of their country and the integrity of their territory. It is not a part of the politics of France to mix, for a personal interest, in the intestine dissensions of foreign nations; but when for legitimate reasons she is obliged to interfere, she always does it in the interest of the country where she employs her action.

ti Remember, Mexicans, that wherever her flag is unfurled in America, as in Europe, she represents the cause of nations and of civilization."

There was never any other pretense urged by any soldier for any wanton and reckless invasion of a foreign territory. He always comes to protect the rights of the people of the territory. Designing men among them are plotting mischief. But I, Louis, never have any personal motive; I have only the Millennium at heart. My mission is to root out selfishness. I am sent by Heaven to chastise the ambitious and self-seeking. I, from the 2d of December, am the guardian of legitimate governments of the people against the usurpation of individuals. My empire is peace—peace in the Crimea, peace in Italy, and now peace in Mexico. Peace, at the present time, is the regeneration of Mexico. But, believe me, it is a purely impersonal, philanthropic movement of mine. France is bound to keep the peace of the world, and I am France. General Forey, you will order the ships to open upon the ports and the army to advance upon the capital.

It is only a great piece of historical Peter Funk.



declaration of intention is just as veracious as his assertions about his wares. The passengers pass in the street and smile to hear his talk; and there is not a man of very ordinary sense, in France or out of France, who does not smile with contempt and pity as he hears the stale old fustian of the brand-new Emperor.

When Mexico shall have been pacified by the apostle of peace, what other part of the world will it be his mission to regulate?

Editor's Brawer.

THE Hon. George P. Marsh, than whom we have no more learned and elegant scholar, a man who has spent a lifetime among books, digging up dead languages and seeking the origin of tongues, this delver in the ditches of antiquity, and who is more familiar, we verily believe, with the early literature of England than any other man among us: Mr. Marsh, in his lectures on the English language, bears this remarkable testimony:

"I have observed that no great English writer has ever been wholly able to suppress the quality of humor. Hooker would be claimed as an exception, and in truth he is one of the gravest of authors; but one can not but suspect that a smile is lurking under some of the illustrations which accompany his most serious arguments. Thus, having declared that God works nothing without cause, he instances the creation of woman, which he intimates was an after-thought, and declares that God's will had never inclined 'to perform it;' 'but that he saw it could not be well if she were not created.' In this he seems to have meant a half-jocose expression of the same sentiments to which John Knox had, not many years before, given such passionate utterance in his ungenerous but very eloquent 'First Blast of the Trumpet against the monstrous Regiment of Wo-

THE man that laughs heartily is a doctor without a diploma. His face does more good in a sick room than a bushel of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. People are always glad to see him. Their hands instinctively go half-way out to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic who speaks in the groaning key. He laughs you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended with him; and you never know what a pleasant world you are living in until he points out the sunny streaks on its pathway.

THE following epitaph is copied from the "Historical Collections of Connecticut," and is perfectly authentic. It was taken from the tomb-stone of a young lady:

"Molly, though comely in her day, Was suddenly seized and carried away; How soon she's ripe, how soon she's rotten, Laid in the grave and quick forgotten."

THE humors of the war continue to make a merry chapter in the history of these melancholy days. One of our naval friends at Key West wrote to us in September last:

"On board the U. S. Steamer 'Magnolia." "Among our crew is one steady old fellow, to whom, while a temporary hospital was being erect- his feeble and humble manner -as old Brother Col-

The intention is that of the worthy auctioneer. The | ed on shore, was given the charge of a huge kettle of boiling tar, etc., used for spreading on the roof to render it water-tight. Strangers here are naturally of an inquisitive turn of mind; and all, on seeing this steaming kettle, and the old 'shell-back' so intently engaged stirring its contents, would invariably question him as to its use, etc., until it became to him a nuisance. One afternoon one of our officers walked down to where 'Tommy' was at work, and while standing there observed a strange vessel coming into the harbor under a full press of canvas.

"''Tommy,' said he, 'what ship is that coming in?'

"Tommy, without looking up from his work, thinking the question-having indistinctly heard it one relating to the contents of the kettle, as usual, answered, 'Roofing-cement.'

"'Singular name,' says the officer. 'Who is her captain?'

'''Coal-tar, Sir, I believe.'

"Mr. — thought that Tommy must have been drinking, and started off to get his information from some other quarter.

"When the new order concerning the change of the navy officers' uniform came to hand, it set all of our officers to imagining the probable effect of gold-lace, etc., on their own persons, and for several days nothing was talked of but gold-lace and shoulder-straps. Our Chief-Engineer, rising late one morning, walked up on deck, and on looking around him perceived an addition to our fleet. Coming to a group of officers who were discussing the 'new order,' he asked:
"' When did the Penguin get in?"

"The answer was similar to Tommy's in the above, and about as much to the point:

"' You must wear gold-lace half an inch wide around the cuff.'

"Chief, nothing put out, asked again:

"' When did the Penguin get in?"

"Answer: 'A single-breasted coat with nine buttoms for mates.'

"'Did she stop any where on her way down?" "'On the shoulders, a strap with a silver anchor

worked on it, and a gold bar at each end.'

"Chief ventured another question:

"' How long was she coming from New York?"

"'I tell you only two inches, to be turned in on

the edge.' What a crazy set!' soliloquized the Engineer as he stepped to the side to see a huge fish that was hauled aboard by one of the crew."

THE annexed advertisement, scissored from the Washington Republican, will repay attentive perusal:

CARD.—The attention of the public is invited to the A sale which will take place on FRIDAY MORNING, the 10th instant, at the U. S. Penitentiary, commencing precisely at 9 o'clock. Purchasers will have to settle as knocked down, if not, they will be put up and resold, as they will have to be moved as sold, on account of the Government wanting it immediately. By order of

H. I. KING, Warden. GREEN & WILLIAMS, Auctioneer

Rather stringent on purchasers, eh? How about the habeas corpus, Fort Lafayette, etc.? Has Government done any thing worse than this?

"THE writer is a 'practitioner' of medicine, 'in



burn, our circuit preacher, said of his discourseamong the illimitable prairies. I frequently have written applications for medicine, etc., as many of my customers live at a distance. One day, not long since, a negro boy rode up to the fence, halloed 'Hello!' and handed me a note. Here is the 'dockyment:

" ' July th 1 1869 - pleese send mee a litle sugar of led to mak " Dr. sôm I water

" oblige Your _ H_

"A few days subsequently the same specimen of the 'Torrid Zone' reported himself at my office with another epistle from the same friend-videlicet:

" * July 10 62 - pleese of sende a vile of I water for the baby and som pouderes the babe has fever agane

" wee brok the vile of I water

" hee sill seems

C---- H-

to rub his hed'

"The 'vile of I water' was dispatched, and as the case did not convalesce I was summoned to see the child. It was laboring under acute ophthalmia, complicated with remittent fever. In a few days I dismissed the case. 'But the end was not vet.' A few days later the son of Africa dismounted at my gate with the following luminous message:

" July 23 1862 - plees sende me som mour I water I wish you to sende somthing to stop nite swets on him hee seams to fall of all the tim Yours ... C

"PLEASE do not give the author's name, as the story may be seen by the parties, and so hurt the feelings of worthy people.'

Thus writes a correspondent to the Drawer. Did he know what he was saying? He is willing to have us publish a story that would "hurt the feelings of worthy people," but he does not wish to be known as the author of it! Where is honor, conscience, kindness? We do not wish any man to make use of the Drawer by amusing some people at the expense of others. The "feelings of worthy people" are more sacred than gold; and we would not for any consideration be made the means of wounding the feelings of the least of the worthy ones who read these pages.

The world has humor enough in it to fill the Drawer full to overflowing without hurse the hair of the head of the humblest son or daughter of Adam; and we would rather lock the Drawer up, and throw away the key, than to use it for the injury of the feelings of any body.

Please make a note of this, most excellent contributors, and send us nothing that will pain the living, or that, "dying, you would wish to blot."

FROM the Far East we have a brace of anecdotes: "Some years since our friend, Colonel Bfound himself a passenger on board one of the steamers running between Havana and New Orleans. Before reaching the latter city the captain of the steamer having learned, in course of conversation, that Colonel B--- was a live Yankee from Vermont, thought he would amuse, and at the same time compliment the Colonel by relating to him a bit of his experience with a certain Yankee pilot whom he once employed, and who, like the Colonel, enjoyed the honor of hailing from Vermont. The Colonel said,

"My friend the captain was formerly in command of one of the Mississippi River steamers, and one morning, while his boat was lying at her moorings | been 'sold.'"

at New Orleans, waiting for the tardy pilot-who, it appears, was a rather uncertain sort of a fellowa tall, gaunt Yankee made his appearance before the captain's office, and sung out,

"' Hello, Cap'n! you don't want a pilot nor no-

thin' about this 'ere craft, do ye?'

"'How do you know I don't?' responded the Captain.

"' Oh, you don't understand; I axed you s'posin' you did?

"'Then, supposing I do, what of it?"
"'Well,' said the Yankee, 'I reckon I know suthin' about that ere sort o' business, provided you wanted a feller of jest about my size.

"The Captain gave him a scrutinizing glance, and with an expression of countenance which seemed to say, 'I should pity the snags!' asked,

" 'Are you acquainted with the river, and do you

know where the snags are?'

"'Well, ye-as'-responded the Yankee, rather hesitatingly—'I'm pretty well acquainted with the river; but—the snaga—I don't know exactly so much about.'

"'Don't know about the snags!' exclaimed the Captain, contemptuously; 'don't know about the snags! You'd make a pretty pilot!'

"At this the Yankee's countenance assumed any thing but an angelic expression, and with a darkened brow and a fiercely flashing eye, he drew himself up to his full height, and indignantly roared back in a voice of thunder, 'What do I want to know where the snags are for, old sea-hoss? I know where they ain't; and there's where I do my sailing!'

"It is sufficient to know that the Yankee was promptly engaged, and that the Captain takes pleasure in saying that he proved himself one of the best pilots on the river.

"WE have in this vicinity another live specimen of a Yankee who, if he does not come full up to the Mississippi River pilot, falls but a half pace behind. He once had occasion to buy a pig; and after going into the country and spending considerable time in looking over the 'pork market,' finally succeeded in bargaining for a small 'varmint,' the smallest of a lot of ten owned by a clever old farmer. While the trade was progressing the welcome notes of the farmer's dinner-horn pealed forth, calling upon the hungry to 'fall to and devour.' Our friend, it must be remembered, is sometimes very deaf, but on this occasion fully understood the dinner-horn; and, of course, the farmer found no difficulty in making him understand that his company at the table would be acceptable. Dinner over, our hero got his horse and wagon in readiness to depart, and then went back to the pen to get his pig; but instead of taking the small one bargained for, selected the largest and best of the lot, and carried it, squealing for its dear life, to the wagon. The farmer made his appearance in the yard just in season to discover what he supposed to be the mistake of our Yankee friend, and shouted out to him, 'You've got the wrong pig! you've got the wrong pig! Bring him back! You've got the wrong pig!' But our friend, think-You've got the wrong pig!' ing it best not to be too particular under the circumstances, made a 'bee-line' for his wagon, at the same time shouting back, 'Let him squeal! let him squeal! I can hold him! I can hold him!' The farmer followed swiftly, in hopes of having the mistake' corrected; but on arriving at the gateway a fresh cloud of dust in the distance suggested to his bewildered senses that both he and his pig had



The horrors of war, and the tedium of camp-life, and the anxious hours at home, have been relieved and alleviated by the Drawer, till we have come to regard it as one of the main pillars of the State—a sort of savings institution for the benefit of the soldier, the citizen, and the household, in which all have a life interest, and a right to draw out all they want, whether they put in or not. From the Gulf Squadron, on board one of the United States mortarboats, an old subscriber writes to the Drawer, and tells us how he has been pining for the want of it, and actually refreshing his soul by reading old numbers that were fortunately on board. Who knows how much they helped to capture New Orleans? Hear him. He is a surgeon, and knows what is good for soldiers and sailors:

"Something near a dozen years agone, at the solicitation of a pertinacious and ragged newsboy, your correspondent invested a quarter in the purchase of your initial Number, since which day, whether at home or abroad, *Harper* has been my constant and welcomed monthly visitor. When leaving home to render my meed of service by keeping men in health to fight, and healing those who were wounded while

fighting, my better-half faithfully promised to send Harper regularly to cheer my loneliness with its well-loved face. Alas! letters from home have reached me, now and again, saying that Harper has been sent to me; and yet for five months my accustomed food has been by some ruthless hand snatched away from my starving mind. Some appreciative sinner, more anxious than honest, sequestrates my Magazines to his own enjoyment, without caring an old Herald for me, the rightful owner of the treasure. Think of my being so long without a visit from my old friend! Two consolations, however, are mine under this privation: first, we have on board some thirty old numbers, and they are ever ready to give up their rich stores of pleasure and profit at my demand; and secondly, the anticipation of what is in store for me when I return home and read up my arrears. May peace be with you and all of us soon!"

To which we respond Amen! And then our friend goes on to give us an incident of the war:

"During the bombardment of Fort Jackson, one of our officers, well-tired by a night's work, was summoned to breakfast by the steward, who found much difficulty in awakening him. 'Mr. —,'



FAITHFUL BUT DISAGREEABLE.

Mr. Snodgrass, who has removed to the country, brought home last night a famous Watch-Dog. The faithful creature has taken up his quarters under the kitchen table, and causes some little disarrangement in the preparations for breakfast.



or fourth time, 'Mr. —, it is gone eight bells—breakfast is all ready.' The drowsy officer, with his mind full of the mortar, barely caught the sound of the 'all ready' of the steward, and to the latter's surprise bade him 'get a good range and fire as soon as possible,' as he turned to resume his sleep."

- was always fond of a practical joke, and sometimes at the expense of his best friends; and when annoyed, as he often was, by some old woman stopping him in the street to ask him about his patients, he added a little spice of malice. Old Mrs. Young was one of this troublesome class, and one day seeing the Doctor's gig standing a long time in front of Judge P---'s house, she hailed him as he came back and asked him who was sick at the Judge's.

"The Judge himself," he replied.

"What's the matter with him?"

"He's been taking poison," said the Doctor, and whipped up his horse and left her.

In an hour from that time the village was in a

says the steward, shaking the sleeper for the third | terrible state of excitement, and the Judge's house was filled with a crowd of anxious friends, for he was a great favorite in the place. He was not more surprised and gratified, however, at so many calls and their great solicitude, than they were to learn that he had had an attack of chills and fever the day before, for which the Doctor prescribed arsenic.

> EPITAPHS actually copied from tombstones in a grave-yard in Philadelphia:

"Pain was my portion, Physic was my food, Groans was my divotion, Drugs did me not good. Christ was my Physician, He knew what way was best To ease me of my pain, He took my soul to rest."

"What is home without a Mother?"

"Oh Nancy dear my breast does ache, And I do suffer sore: But Christ has come, I'll soon be gone, And then my suffering is o'er.'



UNAPPRECIATED DEVOTION.

Mr. Timmins has fallen desperately in love with Miss Helen, and wishes to solace her with a little music. To him Sister Laura, very kind-hearted, but so near-sighted:
"Here, Poor Man, is a piece of bread for you. Now do go away. Sister Helen has a headache, and says your tooting drives her crazy."



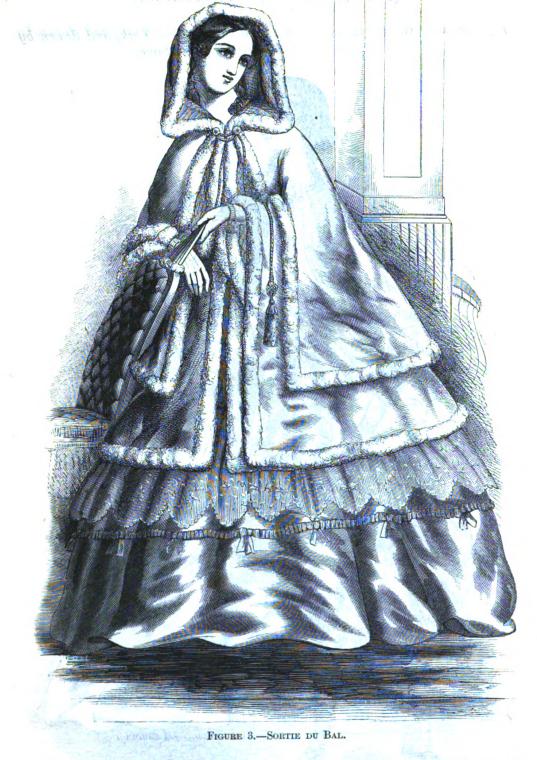
Fashions for Werember.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodle, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by Voigt from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—MORNING NEGLIGEE AND BOY'S COSTUME.





THE MORNING NEGLIGEE and Boy's COSTUME, illustrated on the preceding page, are adapted to almost any of the seasonable materials.

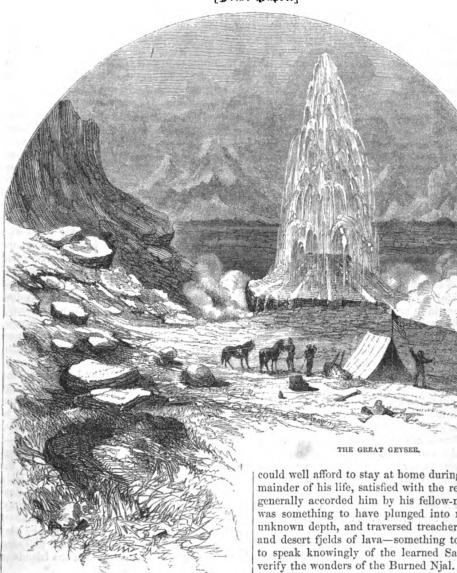
THE SORTIE DU BAL, represented above, is extremely elegant. It is composed of white merino, lined with rose silk. and trimmed with swan's-down.



HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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A CALIFORNIAN IN ICELAND. [first Paper.]



NOT many years have passed since it was considered something of an achievement to visit Iceland. The traveler who had the hardihood to penetrate the chilly fogs of the north, and journey by the compass through a region of everlasting snows and desolating fires,

could well afford to stay at home during the remainder of his life, satisfied with the reputation generally accorded him by his fellow-men. It was something to have plunged into rivers of unknown depth, and traversed treacherous bogs and desert fjelds of lava-something to be able to speak knowingly of the learned Sagas, and

An isolated spot of earth, bordering on the Arctic Circle, and cut off by icebergs and frozen seas from all intercourse with the civilized world during half the year, once the seat of an enlightened republic, and still inhabited by the descendants of men who had worshiped Odin and Thor, must surely have presented rare attractions to the enterprising traveler before it

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became a beaten track for modern tourists. A simple narrative of facts was then sufficient to enlist attention. Even the unlearned adventurer could obtain a reputation by an unvarnished recital of what he saw and heard. He could describe the Lögberg upon which the republican Parliament held its sittings, and attest from personal observation that this was the exact spot where judgments were pronounced by the Thing. He could speak familiarly of heathen gods and Vikings after a brief intercourse with the inhabitants, who are still tinctured with the spirit of their early civilization. He could tell of frightful volcanoes that fill the air with clouds of ashes and desolate the earth with burning floods of lava, and of scalding hot water shot up out of subterranean boilers, and gaping fissures that emit sulphurous vapors, and strange sounds heard beneath the earth's surface, and all the marvelous experiences of Icelandic travel, including ghosts and hobgoblins that ramble over the icy wastes by night and hide themselves in gloomy caverns by day-these he could dwell upon in earnest and homely language with the pleasing certainty of an appreciative audience. But times have sadly changed within the past few years. A trip to Iceland nowadays is little more than a pleasant summer excursion, brought within the capacity of every tyro in travel through the leveling agency of steam. When a Parisian lady of rank visits Spitzbergen, and makes the overland journey from the North Cape to the Gulf of Bothnia, of what avail is it for any gentleman of elegant leisure to leave his comfortable fireside? We tourists who are ambitious to see the world in an easy way need but sit in our cushioned chair, cozily smoking our cigar, while some enterprising lady puts a girdle round about the earth; for we may depend upon it she will reappear ere leviathan can swim a league and present us with a bouquet of wonderful experionces, neatly pressed between the pages of an entertaining volume. The icebergs of the Arctic, the bananas of the tropics, the camels of the East, the buffaloes of the West, and the cannibals of the South are equally at our service. We can hold the mountains, rivers, seas, and human races between our finger and thumb; and thus, as we gently dally with care, we may see the wonders of the world as in a pleasant dream. Thus may we enjoy the perils and hardships of travel at a very small sacrifice of personal comfort.

It was somewhat in this style that I reasoned when the idea occurred to me of making a trip to Iceland. From all accounts it was a very uncomfortable country, deficient in roads, destitute of hotels, and subject to various eccentricities of climate. Neither fame nor money was to be gained by such a trip-unless, indeed, I succeeded in catching the Great Auk, for which, it is said, the Directors of the British Museum have offered a reward of a hundred pounds. This was a chance, to be sure. I might possibly be able to get hold of the Auk, and thereby

certain a niche in the temple of fame. It would be something to rank with the great men who had devoted their lives to the pursuit of the Dodo and the Roc. But there was a deplorable lack of information about the haunts and habits of the Auk. I was not even satisfied of its existence, by the fact that two Englishmen visited Iceland a few years ago for the purpose of securing a specimen of this wonderful bird, and, after six weeks of unavailing search, wrote a book to prove that there was still reason to hope for success.

Upon the whole, I thought it would not do to depend upon the Auk. There was but one opening left-to visit Iceland, sketch-book in hand, and faithfully do what others had left undone-make accurate sketches of the mountains, rivers, lava-fjelds, geysers, people, and costumes. In nothing is Iceland so deficient as in pictorial representation. It has been very minutely surveyed by the Danes, and Olsen has left nothing to wish for in the way of topographical delineation; but artists do not seem to have found it an attractive field for the exercise of their talent. At least I could obtain no good pictures of Iceland in Copenhagen. The few indifferent sketches published there, and in the journals of late English and German tourists, afford no adequate idea of the country. I have seen nothing of the kind any where that impressed my mind with the slightest notion of that land of fire, or the spirit and genius of Icelandic life. It would therefore be some gain to the cause of knowledge if I could present to five hundred thousand of my fellow-citizens, who do their traveling through these illuminated pages, a reasonably fair delineation of the country and the people, with such simple record of my own experiences as would render the sketches generally intelli-

So one fine morning in May I shouldered my knapsack, and bade a temporary adieu to my friends in Frankfort. By night I was in Hamburg. The next day was agreeably spent in rambling about the gardens across the Alster Basin, and at 5 P.M. I left Altona for Kiel-a journey of three hours by rail across a flat and not very interesting tract of country within the limits of Schleswig-Holstein. From Kiel a steamer leaves for Korsör on the island of Zealand, the terminus of the Copenhagen Railway. This is the most direct route between Hamburg and Copenhagen; though the trip may be very pleasantly varied by taking a steamer to Taars, and passing by diligence through the islands of Lalland, Falster, and Möen.

A few days after my arrival in Copenhagen I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Professor Anderssen, of the Scandinavian Museum, a native Icelander, who very kindly showed me the chief objects of curiosity obtained from the Danish possessions in the north, consisting mostly of fish and geological specimens. The Minister of the Judiciary obligingly gave me a letter to the Governor and principal Amtsecure money enough to pay expenses, and make | men of Iceland; and many other gentlemen of



not put themselves to oblige a stranger. In my rambles through the public libraries and museums I was always accompanied by some professor attached to the institution, who took the greatwith a favorable idea of the value of the collection. This was not a mere formal matter of duty; many of them spent hours and even days in the performance of their friendly labors, omitting nothing that might contribute to my enjoyspend his time agreeably in such society, surrounded by such institutions as Thorwaldsen's Museum and the National Collection of Scandinavian Antiquities, must be difficult to please indeed. The Tivoli or the Dyrhave, an evening at Fredericksberg, or a trip to "Hamlet's Grave" at Elsineur, would surely fill the measnre of his contentment. Whether in the way of beautiful gardens, public amusements, charming excursions, or agreeable and intelligent society, I know of no European capital that can surpass Copenhagen. Our excellent Minister, Mr. Wood, with whom I had the pleasure of spending an evening at Elsineur, speaks in the most complimentary terms of the Danes and their customs; and expresses some surprise, considering the general increase of European travel from our country, that so few American tourists visit Denmark.

I could not do myself the injustice to leave Copenhagen without forming the personal acquaintance of a man to whom a debt of gratitude is due by the young and the old in all countries—the ramblers in fairy-land, the lovers of romance, and the friends of humanity—all who can feel the divine influence of genius, and learn, through the teachings of a kindly heart, that the inhabitants of earth are

"Kindred by one holy tie"the quaint, pathetic, genial Hans Christian Anderssen. Not wishing to impose any obligation of courtesy on him by a letter of introduction or the obliging services of my Danish friends, I called at his house unattended and merely sent in my name and address. Unfortunately he was out taking his morning walk and would not be back till the afternoon. By calling at three o'clock, the servant said, I would be very likely to find him at home. I then added to my card the simple fact that I was an American traveler on my way to Iceland for the purpose of making the liberty of calling at the appointed hour. It of a man a little beyond the prime of life, but not

influence manifested the most friendly interest | may be a matter of interest to an American in my proposed undertaking. I was especially reader to have some idea of the peculiar neighindebted to Captain Södring, late owner of the borhood and style of house in which a great Fox, of Arctic celebrity, for much valuable in- Danish author has chosen to take up his abode. formation respecting the northern seas, as well The city of Copenhagen, it should be borne in as for his cordial hospitality and indefatigable mind, is intersected by canals which, during the efforts to make my sojourn in Copenhagen both summer months, are crowded with small trading agreeable and profitable. Indeed, I was delight vessels from Sweden and Jutland, and fishing ed with the place and the people. The Danes smacks from the neighboring islands and coast are exceedingly genial in their manners, distin- of Norway. The wharves bordering on these guished alike for their simplicity and intelli- canals present an exceedingly animated appear-There is no trouble to which they will ance. Peasants, sailors, traders, and fishermen in every variety of costume, are gathered in groups enjoying a social gossip or interchanging their various products and wares, and strawberries from Amak and fish from the Skagerest pains to explain every thing, and impress me Rack mingle their odors. In the second story of a dingy and dilapidated house, fronting one of these unsavory canals, a confused pile of dirty, shambling old tenements in the rear, and a curious medley of fish and fishermen, sloops and schooners, mud-scows and skiffs in front, lives ment as a stranger. The visitor who can not the world-renowned author, Hans Christian Anderssen. I say he lives there, but properly speaking he only lodges. It seems to be a peculiarity of his nature to move about from time to time into all the queer and uninviting places possible to be discovered within the limits of Copenhagen-not where

"The mantling vine Lays forth her grape and gently creeps Luxuriant,"

but where the roughest, noisiest, busiest, and fishiest of an amphibious population is to be found. Here it is, apparently amidst the most incongruous elements, that he draws from all around him the most delicate traits of human nature, and matures for the great outer world the most exquisite creations of his fancy. It is purely a labor of love in which he spends his life. The products of his pen have furnished him with ample means to live in elegant style, surrounded by all the allurements of rank and fashion, but he prefers the obscurity of a plain lodging amidst the haunts of those classes whose lives and pursuits he so well portrays. Here he cordially receives all who call upon him, and they are not few. Pilgrims of every condition in life and from all nations do homage to his genius; yet valuable as his time is, he finds enough to spare for the kindly reception of his visitors. His only household companions appear to be two old peasant women, whom he employs as domestics; weather-beaten and decrepit old creatures, with faces and forms very much like a pair of antiquated nut-crackers. He occupies only two or three rooms plainly furnished, and apparently lives in the simplest and most abstemious style.

When I called, according to directions, one of the ancient nut-crackers merely pointed to the door, and said she thought Herr Anderssen was in, but didn't know. I could knock there and try; so I knocked. Presently I heard a rapid step, and the door was thrown open. Before me some sketches of the country, and would take stood the tall, thin, shambling, raw-boned figure



hatchet-face, all alive with twists and wrinkles and muscles; a long, lean face upon which stood out prominently a great nose, diverted by a freak of nature a little to one side, and flanked by a tremendous pair of cheek-bones with great hollows underneath. Innumerable ridges and furrows swept semicircularly downward around the corners of a great mouth—a broad, deep, rugged fissure across the face, that might have been mistaken for the dreadful child-trap of an ogre but for the sunny beams of benevolence that lurked around the lips and the genial humanity that glimmered from every nook and turn. Neither mustache nor beard obscured the strong individuality of this remarkable face, which for the most part was of a dull granite color, a little mixed with limestone and spotted with patches of porphyry. A dented gutta-percha forehead, very prominent about the brows, and somewhat resembling in its general topography a raised map of Switzerland, sloped upward and backward to the top of the head; not a very large head but wonderfully bumped and battered by the operations of the brain, and partially covered by a mop of dark wavy hair, a little thin in front and somewhat grizzled behind; a long bony pair of arms, with long hands on them; a long lank body with a long black coat on it; a long loose pair of legs, with long boots on the feet; all in motion at the same time; all shining and wriggling and working with an indescribable vitality; a voice bubbling up from the vast depths below with cheery, spasmodic, and unintelligible words of welcome-this was the wonderful man that stood before me, the great Danish improvisator, the lover of little children, the gentle Caliban who dwells among fairies and holds sweet converse with fishes and frogs and beetles! I would have picked him out from among a thousand men at the first glance as a candidate for Congress, or the proprietor of a tavern, if I had met him any where in the United States. But the resemblance was only momentary. In the quaint awkwardness of his gestures and the simplicity of his speech there was a certain refinement not usually found among men of that class. Something in the spontaneous and almost childlike cordiality of his greeting; the unworldly impulsiveness of his nature, as he grasped both my hands in his, patted me affectionately on the shoulder, and bade me welcome, convinced me in a moment that this was no other, and could be no other, than Hans Christian Anderssen.

vet old, with a pair of dancing gray eyes and a

"Come in! Come in!" he said, in a gush of broken English. "Come in and sit down! You are very welcome! Thank you! thank you very much! I am very glad to see you! It is a rare thing to meet a traveler all the way from California—quite a surprise! Sit down! Thank you!"

And then followed a variety of friendly compliments and remarks about the Americans. He liked them; he was sorry they were so unfortunate as to be engaged in a civil war, but hoped it would soon be over. Did I speak French?

he asked, after a pause. Not very well. German? Still worse, was my answer. "What a pity!" he exclaimed, "it must trouble you to understand my English! I speak it so badly. It is only within a few years that I have learned to speak it at all." Of course I complimented him upon his English, which was really better than I had been led to expect. "Can you understand it?" he asked, looking earnestly in my face. "Certainly!" I answered, "almost every word." "Oh, thank you! thank you! You are very good!" he cried, grasping me by the hand. "I am very much obliged to you for understanding me!" I naturally thanked him for being obliged to me, and we shook hands cordially and mutually thanked one another over again for being so amiable. The conversation, if such it could be called, flew from subject to subject with a rapidity that almost took my breath away. The great improvisator dashed recklessly into every thing that he thought would be interesting to an American traveler, but with the difficulty of his utterance in English, and the absence of any knowledge on his part of my name or history, it was evident he was a little embarrassed in what way to oblige me most; and the trouble on my side was, that I was too busy listening to find time for talking.

"Dear! dear! And you are going to Iceland!" he continued. "A long way from California! I would like to visit America, but it is very dangerous to travel by sea. A vessel was burned up not long since, and many of my friends were lost. It was a dreadful affair."

From this he diverged to a trip he then had in contemplation through Switzerland and Spain. He was sitting for his statuette, which he desired to leave as a memento to his friends prior to his departure. A young Danish sculptor was making it. Would I like to see it? and forthwith I was introduced to the young Danish sculptor. The likeness was very good, and my comments upon it elicited many additional thanks and several squeezes of the hand—it was so kind of me to be pleased with it! "He is a young student," said Anderssen, approvingly; "a very good young man. I want to encourage him. He will be a great artist some day or other."

Talking of likenesses reminded me of a photograph which I had purchased a few days before, and to which I now asked the addition of an autograph.

"Oh, you have a libel on me here!" cried the poet, laughing joyously—"a very bad likeness. Wait! I have several much better; here they are—" And he rushed into the next room, tumbled over a lot of papers and ransacked a number of drawers till he found the desired package—"here's a dozen of them; take your choice! help yourself—as many as you please!" While looking over the collection I said the likeness of one who had done so much to promote the happiness of some little friends I had at home would he valued beyond measure; that I knew at least half a dozen youngsters who were as well





J. L. Butwhen.

acquainted with the "Little Match Girl," and the "Ugly Duck," and the "Poor Idiot Boy," as he was himself; and his name was as familiar in California as it was in Denmark. At this he grasped both my hands, and looking straight in my face with a kind of ecstatic expression, said: "Oh, is it possible! Do they really read my books in California! so far away! Oh! I thank you very much! Some of my stories, I am aware, have been published in New York, but I did not think they had found their way to the Pacific coast. Dear me! Thank you! thank you! Have you seen my last—the—what do you call it in English?—a little animal—"

"Mouse," I suggested.

"No - not a mouse; a little animal with wings."

"Oh, a bat!"

"Nay, nay! a little animal with wings and many legs. Dear me! I forget the name in English, but you certainly know it in America—a very small animal!"

In vain I tried to make a selection from all the little animals of my acquaintance with wings and many legs. The case was getting both embarrassing and vexatious. At length a light broke upon me.

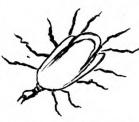
"A mosquito!" I exclaimed, triumphantly.

"Nay, nay!" cried the bothered poet; "a little animal with a hard skin on its back. Dear me, I can't remember the name!"

"Oh, I have it now," said I, really desirous of relieving his mind—"A flea!"

At this the great improvisator scratched his head, looked at the ceiling and then at the floor, after which he took several rapid strides up and down the room, and struck himself repeatedly on the forehead.

Suddenly grasping up a pen he exclaimed somewhat energetically—"Here! I'll draw it for you!" and forthwith he drew on a scrap of paper a diagram,



of which the above engraving is a fac-simile:

"A tumble-bug!" I shouted, astonished at my
former stupidity.

The poet looked puzzled and distressed. Evidently I had not yet succeeded. What could it

"A beetle!" I next ventured to suggest, rather disappointed at the result of my previous guess.

"A beetle! A beetle!—that's it; now I remember—a beetle!" and the delighted author of "The Beetle" patted me approvingly on the back, and chuckled gleefully at his own adroit method of explanation. "I'll give you 'The Beetle,'" he said; "you shall have the only copy in my possession. But you don't read Danish! What are we to do? There is a partial translation in French—a mere notice."

"No matter," I answered. "A specimen of the Danish language will be very acceptable, and the book will be a pleasant souvenir of my visit."

He then darted into the next room, tumbled over a dozen piles of books; then out again, ransacked the desks and drawers and heaps of old papers and rubbish-talking all the time in his joyous, cheery way about his books and his travels in Jutland, and his visit to Charles Dickens, and his intended journey through Spain, and his delight at meeting a traveler all the way from California, and whatever else came into his head; all in such mixed up broken English that the meaning must have been utterly lost but for the wonderful expressiveness of his face and the striking oddity of his motions. It came to me mesmerically. He seemed like one who glowed all over with bright and happy thoughts, which permeated all around him with a new intelligence. His presence shed a light upon oth ers like the rays that beamed from the eyes of "Little Sunshine." The book was found at last, and when he had written his name in it, with a friendly inscription, and pressed both my hands on the gift, and patted me once more on the shoulder, and promised to call at Frankfort on his return from Switzerland to see his little friends who knew all about the "Ugly Duck" and the "Little Match Girl," I took my leave, more delighted, if possible, with the author than I had ever before been with his books. Such a man, the brightest, happiest, simplest, most genial of human beings, is Hans Christian Anderssen.



for Reykjavik on the 4th of June, so it behooved me to be laying in some sort of an outfit for the vovage during the few days that intervened. A knapsack, containing a change of linen and my sketching materials, was all I possessed. This would have been sufficient, but for the probability of rain and cold weather. I wanted a sailor's monkey-jacket and an overall. My friend Captain Södring would not hear of my buying any thing in that way. He had enough on hand from his old whaling voyages, he said, to fit out a dozen men of my pattern. Just come up to the house and take a look at them, and if there wasn't too much oil on them, I was welcome to the whole lot; but the oil, he thought, would be an advantage—it would keep out the water. In vain I protested—it was no use the Captain was an old whaler and so was I, and when two old whalers met, it was a pity if they couldn't act like shipmates on the voyage of life. There was no resisting this appeal, so I agreed to accept the old clothes. When we arrived at the Captain's house he disappeared in the garret, but presently returned bearing a terrific pile of rubbish on his shoulders, and accompanied by a stout servant-girl also heavily laden with marine curiosities. There were sou'westers, and tarpaulins, and skull-caps; frieze jackets, and overalls, and hickory shirts; tarpaulin coats, and heavy sea-boots, and duck blouses with old bunches of oakum sticking out of the pockets; there were coils of rope-varn well tarred, and jack-knives in leather cases, still black with whale-gurry; and a few telescopes and logglasses. "Take 'em all!" said the Captain. "They smell a little fishy; but no matter. It's all the better for a voyage to Iceland. You'll be used to the smell before you get to Reykjavik —and it's wholesome, very wholesome! No-thing makes a man so fat!" I made a small selection—a rough jacket and a few other essential articles. "Nonsense, man!" roared the Captain. "Take 'em all! You'll find them useful; and if you don't, you can heave them overboard or give them to the sailors!" And thus was I fitted out for the voyage.

The Arcturus is a small screw steamer owned by Messrs. Koch and Henderson, and now some six years on the route between Copenhagen and Reykjavik. The Danish Government pays them an annual sum for carrying the mails, and they control a considerable trade in fish and wool. This vessel makes six trips every year, touching at a port in Scotland both on the outer and return voyage. At first she made Leith her stopping-place; but owing to superior facilities for her business at Grangemouth, she now stops at that port. The cost of passage is extremely moderate—only 45 Danish dollars, about \$28 American, living on board 75 cents a day, and a small fee to the steward, making for the voyage out or back, which usually occupies about eleven days, inclusive of stoppages, something less than \$40. I mention this for the benefit of my friends at home, who may think proper to

The steamer Arcturus was advertised to sail make a very interesting trip at a very small expense; though, as will hereafter appear, the most considerable part of the expenditure occurs in Iceland. Captain Anderssen (they are all Anderssens, or Jonassens, or Hanssens, or Peterssens in Denmark), a very active and obliging little Dane, commands the Arcturus. He speaks English fluently, and is an experienced seaman; and if the tourist is not unusually fastidious about accommodations, there will be no difficulty in making an agreeable voyage. I found every thing on board excellent; the fare abundant and wholesome, and the sleeping-quarters not more like coffins than they usually are on board small steamers. A few inches cut off the passengers' legs or added to the length of the berths, and a few extra hand-spikes in the lee scuppers to steady the vessel, would be an improvement; but then one can't have every thing to suit him. Some grumbling took place, to be sure, after our departure from Scotland. A young Scotchman wanted a berth for a big dog in the same cabin with the rest of his friends, which the captain would not permit; an Englishman was disgusted with the "beastly fare;" and an old Danish merchant would persist in shaving himself at the public table every dayall of which caused an under-current of dissatisfaction during the early part of the voyage. Seasickness, however, put an end to it before long, and things went on all right after that.

But I must not anticipate my narrative. The scene upon leaving the wharf at Copenhagen was amusing and characteristic. For some hours before our departure the decks were crowded with the friends of the passengers. Every person had to kiss and hug every other person, and shake hands, and laugh and cry a little, and then hug and kiss again, without regard to age and not much distinction of sex. Some natural tears, of course, must always be shed on occasions of this kind. It was rather a melancholy reflection, as I stood aloof looking on at all these demonstrations of affection, that there was nobody present to grieve over my departure-not even a lap-dog to bestow upon me a parting kiss. Waving of handkerchiefs, messages to friends in Iceland, and parting benedictions, took place long before we left the wharf. At length the last bells were rung, the lingering loved ones were handed ashore, and the inexcrable voice of the captain was heard ordering the sailors to cast loose the ropes. We were fairly off for Iceland!

In a few hours we passed, near Elsineur, the fine old Castle of Kronberg, built in the time of Tycho Brahe, once the prison of the unfortunate Caroline Matilda, queen of Christian VII., and in the great vaults of which it is said the Danish Roland, Holger Dansk, still lives, his long white beard grown fast to a stone table. We were soon out of the Sound, plowing our way toward the famous Skager-Rack. The weather had been showery and threatening for some time. now began to rain and blow in good earnest.

We had on board only thirteen passengers,



chiefly Danes and Icelanders. Among them was a newly-appointed Amtman for the District of Reykjaness, with a very accomplished young wife. He was going to spend the honey-moon amidst the glaciers and lava-fjelds of Iceland. It seemed a dreary prospect for so young and tender a bride, but she was cheerful and happy, except when the inevitable hour of sea-sickness came. Love, I suppose, can make the wilderness blossom as the rose, and shed a warmth over ice-covered mountains and a pleasant verdure over deserts of lava. A very agreeable and intelligent young man, Mr. Jonassen, son of the Governor, was also on board. I saw but little of him during the passage—only his head over the side of his berth; but I heard from him frequently after the weather became rough. If there was any inside left in that young man by the time we arrived at Reykjavik it must have been badly strained. As a son of Iona he completely reversed the Scriptural order of things; for instead of being swallowed by a great fish, and remaining in the belly thereof three days and nights, he swallowed numerous sprats and sardines himself, yet would never allow them internal accommodations for the space of three minutes. My room-mate was a young Icelandic student, who had been to the college at Copenhagen, and was now returning to his native land to die. There was something very sad in his case. He had left home a few years before with the brightest prospects of success. Ambitious and talented, he had devoted himself with unwearied assiduity to his studies, but the activity of his mind was too much for a naturally feeble constitution. Consumption set its seal upon him. Given up by the physicians in Copenhagen, he was returning to breathe his last in the arms of a loving mother.

On the second morning after leaving the Sound we passed close along the Downs of Jutland, a barren shore, singularly diversified by great mounds of sand. The wind sweeping in from the ocean casts up the loose sands that lie upon this low peninsula, and drifts them against some bush or other obstacle sufficiently firm to form a nucleus. In the course of a few years, by constant accumulations, this becomes a vast mound, sometimes over a hundred feet high. Nearly the whole of Northern Jutland is diversified with sand-plains, heaths, and ever-changing mounds, among which wandering bands of gypsies still roam. The shores along the Skagen are surrounded by dangerous reefs of quicksand, stretching for many miles out into the ocean. Navigation at this point is very difficult, especially during the winter, when terrific gales prevail from the northwest. The numerous stakes, buoys, and other water-marks by which the channel is designated, the frequency of light-houses and signal telegraphs, and the wrecks that lie strewn along the beach, over which the surging foam breaks like a perpetual dirge, afford striking indication of the dangers to which mariners are subject in this wild re-

most delightful works, has thrown a romantic interest over the scenery of Jutland, giving a charm to its very desolation, and investing with all the beauty of a genial humanity the rude lives of the gypsies and fishermen who inhabit this wild region of drifting sands and wintry tempests. Steen Blicher has also cast over it the spell of his poetic genius; and Von Buch, in his graphic narrative, has given a memorable interest to its sea-girt shores, where "masts and skeletons of vessels stand like a range of palisades."

During our passage through the Skager-Rack we passed innumerable fleets of fishing-smacks, and often encountered the diminutive skiffs of the fishermen, with two or three amphibious occupants, buffeting about among the waves many miles from the shore. The weather had been steadily growing worse ever since our departure from Copenhagen. As we entered the North Sea it began to blow fiercer than ever, and for two days we experienced all the discomforts of chopping seas that drenched our decks fore and aft, and chilling gales mingled with fogs and heavy rains. It was cold enough for mid-winter, yet here we were on the verge of mid-summer. Our little craft was rendered somewhat unmanageable by a deck-load of coal and a heavy cargo of freight; and there were periods when I would have thought myself fortunate in being once more off Cape Horn in the good ship Pacific. The Amtman and his young bride spent this portion of their honey-moon performing a kind of duet that reminded me of my friend Ross Wallace's lines in "Perdita:"

> "Like two sweet tunes that wandering met, And so harmoniously they run, The hearer deems they are but one."

At least the harmony was perfect, whatever might be thought of the music in other respects. Young Jonassen swallowed a few more sardines about this period of the voyage, which he vainly attempted to secure by sudden and violent contractions of the diaphragm. In short, there were but two persons in the cabin besides Captain Anderssen and myself who had the temerity to appear at table—one an old Danish merchant, who generally received advices, midway through the meal, requiring his immediate presence on deck; and the other a gentleman from Holstein, who always lost his appetite after the soup, and had to jump up and run to his stateroom for exercise.

In due time we sighted the shores of Scotland. A pilot came on board inside the Frith of Forth, and as we steamed rapidly on our course all the passengers forgot their afflictions and gazed with delight on the sloping sward and woodland, the picturesque villages, and romantic old castles that decorate the shores of this magnificent sheet of water.

wrecks that lie strewn along the beach, over which the surging foam breaks like a perpetual dirge, afford striking indication of the dangers to which mariners are subject in this wild region. Hans Christian Anderssen, in one of his



place. Sabbath is kept in Scotland the Scotch must be a profoundly moral people. The towns are like grave-yards, and the inhabitants bear a striking of their lives in burying the dead.

I was very anxious to get a newspaper containing the latest intelligence from America, but was informed that none could be had on Sunday. I wanted to go up to Edinburgh: it was not possible on Sunday. I asked a man where could I get some cigars? he didna ken; it was Sunday. The depressed expression of the few people I met began to prey like a nightmare on my spirits. Doubtless it is a very good thing to pay a decent regard to the Sabbath; but can any body tell me where we are commanded to look gloomy? The contrast was certainly very striking between the Scotch and the Danes. Of course there is no such thing as drunkenness in Scotland, no assaults and batteries, no robberies and murders, no divorces, no cheating among the merchants of Glagow or the bankers of Edinburgh, no sympathizing with rebellion and the institution of slavery-for the Scotch are a sober and righteous people, much given to sackcloth and ashes, manufactures of iron, and societies for the insurance of property against fire.

The Arcturus was detained several days discharging and taking in freight. I availed myself of the first train to visit Edinburgh. A day there, and an excursion to Glasgow and Loch Lomond, agreeably occupied the time. I must confess the scenery-beautiful as it is, and fraught with all the interest that history and genius can throw over it-disappointed me. It was not what I expected. It was a damp, moist, uncomfortable reality, as Mantalini would say-not very grand or striking in any respect. A subsequent excursion to the Trossachs, Loch Katrine, Loch Long, and the Clyde afforded me a better opportunity of judging; yet it all seemed tame and commonplace compared with the scenery of California and Norway. If I enjoyed a fair specimen of the climate—rain, wind, and fog, varied by sickly gleams of sunshine-it strikes me it would be a congenial country for snails and frogs to reside in. The Highlands are like all other wild places within the limits of Europe, very gentle in their wildness compared with the rugged slopes of the Sierra Nevada. The Lady of the Lake must have possessed an uncommonly strong constitution if she made her nocturnal excursions on Loch Katrine in a thin white robe without suffering any bad consequences; for I found a stout over-coat insufficient to keep the chilling mists of that region from seeking in my bones a suitable location for rheumatism.

I was quietly sitting in my state-room awaiting the departure of the steamer, when a tremendous racket on the cabin-steps, followed by a rush of feet up and down the saloon, startled me out of a pleasant home-dream.

Judging by the manner in which the Bowser! What'r ve abeaout! Ho there! Where the dooce are our berths? By Jove! Ha! ha! This is jolly!"

Other voices joined in, with a general chorus resemblance to sextons, or men who spend much of complaints and exclamations—"Egad! it's a do! No berths, no state-rooms! Ho, Stoord! Where's my trunk? I say, Stoord, where's my fishing-rod? Hey! hey! did you 'appen to see my overalls? I've lost my gun! 'Pon my word, this is a pretty do! Let's go see the Agent?" "Come on! Certainly!" "Oh, hang it, no!" "Oh yes!" "Here, Bowser! What the devil! Where's Bowser? Gone ashore, by Jove! A pretty kettle of fish!" Here there was a sudden and general stampede, and amidst loud exclamations of "Beastly!" and "Disgusting!" the party left the cabin. I barely had time to see that it consisted of some four or five fashionable tourists—spirited young bloods of sporting proclivities, who had taken passage for Iceland. The prospect of having some company was pleasant enough, and from the specimen I had seen there could be no doubt it would be lively and entertaining.



A DANDY TOURIST.

Once more during the night I was aroused by a repetition of the noises and exclamations already described. The steamer was moving off. The passengers were all on board. We were battering our way through the canal. Soon the "Hello! What the devil! I say! Where's heaving waters of the ocean began to subdue the every body! Stoord! Blast the fellow! Here, enthusiasm of the sportsmen, and before morn-



ing my ears were saluted by sounds and observations of a very different character.

I shall only add at present, in reference to this lively party of young "Britishers," that I found them very good fellows in their way-a little boisterous and inexperienced, but well-educated and intelligent. The young chap with the dog was what we would call in America a "regular bird." He and his dog afforded us infinite diversion during the whole passage-racing up and down the decks, into and out of the cabin, and all over each other. There was something so fresh and sprightly about the fellow, something so good-natured, that I could readily excuse his roughness of manner. One of the others, a quiet, scholastic-looking person, who did not really belong to the party, having only met them on board, was a young collegian, well versed in Icelandic literature. He was going to Iceland to perfect himself in the language of the country, and make some translations of the learned Sagas.

A favorable wind enabled us to sight the Orkneys on the afternoon following our departure from the Frith of Forth. Next day we passed the Shetlands, of which we had a good view. The rocky shores of these islands, all rugged and surf-beaten, with myriads of wild-fowl darkening the air around them, presented a most tempting field of exploration. I longed to take a ramble in the footsteps of Dr. Johnson; but to see the Shetlands would be to lose Iceland, and of the two I preferred seeing the latter. After a pleasant passage of two days and a half from Grangemouth, we made the Faroe Islands, and had the good fortune to secure, without the usual loss of time occasioned by fogs, an anchorage in the harbor of Thorshavn.

The Faroe Islands lie about midway between Scotland and Iceland, and belong to Denmark. The whole group consists of thirty-five small islands, some of which are little more than naked

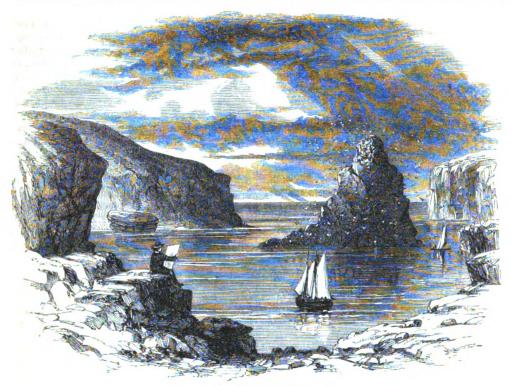
rocks jutting up out of the sea. About twenty are inhabited. The rest are too barren and precipitous to afford a suitable place of abode even for the hardy Faroese. The entire population is estimated at something over six thousand, of which the greater part are shepherds, fishermen, and bird-catchers. Owing to the situation of these islands, surrounded by the open sea and within the influence of the Gulf stream, the climate is very mild, although they lie in the sixty-second degree of north latitude. The winters are never severe, and frost and snow rarely last over two months. They are subject, however, at that season to frequent and terrible gales from the north; and during the summer are often inaccessible for days and even weeks owing to dense fogs. The humidity of the climate is favorable to the growth of grass, which covers the hills with a brilliant coating of green wherever there is the least approach to soil; and where there is no soil, as in many places along the shores, the rocks are beautifully draped with moss and lichens. The highest point in the group is 2800 feet above the level of the sea; and the general aspect of them all is wild and rugged in the extreme. Prodigious cliffs, a thousand feet high, stand like a wall out of the sea on the southern side of the Stromoe. The Mygenaes-holm, a solitary rock, guards, like a sentinel, one of the passages, and forms a terrific precipice of 1500 feet on one side, against which the waves break with an everlasting roar. Here the solan-goose, the eider-duck, and innumerable varieties of gulls and other sea-fowl build their nests and breed.

At certain seasons of the year the intrepid bird-hunters suspend themselves from the cliffs by means of ropes, and feather their own nests by robbing the nests of their neighbors. Enormous quantities of eggs are taken in this way. The eider-down, of which the nests of the eider-duck are composed, is one of the most profitable



THOESHAVN.





VIEW IN FAROE ISLANDS.

articles of Faroese traffic. The mode of life to which these men devote themselves, and their habitual contact with danger, render them reckless, and many perish every year by falling from the rocks. Widows and orphans are numerous throughout the islands.

The few scattering farms to be seen on the slopes of the hills and in the arable valleys are conducted on the most primitive principles. A small patch of potatoes and vegetables, and in certain exposures a few acres of grain, comprise the extent of their agricultural operations. Sheep-raising is the most profitable of their pursuits. The climate appears to be more congenial to the growth of wool than of cereal productions. The Faroese sheep are noted for the fineness and luxuriance of their fleece, and it always commands a high price in market. A considerable portion of it is manufactured by the inhabitants, who are quite skillful in weaving and knitting. They make a kind of thick woolen shirt, something like that known as the Guernsey, which, for durability and warmth, is unsurpassed. Sailors and fishermen all over the Northern seas consider themselves fortunate if they can get possession of a Faroese shirt. The costume of the men, which is chiefly home-made, consists of a rough, thick jacket of brown wool; a coarse woolen shirt; a knitted bag-shaped cap on the head; a pair of knee-breeches of the same material as the coat; a pair of thick woolen stockings, and sheep-skin shoes, generally covered with mud-all of the same brown or rather burnt-umber color. Exposure to the weather gives their skins, naturally of a leathery texture, | coat, with a sketch-book in my hand and a pair

something of the same dull and dingy aspect; so that a genuine Faroese enjoys one advantagehe can never look much more dirty at one time than another.

The women wear dresses of the same material, without much attempt at shape or ornament. A colored handkerchief tied around the head, a silver breast-pin, and a pair of ear-rings of domestic manufacture, comprise their only personal decorations. As in all countries where the burden of heavy labor is thrown upon the women, they lose their comely looks at an early age, and become withered, ill-shaped, and hard-featured long before they reach the prime of life. The Faroese women doubtless make excellent wives for lazy men; they do all the labors of the house, and share largely in those of the field. I do not know that they are more prolific than good and loving wives in other parts of the world, but they certainly enjoy the possession of as many little cotton-heads with dirty faces, turned up noses, ragged elbows, and tattered frocks, as one usually meets in the course of his travels. Two fair specimens of the rising generation, a little boy and girl, made an excellent speculation on the occasion of my visit to Thorshavn. Knowing by instinct, if not by my dress, that I was a stranger, they followed me about wherever I rambled, looking curiously and cautiously into my face, and mutually commenting upon the oddity of my appearance-which, by-the-way, would have been slightly odd even in the streets of New York, wrapped, as I was, in the voluminous folds of Captain Södring's old whaling



FAROESE CHILDREN.

of spectacles on my nose. However, no man likes to be regarded as an object of curiosity even by two small ragamuffins belonging to a strange race; so I just held up suddenly, and requested these children of Faroe to state explicitly the grounds of their interest in my behalf. What they said in reply it would be impossible for me to translate, since the Faroese language is quite as impenetrable as the Icelandic. They looked so startled and alarmed withal that a gleam of pity must have manifested its appearance in the corner of my eyes. The next moment their faces broke into a broad grin, and each held out a hand audaciously, as much as to say, "My dear Sir, if you'll put a small copper in this small hand, we'll retract all injurious criticisms, and ever after regard you as a gentleman of extraordinary personal beauty!" Somehow my hand slipped unconsciously into my pocket, but before handing them the desired change it occurred to me to secure their likenesses for publication as a warning to the children of all nations not to undertake a similar experiment with any hope of success.

is a small town of some five or six hundred inhabitants, situated on the southeastern side of the island of Stromoe. In front lies a harbor, indifferently protected by a small island and two rocky points. The anchorage is insecure at all times, especially during the prevalence of southerly and easterly gales, when it often becomes necessary to heave up and put to sea; and the dense fogs by which the approach to land is generally obscured render navigation about these islands extremely perilous. Of the town of Thorshavn little need be said. Its chief interest lies in the almost primeval construction of the houses and the rustic simplicity of its inhabitants. The few streets that run between the straggling lines of sheds and sodcovered huts scattered over the rocks are narrow and tortuous, winding up steep, stony precipices, and into deep, boggy hollows;

around rugged points and over scraggy mounds of gravel and grit. The public edifices, consisting of two or three small churches and the Amtman's residence, are little better than martin-boxes. For some reason best known to the people in these Northern climes, they paint their houses black, except where the roofs are covered with sod, which nature paints green. I think it must be from some notion that it gives them a cheerful aspect, though the darkness of the paint and the chilly luxuriance of the green did not strike me with joyous impressions. If Scotland can claim some advantages as a place of residence for snails, Thorshavn must surely be a paradise for toads accustomed to feed upon the vapors of a dungeon. The wharves-loose masses of rock at the boat-landing-are singularly luxuriant in the article of fish. Prodigious piles of fish lie about in every direction. The shambling old store-houses are crammed with fish, and the heads of fish and the back-bones of fish lie bleaching on the rocks. The gravelly patches of beach are slimy with the entrails of fresh fish, and the air is foul with the odor of de-Thorshavn, so named after the old god Thor, cayed fish. The boatmen that lounge about waiting for a job are saturated with fish inside and out—like their boats. The cats, crows, and ravens mingle in social harmony over the dreadful carnival of fish. In fine, the impression produced upon the stranger who lands for the first time is that he has accidentally turned up in some piscatorial hell, where the tortures of skinning, drying, and disemboweling are performed by the unrelenting hands of man.

In addition to the standing population of Thorshavn, the fortifications - an abandoned mud-bank, a flag-staff, and a board shanty-are subject, in times of great public peril, to be defended by a standing army and navy of twentyfour soldiers, one small boat, one corporal, and the Governor of the islands, who takes the field himself at the head of this bloody phalanx of Danes still reeking with the gore of slaughtered fish. Upon the occasion of the arrival of the Arcturus-the only steamer that ever touches here-principal Amtman, upon perceiving the vessel in the distance, immediately proceeds to organize the army and navy for a grand display. First he shaves and puts on his uniform; then calling together the troops, who are also sailors, he carefully inspects them, and selecting from the number the darkest, dirtiest, and most bloody-looking, he causes them to buckle on their swords. This done he delivers a brief address, recommending them to abstain from the use of schnapps and other intoxicating beverages till the departure of the steamer. The remain on shore for the space of one hour after

from the stern of which waves the Danish flag. and placing an oar in the hands of each man he gives the order to advance and board the steamer. On his arrival alongside he touches his cap to the passengers in a grave and dignified manner, and expresses a desire to see our commander, Captain Anderssen, who, during this period of the ceremony, is down below busily occupied in arranging the brandy and crackers. The appearance of Captain Anderssen on deck is politely acknowledged by the Amtman, who thereupon orders his men to pull alongside, when the two cabin-boys and the cook kindly assist him over the gangway. Descending into the cabin he carefully examines the ship's papers, pronounces them all right, and joins Captain Anderssen in a social "smile." Then having delivered himself of the latest intelligence on the subject of wool and codfish he returns to his boat and proceeds to his quarters on shore. All this is done with a quiet and dignified formality both pleasing and impressive.

As an illustration of the severity of the laws that govern the Faroe Islands, and the upright and inexorable character of the Governor and principal Amtman, I must relate an incident that occurred under my own observation.

their swords. This done he delivers a brief address, recommending them to abstain from the use of schnapps and other intoxicating beverages till the departure of the steamer. The dignity of official position requires that he should remain on shore for the space of one hour after the dropping of the anchor. He then musters Shortly after the Arcturus had cast anchor the party of British sportsmen already mentioned went ashore with their dogs and guns, and began an indiscriminate slaughter of all the game within two miles of Thorshavn—consisting of three plovers, a snipe, and some half a dozen spartows. The Captain had warned them that such



FABOESE ISLANDERS.



a proceeding was contrary to law; and a citizen of Thorshavn had gently remonstrated with them as they passed through the town. When the slaughter commenced the proprietors of the bog. in which the game abounded, rushed to the doors of their cabins to see what was going on, and perceiving that it was a party of Englishmen engaged in the destructive pastime of firing shotguns about and among the flocks of sheep that browsed on the premises, they straightway laid a complaint before the Governor. The independent sons of B. tain were not to be baffled of their sport in this manner. They cracked away as long as they pleased, by-Joved and blawsted the island for not having more game, and then came aboard. The steamer hove up anchor and sailed that night. Nothing further took place to admonish us of the consequences of the trespass till our return from Iceland, when the principal Amtman came on board with a formidable placard, neatly written, and translated into the three court languages of the place-Danish, French, and English. The contents of this document were as follows: that, whereas, in the year, 1763, a law had been passed for the protection of game on the Faroe Islands, which law had not since been rescinded; and, whereas, a subsequent law of 1786 had been passed for the protection of sheep and other stock ranging at large on the said islands, which law had not since been rescinded; and, whereas, it had been represented to the Governor of the said islands, that certain persons, supposed to be Englishmen, had lately come on shore, armed with shot-guns, and in violation of the said laws of the country had shot at, maimed, and killed several birds, and caused serious apprehensions of injury to the flocks of sheep which were peaceably grazing on their respective ranges; now, therefore, this was earnestly to request that all such persons would reflect upon the penalties that would attach to similar acts in their own country, and be thus enabled to perceive the impropriety of pursuing such a course in other countries. Should they fail to observe the aforesaid laws after this warning, they would only have themselves to blame for the unpleasant consequences that must assuredly ensue, etc., etc. [Officially signed and sealed.7

Great formality was observed in carrying this important document on board. It was neatly folded and carefully done up, with various seals and blue ribbons, in a package about six inches wide by eighteen in length, and was guarded by the select half of the Faroese army and navy, being exactly twelve men, and delivered by the Amtman of the island with a few appropriate and impressive remarks, after which it was hung up over the cabin gangway by the Captain as a solemn warning to all future passengers. There can be no doubt that it produced the most salutary effects upon the sporting gentlemen. I was really glad the affair had taken place, as it evidently afforded His Excellency a favorable opportunity of promulgating a most excellent State | luctantly turned back. By dint of scrambling paper, cautiously conceived and judiciously word- and climbing, and slipping down various cliffs

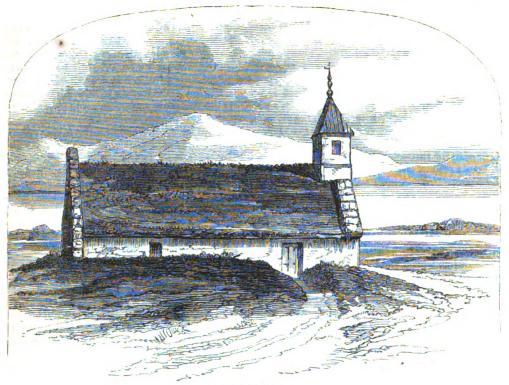
The preparation of it must have occupied his time advantageously to himself and his country during the entire period of our absence.

I must now turn back a little to say, that while my comrades were engaged in their unlawful work of killing the sparrows and frightening the sheep, I deemed it a matter of personal safety to keep out of range of their guns. Apart from the danger of arrest, the probable loss of an eye or disfigurement of some ornamental feature was a sufficient consideration to satisfy me of the policy of this course.

Taking a path across the rugged desert of rocks and bogs, extending for some miles back of Thorshavn, I quickly began to ascend a barren range of hills, abounding in green-stone traprock and zoölites, from the summit of which there is a magnificent view of the whole surrounding country, with glimpses of the cloudcapped summits of the neighboring islands. Beautiful little valleys, dotted with the sod-covered huts of the shepherds and fishermen, sweep down to the water's edge a thousand feet below: weird black bogs and fields of scoria and burned earth lie on the slopes of the distant hills to the right; and to the left are rugged cliffs, jutting out of the sea like huge castles, around which myriads of birds continually hover, piercing the air with their wild screams. The wind blew in such fierce gusts over the bleak and desolate range of crags upon which I stood that I was glad enough to seek shelter down on the leeside.

It now occurred to me to go in search of a ruined church of which I had read in some traveler's journal said to be within four or five miles of Thorshavn. Some artificial piles of stones, near the ledge upon which I had descended, indicated the existence of a trail. On my way down a legion of birds about the size of puffins began to gather around, with fierce cries and warning motions, as if determined to dispute my They flew backward and forward progress. within a few feet of my head, flapping their wings furiously, and uttering the most terrific cries of rage and alarm-so that I was sorely puzzled to know what was the matter. It was not long before I came upon some of their nests, which of course explained the difficulty. Having no immediate use for eggs or feathers, I left the nests unmolested and proceeded on my way. In about an hour I came suddenly upon a small green valley that lay some five hundred feet below, directly on the water's edge. By some mischance I had lost the trail, and in order to descend was obliged to slide and scramble down the cliffs—an experiment that I presently discovered would probably cost me a broken neck if persisted in; for when there seemed to be no further obstruction, I came all at once upon a precipice at least sixty feet deep without a single foothold or other means of descent than a clear jump to the bottom. Not disposed to follow the example of Sam Patch on dry land, I re-





KIRK GÖBOE

and slopes, I at length reached a point from which I had a view of some ruins and farmhouses still some distance below. Following the line of the regular trail till it struck into the cliffs, I had no further difficulty in reaching the valley.

The good people at the farm-house—a family by the name of Peterssen-received me in the kindest manner, with many expressions of wonder at the risk I had run in crossing the mountain without a guide. It was with considerable difficulty we made ourselves understood. None of the family spoke any language except their own. The son, indeed, a fine young man of twenty, understood a few words of English; but that was all. There is something, nevertheless, in genuine kindness and hospitality that makes itself intelligible without the aid of language. I was immediately invited into the house, and while young Peterssen entertained me with old prints and Faroese books his mother prepared an excellent lunch. Tired and worried after my trip I could offer no objection. shall I forget the coffee and cream, and the butter and bread and delicate fruit-tarts placed on the nice white table-cloth by the good Mrs. Peterssen. I ate and drank and glowed all over with a childlike relish of the good things, while the whole family gathered round and tried to make me understand that they had a relative in California, who lived in the mines at a place called Six-mile-bar, and that they were glad to see a Californian, and wanted to know all about California. It is wonderful with how few words traces of antiquity, although reported to have

we can communicate our ideas when necessity compels us to depend upon our ingenuity. Before I had parted from that family the whole matter was perfectly explained; the history of their absent relative was quite clear to me, and they had a very fair conception of the kind of country in which he lived. Upon no consideration would they receive compensation for the lunch, and they even seemed offended when I endeavored to press it upon them. This, from people whom I had never seen before—a plain country family living in a wilderness where such luxuries as sugar and coffee could only be had at considerable expense-was absolutely refreshing. For the first time since my arrival in Europe, after having traversed the whole Continent, I had encountered a specimen of the human race capable of refusing money. Subsequently I learned that this was the common practice in the Faroe Islands. The poorest shepherd freely offers to the stranger the hospitality of his hut; and it is a creed among these worthy people not to accept pay for coffee and bread, or indeed any thing else they may have to offer in the way of entertainment. My fellow-passengers were similarly treated in Thorshavn, where visitors are more frequent and the customs of the country less primitive.

The great object of interest at Kirk Göboe is the ancient church, from which the place derives its name; a long, low, stone building, whitewashed and covered with a sod roof; but, owing to repeated repairs, now presenting no particular



data in reference to this interesting relic, and am not aware that antiquarians have ever attempted to trace out its origin. The probability is, that it was built by some of those Culdee anchorites of whom Dasent speaks as the first settlers of Iceland.

The interior of the church contains an altar and some wooden carvings on the head-boards of the pews, evidently of great antiquity. It is impossible to conjecture from their appearance whether they are five hundred or a thousand years old-at least without more research than a casual tourist can bestow upon them.

There is also within a few steps of the farmhouse a much larger and more picturesque ruin of a church, built in a later style of architecture. The only information I could get about this ruin was, that it dates back as far as the fifteenth century. The walls are of rough stone well put together, and now stand roofless and moss-covered, inhabited only by crows and swallows. The doors and windows are in the Gothic style. A sketch made from the door of the old church first mentioned, embracing the residence of the Peterssen family, with a glimpse of the cliffs and rugged ledges behind upon which their flocks graze, will give the best idea of the whole premises.

Having thus pleasantly occupied a few hours at Kirk Göboe, I bade adieu to the worthy family who had so hospitably entertained me, and was about to set out for Thorshavn, when young Peterssen, not content with the directions he

been built in the eighth century. I have no had given me, announced his intention of seeing me safe over the mountain. In vain I assured him, that, however pleasant his company would be, I had no apprehension of losing the way this time. Go he would, and go he did; and when we parted on the top of the mountain, in plain sight of Thorshavn, he cordially shook me by the hand, and said many kind words, which I could only interpret to mean, that he and all his kith and kin wished me a pleasant voyage to Iceland, and many years of health and happiness.

When I now recall the fine intelligent face of this young man, his bright dark eyes, healthy complexion, and strong, well-knit frame, the latent energy in all his movements, the genial simplicity of his manners and his evident thirst for knowledge, I can not help feeling something akin to regret that so much good material should be wasted in the obscurity of a shepherd's life. So gifted by nature, what might not such a youth achieve in an appropriate sphere of action? And yet, perhaps, it is better for him that he should spend his life among the barren cliffs of Stromoe, with no more companions than his dog and his sheep, than jostle among men in the great outer world to learn at last the bitter lesson that the eye is not satisfied with riches, nor the understanding with knowledge.

On the way down to the Valley of Thorshavn I met a man mounted on a shaggy little monster, which in almost any other country would have been mistaken for a species of sheep. As this was a fair specimen of a Faroese horse and his rider, I sat down on a rock after they had



FARM-HOUSE AND RUINS.



FAROESE ON HORSEBACK.

get.

of Thorshavn came down to the wharf to bid us farewell. In half an hour more we were all on board. "Up anchor!" was the order, and once more we went steaming on our way.

Short as our sojourn had been among these primitive people, it furnished us with many pleasant reminiscences. Their genial hospitality and simple good-nature, together with their utter ignorance of the outer world, formed the theme of various amusing anecdotes during the remainder of the passage. Favored by a southerly wind and a stock of good coal, we made the southeastern point of Iceland in a little over two days from Thorshavn.

It would be difficult to conceive any thing more impressive than this first view of the land of snow and fire. A low stretch of black boggy coast to the right; dark cliffs of lava in front; far

passed and took the best view of them I could | in the back-ground, range after range of bleak, snow-capped mountains, the fiery Jokuls dimly Late in the afternoon the scattered passengers visible through drifting masses of fog; to the were gathered together, and the good people left a broken wall of red, black, and blue rocks,



NATURAL BRIDGE.





COAST OF ICELAND

weird and surf-beaten, stretching as far as the level of the sea, and is distant fifteen miles from eye could reach—this was Iceland! All along the grim, rifted coast the dread marks of fire and flood and desolation were visible. Detached masses of lava, gnarled and scraggy like huge clinkers, seemed tossed out into the sea; towers, buttresses, and battlements, shaped by the very elements of destruction, reared their stern crests against the waves; glaciers lay glittering upon the blackened slopes behind; and foaming torrents of snow-water burst through the rifted crags in front, and mingled their rage with the wild rage of the surf-all was battle and ruin and desolation.

As we approached the point called Portland, a colossal bridge opened into view, so symmetrical in its outline that it was difficult to believe it was not of artificial construction. The arch is about fifty feet high by thirty in width, and affords shelter to innumerable flocks of birds whose nests are built in the crevices underneath. Solan-geese, eider-ducks, and sea-gulls cover the dizzy heights overhead, and whales have been known to pass through the passage below. Great numbers of blackfish and porpoises abound in this vicinity. From time to time, as we swept along on our way, we could discern a lonesome hut high up on the shore, with a few sheep and cattle on the slopes of the adjacent hills, but for the most part the coast was barren and desolate.

Early on the following morning the sun-capped peaks of Mount Hecla were visible. There has been no eruption from this mountain since 1845. The principal crater lies 5210 feet above the Vol. XXVI.—No. 152.—L

the shore.

Toward noon we made the Westmann Isles, a small rocky group some ten miles distant from the main island. A fishing and trading establishment, owned by a company of Danes, is located on one of these islands. The Arcturus touches twice a year to deliver and receive a mail. On the occasion of our visit a boat came out with a hardy-looking crew of Danes to receive the mail-bag. It was doubtless a matter of great rejoicing to them to obtain news from home. I had barely time to make a rough outline of the islands as we lay off the settlement.

The chief interest attached to the Westmann group is, that it is supposed to have been visited by Columbus in 1477, fifteen years prior to his voyage of discovery to the shores of America. It is now generally conceded that the Icelanders were the original discoverers of the American continent. Recent antiquarian researches tend to establish the fact that they had advanced as far to the southward as Massachusetts in the tenth century. They held colonies on the coasts of Greenland and Labrador, and must have had frequent intercourse with the Indians farther south. Columbus in all probability obtained some valuable data from these hardy adventurers. The date of his visit to Iceland is well authenticated by Beamish, Rafn, and other eminent writers on the early discoveries of the Northmen.

Nothing could surpass the desolate grandeur of the coast as we approached the point of Reykjaness. It was of an almost infernal blackness. The whole country seemed uptorn, rifted, shat-



tered, and scattered about in a vast chaos of ruin. Huge cliffs of lava split down to their bases top-pled over the surf. Rocks of every conceivable shape, scorched and blasted with fire, wrested from the main and hurled into the sea, battled with the waves, their black scraggy points piercing the mist like giant hands upthrown to smite or sink in a fierce death-struggle. The wild havoc wrought in the conflict of elements was appalling. Birds screamed over the fearful wreck of matter. The surf from the inrolling waves broke against the charred and shattered desert of ruin with a terrific roar. Columns of spray shot up over the blackened fragments of lava, while in every opening the lashed waters, discolored by the collision, seethed and surged as in a huge caldron. Verily there is One whose "fury is poured out like fire; the rocks are thrown down by him; the mountains quake and the hills melt, and the earth is burned at his presence."

Passing a singular rock standing alone some twenty miles off the land, called the *Meal-sack*, we soon changed our course and bore up for the harbor of Reykjavik. By the time we reached the anchorage our voyage from Thorshavn had occupied exactly three days and six hours.

Trusting that the reader will pardon me for the frequent delays to which I have subjected him since we joined our fortunes at Copenhagen, I shall now proceed to the important labors of the enterprise with this solemn understanding—that the journey before us is pretty rough, and the prospect is strong that, in our random dash at the wonders of Iceland, we will encounter some perilous adventures by flood and field; but if I don't carry him safely and satisfactorily through them all, he must console himself by the reflection that many a good man has been sacrificed in the pursuit of knowledge, and that he will suffer in excellent company.



THE MEAL-SACK

ALONE.

O'er all the far Virginian hills, My spirit sighs for wings like thee, Till agony my murmur stills!

For somewhere 'neath this starless round
Which shrouds our sorrowing land to-night,
You pass the lonely grave he found,
So dear to love, so lost to sight!

This dim, vast Night is but his tomb;
The darkness is his only shroud,
But pitying angels walk the gloom
And lean from every passing cloud.

Ye loving children of the skies,
I would I might descend with you,
To watch the sacred dust that lies
Forsaken by a soul so true!

My homeless spirit feels its chain, Yet clasps sad memories while it may; Oh when shall answering love again Add light to e'en a heavenly day!

My blessed Past! against this cloud Your setting splendors brighter shine, For never human heart was bowed O'er wreck of dearer hope than mine.

From naught of earth my heart can win

A balm to cure this deepening woe;

I feel that every sighing wind

Talks of the grief which wounded so!

Oh Father! reach from heaven thine hand,
And lift my fainting spirit up;
I can not walk this shifting sand,
Or drink alone Life's bitter cup!





1.—THE "CHEVALIER" OF A PORTUGUESE CARD PACK-1693.

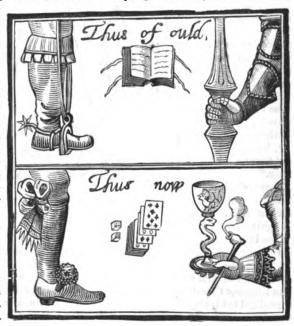
CARDS AND DICE.

MAN has been called a "Laughing Animal"—but so is the hyena. A "Cooking Animal"—but the monkey was roasting chestnuts when he had occasion to use the cat's paw. A "Tool-using Animal," says Dr. Franklin—but the Baltimore Oriole and the Indian Tailor-bird sew with their bills, which are their most appropriate needles. A "Gambling Animal" he is.

The folly of venturing his own property on the

chance of winning that of another, is peculiar to Plato's featherless biped. There is no well-authenticated instance of any of the lower orders of animals having ever played a game of chance. The silliest cur is not tempted to risk his dinner at "odd and even," nor will the most sheepish of sheep draw lots for choice of pasturage. Even the learned pig, that suburban miracle which tells people their fortunes by the cards, has never learned the value of a trump. Man is the only animal content to stake not only money but happiness on the treacherous turn of a die, or the chance deal of a pack of cards. Not only money and happiness indeed, but his time, which is, or should be, of more value than money-his habits of regularity, industry, and perseverance. And this, though all wisdom, human and divine, exclaims against the waste, though moralists have besought, though satirists have ridiculed him, though mathematicians have demonstrated that in the longrun he must lose. For allowing that money is the measure of human happiness (which it is with the gambler), and that the number of winners is equal to the number of losers, which can occur only where there is fair play, it is yet plain that the sum lost bears a greater proportion to the fortune of the loser than the sum gained bears to that of the winner. That is to say, suppose two players sit down with one thousand dollars each; one loses five hundred dollars, which the other gains. In this case the capital of the loser is diminished in the ratio of 2: 1, while that of the winner is increased in the ratio of only 2:3. In plain language, one loses half his fortune, but the other has added only a third to his "pile." La Place, in his Philosophic Essay on Probabilities, calculates this certain loss of happiness by play at thirteen per cent.

"Gaming," says a distinguished author, "is the nursery of covetousness and dissimulation, inducing to fraud, quarrels, forgery, disgrace, and death." Counting gaming as an adopted vice, Lord Chesterfield said that "ten times more people are ruined by adopting a vice than from natural inclination to it." "The road has done me justice," Gay makes his highwayman exclaim, "but the gaming-table has been my ruin." "Mangling done here," was the sign a ruined gamester secretly placed on the wall in the principal gambling-room at Crockford's, in London. "These," says the heroine in the Beggar's Opera, pointing to the highwayman's pistols, "are the tools of a man of honor; cards and dice are only fit for cowardly cheats who prey upon their friends." A Lacedemonian embassador, being sent to Corinth, commissioned to conclude a treaty of friendship and alliance with the Corinthians, found the captains and senators playing at hazard. He returned home



2._ " WOE TO DRUNKARDS."

saying that he "would not sully the glory of the Spartans by making a league with gamblers." "I formerly loved cards and dice, says shrewd old Montaigne, "but have long since left them off, only for this reason, that though I carry my losses as handsomely as another, I was not quiet within." The ancients worshiped the goddess of Fortune: but Juvenal says, "No wise man puts his trust in her." "Whether they win or lose," says old Burton, "their winnings are not Fortune's gifts but baits; the common catastrophe is beggary, and as the plague takes away life doth gaming goods. The civilians of old set guardians over such brain-sick prodigals as they did over madmen, to moderate their expenses, that they should not so loosely consume their fortunes, to the utter undoing of their "That families." which was once their livelihood, and should have maintained wife, children, and family, is now spent and gone," wrote Charles VII. of France, in an edict against gambling; and again Burton writes: "For most part, in these kind of disports, 'tis not art or skill, but subtlety, cunny-catching, knavery, chance, and fortune carries all away."

They not only played but also cheated in the ancient times. Caius Caligula converted his

palace into a gambling-house, where he fleeced the young nobility of his days. If we may credit Horace, they could cog a die in the Augustan age as well as in the English Georgian. The Emperor Claudius, who "was so exceedingly prodigal in his play that he adventured 400,000 sesterces on the cast of a die," wrote a treatise upon gaming, in those hours which he spared mentions that the Romans matched quails for



3.-JACQUEMIN GRINGOUNEUR'S CARD.

from the pursuit itself; for which Seneca, in his sarcastical relation of the Emperor's apotheosis, brings him, after many adventures, to hell, where he is judged to play constantly with a bottomless dice-box, by which his hopes were to be continually fed but never satisfied. Nero was the most infatuated gambler of his age. Plutarch





4 .- SWORDS AS TRUMPS .- FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

wagers; and describes Antony before the battle of Actium lamenting, as though his genius cowered before that of his adversary, that the very quails of Augustus were superior to his. We must not forget that the Roman soldiers drew lots for the vesture of our Saviour. Sophocles says of Palamedes that he invented dice to serve instead of a dinner, which office they fulfill to this day for many a man whom they have robbed of the means of paying for his dinner. The convulsion of nature which overwhelmed Pompeii surprised a party of gentlemen at the hazard-table, where they were discovered two thousand years after, with the dice firmly clenched in their fists.

A grave elderly gentleman observed to a female relative, who was an indefatigable whistplayer, that there was a great deal of time lost at cards. The lady replied, with infinite naïve-

generally, but wrongly, stated that cards were invented by one Jacquemin Gringouneur, a painter, in 1393, to amuse Charles VII. of France when he lost his reason from a sunstroke. This gave occasion, however, for a very shrewd reply to a lawyer in a Scotch court. Sir Walter Scott used to tell the story of Dr. Gregory, an eminent Edinburgh practitioner, whose testimony in a certain case went to prove the insanity of a gentleman whose mental capacity was the point at issue. On cross-examination the Doctor was forced to admit that the patient played admirably at whist.

"And do you seriously say, Doctor," asked the learned counsel, "that a person having a superior capacity for a game so difficult, and which requires, in a pre-eminent degree, memory, judgment, and combination, can be at the same time deranged in his understanding?"

"I am no card-player," was the reply; "but I have read in history that cards were invented for the amusement of an insane King.'

We shall not follow the writers on the History of Playing Cards in their various attempts to prove the extreme antiquity of cards. It matters little whether Europe received cards from India or China, or whether chess and cards had their origin in the same idea, and were both intended to figure the contests between the different orders or classes which compose a state. It will suffice for us to know that cards are first mentioned in European history, in the Annals of Provence, of the year 1361; while a MS. recently discovered seems to prove that they were known twenty

years earlier. An edict prohibiting the use of cards was published by John I. of Castile in 1387. In 1464 the English Parliament forbade their importation, and it is probable that they were introduced not earlier than 1400, as Chaucer makes no mention of them. The pack consisted at various times of 36 cards, 48 among the Germans, who omitted the ace, and the Spaniards, who had no ten spots; and, finally, 52. Court-cards were originally known as coat-cards; i.e., cards bearing figures who were coated or dressed, in contradistinction to the other devices, which were of flowers or sometimes of animals. In the early Italian and Spanish cards the modern spade was the spada or sword, allegorically representing the nobility; cappe, cups or chalices, represented the clergy; denari, money, the citizens; and bastoni, clubs or sticks, the peasantry. The French substité, "What! in shuffling and cutting? Ay, tuted for the spada the pique or lance-head of so there is, but how can we avoid it?" It is the knights, representing nobility; cœur, hearts



5.-HINDOOSTANI CARDS.

(sounding like chœur, a choir) for the clergy; trefle, clover or trefoil, for the husbandmen, who were the middle class before commerce or manufactures became important; and carreau, a diamond-shaped arrow-head, as the symbol of the common soldiery. In modern cards the significance of the symbols has been lost sight of, and the names and suits have been curiously mixed up, so that the sword (No. 4) has been turned into a spade (oh significant change!); the clerical chalice has become a heart; the trefle, or cloverleaf, is the bastoni of the Spaniard and our club; and the arrow-head is the diamond.

The French first introduced a queen among the coat-cards. It appears that cards were long known as the "Books of the four Kings," Rabelais mentioning them by this title, among the amusements of his hero, Gargantua. They were also called quartes, having reference to the four suits; and from this, it is supposed, came the word cards in English. Cards were first brought to America by the Spanish discoverers. There is an old legend that Columbus, on the eventful night before he made the land, kept himself awake by a game of primero; and Herera relates that when Montezuma was made prisoner by Cortéz in 1519, he took great pleasure in seeing the Spanish soldiers play at cards.

The Hindoo cards, of which we give the "Honors" (No. 6) of an eight-suit pack, are usually circular. The suits are either eight or ten; there is no queen, the two court-cards being a king and his prime minister; the material of which the specimens under consideration are made is canvas, very stiffly varnished; and the fig ures and marks were not stenciled, but put on by hand. Each suit has a different color, the eight being respectively fawn, black, brown, white, green, blue, red, yellow. The pack is composed of 96 cards, and the common cards are numbered from one to ten, as with us. Four suits are named superior, and four inferior; and in the superior the ten is next in value to the Wuzeer, or prime minister, while in the inferior the ace is next, followed by the deuce, etc. (No. 5.)

The Chinese, who are reckless gamblers, have also several kinds of cards. In the Chinese Encyclopedia, called Ching-tsze-tung, it is stated that Teen-tsze-pae, dotted cards, were invented in 1120 A.D. The general name for cards in China is Che-pae, or paper tickets; and the kind most commonly used, of which several specimens are represented (Nos. 7, 8, 9), are called Tseen-wan-che-pae—"a thousand times ten thousand cards." The pack has thirty cards: three suits of nine







each, and three independent cards, which are | ble. During the fifteenth century cards were superior to the rest. Figures 1 and 2 of our specimens are the first and third of the suit called "nine myriads of strings of beads;" Figs. 3 and 4 are the ace and tray of the suit of "nine units of cakes;" Fig. 5 is the ace of the suit of "nine units of chains;" and Fig. 6 is one of the superior cards called the "white flower." Our engravings show the proper size of these cards. The Chinese have several other varieties, one of which is called the "hundred boys' cards;" another "chariots, horses, and guns;" and a third, curiously devised on the principle of some of our historical cards, is called "a thousand times ten thousand men's names cards."

Cards were not long introduced in Europe ere gambling with them became the rage among high and low. We read that at the beginning of the fifteenth century this passion was so prevalent in France, that persons who were addicted to it endeavored to restrain and guard themselves by voluntary bonds, resembling our modern temperance pledges, with the exception that there was a penalty for breaking the pledge. The illustration (No. 11), a copy from an illuminated MS. of this period, not only shows what kind of cards were then in use, but proves also that women played, and-what would seem a great hardship now—that players stood around the ta-

executed by means of stencil plates. We give several figures from a pack made in Germany about 1440; here may be seen the original of the present "diamond" suit, as well as of the





7. - CHINESE CARDS.





S .- CHINESE CARDS.

"club," which is there represented as an acorn. (Nos. 12, 13.)

The vice of gaming with cards seems to have spread over Europe with frightful rapidity in the fifteenth century. Even the clergy were not exempt from the vice, as is shown by the story of a pretty little game of bluff played by Pope Leo X., who seems to have "understood himself" very well. His Holiness was playing at a game somewhat similar to our Western bluff, and found himself in possession of a hand which could not be beaten except in the contingency of his having to play last. His opponent also held a very good hand (did his Holiness deal?-the prudent historian does not say), and put up a heavy stake. "Give me a point, and I will see you!" cried the Pope. His opponent, thinking him beaten, doubled the former stake. His Holiness, having secured the advantage, "called him," and "swept his pile."

Not all the clergy played at cards, however. Many of them traveled about the country to denounce the practice, and did so with good effect in many cases. St. Bernardin, of Sienna, preached with such power to the Bolognese, in 1423, that his hearers made a fire in the public place and threw their cards into it. One, a card-maker, alarmed at Bernardin's denunciations, not only of gamesters but also of all who supplied them with cards and dice, said to him: "Father, I have not learned any other business but that of painting cards; and if you deprive me of that you deprive me of life, and my destitute family of the means of earning subsistence."

To which the saint: "If you do not know what to paint, paint this figure, and you will never have cause to regret having done so." With which words he took a tablet and drew on it a figure of a radiant sun, with the name of Jesus indicated in the centre by the monogram I.H.S. The card painter followed the saint's advice; and so numerous were the purchasers





9.—CHINESE CARDS, TSEEN-WAN-CHE-PAE.

of this production of reformed art that he soon became rich. In the Bibliotheque de Roi at Paris there is an old wood-cut, dated 1454, of which our illustration (No. 14) is a fac-simile, and which is supposed to commemorate this event.

In 1452 John Capistran, a disciple of St. Bernardin, preached for three hours at Nuremberg, the head-quarters then of the card manufacture, against luxury and gaming. So great was the excitement of the populace that, on the close of the sermon, there were brought into the market-place and burned 76 jaunting sledges, 3640 backgammon boards, 40,000 dice, and cards innurgenests.

In 1509 Thomas Murner, a Franciscan friar, taking advantage of the universal love of cards, published an exposition of logic in the shape of a pack of cards. These logic cards, of which we give a sample, had such success that he published in 1518 an introduction to the civil law in the same form. It is impossible at this time to explain either of these treatises; and it is only known that in the card (No. 16) the star is meant to signify the refulgent glory the ingenious author has thrown upon his subject. This did not end the matter, however. In 1651 Baptist Pendleton published "Scientiall Cards," in which he aimed to convey a thorough knowledge of grammar by the use of a pack of cards and a key to the puz-These were followed at intervals by Geographical and Heraldic Cards, and presently the "Scientiall Card" system seems to have had quite a vogue, for in 1679 there were published cards displaying the iniquities of all the Popish plots against the security of England, historical, rhetorical, and satirical cards in great variety; and finally, to cap the climax, in 1692 was invented and published the game of carving at table, accurately and easily taught in a pack of fiftytwo neatly executed pasteboards. In these cards the suit of Hearts is occupied by flesh, that of



10.—"NINE OF PAROQUETS," 1480.

Diamonds by fowl, Clubs by fish, and Spades by baked-meats. The King of Hearts presides over a sirloin of beef, of Diamonds over a turkey, of Clubs over a pickled-herring, and of Spades over a venison pasty.

Though it is a remarkable fact that wherever cards were introduced in any country of Europe there resulted an immediate and great spread of the passion for gaming, it must not be supposed that the gambling population depended upon cards alone for excitement. In England, so early as the reign of John Lackland, the chances of the dice constituted the chief amusements of the great. Matthew Paris reproaches the barons who wrested Magna Charta from John with spending their time in luxury and gambling with dice when their presence was required in the field. In a wood-cut on the title-page of "Woe to Drunkards," a sermon preached by Samuel Ward, of Ipswich, in 1627 (which cut we copy, No. 2), the vices of that age are typically contrasted with the virtues of a former one. Charles II., who never learned wisdom, gambled with his courtiers. "I will bet my soul to an orange on the game!" called his Majesty to Rochester.

"If your Majesty will bet odds I will take them," was the cool rejoinder.

Henry Cheney, created by Queen Elizabeth Baron of Tudington, played at dice once with Henry II. of France, and won of him a diamond of great price at one cast.

"What would you have done had you lost?" inquired the King.

"I have," said young Cheney, with true British brag, "sheep's-tails enough in Kent, with their wool, to buy a better diamond than this!"

Cæsar Borgia, Duke of Valentinois, when he had lost many thousand crowns at a sitting, at dice, said, "No matter; the sins of the Germans pay for this!"—alluding to the fact that his father, Pope Alexander VI., gave him his

income out of the profits arising from the sale of indulgences in Germany.

Joannes Gonzaga losing a great sum of money at dice, his son Alexander, who stood by, complained thereof; whereupon his father said, "Alexander the Great, hearing of a victory that his father had gained, was seen to be sad at the news, fearing that there would be nothing left for him to gain; but my son Alexander is afflicted at my loss, fearing that there will be nothing left for him to lose."

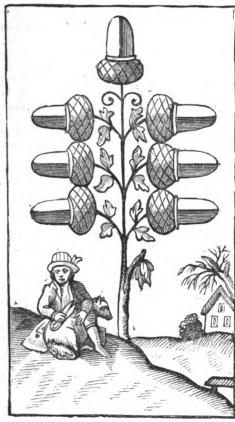
In an old life of the Duke of Espernon it is related that, in 1603, a famous Italian gamester, Pimentel by name, "hearing what a humorer of play reigned at the French court," caused a great number of false dice to be made and secretly conveyed to Paris, he only knowing the secret. He thereupon, by means of emissaries, bought up all the dice in the market, and supplied his own in their places. This done, he obtained an introduction at

court, and gambled to so good purpose—as well he might—that he "cleaned out" great part of the nobility's pockets, and even won considerable sums of the king. Playing with the Duke of Espernon, he "got all his ready money and many of his jewels; and after these won of him a piece of ambergris valued at 20,000 crowns, the greatest that ever was seen in Europe," which he afterward sold to the Republic of Venice.

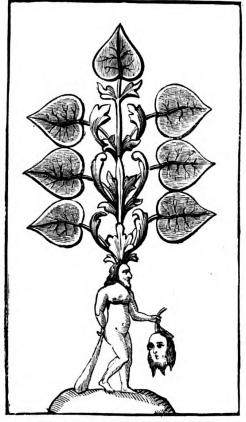
It is noticeable that whist—under the name of whisk—was long thought a game fit only for servants, one which their masters did not demean themselves by playing. When it was introduced into "polite assemblages," however, it at once took possession of the gambling world. How devoted that world grew to it some instances will testify. About 1739 it became the mode for



11 .- A CARD-PARTY OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.







13. - SEVEN OF DIAMONDS, OLD GERMAN.

children to have card-parties; and it is related in | ing-houses. The men who keep the hazard-table the "Gentleman's Magazine" for that year that a young girl, under fourteen, having lost considerably over her rubber of whist, remarked that "there was much more spirit in games of chance" (she meant dice); and desired to know "if the late ridiculous Act against gaming would prevent betting upon things?"

In 1759 it became the fashion to hold cardparties in the rooms of lying-in ladies. Horace Walpole writes: "We played at Lady Hertford's last week, the last night of her lying-in, till deep into Sunday morning, after she and her lord were retired. It is now adjourned to Mrs. Fitzroy's, whose child the town calls Pamela. I propose that, instead of receiving cards for assemblies, one should send in the morning to Dr. Hunter's, the man-midwife, to know where there is loo that evening."

The young men of fashion were in the habit of losing five, ten, or fifteen thousand pounds in an evening at Almack's. Lord Stavordale, not yet of age, lost eleven thousand pounds in one evening, but won it all back at one throw of the dice. He swore a great oath, "Now, if I had been playing deep, I might have won millions!" "Pay £1500 to Lord —," said the Marquis of Hertford one night to the croupier at White's. This was the loss on one rubber at whist. Wal-150 men of quality live by keeping public gam- every dispute. January 9, 1755, Lord Orford,

at the Duke de Gisvres' pay him twelve guineas per night for the privilege. Even the Princesses of the Blood are dirty enough to have shares in the banks kept at their houses." Toward the close of the last century it became the fashion also in England, and the principal gaming-tables and faro-banks in London were kept by titled ladies, who took pay for their services. The grandsons of the Duchess of Marlborough had a rule "never to dirty their fingers with silver," and, when they went to the gambling-clubs, used to throw a guinea to the chairmen who carried them, who generally fought for this remunerative honor. Walpole names one of his young acquaintance, with similar scruples as to touching dirty silver, who used daily to give a flowergirl half a guinea for roses for his button-hole.

Betting was the prime amusement of all classes, from king to beggar; and nothing was too trivial, ridiculous, or disgusting to bet upon. The utmost excitement would prevail, and ruinous sums were staked on which of two drops of rain coursing down the window-pane would soonest reach the bottom; or which of two maggots would achieve in a certain time the greatest distance across the cheese-board; or which of two betters would pull the longest straw from the rick. "What will you lay?" was the quespole remarks with disgust that, at Paris, "above tion in every body's mouth, and a bet settled





mutual friend, writes: "He himself, with all which, being within the loser's compass, was his judgment in bets, would have betted any paid. From this he received from Hare the man in England against himself for self-murname of "Xenophon O'Byrne," to commemoder." He then tells a story of this man being rate his masterly retreat with the ten thousand. asked soon after his daughter's marriage if she The Prince of Wales, afterward George IV., was enciente. "Upon my word," he replied, lost six thousand pounds on a race between

"I don't know; I have no bets upon it." MA Hare, a celebrated wit, meeting Major Brereton at Bath, where both gambled heavily, asked him "How the world went with him?"

"Pretty well," answered Brereton, alluding to some successes at the gaming-table; "but I have met with a sad misfortune lately. have lost Mrs. Brereton."

"Was it at hazard or quinze?" asked Hare.

Again, a man insured his life, securing to himself, however, as was then often done, the privilege of suicide without invalidating the policy. He carried the insurers to dinner at a tavern, where they met several other persons, and, after dinner, said to them: "Gentlemen, it is fit you should be acquainted with the company. These honest men are tradesmen to whom I was in debt, without means of paying them but by your assistance; and now I am your humble servant;" with which he pulled out a pistol and shot himself.

Lord Lauderdale once staked five thousand pounds upon a single card at faro. George Fox played twenty-two consecutive hours, losing at the rate of five hundred pounds per hour. Major Aubrey's favorite toast was, "Play: like the air we breathe, if we have it not we die." One Matthias O'Byrne, an Irish adventurer, having won in one night one hundred thousand pounds of a person who he knew could not pay so large a sum, shrewdly allowed

informing Horace Walpole of the suicide of a | him to win back all but ten thousand pounds,





15.—COURT CARD (CIRCULAR).—1480.

twenty turkeys and twenty geese! A gambling | were with her." Whereupon Nash, conceiving upon the turkeys, himself having wagered large-

have been to see the heir-apparent to the British throne urging his turkeys on with a pole having a bit of red rag tagged to it, and strewing barley along the ground with his own royal hands, in the vain endeavor to coax his rebellious lieges from their too frequent roost in the trees by the wayside. Walpole records a good story of cynical George Selwyn, who, when a waiter at Arthur's Club-house was committed to Newgate for robbery, said, "What a horrid idea he will give of us to the people in Newgate!"

So did the gambling-rage possess the public mind that, when in Paris, in 1825, a man sat at a crowded gaming-table and discharged a pistol into his mouth, the play did not even cease while the scattered brains of the victim were cleared away by the servants! But a more extraordinary case occurred in London, in 1832. One Shelton, a second-rate public prize-fighter, gaming with a low companion, lost first his money, next all his clothes, which were taken from his person as they became forfeited, and finally staked his life! He lost it! and the winner, assisted by himself, immediately hanged him to a lamp-post! By good luck, a passing watchman cut him down before he was quite

dead; but his first action on recovery was to knock down his preserver "for his officiousness in preventing him from settling what he considered a debt of honor!"

Bath, as a fashionable resort, was long a gambling centre. When Beau Nash was king of society there, he encouraged play, as a "recreation for the polite of both sexes;" and the consequence was that women were wont to ruin not only their husbands but themselves by this passion. There is a story of Beau Nash which nicely illustrates the gross manners of his times. It was the fashion for ladies before they entered the bath-which was a public resort for gentlemen-to adorn their heads, the only parts which were not submerged. This was supposed to have so charming an effect that the husband of one of the bathers, standing near Nash admiring the pretty dabblers, cried out to his wife that "she looked like an angel in the water, and he wished he

friend victimized him by inducing him to bet it an occasion to establish his gallantry and spirit, took him by the collar and waist-band of ly on the other side. A funny sight it must his breeches, and soused him over the parapet.



16.—THOMAS MURNER'S LOGIC CARD.—1509.





Toward the close of the last century the gaming-houses of London—they were known to the general public as "Clubs," and to the gamesters as "Hells"—were fitted up in extraordinary style. "Fishmongers' Hall" cost \$200,000 merely to furnish—an expense which does not seem so great, however, when it is known that the proprietor netted the first year \$750,000. The law prohibited the opening of such houses; but the proprietor of this was heard to boast that he was in no danger, inasmuch as he counted among his members-it was a privilege to gain admission to one of these hells—the majority of those who made the laws! So profitable were the gambling-houses of Baden no longer ago than 1840 that the purchasers of a new lease of their privi- | him; what shall I do?"

lege for fifteen years-which is farmed out by the Government-paid willingly 40,000 florins per annum, besides laying out 230,000 florins in improvements of the grounds, and assuming a debt of the bank to the amount of 120,000 florins. And this for the exclusive privilege of keeping a gambling-bank for only about five months in the year!

To these houses were enticed with many arts young men just come into their fortunes; and here they were speedily plucked. It was no strange thing for a man to lose fifty thousand dollars in a night. At Brookes's, a private club, and very exclusive, a certain nobleman lost £25,000 at a sitting; and it is related that, in 1799, four young men were brought thither who had just come into fortunes amounting, in the aggregate, to ten million of dollars: in a twelve-month all four were beggared. Suicide was a common result of such villainy. "A

man comes in," exclaims a contemporary writer, "with his fortune in his pocket. He sits down at the table. He wins-loses-loses-wins-wins-loses -loses-loses-loses-goes into the next room and blows his brains out;" or, as sometimes happened, he shot the rascal who had "cleaned him out." The passion brought about some singular social anomalies. A nobleman, the head of a highly popular Whig family in the west of England, and originally of immense wealth, died in 1839 in a miserable garret, in an obscure quarter of London, having many years before lost all at faro. One of the oldest baronets in England, having lost all in a similar manner, was in 1840 making his living by driving a stage-coach. A Mr. Payne, forced before the Court as witness in a certain gambling transaction in 1837, admitted that "he had lost nearly all his patrimony by gambling;" which patrimony consisted of ten thousand acres of the finest land in

England. He did not stop till the last acre was finished. Finally, Lord De Ros, one of the most respectable of the gaming nobility, was accused of practicing a certain trick at whist; the matter came up for trial in 1837, and it was proved that he cheated habitually; and that some of his noble associates, knowing this, prudently played with him rather than against him! The noble Lord did not long survive his disgrace. When he died Theodore Hook proposed as his epitaph, "Here lies England's Premier Baron, patiently awaiting the last Trump."

"I know a man who cheats," said a young man to Sheridan; "I do not like to expose



18.—court-card.—1480.





19 .- "VALET" OF FRENCH CARDS, TIME OF HENRY IV.

"Back him," was the reply. A distinguished English gamester has given it as his opinion that there is no game played in which cheating can not be and is not practiced. Dice can be "secured" with such certainty that hazard becomes simple robbery; cards are marked, packed, pricked, slipped, skinned, shuffled; and dice are made unequal, are scratched, and worked with doctors, doctor dice-boxes, and dispatchers-most appropriately named. Concave and convex edged cards are commonly used by professional gentlemen, whose fortunes depend as much upon the tenderness of their finger ends as upon steadiness of eye and brazenness of face. At one of the German watering-places not many years ago, a Jew card-vendor sold his exceedingly well made pasteboards so ridiculously low that every gaming-house in the place laid in a season's stock of them. During the next season the confederates of the dealer, who had had the cards prepared under their own supervision, and knew them but too well, reaped a golden harvest from their ingenious investment. There is a story of a French Jew who in like manner manufactured the dice on which he afterward bet. and who was taken in to the tune of \$5000 in one night by a stranger who by some means knew the secret and worked with a sample of the Jew's manufacture.

A similar story of "biter bit" is told of a Mississippi gambler, by Joe Cowell, in his "Recollections of the Stage." The boat had run foul of a snag, and though no damage was done ev-

ery body of course rose from the card-tables with which the cabin was filled, and rushed to the guards to see what was up. All but a gentleman in green spectacles, a diamond pin, and a heavy watch-chain, who had been playing at poker, and now, his party having rushed off, sat quietly, shuffling and cutting the poker-deck for his own amusement. When the excitement was over, the players returned to resume the game. It was the spectacled-man's deal, and when he had quietly dealt, he sat still without raising his cards, watching the rest.

The man on his left bet ten dollars. A young lawyer, son of the then mayor of Pittsburg, without more than glancing at his hand "saw that ten and bet ten better." The third "saw the last ten, and went five hundred dollars better."

"I must see that," said Green Spectacles, now first taking up his hand, his fingers nervous with the certainty of winning. He paused a moment in disappointed astonishment, and sighing "I pass," threw his cards upon the table.

The left-hand man bet again "that five hundred dollars and one thousand dollars better."

The young lawyer had by this time calculated the value of his hand—four kings and an ace—it could not be beat!—and lingeringly, as though there might be some doubt about the matter, put his wallet on the table and called. The left-hand man had four queens and an ace, and the right-hand man four Jacks and an ace. Spectacles had nothing to speak of. The lawyer pocketed his two thousand and twenty-three dollars clear; and Green Spectacles, good-naturedly pushing the money toward him, said: "Did any one ever see the like on't?" The fact was, he



20,-COURT-CARD.-1511.











22.—ENGLISH KNAVE OF HEARTS.—1610.

had put up the cards, while the rest were off to engaged, and the lieutenant fast asleep and see what was the matter; but by some fatal oversight he had made a slight change in the distribution of the hands, by which the young lawyer got the cards he intended for himself.

Mr. Cowell has two more gambling stories, which are so characteristic of days now passed away in the West that we are tempted to quote them. He was sitting near a table watching a quiet game of two-handed euchre, when he noticed another looker-on, who made it his business to spy out the trumps in one player's hand and telegraph the important information to his opponent by laying the same number of fingers carelessly on the table. Of course one lost and the other gained steadily for a considerable time; until at a certain deal the loser received one trump. The fact was duly signaled by the forefinger laid on the table, which the losing gentleman very coolly but adroitly chopped off!

" Hallo! stranger, what are you about? You have cut off one of my fingers," cried the dismembered.

"I know it," said the amputator, coolly, "and if I'd had more trumps you'd have had less fingers."

A lieutenant of the navy was obliged, with many others, to sleep on the floor of the cabin, owing to the crowded state of the boat. Two ardent devotees at seven up, finding all the tables about 100 per cent. per hour (!) against each

coiled away in a convenient position, squatted on either side of him, and made his shoulder their table. The continual tip, tap on his shoulder rather helped his sleep; but an energetic slap by one of the players, at being "High, by thunder!" awakened him. On looking up, one of the gamesters, slightly urging down his head, said, in a confidential whisper, "Hold on, stranger, the game's just out; I've twelve for game in my own hand, and have got the Jack."

He of course accommodated them, and when the game was out, he found they had been keepin the run of it with chalk tallied on his "standup" collar!

The systematic pursuit of gaming as a passion, and not as a profession, in England and France, during the last fifty years, led several men of more than ordinary mathematical abilities to make accurate calculations of the real chances of various games. In doing this it was discovered that, in all cases, the "banks" so arranged their games that there could be no positive fair play. In rouge et noir, which was once a very fashionable game in the gambling hells of this country, the certain and inalienable advantage of the banks against the players, made by a peculiar rule of the game, amounts to about 1½ per cent. on all the moneys staked on one event-or to steady player. And this deadly odds neither skill nor calculation on his part can in the slightest degree divert.

In short:

"He who hopes at cards to win Must never think that cheating's sin; To make a trick whene'er he can, No matter how, should be his plan. No case of conscience must he make, Except how he may save his stake; The only object of his prayers-Not to be caught and kicked down stairs."

A LOST LOVE: ITS RESURREC-

THE love of my heart was dead. I had watched its death-throes, listened to its moans of expiring agony. With my own hands I had decently composed the frozen limbs, and closed the lids over the haunting eyes. Dead! and now I carried the still corse to its burial. Mourners followed; hopes, frost-chilled in their awaking; pleasant dreams, which must be dreams only forever; crowds of mad, passionate impulses shricking out after the bier their frantic, unavailing agony; and over all, slowly, unpityingly, tolled the bells of memory. There was no break of light in east or west—only one cloud, shutting out heaven and God. Would it ever lift? I did not ask myself the question in that hour. In my misery I shut the door on Hope. Golden lights of morning could break for me no more, therefore I would have nothing. Crimson hues of sunset, silver tranquillity of moon and stars, what were they worth, when they could promise no dawning? Henceforth my path would lead through the valley and the shadow, out of which no torture should force from my proud lips cry or moan.

My life had been sad rather than strange. Left motherless almost in infancy, all the wealth whose splendors surrounded me, all the gold my father was accumulating so rapidly, could not buy for me the happiness which is the fit heritage of childhood. It is a sad thing when a child feels that there is no one to love it, no gentle voice to soothe its woes, no lips always ready with their kisses, no long-suffering, patient mother-tenderness; saddest of all, when the orphan is a yearning, passionate child, for whom is no consolation in playthings or panacea in confectionerv.

I seldom saw my father except on Sundays. He was off to his business before I was presentable in the morning; and I was usually put to bed by my impatient nurse-maid before he returned at night. If he loved me, he manifested it only in providing with a lavish hand for my comfort.

So I grew up, in the stately mansion where we lived, with little company and no change of scene. In due time my nurse was replaced by a governess; a thorough, unsympathetic person, who worked to earn her wage, and felt that her

me with a certain daily amount of grammar and history. Our establishment was under the control of a widowed sister of my father's; a haughty. handsome woman, of whom I need say little at present, as during my early years she seemed almost to forget my existence.

As I grew older I had masters who instructed me in every accomplishment, though music was the only one in which I particularly excelled. In this manner I received my entire education, for my father was rigidly prejudiced against schools. At eighteen I was pronounced ready to be introduced into society.

At this epoch Aunt Langdon's interest in me became active. She liked the office of chaperon, and besides her pride was enlisted. Kept in entire seclusion hitherto, my début was a success. My face, if not remarkably beautiful, was new; my manners, formed in solitude, were, happily, not stereotyped. Moreover, my health was perfect. Dissipation did not tell upon my vigorous organization, or blanch my fresh color. Every thing I encountered possessed for me the charm of novelty. I bade fair to be intoxicated by pleasure; to lose heart and soul in the vortex of fashionable folly. Singularly enough, to my thoughtless gayety came an interruption.

I stood one evening near a window, a little wearied with dancing, still with the flush of conscious triumph on my cheeks, and a gay light kindling my careless eyes. My vague musings were scattered by a voice which said,

> "And when the ancient tempter smiles, So yield we our souls up to his wiles, Alas, and wee is me!"

The voice was rich and low, with an undertone of sad melody. I had been introduced to the speaker for the first time that evening; but until now I had not noticed how handsome he was; what latent fire smouldered dreamily in his wide, dark eyes; what persuasive tenderness softened the curves of his mouth.

"Are you another sphinx, with a riddle for me to read?" I asked, lightly, affecting a carelessness I did not feel, for his words had given me a vague sense of discomfort-stirred my conscience, perhaps.

"No," the rich, low voice answered. "It is you who offer the riddle for my solution. I know something of you. Your thoughtful, studious, lonely girlhood had been spoken of in my presence before I met you. One naturally has a high ideal of a character formed by study, selfcommunion, and solitude; and now I find you here as gay as the gayest; as satisfied, apparently, with what is but the bead on the wine.

"And you kindly resolved," I said, a little bitterly, "to constitute yourself my Mentor? I fear I shall prove but a refractory disciple."

"I beg, Miss Chester, that you will not attribute to me a wish so conceited, or assign me a task so ungracious. Believe me, I, least of all, have any right to judge others. I can appreciate the highest order of character, but I do not possess it. Few men are more good-nawhole duty was done when she had inoculated turedly selfish; but the selfishness is very real.



I inherit from my mother a love of ease which | is as strong as the Livingstone pride of birth, and the two make me a man of small philanthropy, of little true worth in the world.

I had cause to remember his words afterward. They were an honest warning; but I did not believe them. Their sole effect was to enlist my admiration for his humility. I suppose he read this thought in my eyes, for he smiled when he met them, and went on.

"You will see now that I could not have presumed to reprove you. I was only thinking, as I watched your face, that the world was getting fast hold of you as well as the rest of us; that you found it all the brighter, perhaps, for its very strangeness; and I borrowed that quaint, melancholy rhyme to clothe my thought. The martyrs are all dead; or, at least, they do not live in New York. We are much alike, poor moths hovering round a candle. But the candle is pitiless. If we come too near we shall scorch our wings, and then-Death finds the way short to a moth's vitals. Never mind, roses are just as sweet to-day though they fade to-morrow. Vive la bagatelle! They are striking up a Redowa, will you dance it with me?"

That was the beginning of my acquaintance with Wales Livingstone. It did not end there. Before the season was over I was his promised wife. I found in him all I had been blindly seeking-peace, hope, rest, tender love, watchful care. Found them, or-thought so! What if the mirage be an illusion? Do its shining hills, its placid waters, its waving palms, gleam for that the less resplendently upon the traveler's vision? Nay, the truth were dull and bare in comparison. I owed him somewhat for that winter—he taught me what happiness was.

Few men possess in such lavish measure the power to fascinate. In all his moods—and his character was many-sided—he was charming.

We were daily together. We read and talked and sang. What a voice he had! Even now the memory of his singing steals over me, sometimes, like a spell of enchantment. In those days I worshiped him. Unconsciously I made him a tyrant, for my whole study in life was to know and do what would please him. That he loved me with equal devotion I did not question. Why should I, while he never passed an hour away from me when propriety would permit us to be together?

Aunt Langdon was a shrewd woman. She made little pretension to heart, but her insight into the nature of others was cruelly keen. One day she transfixed me with her cool blue eye. Her words followed her glance—as cool, sharp, and cynical.

"Are you very sure, child, that Mr. Livingstone's love equals your own?"

Why this question? My blood hurried, frightened, to my heart, and left my cheeks marble. I could only falter.

"What do you mean, Aunt Langdon? Why should it not?"

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white face hung out. Her answer was in a gentler tone, as if my very powerlessness had moved her pity.

"I hope it does, Marian; only it is well not to pay too large interest for what we receive. No man has a right to usury. And it is an old truth that those who lose most suffer most."

This was warning the second; was I likely to heed it, who had not heeded Wales Livingstone's reading of his own nature?

He came in soon after. I suppose the color had not come back to my face, for he looked at me inquiringly, and caressed me with more than his usual tenderness.

"Has any thing grieved my fair Marian?" he asked, as my head lay against his arm.

"What could grieve me, Wales, while you love me? But do you love me? Am I the world to you, as you are the universe to me?"

He looked into my eyes. It was a long gaze, and in it were many meanings. He spoke as seriously as I had done.

"I do not think I have ever deceived you, Marian. It is not in the nature of man, perhaps, to love as unselfishly and enduringly as woman; but I love you, and only you. I might not, under some circumstances, be happy with you: I am sure I could not, under any, without you."

His words puzzled me. Under some circumstances he might not be happy with me! What could he mean? He left me little time for speculation. He had brought with him a portfolio of exquisite foreign views—the work of an artist friend-and he began to talk to me about them, until presently I forgot every thing else in the fascination of his conversation. In description his power was singular. A little more of the heroic element would have made him a poet—a little patience and executive ability, and he would have been a painter. As it was, he talked, and, hearing him, you cared not any farther to call him to account for his talents.

With a sentence he unlocked for me the golden gates of the "far, fair foreign lands" where he had wandered in other years. I saw wildenesses of Southern blossoms; shadowy trees. haunted by birds whose wings had been stolen from orient rainbows; I heard songs of entrancing melody; I touched the hot sands of Eastern deserts, burning and golden as the sun; I shot with dusky boatmen down the swift current of Asiatic streams, or rested among the lotus blossoms and read Persian poets at midnight by a moon so bright that you ceased to wonder she had been worshiped.

And then, leaving me rapt in the spell of his eloquence, he went away; and I marveled, as I had done so many times before, how he. with all his rare gifts, his rich experiences, his power to choose whom and where he would, had chosen me.

My whole life was a trance-like dream until at last the awakening came.

I was with Mr. Livingstone as usual, one wild, Perhaps she accepted the flag of truce my wet day in March, when the tempest was keen-



ing outside with the prophetic voice of a Banshee. It was four in the afternoon when we heard my father's step in the hall. He did not enter the drawing-room, as was his habit, now that I had grown old enough to be a companion. He went, instead, directly to his own room overhead. At dinner-time he sent word that he could not come; he was not well and very busy. I might have thought strange of this had I been less absorbed—as it was, it gave me little con-

We passed a happy evening together, I and my lover-an evening full of those sweet nothings, as indescribable and ineffable as the scent of a flower, but whose impalpable fragrance we cherish and inhale as eagerly as the first man might have done the breath of life, which to him, the chosen of all men, was the breath of God.

At breakfast, next morning, my father's seat was still vacant; and Aunt Langdon, remarking carelessly that he was overworking himself fearfully of late, ran up stairs to remonstrate with him. In a moment a shriek of horror burst from her lips, so wild, so shrill, that it seemed utterly to paralyze all my powers of motion. Instantly, almost, I recovered my self-command, and rushed after her to his room. The faint, sickly-sweet odor of Prussic acid was still in the air; an empty bottle was on the stand beside him, and on the bed, with no look of agony on his faceonly the sad, strange ghost of a smile about the frozen mouth, and haunting the wide-open eyes -my father lay. Dead, by his own hand!

I had never drawn near to him-never received any of the sweet, paternal tendernesses which make so strong a tie between most fathers and daughters; yet there is an instinctive, natural affection inseparable from the knowledge of the relationship, and to me the shock was terrible. I will not linger over that awful day. His motives were briefly set forth in a note which he left for me. This I will copy:

"Marian, my child, I am ruined, dishonored, maddened. Fifteen years of speculation, in which every venture seemed to prosper, has come to this. My notes will be protested tomorrow. Health, good name, credit, hope, all gone can not live. I will not see the sun rise which will shine upon my disgrace. God help you, child; I can not. If I should live I could do nothing, even for myself. God and your mother forgive me for the ruin I have wrought. I have always loved you, Marian, even when I seemed coldest. Do not hate your father."

I read these words with a strange calmness. Sudden and terrible as was the shock, it did not render me incapable of thought. I thought only too much. I seemed to see all-certain present -possible future-at a glance. I felt every hope slipping away from me, even the dearest. And yet I strove to convince myself it could not be that because disgrace enshrouded the name I bore Wales Livingstone would give me up. Were it on him the blow had fallen surely I should but cling to him the more closely. What right had I to reckon his love at a lower rate than mine? Still, reason as I would, a fell presentiment was winding its serpent coils about my heart, and every now and then it would erect hour of trial comes, and there is but that to

its head and look at me with its gleaming, bale-

For my father I mourned sincerely. His last words had brought me nearer to him, into more intimate communion with his heart than all the years of my previous life had done. I felt now how dear we might have been to each other had my mother lived for a connecting link between us. But for all mutual understanding it was too late now. No cry or sound could pierce through the long death-silence. God only knows whether, indeed, he had sinned willfully, shutting out hope from his own soul forever-or whether, under some malignant spell of transient insanity, the mad impulse had come upon him, and there was yet hope in his death. Thank Heaven for the merciful uncertainty in which such ends are shrouded! How many a heart has it saved from a life-long despair!

Not two hours after I read my father's last words Wales Livingstone came. The storm of vesterday had been followed by a morning blue and balmy as May. He had planned, it seemed, to enjoy it with me. He rode a fiery horse, which displayed his admirable horsemanship to the best advantage, and a groom led another with a lady's saddle.

I met him in the hall.

"I can not ride to-day, Wales," I said, as I answered his greeting. "Please send the horses away and come in."

Commanded to instant compliance by my manner, he moved to the door and obeyed me. Then he came back and led me into the drawing-room, where we had passed so many hours togetherhours beside whose brightness all the rest of my life seemed dim and cold.

"What is it, Marian?" he asked, drawing me toward him tenderly.

For all answer I placed in his hand my father's note. With wide eyes, taking in all the horror, he read it slowly through.

In his surprise and consternation his arm had fallen away from me, and he forgot, much as I needed his sympathy, to take me back to the heart where I had hoped for shelter. He sat still in blank stupor.

After a while, finding his presence, to which I had looked for solace, a restraint and a burden rather, I suggested, with bitterness in my heart and my words, that perhaps he had better go away. He could not do any good, and as it was not his sorrow, why should he spend his day in that darkened, stricken house? He accepted my suggestion, apparently ignoring its irony, and only saying, as if he had detected no latent satire in my words, that of course it was his sorrow in a certain way, since it was mine and I was his; but as he could do no good by staying, perhaps he had better leave me.

So he went. He gave me a kiss at parting. Was it the coldest one his lips had ever left on mine, or did it only seem so to my foreboding fancy? God pity the woman who has dreamed that she leaned on a strong staff, and when the



bridge the chasm between her and despair, finds it only a broken reed!

I hardly know how the days passed on for a week after that day.

I sent for a lawyer whom I knew my father had occasionally employed, and placed all the business arrangements in his hands. "Of course," I told him, "every thing was to be given up—books, furniture, musical instruments, paintings. I desired nothing for myself. The only wish I had was that he should spare my father's memory as much as was in his power, and manage the business with as little loss as possible to others."

The day after my father was buried I received, through my attorney, a message from the creditors, begging me to reserve for my own use my piano, my private library—all my personal effects, in short; and any souvenirs of my parents to which I attached a particular value. Moreover, they desired that I would retain undisturbed possession of the house for a month or two—or until I had had plenty of time to arrange for my future.

By the advice of Lawyer Van Ness I accepted these generous propositions, though all that I would consent to retain for myself was my own clothes, my piano, a few cherished books, and the portraits of both my parents.

I talked over my plans for the future with Aunt Langdon, and we settled that I should remove with her in two weeks to the house of her husband's sister, in the pleasant country town of Aurora.

"There," she said, "there will be no difficulty in your being independent. Mrs. Clayton is, like me, a childless widow. She will be glad of our company. I have property enough to make myself comfortable, and, with your talents, you could be sure of quite a yearly income from music scholars, if Mr. Livingstone should not insist on being married at once."

I felt her cool, shrewd blue eyes reading my face, and I knew I blushed under their searching glance. But I answered, as quietly as she had spoken, that her plan pleased me, and I should follow it; for of course—whatever Mr. Livingstone might say—I could not think of marriage until after my year of mourning had expired.

During all my stay in New York my betrothed came to see me daily. He did not remain long at these interviews, however. I did not wonder at this, for I saw now that his nature had nothing in common with grief. Of course sorrow, of one kind or another, is possible to every human being. On a battle-field every sword is likely to meet the shock; but when you see whether it bends or breaks you can tell the temper of the blade. Suffering is inseparable from humanity; but it is only the deepest natures which claim kinship with it and recognize its angelic mission. Others wear it uneasily, as Sinbad carried the Old Man of the Sea, and cast about anxiously for the first opportunity of shuffling it off.

Of this latter class was Wales Livingstone. Despite the dangerous sweetness of his manner, the low richness of his voice, the fire in his eyes, and the bland persuasion of his words, when you strove to sound where you thought the deep, still waters lay, you found it required but a very short line. He had loved me when youth and novelty had conspired, for the passing hour, to make me attractive to the rest of the world. Perhaps he loved me still, but there was something sadly incongruous with his pleasure-seeking nature in the darkened rooms and the blanched, weary face, shadowed still more by mourning garments. So he just came daily—asked tenderly for my health-murmured a few protestations of love and sympathy-gave me kisses which left a bitter tang on my lips because I believed them the cold offspring of custom and duty-and went away.

It was singular how much more real comfort I found in the practical suggestions and straightforward, unobtrusive kindness of Lawyer Van Ness.

I had never met him in society, and I knew him, until the day I summoned him to our house of mourning, only by name. He was a hardworking man in his profession; the farthest possible remove from any thing like a squire of dames, though thoroughly gentleman-like; wellborn, being the son of an old Knickerbocker family, left penniless by the princely tastes of his father, and climbing by hard work and social self-denial slowly back to wealth again. All this I had heard my father say of him; and I sent for him because I knew that I should find in him shrewd wisdom, united to integrity, beyond a question.

It needed but to see him to acknowledge his strength. It appeared in his muscular, wellknit figure; it looked out of his clear, gray eyes eyes which seemed to see all but reveal nothing; you heard it in his firm footstep, and the resonant ring of his voice; you felt it in the strong, encouraging clasp of his hand. Meeting him as I did, only on business, I saw that, without being in the least what one calls fascinating, he was a man whom I should like to have for my friend-one on whom those whose right it was could rely without fear or trembling -no reed which the first shock might break; a strong staff, rather, with heart of oak. He was of inestimable comfort and service to me in that season of trial; and it was no mere form of words when I expressed my indebtedness to him, and assured him of the grateful remembrance in which I should hold his name, as we shook hands at parting the day before I started for Aurora.

That evening was to be spent with Wales Livingstone. In the three weeks of sad excitement since my father's death but little had been said between us concerning our plans for the future, though I had told him that I was going with my aunt to her friends in Aurora as soon as that step had been decided upon. All this while I had been slowly growing into the conviction that our engagement was a burden to



him, and I had resolved that night to offer to release him from it.

He came, and, touched perhaps by the thought of our near parting, met me more tenderly than he had done in the whole three weeks preceding. Still the soft melancholy of that manner, the murmurous cadences of that voice whose every tone was a caress, could no more begnile me into self-forgetfulness, or lull me into false security. I must know all—the worst—and if I found he would accept of his freedom, he must have it: though I felt in that hour, looking on that handsome face, meeting the beguiling glances of those dark eyes, that to resign him would be to give up all that life held for me—to shut and bar the gates of my Paradise with my own hand.

During the few moments in which I was trying to collect my forces for the scene which must follow, he helped me by beginning of his own accord to question me about my future.

"These friends to whom you go, will they be kind to you, Marian? Are they both able and willing to make your life what it has been hitherto?"

The question stung me into momentary anger. It betrayed such an utter ignorance of my plans, even of those which I remembered confiding to him. I answered him sharply,

"They are Aunt Langdon's friends, not mine. She is the only relative I have left, and it is for convenience, respectability, the propriety of being with her, that I go to Aurora. I expect no assistance from her people, beyond possibly their aid in getting scholars, and the shelter of a roof, which I shall faithfully pay for."

"Pay for! Scholars! You, Marian Chester, teach—and what?"

"It seems to be the only resource left to me, Marian Chester," I said, with a perceptible irony pointing my words. "I shall teach music. I have Signor Barrilli's and Madame Stefani's estimates of my musical ability in my pocket. I think these credentials will help me to find pupils."

There were a few moments during which he sat in silence, and I watched the thoughts come and go on his face. How well I could read them! He loved me—I did not doubt that, nor have I ever in the long days since: but it was with such love as he could give—second, perhaps, to his love of pleasure; second, certainly, to the incense he burned forever to his true idol, himself. And yet, that self would find it hard to give me up. There was some satisfaction in that knowledge to my stung, tortured pride. He spoke at length:

"Forgive me, Marian, that I had not reflected sooner what your position was likely to be. It seems to me that we ought to be married at once. I can not consent to be living in luxury while you are toiling for your daily bread."

There was no more weakness at my heart just then. For the nonce I had conquered it. I answered him in firm. unfaltering tones:

"I think, on the contrary, that we ought not to marry at all. I know your nature too well to undertake to live with you on an income which you find only enough for yourself. With wealth enough, I might have made you happy; but you could not be happy with any woman in what you would call poverty. You would be restless and discontented, and I should be wretched. You know, in your own soul, that I speak the truth. I have been three weeks in coming to this conclusion, and now you can not change it. I do not blame you. It is not your fault. You are what your nature and your training made you; but I know you could never make sacrifices patiently. It is best to part before our memory of the Past holds any bitterness."

"Marian," he cried, with sudden energy, "Marian Chester, I thought you loved me too well to resign me so willingly! Will not poverty be as bitter for you as moderate self-denial for me? I know you are deciding the case wrongly."

"And I know I am not. Poverty does not frighten me. Better part with you now than see your love worn away hereafter by the slow friction of daily cares. I know, too, your Livingstone pride of birth. I should shame you if I married you. The world would never forget that my father died a bankrupt and a suicide. No, Wales, I have decided in love, not pride, and I know my decision is right for us both."

If I had hoped—and, being woman, perhaps I had—that he would, after all, refuse to resign me-that the strength and dignity of manhood's love would assert its sovereignty-its superiority to all false pride, all external show-I was undeceived, as I saw the look of conviction settle gradually into his face under my words. I grew firm and cold as marble. He expostulated with me, however; he even urged that, if I would not marry him then, our engagement should continue. What was the use? I looked through the thin veil of his words into his thought - his heart not false, but miserably weak. Better than all those subtle charms of manner, those wondrous graces, that beauty like the beauty of a dream, one throb of the rugged strength of a true manhood. And yet I loved him, him only, and I suffered. Remember how lonely and joyless my life had been in the midst of its splendor until he came, and with what fullness of promised blessing his love had dawned on me!

I suffered, but I was firm. No tie should exist between us—no future dream of possible union. I would not write to him, or preserve one relic of a past which must be dead to us both henceforth. I gave him back his ring. I brought his notes, and he burned them slowly before my eyes. He had nothing to restore. I had never written him—I had given him only my love. Alas that love should be the hardest gift on earth to reclaim!

Our parting was sadder on his side than on mine; at least he manifested more emotion, for his feelings lay nearer the surface. I went out



with him into the hall, as I had done so often He opened the door, and the April moonlight poured in; and so, wrapped in its silvery glory, I took my last look at him. For one instant, with the old freedom of betrothal, he put his arms around me, and kissed me, almost wildly, on lip and brow. When he turned away, with tears he could not hide, I did not weep. I could speak calmly, though, perhaps, my quiet tones were interfused with more of anguish than his tears.

"Good-by," I said; "good-by, Wales Livingstone. We part in peace. We can never be less than friends; and if there come any sad hours when the thought would comfort you, remember that you have held one woman's love!"

And so he went away, down the long, moonlighted street; and I, who had watched his steps so often, did not watch them this last time.

I went up stairs, and found Aunt Langdon in my room, where a bright fire was burning. knew, though no words had been interchanged between us, that she waited anxiously to learn the result of the interview which was over. Better end it all then, I thought. It would save any pang in alluding to the subject hereafter. I stood near her by the fire, and, looking at her, I said:

"Butterflies do not live through storms, Aunt Langdon. Their wings are too gay to be waterproof. Some loves are butterflies. I hope I shall be pleased with Aurora, for it is likely to be my home."

She understood me without need of farther explanation. She took her light from the stand, and then, lingering a moment still, she came up to me and touched her lips to my forehead.

"I shall not want to part with you, Marian -no danger."

That was all. She knew I could not have borne sympathy, or even comment; and mentally I thanked her for her silence. I knew then that she was my friend; that, though there would never be any demonstration or much warmth between us, she honestly cared for me.

That night I slept as sweetly as an untroubled child. I know not why-I was not insensiblethe stroke had been both keen and sudden, the wound it left would rankle long and deeply; yet Nature was merciful, and gave me the rest I needed. What though the morrow's waking must be to a memory of sharp pangs, of deathly agony, not one ghost of sorrow haunted my dreams.

That was the death of my love.

In some hearts love may die of slow declinemine was not one of them. I had found weakness where I looked for strength; worldliness instead of heroism; selfishness instead of selfrenunciation. When the prop failed me, as my nature was, I threw it away, and the tide down which it floated never gives back its treasures.

But if love was dead, anguish, despair, humiliation survived it long. If Wales Livingstone had followed me in a single week to pour out penitence and protestations at my feet, he monds, and folded hills and valleys in a robe of

could not have kindled my dead love into even a momentary galvanized life. Yet, now that he had failed me, I wanted nothing more. The future held out no hope. I had spent all my lifetime's savings to buy the lucky number of which I had dreamed. The lottery had been drawnmy number was a blank.

What a summer of torture that summer was! How I hated its brightness! The mists rising blue and silvery on the hill-tops, and then kindled by the dawnlight into gold, and carmine, and violet—the soft ripples of the lake—the trees, lofty as the survivors of primeval forests—the balmy breath of flowers—the music of breeze and bird-how they all tortured me! Every sound of joy seemed such a heartless mockery to a heart which had no hope on earth, and had never striven for one in heaven.

And yet, bereaved of every other stay, my pride stood me in good stead. Aunt Langdon, I knew, would keep my secret, so far as she held it. But not even she should guess that the life, out of which Wales Livingstone's handsome eyes had faded, was empty as a tomb whence its tenant had arisen. I wore a smiling front. I returned all my calls, which were not few; for Aurora possessed a society not only refined and select, but in summer quite extensive. I made the slight effort which was necessary to secure pupils, and taught so successfully that I had to refuse more scholars than I could take.

Still I went at night to my room overlooking the lake, and listened there to the wail of my heart over its own desolation. I looked into the glass and smiled to see how my old charms were fading; how the blue rings were creeping under my eyes, and my lips were settling into hard, tense lines. I had a weary longing for death—I, who had never sought Heaven's light to illumine the land of silence lying beyond!

But with youth and health and active work such a state of things can not endure forever. In time there is balm more potent than that which stanched all the wounds with such rare magic in the old romances. Sooner or later healing must come. It was borne to me on the fresh winds of the autumn. It was a long time before I realized the change that was being wrought; but insensibly I opened my scaled heart to its influence. I put aside my morbid repinings. The small, healthful cares of daily life resumed their interest for me, and more than once I felt again "that faint, involuntary thrill which we call happiness—something like that with which we stop to see a daisy at our feet in January."

Of any possible future love I never thought. To a proud heart, once bitterly and hopelessly disappointed, such a dream does not easily return: but I began to see that my life, as it was, was a very pleasant, and might be a very good life; and with this knowledge came an emotion of thanksgiving.

When the white splendors of winter burnished the lake with silver, covered the trees with dia-



mystic softness and purity, for the first time in my life they had a language for me beyond that of mere external beauty. They were the foreshadowing of splendors above and beyond words -the reflection from the great White Throneand there was no room for regret at the dethroning of a human idol in the heart which had found God.

Yet do not think I had no sad hours. When we aspire for perfect happiness and satisfaction in the love that is beyond the earth, we aspire for immortality—for the reward which comes after the conflict of life is over, and which we can know here only by dreams and glimpses.

There were hours, many of them, in which I without parents, or brothers, or sisters, or real home—felt very sad and lonely; when I longed to be near and dear to human hearts; to be able to contribute to the happiness of some household band; to feel that to some on earth my words and my presence were dear and precious. The human soul which has been alone and not felt the bitterness of such longings must be above or below humanity.

Still, this was but the occasional under-current, and, on the whole, I was more calmly, trustfully happy than I had ever been in my life. I do not except even the days when my love for Wales Livingstone had never been overshadowed by a doubt; for those were not days of peace and calm. Rapture, rather than happiness, would best describe them; or, perhaps, the vision-seeing intoxication of the earlier stages of opium-eating, or the blissful delirium produced by hasheesh.

When the spring came again I was ready to welcome it-to rejoice in the general resurrection -to feel my own pulses bound with a life kindred to that which leaped in the brook and stirred in the trees.

The summer followed and brought me a friend.

TT.

I sat alone in my room one July evening, watching the lake, with the moon silvering its waters, and indulging in a sort of poetical rhapsody—a banquet of memory, compounded of all the delicious bits of word-painting about water and moonlight which I could recall. I was repeating a fragment from Keats, the very poet of the moon, when a knock at my door broke the stanza in twain. I read by the moon-rays the name on the card which was handed me-"Hendrick Van Ness."

I struck a light and consulted my mirror with a real womanly solicitude about my appearance for almost the first time since I left New York. I was glad to see that the color and freshness had come back to my cheeks and the youthlight to my eyes—that I was looking well, in my white muslin dress, with the pink flowers knotted on my bosom, and trailing their sweetness through the braids of my hair. I had not seen or heard from Mr. Van Ness since our parting the day before I went to Aurora; but world; and how he had borne solitude and toil

a man whom I honored, and who had been most kind to me in days when I sorely needed kindness.

I went down stairs and met his pleasant gray eyes, his genial smile-felt the strong, warm clasp of his hand. He seemed to bring with him an atmosphere bracing as mountain air. I passed a happy evening.

In the course of it I learned that he had come to Aurora for the summer; he had a law-book to compile, he needed rest, and he had no engagements from which he could not break away. So he had given himself a holiday. I asked, simply enough, how it chanced that he had selected Aurora to pass it in. Because of the promise it held out of society, he said. It was the only country place where he knew any one. Here he had an old college friend with whom he was to board; and he had remembered, moreover, that it was my place of abode, and had anticipated the pleasure of calling on me now and then: had he been too presumptuous? Of course I expressed the welcome which I felt, and begged him to come to Mrs. Clayton's whenever he had nothing pleasanter to do.

This proved to be very often. That he cared for me beyond a warm friendship he gave me no reason to suspect; but he certainly liked my society, and we passed a great many happy hours together.

He was not fascinating. He possessed none of Wales Livingstone's peculiar gifts. He loved music, but he never sang or danced; he had been too busy, he said, to pay court to the His conversation was trenchant and terse rather than pictorial. He had never traveled, and if he had, much as his soul might have opened to the wonders and splendors of other lands, long and faithfully as it might have reflected them, he could never have revealed these memories other than by chance glimpses; never could have made poems or pictures of them. Yet I enjoyed hearing him talk. His ideas of right were so lofty, and you were never pained by any fear of his falling short of his own standard; his judgment was so clear and comprehensive; his love for humanity so combined the zeal of the reformer with the tempered wisdom of the philosopher that it was no wonder, as his character unfolded before me, I began to think him the noblest type of manhood I had ever

Yet his declaration of love, when it came, was an utter surprise to me. I had never guessed the secret of his heart. Like all men of such strength, such firmness, such latent power, his nature, when once you stood face to face with it, was full of fire and fervor; a fire which no mere breath could put out; which, once kindled, must burn on till death. I do not think he meant to reveal it to me at that time, but the impulse was too strong to be resisted.

I was asking him one afternoon about his life; how long he had been so alone in the I was heartily glad of his coming. He was with such brave patience, not growing soured or



world-wearied, or losing at all the freshness of his delight in Nature, in the mere sense of existence.

He looked at me a moment, and his gray eyes, which I had once thought revealed nothing, fairly flashed into light—grew luminous with splendor.

"Because, Marian"—he called me by my name for the first time—"I have never looked forward to loneliness. I have always felt that I was toiling for some one besides myself; some beloved, unknown one. Since I saw you I have felt who she must be if she ever came. Could you love me, Marian?"

The words were not so much. I had been wooed in a strain far more eloquent and impassioned; but I saw, looking out of the clear, steadfast eyes, the true, steadfast, manly heart; and I knew that heart was mine. I understood now, for the first time, what were my own feelings toward him; knew that the love-dream of my youth was but a vision, a delirium, compared to this deep tenderness of which my whole soul was full. It had slept until now, unrecognized in my heart, gathering daily strength and nourishment from his presence; now it confronted me, strong as my life, immortal and quenchless as my soul.

But not yet could I allow myself the joy of putting my hand in his—of hearing him bless me as his own. He must know my whole heart, and choose me, if at all, out of that full knowledge. So I told him the story of my acquaintance with Wales Livingstone, as I have told it here. I did not keep back one throb of that early joy—one emotion of love, or grief, or wounded pride. I laid my heart in his hands, and he read it like an open book. Then I paused and waited, as a criminal does for his sentence. His words were like himself.

"Perhaps I had pleased my fancy, Marian, with the hope of winning first love—most men do. I can resign that; but I must have last love, best love. Can you give it to me? Can I make you so happy that no thought of contrast or longing will ever wander sadly toward that early dream?"

Was it Heaven's bounty which sent me, at that moment, the power so to answer him that no possible doubt could ever at any future hour shadow his trust in my love?

Just then Aunt Langdon, returning from her after-dinner walk, came into the room, and, seeing us engaged in conversation, merely put into my hands a letter, and retired.

"It is from Wales Livingstone," I said, recognizing the familiar chirography—"his first since our parting."

"Then I would rather you should read it alone. I will not take your answer to my question until this evening."

And so he went away, and I read my first love's letter and answered it alone.

These were the two epistles which I handed that night to Hendrick Van Ness, and bade him read. The first only will surprise you: "I write to you, Marian Chester, the only woman I ever loved, to communicate a change in my circumstances. Last week my uncle Japhet died. By some strange freak in will-making he passed over brothers and sisters, and countless nephews and nieces, leaving the whole of his large property to me. I am rich now beyond my most extravagant desires.

"If this had happened a year and five menths ago you would not now be teaching music in Aurora.—I should not be weary of life because you do not share it. You would be my wife, and we should both be happy. I have not been happy without you. It was your fault that we parted. You were so resolved that I had not enough energy to battle with your convictions. I knew then that I should never love again; but I did not know how little comfort I could find in a life without love. I have missed you every day, every hour. Without you I am restless, discontented, miserable. With you my life would be one dream of joy.

"You know, do you not, why I am writing this? The sole barrier which existed between us—the sole objection you made to fulfilling our engagement—is removed. I have been loyal to your memory—my heart is yours yet more entirely than when we parted; is there any reason now why I may not claim the promise you gave me less than two years ago?

"Am I making too sure that your heart has been as faithful as my own? I know you loved me, Marian. You told me so, even on that last night. You are not the style of woman to change easily. I believe that I do you but justice when I trust in your constancy. You will not, through any false pride, blight your own life and mine. I shall be poorer than ever unless you share my wealth. I will make you happy. You shall never have an unfulfilled wish, and for me you shall be the one priceless joy of life.

"I wait only for your permission to come to you. Let me find you my own, and be parted from you nevermore. "WALES LIVINGSTONE."

It was a letter, with all its faith in my love, its allusions to the past, to test to the utmost the generosity of Hendrick Van Nets's nature. His face revealed nothing of his emotions as he read, only he turned, with illy-suppressed eagerness, to my answer:

"ME. LIVINGSTONE, MY FRIEND—for when we parted I told you we could never be less than friends—I have received and read your letter. I thank you for the honor done me by your faithful remembrance. I rejoice in your good fortune, and I can never be indifferent to your happiness. For the rest, I must deal honestly with you.

"When we parted my love died. I do not change easily, it is true, but to me that parting was no little thing. It was my hour of utmost need. You failed me. That you did so I said then, and repeat now, was the fault of your nature, your training—not your heart. Then or now I never blamed you. But the fact that you did so fail me remains; and had you written me in one week the letter I received to-day it would have been as vain then as it is now.

"I had hours of bitter sorrow after our parting; but strength and happiness followed it in time; and now—for I will conceal nothing—love has come once more to my life: a love stronger and higher than the old one, by as much as the woman's nature is stronger and loftier than the girl's. When we meet again, please God, I shall be the wife of another.

"I know now that Heaven and Nature never meant us for each other; therefore I can hope for you also a second love, which shall be the first love's resurrection; nobler, purer, more fortunate. Assure yourself of my good wishes —my friendship, which will never fail you—and, for the past as well as the present, my thanks.

" MARIAN CHESTER."

"Are you satisfied?" I said, as Mr. Van Ness handed me back the two letters.

"I am satisfied. God has given me my heart's desire."

I saw his lips move, and I knew they breathed



a silent thanksgiving to the Infinite Mercy which | ward to the future without fear. he never failed to acknowledge. Then his full eyes sought my face.

"Marian loves me-Marian is mine?" think my eyes answered him.

my life has fulfilled all its promises. I look for- reader, a blessing and farewell!

all, and the heart and the strength of my husband sustain me.

I have not seen Wales Livingstone. Soon after the reception of my letter he went to Paris. I hear he intends to reside there. He is right. I went back to the city that fall as Mrs. Van Parisian life is the only fit atmosphere for such Ness. In the two years which have passed since a sybarite. Peace go with him, and to you,

PAST AND PRESENT.

ND Arthur is coming home, Alice, I think I heard you say? A Arthur, the son of our neighbor, with whom you used to play: He went to the war last summer; I wondered at it then, That a boy should go to battle, when they used to send only men.

So strange it seems, little Alice, as I watch you standing there; Why, you are almost a woman, a woman grown, I declare! Strange, indeed, when I think of it-'tis a long, long time, I know-I stood just where you are standing, nearly fifty years ago.

Stood there awaiting my Willie, your grandfather, Alice; for he Had been off a-fighting the British—we beat them on land and sea. The elm-tree there by the gate, darling, was not what it is to-day, Its bark was smooth like a sapling's, and now it is rugged and gray.

Ah! things have changed, little Alice; the sunlight seems less fair As it falls through the vine's thick leafage, and tangles itself in your hair, The days, too, seem to me shorter, and the notes of the birds less bold— But it may be I'm growing old, dear, it may be I'm growing old.

And now as I think of it, Alice, and recall it all to mind, I was wondrously like what you are—wondrously like, I find. Older, of course; a woman: what age are you, did you say? Eighteen! Why that was my age—just eighteen years and a day.

For I remember my birthday had come on the one before-The years of our lives, say the Scriptures, at best are only four-score, And I have numbered of mine nearly three-score years and ten-Girls were much older in those days, girls were much older then;

For we had spoken of marriage before Will went away, And he had asked me to wed him, asked me to name the day; And you—it seems but a fortnight since I held you, a babe, on my arm, A rosy-faced, dimpled infant, and carried you over the farm.

Eighteen, did you say, little Alice? Are you sure you have made no mistake? I should certainly think I was dreaming, were I not sure I'm awake. And your mother, now you remind me, was younger even than I When she married; yes, you are right there—how swiftly the years go by!

What was I saying?—that you, Alice, are like what I used to be? One wouldn't think to see us you could ever resemble me; But time works wonderful changes; and this afternoon I seem To live over again the past, Alice, as though in a pleasant dream:-

To watch your grandfather's coming, a girl once more, where you stand-Come sit here beside me, daughter; so, now let me take your hand-Seven long years since he left me, perhaps before seven more I, too, shall have crossed Death's river, to stand on the further shore.



Do I sadden you, Alice, my darling? but Arthur will come by-and-by—
It is not a matter for grief that a poor old woman must die.

And Arthur will tell us of battles. You will like to hear, I know,
How at Lundy's Lane we met them, and gallantly routed the foe.

At Lundy's Lane, did I say, Alice? I see I am dreaming again;
That was one of your grandfather's stories—they are alway haunting my brain:
I used to hear them so often, so very often, in truth,
My good man talked in his old age far more than he did in his youth.

And you have heard them too, Alice, when you used to sit on his knee; I have marked your eye grow bright when he told of a victory.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," were the words the minister said,
But at times I think I see him, and doubt if he be dead.

Much there is which to me seems amiss that I can't understand;
Who would ever have thought of a civil war in the land?
Of a time like this when one hardly knows a foe from a friend,
When brothers fight against brothers—God only knows where 'twill end!

Shame on a traitorous people, say I, who would dare to assail A government like to our own: Heaven grant the right may not fail! And hasten the promised time when strife and contention shall cease—That Golden Age of the prophet when the world shall be at peace.

And Arthur, you say, little Alice, is coming and soon will be here. What are you looking that way at, and why do you tremble, my dear? The sun is bright above us, and the air so calm and still, I can hear the big wheel turning in the hollow down at the mill.

Who is that in the lane, Alice, coming this way, do you think? Yonder close to the well-sweep, where the cattle stop to drink. Through that same lane, returning, my Willie, your grandfather, came, When the west, like a fiery furnace, was red with the sunset's flame.

Nearly fifty years ago, my darling, of mingled grief and joy: This can not be Arthur, surely; for Arthur was only a boy; A boy with a beardless face, and not the man that I see. He is coming in at the gate, Alice; I wonder who it can be!

Why, the child is off down the path—whatever on earth is this! It wasn't considered in my day exactly the thing to kiss, Unless a brother or husband, or maybe a lover—I know I always kissed my Willie when he used to come and go.

And then it was here in the shadow, not out there where they stand: And the second time he kissed me he placed this ring on my hand. But the ways of the world are changed in these latter years, I find. Upon my word, it is Arthur!—how could I have been so blind?

Ah! there is no such blindness as that which comes with years;
And the world, though changed in some things, is unchanged in one it appears.

Love rules the camp and the court, the poet has said in his rhyme.

And love is the same to-day as it was in my girlhood's time.





HOLE-IN-THE-DAY.

HOLE-IN-THE-DAY.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, a chief of the L Chippewa (formerly Ojibway) Indians, came to Father Gear, then army chaplain at Fort Snelling, bringing his little boy of about fifteen years, with the request that the good clergyman should take the child and educate him in the arts of peace and civilization, and the religion of Christ. This chief was Pu-go-na-ke-shick, or Hole-in-the-Day, the elder, the father of the subject of this sketch. Originally he had been a common Indian; but by his prowess on the war-path against the Sioux (formerly Dacotahs), the hereditary enemies of his tribe, by his daring in battle, and his oratory in council, he had become an O-gemah, or war-chief of the nation. He was an Indian of superior presence and ability; in personal appearance and achievement he would have ranked with the historical characters of the red race.

Once he headed a war party who launched their canoes on the swift waters of the upper Mississippi at his call, without knowing where he would lead them. When near the place of his enterprise, he explained to them a bold and daring plan, and told them they might to their insults. He came to make peace, and

follow him or stay behind, as they chose. Only two of his warriors volunteered to share the danger. With these he pushed on, crept by stealth, in open day, into the midst of a Sioux village, near the present site of St. Paul, where he shouted his war-whoop and fired his rifle. Imagine the confusion and consternation of the moment, the wild indignation and the hot pursuit. A hundred warriors were on his track before the crack of his rifle had ceased to reverberate among the hills, and hunted him night and day, but in vain. For two days and nights he was in their country hiding, dodging, doubling on his track like a fox, often where his pursuers were in range of his rifle, but where he dared not reveal his hiding-place even for an enemy's scalp. At the end of this time he managed to cross the river on a log, with the loss of only his blanket. Ten days after his departure he returned to his people to tell them his wonderful exploit.

Bravery like this was unfortunately obscured by acts of cowardly treachery. By custom among these belligerent tribes, the hunting season is a time of armistice. Taking advantage of this custom, Hole-in-the-Day one night entered a Sioux teepee, partook of its hospitality, and laid down to sleep on the skins

spread for him by the unsuspecting inmates. It was a fatal confidence; they never saw another sunrise. He arose before they woke next morning, and tomahawked and scalped the whole family in cold blood.

In later years he seemed to become tired of such deeds and scenes of blood. Of his own accord he came to the officers at Fort Snelling, and asked their assistance and intercession to bring about a treaty of peace and amity between his nation and their hereditary foes. The officers of the fort lent their aid, and the two nations were brought face to face in council, under the walls of the fort. The sight of their ancient enemies was too much for the savage temper and untamed patience of the Sioux. By word, act, and gesture, in and out of council, they heaped abuse, insult, and derision on the Chippewas. A collision seemed inevitable. In spite of the large force of soldiery present, there remained scarcely a hope that the council ground would not be turned into a bloody battle-field. But Hole-in-the-Day proved a stoic. He sat unmoved in council. When he arose to speak he told them he did not heed their taunts nor listen

nothing should induce him to do or say aught for any other purpose. He had yet another trial. A Chippewa warrior had eaten a poisonous root or plant, and died. The Chippewas, following the suggestions of superstition, at once conceived that the death of the brave was a judgment of the Great Spirit for having dared to think of making peace with their old enemies. If their chief was a stoic before, he now added the talent of the philosopher. He convoked his people in council, calmed and dissipated their heathenish fears, and explained to them that the event was not supernatural; that, as the leaves, the trees, the birds, and the beasts must all die, so the bravest brave and wiliest warrior, though he escape arrow and scalping-knife, must yet leave prairie and river and go to the hunting grounds of the happy. His firm calmness was more powerful than the savage wrath of the Sioux. The treaty of peace was concluded, and for several years the tomahawk was buried and a feud stayed, which had been and yet is so deep and bitter, that there remains no tradition of its beginning, and no guess at the number of its victims.

It is sad to know that fate does not always favor and foster the good impulses of bad men. As already written, the Chippewa chief brought his son to the good chaplain at Fort Snelling. He was tired of war, he said, and disgusted and sickened with blood. He wanted his people to become peaceful, civilized, and prosperous. He wanted his son taught the ways and the knowledge of the white man, so that he in turn might teach them to his nation. But Father Gear, though his heart warmed and quickened at the Indian's desire for usefulness and good, had neither the money nor facilities to undertake the support and education of the boy. He gave all he could-good advice; but this was not enough. So father and son went back to their teepee-to their idleness, their filth, their savage instincts and traditions. The father learned to know and to like the fire-water of the pale-faces, and a few years after a barrel of whisky fell upon him and killed him.

The son-whom his father called "Que-wesans"--"The Boy," by which name he is still known among the Indians, but who now calls himself "Hole-in-the-Day," after his father-in time grew up to assume the chieftainship of one of the bands of Chippewas. His shrewdness and intelligence attracted the attention of the white traders and officials who came in contact with him. The notice which they bestowed upon him to secure his friendship, and through him that of his band and tribe, gave him much influence with the Indians, and excited his vanity and ambition to become the recognized chief of the whole Chippewa nation. To this end he has for several years steadily directed his energies with a skill in diplomacy and intrigue rarely found among the Indians. To effect his purposes he knew he must also gain position and influence with the whites. By the treaty of 1855, at which time the Chippewas were removed to reservations further north on the Mis-

sissippi, he managed to secure the grant of a section of land in his own right, as his share of the compensation. This he located on the east side of the Mississippi, opposite the Indian Reservation, which lies on the west side of the river, and about two miles from the village of Crow Wing, the northernmost one on the Father of Waters. Here he has until lately made his home. With the money the Government paid him as an annuity, and that which he obtained in the way of presents and bribes from traders and agents, he built a handsome frame-house, bought a gold watch, a pair of horses, and a carriage. He had nominally but one wife; the other five squaws about his house were his servants—so he explained to the whites. In part he adopted civilized dress, and visited on neighborly terms many families in Crow Wing and St. Paul. He was always ready to accept an invitation to tea, and frequently inquired into the details of civilized cookery, with a view to improve the culinary skill of his squaws. A prominent lawyer in St. Paul was his attorney and business adviser. He acquired some facility in the English language; and when moved by the impulse of special friendliness, or warmed by the mellowing influences of "fire-water," he would talk in the pale-face tongue. But when in the "sulks" he would sometimes sit a whole evening at a friend's fireside mute as a statue, only vouchsafing a sentence or two, through the medium of his interpreter, in unalloyed Ojibwa.

Two years ago his favorite wife, and soon after one of his children, died. They were decently coffined and interred by the Episcopal clergyman at Crow Wing, with the burial rites of the Church. The chief seemed much affected by his loss, and in conversations with the clergyman told him he did not believe the religious traditions of the Indians, and desired to learn more of the white man's faith. About this time he signed a temperance pledge, and kept it faithfully for some three months.

Among other things in which Hole-in-the-Day learned to imitate white men was to dabble a little in politics. The Legislature of Minnesota, by special Act, made him a citizen of the State. As such he had a right to vote at State and local elections, and his name is recorded on the Crow Wing poll-book as H. DAY, Esq. In the last Presidential election he is said to have been quite zealous in the Republican cause; with what effect can not perhaps now be reduced to evidence. His electioneering had one fault; he mixed the rather incongruous elements of Republicanism and whisky too freely. The latter made his tongue so thick as to render his English nearly unintelligible. "Pemmican all right," he said, going about Crow Wing one day a little too full of adulterated patriotism. "Pemmican all right; Governor —, Judge —, and me, all good pemmican." That he thought his own political influence valuable is shown by the fact that he came to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs at St. Paul after the election, recounted the services rendered the new



Administration, and did not omit to mention the | to start home without trophies. On their way pecuniary remuneration which he conceived he ought to receive therefor.

to see the "Great Father of the Nation," and all the wonders of civilization, in which he has always evinced a peculiar interest, and the seeing which undoubtedly led him to adopt so many civilized habits. But he did not always regard them as improvements. Only last spring he was again in the "City of Magnificent Distances," and saw among other sights our splendid army of the Potomac. Like all great warriors—whether on paper or on the battle-field he had his own ideas of "strategy." "All no good," he said; "give me fifty tousand men, I fix 'em. I put five tousand dere, I put tree tousand dere, I put five tousand dere; I fix 'em." He would have hunted rebels as he hunted Sioux, in ambush or with swift and sudden surprise. "Somebody would have been hurt."

Let not the reader hastily suppose that this attrition with civilization has made our savage a gentleman. In all essentials he is still an Indian. He consorts sufficiently with his people to be thoroughly identified with them, and to secure their respect and obedience. He retains all the characteristic peculiarities of the Indian dress, the long hair, the leggins, the moccasins, and last but not least, the blanket, the leaving off or wearing of which now forms the chief distinction between the civilized and uncivilized red man. When among Indians he is never betrayed into a word of English. On the hunt one of his squaws follows him to carry the spoils of the chase; at home they cultivate his garden and do his household drudgery.

Hole-in-the-Day is no two on the war-path. The old tribal hatred still burns in the hearts of Chippewas and Sioux with unquenchable fire. They hunt each other still, with the fox's cunning and the tiger's ferocity, in the depths of the forest, on the open prairie, in the very heart of white settlements. Within a few years the inhabitants of a village on the Mississippi heard, at dead of night, the death-shrieks of a family of eleven Chippewa Indians living on an island within stone's-throw, who were crept upon, murdered, and scalped by a party of Sioux. Later still, the inhabitants of a village on the Minnesota River stood for half a day on its banks the spectators of a battle on the other side of the stream between a war party of Chippewas and another of Sioux. It is no uncommon thing for whites to witness the drunken orgies of a real scalp-dance. War chiefs flaunt their notched eagle plumes in the streets of the State capital, and bring their hairy and bloody trophies to the photographers to make pretty pictures for curiosity hunters.

Within three or four years a war party of ten Sioux came up to the Chippewa Reservation on a scout after scalps. Nearly a fortnight they haunted the neighborhood of Hole-in-the-Day's

down the prairie, some distance east of the town of Little Falls, they came to the grave where old disappointment, they dug up the bones of the chief, kicked them about on the prairie, and offered them such insults as their superstitious brutality could devise. To an Indian a grave is a sacred thing. If young Hole-in-the-Day could have overlooked their quest after his own scalplock he could not forgive their outrage on his father's ashes. When it came to his knowledge his blood boiled at the affront. He immediately organized a war party, donned his paint and feathers, and started in pursuit.

> On the occasion of one of his visits to Washington President Pierce had presented him with a very fine, effective weapon, a six-chambered Colt's revolving rifle, of the latest pattern, perfect in its workmanship and appointments. It is a plain piece, devoid of all ornament. No paint stains the black walnut stock, and neither gold nor silver disfigures its iron and steel completeness; but light, compact, and strong, it responds to the touch and eye. It at once became his pet plaything and weapon, dearer to his savage heart than his prettiest squaw. In his muscular grasp its weight was but as a feather; but with his quick eye trained in daily practice, and his rigid muscles hardened in sun and storm, it became a sort of Jupiter's rod from which he shook out leaden thunder-bolts at will. He would shoot prairie-chickens on the wing with it, and drop his birds right and left as expertly as if he had had a double-barreled "Manton," charged with a whole handful of No. 8.

> Having selected his warriors for the expedition, he started them down the Mississippi in their birch-bark canoes. He himself went to his house, bade his squaws harness his horses, and taking his "Colt" into the carriage with him, drove leisurely down the prairie to "Luther's" tavern, not far above Little Falls, where he left his carriage to be sent back home, and where his warriors in the bark flotilla, which the river's rapid current had borne to that point, With cunning wood-craft they joined him. found and followed the trail of the returning Sioux, down and across the river, and up into the Sauk Valley, until their path lay along a low ridge, between two almost adjoining lakes. Here he waited for them in ambush, and greeted their arrival with the war-whoop and the quick successive discharges of his "Colt." When the battle was over, and the party counted the slain Sioux, five of the scalps belonged beyond question to the chief with his revolving gun. The sixth Indian corpse also contained his ball; but as it had likewise been hit by a buckshot from the gun of one of his warriors, he generously gave him the scalp.

The next morning Hole-in-the-Day was seen quietly riding home in the stage which carries a tri-weekly mail to Crow Wing, having with him house, hoping to make him a prize. But they an Indian boy who bore a sack. "Boy," said were unsuccessful, and were at length obliged one of the white passengers pointing to it,



said nothing, but drew his forefinger significantly across his throat. The sack contained the heads of three of the fallen Sioux; the other two scalps, still reeking with blood, hung at Hole-in-the-Day's girdle.

A sad tragedy connects itself indirectly with the chief's later history. A quarrel had gradually grown up between him and the Indian Agent of the Chippewas. Hole-in-the-Day determined to get rid of the Agent, went to Washington, and preferred charges of fraud and corruption against him. An investigation was promised, and he returned home. Pending the delay two of his braves went to the Agency and killed several cattle. This incensed the Agent, who, in turn, sent an order to the military commandant of Fort Ripley to have the chief arrested. file of soldiers was started to execute the order; they succeeded in finding and securing one of his Indian henchmen, and also his gun, which the henchman happened to be carrying. Holein-the-Day, however, saw the proceeding from an eminence, hurried home to his house, quickly put his squaws and children into several canoes, and started across the Mississippi River just as the soldiers came up. They leveled their guns at the party, and ordered Hole-inthe-Day to stop and surrender himself. He did not obey; but pushing across the river, leaped out of his canoe, drew his pistol, and fired at the soldiers, who promptly returned the shots. But the Indian had been too quick; he had dodged into the bushes and escaped unhurt.

As may be supposed, this hostile skirmish did not mend matters. The whole border at once took alarm. The settlers gathered up their guns and weapons, barricaded their doors and windows, and packed up their movables, to be ready to leave at a moment's warning. About this time the Sioux broke out in open war against the whites; and although the Reservation was a hundred and fifty miles distant, the panic spread itself to this point. Women and children were gathered together in the towns, breast-works and block-houses were built, nightly guards and patrols established, and every precaution taken against a serious outbreak. The impending troubles and dangers so wrought upon the brain of the Agent that he became deranged, fled from the Agency, traveled at break-neck speed down the Mississippi, crossing and recrossing the river, and intensifying the panic by telling wild and incoherent stories that the Indians were not only pursuing him, but attacking the settlements. Two or three days later he was found dead in the grass near the roadside, a pistol lying by him, and having a frightful wound in his side. To all appearance he had shot himself in a fit of insanity.

Hole-in-the-Day meanwhile had not been idle. Enraged at the attempt to arrest him, and at being fired upon, he at once dispatched runners to the different bands of the Chippewas at Leech Lake, at Otter Tail Lake, and at Rabbit Lake, to kill all the whites, rob their stores and dwell- cribed it to irresolution; others thought it was

"what have you got in that sack?" The boy | ings, and join him at once with their warriors at Gull Lake, some thirty miles from the Government Agency. The order to rob was promptly obeyed; every thing in the stores, at the Mission, and in the dwellings at Leech Lake was either seized or destroyed. The whites were taken prisoners, and their fate was debated in council. The young men clamored for their death; but two of the old chiefs, Big-Dog and Buffalo, earnestly plead for and finally saved their lives. They were brought as prisoners to Gull Lake, and afterward released and sent to the settlements. Two other chiefs, at other points, also evinced their friendship for the whites: Bad-Boy, who opposed Hole-in-the-Day's action in council, and who, with his family and three of his braves, was compelled to flee to Fort Ripley for protection, and Crossingthe-Sky, who warned and helped away the family of the German missionary at Rabbit Lake. The Indians now collected, and formed a camp of some four or five hundred warriors at Gull Lake, and soon afterward moved it down to within a few miles of the Agency and the village of Crow Wing.

This was the condition of things when Mr. Dole, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who happened to be at St. Paul on an entirely different mission, hearing of the troubles, went up to the Chippewa Reservation to see if admonition and good counsel would not allay the turbulence of the Indians, and preserve the peace of that frontier. He went to Fort Ripley, and sent word to Hole-in-the-Day and his chiefs to come and meet him in council. For ten days, though the invitation was renewed from day to day, the chief returned dilatory, evasive, and negative answers. One day he would pretend to be displeased with the messenger; the next he would answer, "Give me my gun first;" the next he would reply that he had no answer to make, and so on. Finally, after nearly two weeks of parleying, he agreed to meet the Commissioner at Crow Wing with thirty or forty of his chiefs and

On the 10th of September, 1862, the Commissioner, according to agreement, went there to hold the council. A company of about a hundred raw volunteers, who had not yet seen three weeks' service, had been previously stationed there. Perhaps twenty-five citizens in addition, who were there as spectators, were also armed in various ways. This was the whole available force of the whites.

At near noon the Indians appeared, having crossed at the ferry above the village where the Mississippi sweeps round to the northeast. They came on in irregular, straggling groups, chiefs and braves promiscuously intermingled, not following the road but the bank and beach of the river. A quarter of a mile above the village they halted for ten or fifteen minutes, some seating themselves and others sauntering idla about-for what purpose could not, at that distance, be clearly seen or divined. Some as-

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One thing, however, was for consultation. plain: as one after another of the loiterers came up and joined the party, there were not only the thirty or forty that had been agreed upon, but at least triple that number. It was a picturesque group. The bold, high angle of bank and point of yellow sand-beach jutting out into the bend of the stream, and the shining and rippled expanse of its waters; the swarthy figures of the savages, in their varied and carelessly-graceful attitudes and costumes, clearly and sharply outlined against the dark-green background of pine foliage on the opposite side of the river, with occasional red and white blankets, making bright spots of color that lighted up the whole scene.

By-and-by they again began to move, and came down, in the same straggling procession, to a little valley in the village which had been indicated to them as the council-ground, and seated themselves in a long, irregular semicircle on its northern slope, facing the group of tents, and the soldiers and citizens on the other slope. They were scarcely half seated when two or three of them ran up to the river bank and shouted some signal or command in the direction of down the river. Judge the surprise of the whites present at seeing another party of Indians, nearly equal to that in front, appear as if by magic from among the bushes on the roadside, and stretch a line across and take possession of the road a hundred and fifty paces in the rear!

The trick of the red-skins was now plain; the party in front had waited on the river bank until the other could make a circuit through the woods so as to take position in the rear. As no treachery had at first been suspected by the whites, they had out neither guard nor picket to warn them of the movement. Afterward they learned that still another party of Indians of about the same number remained concealed in the woods and did not show themselves until they recrossed the river.

There were in all about one hundred and twenty-five whites who were armed; opposed to them were about three hundred Indians well armed after their fashion. One-third of them, perhaps, had guns; the others bows and arrows, war-clubs, tomahawks, and knives. Their bearing and manner was bold and confident. No sooner had the party in the rear appeared upon and taken possession of the road, which would have been the only avenue of retreat-for there was the river on the left and a hill on the right -than they stopped and detained as prisoners two white men of the neighborhood, who were coming into the village to be spectators at the council, and also stopped all transit from within the lines out toward the fort. A still worse sign now also manifested itself. Big-Dog and Buffalo, the only two chiefs who had shown any friendliness to the whites, were not with the Indians-they had been compelled to remain behind at the encampment.

Mr. Dole, the Commissioner, went forward the end.

and met Hole-in-the-Day, who had advanced from among his men, and, through the interpreter, remonstrated with him against these strange and unusual proceedings, and demanded that the prisoners should be at once released, and the road opened to the free passage of all who might wish to come and go. The chief rather unwillingly assented, and dispatched a couple of his runners with the order; but when the Commissioner also requested him to have the Indians who were in the rear brought round to the front, he evaded a direct answer, saying he was anxious to avoid any difficulty, and that he could not control their action. So there was no alternative but to make the best of a bad dilemma and go into council.

In these latter days Indian councils are shorn of much of their preliminary ceremony; this one was almost as plain and matter-of-fact as an ordinary town-meeting. The Commissioner opened it by a few words, saying, substantially, that he was glad to meet them, and had come to hear their grievances, if they had any to make. Meanwhile Hole-in-the-Day and his principal chiefs and braves came forward and seated themselves on the ground within a few paces of the speaker, where they could distinctly hear the interpreter as he rendered the successive English sentences into their wordy phrases and difficult idioms. Hole-in-the-Day then arose from the ground, gathered his blanket about him, advanced and shook hands with the Commissioner, and began

The portrait at the head of this paper is from a photograph taken some three years since, and presented by the chief to an American tourist. I will with pen attempt to sketch his portrait as he appeared on the present occasion: A man of say forty years, but looking very young for that age; a little above medium height, symmetrical and well-proportioned figure; countenance in repose mild and attractive, the characteristics of Indian feature being rather modified; the skin of dark coppery hue; the lower half of the face, from the nose down, painted a deep brown, four or five shades darker than his natural color; a touch of white paint directly under each eye; his long black hair plaited, and the plaits wound horizontally, turban-like, round his head; the scalp-lock, say four inches long, tied so as to stand like a spreading, upturned brush, and painted bright vermilion; and three eagle feathers, slanting backward, fastened in his hair. He was dressed in a light, striped shirt, a broadcloth frock-coat, an otterskin trimmed with red, and evidently used to fasten round the throat like a muffler, hanging back over his shoulder; leggins, moccasins, and a grav blanket gathered and held round the waist with his left arm and hand, so as to leave his right free for gesture in speaking, completed the costume. A black leather belt and holster round his waist held a Colt's navy revolver, and in his hand he carried a wooden war-club, flat and crescent-shaped, with a large round ball at



The artistic charm of savage figures is in their | a ragged rabble as they were, up the road and motion—in the postures and looks that express across the river to their camp, to kill and eat strength, fleetness, cunning, or fear. They have the customary present of an ox which had been none of the beauty which the refining emotions of love, generosity, pity, or moral courage lend to the pictures-in-repose of civilized man and woman. Standing erect, walking, moving his arm, with extended forefinger in emphatic gesture, his eye full of fire, and his features full of expressive energy, while he was making his short speech, Hole-in-the-Day was a very model of wild masculine grace—a real forest-prince, bearing upon his whole figure and mien the seal of nobility; but the moment he again seated himself on the ground his muscles relaxed, his eyes closed, his face assumed a look of stupid stolidity, and he was once more a gross, repulsive being, with no higher instinct than hunger, and no higher passion than revenge.

It was a critical and dangerous situation. Both parties now suspected treachery; both were ready for battle. The slightest spark would have fired the magazine. There was no hurry, no confusion, no excitement; a holiday gathering could not have shown more apparent carelessness. Quietly, and with scarce audible commands, the soldiers were instructed and posted in the most advantageous positions for defense; a messenger was dispatched to the fort for reinforcements; the citizens, seeming only to be sauntering about, brought and loaded their guns with studied indifference and deliberation. Two old backwoodsmen, cool and trusty shots, were stationed within a few paces of Hole-inthe-Day, with orders, at the first signs of a conflict, to make him their special mark. Every nerve was tense, every hilt and trigger within instant grasp. Nor were the Indians less alert; not a motion escaped their keen notice. Sitting and lying about in motley groups, their faces striped and spotted with every imaginable hue and device, their blankets slipping down from their naked, bronzed, sinewy arms and busts, they smoked, chatted, and laughed with each other, feeling of the sharp points of their new, bright arrow-heads, and showing one another the fashion, weight, and convenience of their war-clubs with the most provoking sang froid.

Fortunately the council brought on no angry discussion; fortunately no Indian or white man was drunk or recklessly foolish; fortunately no gun was discharged by accident; fortunately there were no exhibitions of either wanton bravado or cowardly fear; else Crow Wing would that day have been, as has happened on many another council ground, the scene of a bloody fight—a deadly and desperate mélée. The council resulted in merely an hour's preliminary, pointless talk, a wordy and circumlocutory concealment of objects which would have done credit to the most bestarred and bespangled diplomats, and ended in its postponement till next day. Gradually, as they had come, the Indians arose from their sprawling and reclining posigiven them by the Commissioner.

But, as is usual in such cases, Hole-in-the-Day's artful management defeated his own schemes. It came out a day or two afterward that, by his stubbornness and covert menaces, he hoped to extort amnesty for the depredations committed by his people, and a present of ten thousand dollars' worth of goods to distribute among them, as a guerdon of peace with the whites. In such distributions he has almost uniformly succeeded in securing a lion's share for himself. But some of the Indians, vexed and irritated at his delays, and at having been through his orders brought into trouble, revolted against his authority. Rivals, jealous of his prosperity, crossed the river and burned his house and furniture. A part of his followers joined Big-Dog and Buffalo, came down and held a council with the new Agent, from which they excluded Hole-in-the-Day, as he had formerly excluded them; and finally the camp was broken up and the Indians dispersed, without either the expected amnesty or bounty.

The strange and rapid commingling and attrition of races in the New World has produced few queerer or more anomalous characters than the subject of this sketch. Alternately a despot and subject, landholder and agrarian, aristocrat and communist, citizen and savage, now invoking and now defying the law, a civilized barbarian who goes scalp-hunting by stage, and an apostate heathen who believes in neither God nor Manitou, he will be a potent instrument for good or evil so long as he remains on the border, subject to the accidental influence of good or bad surroundings and impulses.

TUBEROSES.

TIME-A still, rainy day in September; the hour, 10 A.M. Situation-A small parlor, decorated with pictures and book-cases whose doors are open. An overturned work-basket lies on the floor, and the easy-chairs are occupied with papers and magazines, for the room is much frequented. Near the window there is a small table with a watch on it, and a Japanese vase filled with tuberoses; their powerful scent comes and goes in the air like a breath. Present-CLARA BELL, who is seated near the table, regarding the vase of tuberoses with an abstracted air. She soliloquizes:

"" TUBEROSES,' he said, 'are placed in the hands of the dead, or wreathed about their faces, when they are put into the coffin.'

"'But I am not dead,' I answered.

"'You must be to me.'

"What did he mean? I shall stay here till I am satisfied that I know. Sister Charlotte is at the dress-maker's; Aunt Ann has gone to bed, it being one of her going-to-bed days; grandfather is out at the library; and the housekeeper is making preserves, and holding a day of judg. ment with the servants below stairs. I shall tions on the ground, and moved off again, like not be intruded upon; still, I will lock the Original from

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new upholstery therein.

"How do I look this morning? The glass answers, 'Pale and lowering.' It reflects the tuberoses. As I move aside they seem to be lying next my face. Am I dead?

"Seven rows of books in this case. Fortytwo volumes in blue and gold. Here is Tennyson, worn more than his fellows. I turn over the leaves:

"Come not when I am dead

To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave, To trample round my fallen head,

And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save.'

"Will he come, or won't he? This picture represents a November eve, I think. A streak of pale amber sky drops over the dark line of the woods under the horizon. On the boughs of a leafless oak in the fore-ground three crows are perched, chattering over the head of a man who is passing through a gate just beyond it.

"'You must be to me,' he said. Why did he not offer to bury me? To be buried, for instance, in our old country grave-yard, where mother sleeps, while this soft, quiet rain falls, would not be so sad as to be left here with these bewildering tuberoses-wax things which can not stir from their fleshy stems, but which baffle me with a secret as subtle as their odor!

"The Venus of Milo in the corner puzzles me. What does she expect? For whom is the calm, stately, mutilated woman looking? A pedestal suits her: men may fall at its base, but rows of petitioners would kneel in vain. Such women must be knocked down. Charlotte is a woman on a pedestal, although she has not a Greek face. I saw her look of surprise at George Garth last night. A Greek woman is never surprised.

"This is the gilt goblet she brought him with water in it. There is a little remaining; I pour a libation on the prospective grave between us.

"What did he say to her when he gave the goblet back? He touched her hand and she stood as if arrested, answering meekly. She yields to him. As for me, I never yield to him -never will; I defy his lordly eye, his willful mouth, his resolute bearing—his whole self! I shall not give him any more trouble thereby, since I am dead to him. 'In that sleep of death what dreams may come?' Suppose I am found here with staring eyes and folded palms upon my breast—this way—and some one comes, will the scent of tuberoses ever be forgotten by the person who finds me?"

A knock on the door.—A servant enters and informs her that it is lunch-time, but that none of the family are at home. Clara tells her that she has some work to do which she can not leave, and orders tea and a 'plate of something' to be brought her. When the servant returns she brings with the lunch a letter.]

"Have you brought a letter too? Shut the

If visitors come they must go to the me, and seals his letter in pearl-colored wax drawing-room and amuse themselves with the | with his crest! The tea is good. I like poached eggs for lunch. How pleasant this room is for a quiet soul! One could easily pass a day alone, if it were not for the tuberoses. But their odor is faint now; I hardly perceive it. What does John Prince write?

> "Clara, has George gone? Did he present himself to you in uniform? You know we made an application to-gether for an appointment. He got his—he gets every thing—but I didn't get mine; my country does not want me. Therefore I have retired to my uncle's in Yonkers to watch the tide of events. Why can't we correspond? Your letters will enliven my solitude; mine to you will be dull, of course; but I think, from what you said the other night, when George and I were with you and Charlotte at the Maison Dorée, that I could adapt them to your wishes. You were in earnest then.

> "What did I say that night? We were merry, I remember; at least John and I were. Now that I think of it, though, George was serious, especially when I fed John with my stick of Italian bread. Charlotte was serious too. but her seriousness was hunger. Perhaps the letter will inform me further.

> " After we returned to your house, George asked Charlotte to sing one of his sentimental dirges-

> > "I must not say that thou wert true,

Yet let me say that thou wert fair;" and you immediately afterward favored us with an Ethiopian lyric:

"Way down on the old Pedee."

George, being in a fit of heroics, with battle-fields in prospect, harangued us about knights and troubadours. wished that times now were more like the times of old, when the lady-loves of those gone to the wars remained in castles, pledged to fidelity and worship toward them. "This was," said George, "as it should be. If a woman loves, her life should testify her love."

"A violet by a mossy stone Half hidden from the eye,"

you interrupted him with, but our warrior continued: "If I returned to find that a woman I had set my heart upon had visited all the public places possible for a woman to visit, or that she appeared even in the ordinary avoca-

tions of her life as if I were not, I would renounce her. " How do you expect a woman to understand all this?" I asked, you know.

" Every woman in association with a man must know whether she is indifferent to him, or whether she is not. What is the fine perceptions of the sex intended for, if not to learn such things?' You said then, Clara, that such ideas were the ideas of a barbarian-a rough-and-ready boor; that, could you surmise you had so vain a suitor, he should be left in ignorance of your feelings till he should come to your feet with his heart in his hand. No man should ever be entirely at rest concerning the return of his love by you; that you should be disgusted with one who thus insisted upon being made comfortable by continual professions and confessions. Dear Clara, I would save Won't you begin to fancy me in the you all that trouble. light you spoke of?

"John Prince is an ass. So George has gone to the wars! It was late last night when he gave me the tuberoses; could he have been going then?

"It is tedious here; the rain darkens the panes with its meandering tears. The watch says two o'clock; so far through the long day, and I am no nearer the mark. The clouds are piled round the sky in slate-colored ridges; patches of yellow leaves blur the sidewalk, and "John Prince, George Garth's cousin, writes look like faded butterflies glued to the stones;



their day is over. It is a pity that they could talks, I have no doubt, but I hear her on the not have found sepulchre in the fields and forests. I wish I had some sewing. There may be something in this basket of Charlotte's. At any rate I can sort over its materials. Why does she have three spools of cotton of the same number, sixty? Here is a collar begun; how neatly she sews! Charlotte is what people call a 'solid girl,' methodical, sensible, cold, but how good she is! How she sniffed at the tuberoses last night, pretending that they made her sick. George overturned her work-basket then.

"'Take it up, Sir,' she said.

"'It is rubbish, and rubbish makes me sick."

"'It is out of place in this room, certainly," she said, mildly. He made a movement toward it then, but I put my foot on it and he turned We did not speak to each other after that. Here is a roll of paper—paragraphs from Charlotte does not like newspapers, no poetry. poetry. What is this?

"George Garth, captain in the volunteers, has been assigned to a position on the staff of Major-General Dix.' He can not have had his commission a week. Why should Charlotte see this item, and not I? I'll capture it. What is the next? 'Camphor liniment.' And this? 'The Empress Eugénie rode out a few days ago in a white tulle bonnet without trimming!" find nothing to do in the basket. What if I should sleep! In a dream, maybe, the solution will come of the riddle, 'You must be to me.'

"With shut eyes my thoughts fly back to the time when I first knew George Garth. Four years since. I was sixteen. He began to tutor me then; but happily he went to India to live with an English relative, and my education was completed without him. Six months ago he came back, for life, he said, India was tedious; he was tired of pale ale and of curry. He renewed his acquaintance at the same point where he left me; why does he not see that I have changed? I remember well the day he paid his first visit to us. I was reading 'Faust.' 'You read Faust,' he said, and laughed. What would he say if he heard me pray with Faust, 'Give me back again the times when I myself was still forming. I had nothing, and yet enough—the longing after truth and the pleasure in delusion.' He would laugh again, and tell me that the sentimental tendency of my mind must be corrected.

"Mother used to say that his temper and mine were alike; but that mine was manifested, while his 'got into his head,' like drink, and made him dull and blind. After that fire in Nolans Street, when he pulled out of a window old Mary Bell, our carpet woman, she grew fond of him and thought him a noble fellow, although old Mary said, when she told us of the affair, 'he swore awful.'

"The house must have fallen asleep, if I have not. Something is crawling in the sofa-pillow; the thud of my heart chokes me! How dumb these books and pictures are! Where can Charlotte be? Engaged in one of her interminable old Mr. Bell.

stairs; she tries my door. Charlotte, this is the chamber of mysteries; you can not come in."

"Mysteries? fiddlesticks!" Charlotte answers from without. "I met Ellen Garth at the dressmaker's, and she gave me a letter. Would you like to see?"

A wild light came into Clara's eyes. "Slip it under the door, 'Lotte."

The letter glides over the threshold, and she hears Charlotte running up stairs.

"Unsealed! Why, who is it directed to? 'MISS CHARLOTTE BELL, Present.'

"I am glad that it is short, for it is quite dark. I do not wish to light the gas. The letter is signed 'George Garth;' he offers marriage. I am released, for I know now what he meant when he said 'You must be to me.'

When Charlotte Bell ran up stairs she repeated what she had said to herself several times before-"George Garth is a fool."

Although it was the dinner hour, she remained in her room to cogitate whether she had taken the wisest way of informing Clara of his letter. Sisters are sometimes ignorant of each other's feelings; but Charlotte, in one particular, believed that she had divined Clara's. It seemed to her, by the rule of contraries, that Clara loved George; there was no other way by which to account for her goading behavior toward him. Had she been indifferent she would have let him alone, she reasoned. From the fact that George was a constant visitor at the house, and forever following them about, whether in good or ill humor, she had concluded that he was drawn by Clara; of herself as being the attraction she had never thought.

"I'll not answer his letter," she thought. "How ridiculous he is! He is but a year older than I am. John Prince is nearer the mark. I hope I have taken the easiest way for Clara; I did not want her to blush or grow pale before

She crept down stairs softly to find the parlor door open, and the room vacant. Across the floor fell the light from the street lantern, in whose bright wake the vase of tuberose was visible.

"Those tuberoses," she thought, "why did he give them to her? But he knows that I can't bear them."

She entered the dining-room. Her grandfather, her Aunt Ann, and Clara were at the table. The waiter was putting the second course on. Her aunt greeted her with, "You are too bad, Charlotte; we waited five minutes for you."

"I have had so many things to do to-day, and my dress was so damp I was obliged to change it."

Clara ate a crust of bread slowly, as if she relished it greatly, and had no other thought apparently but the thought of her dinner.

"I found a new portrait of Laura to-day," said

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- "Another old one, you mean," Aunt Ann remarked.
 - "Yes, I do mean that."
- "Think you if Laura had been Petrarch's wife, He would have written sonnets all his life," said Clara, gayly.
- "Do not quote that profligate Byron, my dear Clara," begged Aunt Ann.
- "What a girl!" commented Charlotte, with her mouth full.
- "How would Charlotte receive a sonnet from George?" Clara thought. The picture of Werter's Charlotte cutting bread for the children would be a suitable present for him to make her instead of writing a sonnet. There was something domestic in it—something that must remind one of the present Charlotte. A variety of images presented themselves to her during the dinner concerning the future of George and Charlotte. She determined to dwell on the subject; she would not thrust it from her thoughts.

After dinner Aunt Ann retired to her room again to resume a novel, Mr. Bell went to his library to look over his collection of portraits, and Charlotte and Clara dodged each other with a feint of unconsciousness that was both laughable and sad. In the drawing-room Clara kept a book before her face, reading up and down the same page till Charlotte began to play, then she stole up behind her and held George Garth's letter over her shoulder. Charlotte wheeled round on the music-stool, seized Clara's hand, and said,

"Did you ever know such a donkey?"

"Yes."

She took from her pocket the letter of John Prince, and gave it to Charlotte with, "Enter Dromio of Ephesus."

Charlotte looked at it a moment with astonishment.

- "I know what is in it, I presume," she said, rather frigidly.
- "If you are a clairvoyant," Clara answered, leaving the room.
- "So many hours of torment are done with," she thought, as she went up stairs to the parlor where she had passed the day. "I can never go back to that mood again." She opened the window and put out her head; the rain had ceased, and the moon struggled through the scudding clouds. Down the street came the sound of wheels—the wheels of a noisy hotel hack portending travelers. It stopped in front of the house. Clara drew behind the curtain as she saw George Garth jump out. When she heard the bell ring she took from the vase a tuberose, fastened it in her corsage, and sat down in the dark room with folded arms.
- "Well," said Charlotte, shortly, when he entered the drawing-room in his uniform.
- "Well," and he stopped in the middle of the floor, twirling his cap.
 - "How is it that you are here?"
- "I was not ordered away to-day as I expected to be; therefore I am able to come to you for an answer to my letter."

His confident tone and manner offended her.

- "He whistles me on," she thought, "and I'll whistle him off. Come up stairs, George, I will speak with you there," she said, abruptly.
 - "Certainly."
- "Oh, it is dark here!" she exclaimed, innocently; "wait, George, till I find a match. Faugh! just smell the tuberoses."

George shuddered at the smell.

- "Why, Clara is here!" she continued, as the gas betrayed her, but the cunning Charlotte had heard her open the window and knew that she was there. This was the mode in which she intended to punish George; she determined that the interview should be before Clara.
- "Good-evening, Clara," said George, his eye catching the tuberose on her dress.
- "It is moonlight," asseverated Charlotte, "the gas is meretricious;" and she turned it to a dim flame.

"Good-evening," Clara answered, loudly.

The tone of her voice hit him like a bar of iron. When she pinned the tuberose outside her breast she pinned inside another devil of pride.

"Clara," said Charlotte, in a voice which she could not make quite careless, "where is that letter of George's I gave you just now?"

She made no reply.

For once George, comprehending a woman, comprehended Charlotte.

"You mean to victimize me, Charlotte," he said, calmly. "But I like to see confidence between sisters. Clara, do you approve my offer to Charlotte?"

She would not speak.

- "I see that you mean to refuse me, Charlotte; but you know that you would make me a good wife. You dare not say that with you I should not be a happy husband. Why then will you not marry me?"
 - "You are too young," she answered, hotly.
- "You do not believe that I am in love with you. I am not; but you have not expected that of any man—it is not your theory."
 - "No," she muttered.
- "Your character, the habits of your mind, your personal behavior, your ideas of the future, the ties of family influence between us, suit me; I desire to marry you."

Charlotte began to feel embarrassed. Clara went to the table, broke from its stem another tuberose, stuck it in a braid of her hair, and resumed her seat.

George ground his teeth at her action.

- "I desire to marry you, Charlotte," he said, with a stamp of his foot.
- "George," she answered, faintly, "I think I like somebody better than I do you."
- "You are all alike; every woman of you plays the same tricks. What a fool I am! I felt sure of you, and never dreamed of what you have told me."

He was in too brutal a mood to spare himself or her.

"Who is it?"

She made a deprecatory motion with her



hands which Clara noted. "I fancy," she said, "that it must be a gentleman."

Charlotte smiled faintly, but looked beseechingly at her as if she would say, "Get me out of this, Clara; let me leave you two cross-grained creatures together."

Clara started up. "You are tedious," she said; "I am going."

"I am going too," said George; "I have been here too long. Good-by. So you remember my words to you last night, Clara. I could not have said them once. Does this please your diabolical pride?"

She passed him with an ugly smile and said,

"Dead."

- "George," said Charlotte, after she had gone, "I am ashamed of you."
 - "Why?"
 - "For offering to marry me."
 - "I repeat the offer if you allow me."
- "You are blind and selfish, very selfish to me."
- "My selfishness won't hurt you; farewell. God knows when I shall return."

They shook hands heartily as if there was some unspoken sympathy between them. Before he went he threw the tuberoses out of the window. "There is an end of these," he said.

ПІ.

Three weeks passed, and John Prince, receiving no answer to his letter, and devoured with ennui, traveled from Yonkers one morning to invite himself to pass a day or two at Mr. Bell's. The sisters had made no mention of George Garth since his departure; therefore, when John asked them if they had heard from him, they looked at each other and simultaneously answered, "No."

"He has not written me either. I met Jo Lowndes this morning, who told me that George had asked leave of the General to go to the front with his regiment, the Fifth Volunteers. You may be sure that he has gone."

"How foolish!" said Charlotte, looking away from Clara.

" Very, for a fellow with a good income," John replied.

"Only paupers should be in the advance, of course," said Clara.

"But he was doing his duty on the staff, probably; why not be satisfied with that?"

"Because man is a pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,' I suppose," she answered.

"Especially George Garth, who, when he gets into a mood, is incapable of seeing or feeling any thing that can not confirm it, and stays in it till a miracle brings him out."

"Let us go to the Winter Garden to-night," Clara proposed, "and forget the war; I wish to see Edwin Booth's 'Hamlet.' And as you know grandfather won't go you can escort us, John."

"Of course, though I don't believe in Tragedy. I'll engage seats at once."

When he returned to dinner he informed the girls that he was too late to get front seats, but that those he had taken were favorable for con-

versation. He looked meaningly at Clara when he said this, and for reply she tossed her head. At the play she was so attentive to the stage that she appeared oblivious of her companions; but when the curtain fell on the second act, and Charlotte was engaged with her glass, John determinedly turned to her and whispered.

"Why did you refuse to answer my poor let-

ter?"

"I hate to write, you know, John. Your letter was nice; I read it all, I assure you. How poetically handsome Booth is!"

"Hang Booth! You have no heart, Clara.

George Garth is right."

- "After the theatre we will go to Malliard's; Charlotte will be hungry for jelly."
 - "Confound Charlotte! You madden me."
 - "Hush, Polonius is coming."
 - "What does he say?"
 - "Hush!"

"' 'Mad for thy love.'"

- "Tell me"—she spoke with so savage an accent that a man in the seat before her turned to to look at her—" what is George Garth right about?"
 - "In believing that you are heartless."
- "He gave me tuberoses," she muttered, absently.

"I'll give you a gardenful."

"Don't be reckless, John, and never tell me in plain words what your behavior indicates; for I do not care a pin for you, except in the good old ways of our childhood. Why, we grew up together, you goose."

"We will go to Malliard's," he said, and was silent for the rest of the evening. He felt that Clara was in earnest, and had never thought her so before; in his opinion she was a haughty, brilliant, bold girl, and he admired her exceedingly. All the fellows of his acquaintance thought so of her, and he believed that it would be a fine thing to capture her. He had of late consulted George Garth on the matter, innocently giving him reason to think that the capture was possible. George had given him excellent adviceadvice which he might have thought was disinterested. He had also spoken so freely of her faults that he was more than ever convinced of them. He did not own that he was taken by surprise when John informed him of his hopes, nor that he had had a dim idea that no one had a right to her except himself. He had calmly and silently waited for those changes in character in her which he thought must take place to make her what she should be for him. When he proposed to marry Charlotte he was in a rage with Clara, with John, and with himself, but he was persuaded that he was collected, prudent, and wise. Perception was not one of his predominating characteristics; and when a recognition of this fact was forced upon him, he felt as some animal of the forest-the elephant, for instance-must feel when he unexpectedly finds himself in an inclosure, or with a placid female elephant who has been the means of decoying a



was dictatorial and obtuse; but he was a strong, honest man, and Clara loved him. The more she loved him, however, the less he knew it, for she was perverse. A theory that he must be something to Clara, a far-off Providence in the shape of a brother-in-law, possessed him. His programme, starting from this point, for the future, was definite in its details, one of which was the farewell he conveyed by means of the tuberoses he brought her the night before he expected to leave. The matter-of-fact Charlotte had set his matter-of-fact programme at defiance; and there was something so terrible in Clara's demeanor that evening that his lethargic soul was stirred to its very depths, and when lethargic people rouse they also are terrible. He departed for the wars in fighting mood.

The jelly and chocolate failed to animate any of the party at Malliard's; the three appeared to be in a brown study, which lasted all the way home.

"Clara," said Charlotte, as they went up stairs together, "you have refused John."

- "Only snubbed him."
- "Did he require it?"
- "All men do."
- "Oh, Clara, what trouble you are to me!"
- "And to every one."
- "No, indeed, I was in fun. The fact is, I have been a trouble to you; the idea of George Garth pretending to—"
 - "There, go to bed, 'Lotte."

Charlotte groaned, and obeyed her.

"Does Charlotte think that I care for George?" soliloquized Clara. "Is it possible that he has imagined me in love with John Prince? The booby may have seen the reflection of his fancy in me, and mentioned it to his cousin George. I will speak to Charlotte."

She flew to her room, and, breathless with her determination, exclaimed,

- "For once let me be weak with you. Have you guessed my secret? You have. I have loved George for four years and six months. How could you let him ask you to marry him?"
- "I didn't let him. I have known for at least three years and six months that you loved, but not wisely."
- "No, you haven't," she said, testily, and then began to cry. The flood-gates once open, she poured a life's confidence into the ear of Charlotte, whose sympathy kept her from gaping a long time. When her sleepiness was evident, Clara crept into bed beside her and went to sleep, with the tears still dropping down her face.

IV.

George is reading a letter from John Prince:
""Old boy, she never cared a pin's worth for me. I believe now what you said over and over again, that she
would not make a good wife.""

Here George turned the color of his sash, and called himself a slanderous brute:

"What a fascinating girl she is, though; and how she can make a chap laugh with her wit! She'll never marry—never. If she had some of Charlotte's qualities with her

own still, she would be a stunner. Then she would inspire one with faith for the future, that time when a man wants to see his brood about her knee.'

- "Curse his impudence!" ejaculated George; "he's using my very words."
- ""But it is all a muddle, my boy, whether we get what we want, or whether we do not. I am sick on't. You are such a hard-headed wretch though, you don't mind the ups and downs of life: I envy you."

"Envy me!" said George, folding the letter. "Somehow I do not perceive myself in an enviable light. I feel like a cur. It was an act of dirty baseness to ask Charlotte Bell to marry me. What sense she had to refuse! I like to be punished. No decent fellow-and I hope I have become one-would ever ask two sisters to marry him, one after the other. I have kicked the door of my paradise to and brought away the key; to carry it shall be my penance. I may be killed, however, in a day or two. Charlotte will cry for me, and Clara will say in revenge, 'I should like to send him a tuberose since he is dead also.' I understood her looks that night. She was angry with me for presuming to shut my life from her; she would have been angry with any man for taking that privilege. If she were my wife I would crush that pride of hers. What right has a woman to assert herself so offensively? House-lovers, housekeepers, tenders of children, guardians of their husbands' personality, that is what women should be; but it is what Clara will never be. ' Viva la guerre!'"

In an engagement the day following George was shot through the right arm, and through the hip. His seal ring finger was shot away also. Taken a prisoner to Richmond, his finger was taken out at the socket, and the surgeon tried to find the ball in his hip, but couldn't. In a short time he was exchanged and came down to Fortress Monroe, with his seal ring in his pocket, his clothes perforated with bullets, stained with blood, and himself dirty. His brother officers dressed him in their clothes, cheered him with praise, but shook their heads over the wound in his hip. He was not mentioned in the newspapers, except by one poor reporter, who wrote to his paper, that during the engagement his attention was called to the serious and persistent bravery of a captain, whose name he was unable to ascertain; who, grimed and bloody, cursing his men for quailing when their colonel went down on the field, forced them on without a cheer, and on again, with a silent fury, till he fell and was dragged behind a rebel battery. He appeared subdued by the awful scenes he had witnessed, and when his pipe was allowed him smoked it in meditation, which no one cared to break till he laid it aside. The ball was found at last, but he was lamed for life.

"I should think," he said, "that I might go through a naval engagement. I shall have the gait for it—a rolling one."

٧.

"He is coming home, Ellen says, in a few



days," said Charlotte one day. "He does not rally as was expected; his privations tell on his system as well as his wounds. He walked fifty miles after he was taken prisoner. I shall rush to see him when he arrives! Shall you go, Clara?"

" No."

But when he came, and Charlotte had gone to his mother's house, Clara sought the room where she last saw him. She hardly knew whether she went there to revive her anger and disdain against him, to recall the love and sorrow she had felt that day, or to form some resolution for the future. The room wore a more formal aspect than it did then; for neither of the girls had frequented it of late. The closed blinds cast a cold green tinge over the pictures; no books were out of place; and the chairs were formally arranged. The watch by which she had counted the long, lonely hours was not on the table; but the Japanese vase stood thereempty. She took it up, and for the first time wondered what had become of the tuberoses she had left in it. No servant was allowed to arrange or to remove flowers. Charlotte would not have removed them; it must have been George himself. Why did he take away what he had given her—given her with a purpose too? She wished then, with an angry impulse, that she had some fresh ones, so that, in case she saw him, she might wear them. The door opened softly behind her; she turned her head, and saw George coming in with a crutch.

"Charlotte is at our house," he said. . "You would not come, so I have crawled here to see

you. Help me, won't you?"

She hesitated a second, put the vase back on the table and slowly went toward him. He had taken a seat on the sofa before she reached him, and had grown very pale.

"See my maimed hand!" holding it out to her. She clasped her own hands together, but did not speak. "Clara, I am a cripple for life."

Down on her knees beside him she fell, but she remained silent.

"My mind was lame, halt, and blind before I went away."

Still speechless, she looked into his face with eyes that seem to be enlarging with his every word.

"Tell me," he said, falling back on the sofa, "why you were holding that vase?"

Before she could answer he fainted dead away, and when he opened his eyes again Clara had her arm round his neck, and was sopping his face with Cologne water.

"Oh!" he sighed.

- "May I kiss your poor hand, George?" she meekly begged.
 - "Do you love me?"
 - "Do you love me?"

"Clara!"

She kissed him. "I was proud, dear, because I loved you."

"What a miserable part I attempted! Can you forgive me for being such a dolt?"

"Will you forgive me for being so willful?" They kissed each other now.

"What does this mean?" cried Charlotte, entering. "It is well that I came in. George, I have reconsidered the offer you made me, and accept it. I wish to do something for the cause besides making lint; what better can I do than to consent to take care of you?"

"Charlotte," he said, starting up with astonishing energy, considering his late fainting fit, "I know that you would make me the best wife that I could have, but I do not deserve you. Besides, I think I like somebody better; I do not deserve her either."

"Is this my lord Garth?" Charlotte asked.

"You will kill me, between you both."

The tableau was completed by the arrival of John Prince, who was in search of George.

"Hillo," they said, and grasped hands.

"I am a hulk, you see, John."

"You always were."

- "John, I am going to be married immediately."
 - "Oh, oh!" chorused the girls.
 - "What pitiful creature consents?"

"Clara Bell."

To hide a slight agitation John pulled at his glove-string and broke it. Charlotte turned very red, but Clara said, gently, "Yes, John, I think I can manage him now."

"Upon my word it is a good thing for them both, ain't it, Charlotte?—a kind of a Kilkenny cat business. You and I will be bridemaid and groom."

"Shall I wear tuberoses, George?" Clara whispered.

"Never."

THE LEAGUE OF STATES.

THE events attendant upon the passage of 1 the Stamp Act, and the attempts to enforce it, failed to teach wisdom to the British cabinet. A fatal pride of power, and love of domination, and contempt for the American colonists blinded the rulers of Great Britain, and for ten years they listened to the popular tumults in the Western World, the petitions of loyal men there and at home, and the remonstrances of the oppressed in both countries, with a stolid indifference that may be interpreted only by the knowledge which the world had been compelled to obtain of the amazing conceit, ineffable vanity, and cruel selfishness which had always distinguished the public acts of the ruling classes of England ever since Mercury became their tutelar deity. Finally, when the lightnings of defiance flashed from Western clouds upon the dim visions of the King and his council, and the muttering of the thunders of revolution that came over the Atlantic fell ominously upon their dull ears, they were compelled to acknowledge a sense of danger and to prepare for a coming tempest. They sent armed men to plant the heel of military despotism upon the necks of a free people, and to choke into silence the annoying clamors for



were loudest and most persistent. In amazing blindness they annihilated its commerce. The port was sealed up, the courts of justice were removed fifteen miles away, and a thousand households were filled with distress. This act, intended to punish, only exasperated. It cemented the Union that was formed in the Stamp Act Congress in New York almost nine years before. The blow struck at the prosperity of Boston and the government of Massachusetts Bay was felt by every colony as an indignity to each to be resented without delay. The inhabitants of Boston immediately felt the practical sympathy of the continent. Flour, rice, grain, fuel, money, and a thousand little articles of comfort flowed in upon them from every colony. And the city of London, the capital of the oppressor, subscribed, in its corporate capacity, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the poor of Boston!

Throughout the Colonies there was a smothered cry, "To arms!" The fife and drum were heard all over the land. The train-bands increased in number, and practiced daily in the art of war during the summer and autumn of 1774. Fathers and sons, encouraged by the gentler sex, received martial lessons together, and thousands were enrolled in companies prepared to take arms at a minute's warning. The popular leaders labored incessantly in bringing public opinion into proper shape and consistency for vigorous and united action. The people were harangued in public assemblies, and the newspaper press became bolder and bolder every hour. Epigrams, sonnets, parables, dialogues, and every form of literary expression was used to convey to the popular mind, with point and terseness, the great idea. The following is a fair specimen of the manner in which the quarrel was stated, epigrammatically:

"Rudely forced to drink tea, Massachusetts, in anger, Spills the tea on John Bull; John falls on to bang her.
Massachusetts, enraged, calls her neighbors to aid, And give Master John a severe bastinade. Now, good men of the law! pray who is in fault-The one who begins or resents the assault?

Notwithstanding the warlike preparations, the consciousness that forbearance was no longer a virtue, and that slavery or armed resistance was the alternative presented to them, the long-suffering and patient people hesitated, and resolved to deliberate once more in solemn council before they should appeal to the ultima ratio regumthe final argument of kings, as Louis the Fourteenth declared his cannon to be, by the inscription of these words upon them. There was a general desire for a Continental Congress. Leading minds in every province perceived the necessity for a Colonial League; and the patriotic hearts of Anglo-America seemed to beat as with one pulsation with that sublime idea. It seemed to the men of thought and forecast that the fullness of time had arrived when a nation was to be born, and there was an almost simultaneous expression of the thought in every part of the Brit-

justice in the New England capital, where they ish empire in America south of the St. Lawrence. Little Rhode Island, whose popular sceptre was held by the tremulous hand of Hopkins, was the first of the colonies to speak out in favor of a general Congress; and yet she was the last, in after-years, owing to a powerful faction, to give her adhesion to the only form of national government that promised real vitality, strength, and perpetuity. A town meeting, held in Providence on the 17th of May, 1774, proposed a Continental Congress. Another, held in Philadelphia four days afterward—and, of course, without possible concert-made a similar proposition. Two days later a public meeting in the city of New York expressed the same sentiments. Ten days after Rhode Island spoke the members of the Virginia Assembly, which Lord Dunmore had just dissolved, met in the Raleigh Tavern, at Williamsburg, and warmly recommended the meeting of a general Congress of deputies. On the 31st of the month a town meeting in Baltimore, Maryland, expressed a desire for a Continental Congress; and on the 6th of June the inhabitants of Connecticut assembled at Norwich made a similar expression of views. A county meeting at Newark, New Jersey, on the 11th of June; and the Massachusetts Assembly, and a public meeting at Faneuil Hall, in Boston, on the 17th—just a year before the battle of Bunker's Hill-strongly recommended the measure. On the 29th a county meeting in New Castle, Delaware, approved the proposition; and on the 6th of July the committee of correspondence at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, expressed their approbation. On the 6th, 7th, and 8th of July there was held a general Provincial Convention at Charleston, South Carolina, and that body urged the necessity of such Congress. Finally, at a district meeting at Wilmington, in North Carolina, on the 21st, the assembled inhabitants, by resolutions, spoke warmly in favor of deliberation in a general council of representatives. It will be perceived that within the space of sixty-four days, in every Anglo-American colony excepting Georgia, there were decided public expressions of an earnest desire for a Continental Congress for the purpose of deliberation on the relations between the American colonies of Great Britain and the home government. The Assembly of Massachusetts proposed the 1st of September, 1774, as the time when, and the city of Philadelphia as the place where, the Continental Congress should convene. The other colonies acquiesced; and on Monday, the 5th of September, fifty-four delegates from twelve of the thirteen colonics assembled in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia.*



The following are the names of the Representatives: New Hampshire-John Sullivan, Nathaniel Folsom; Massachusetts-Thomas Cushing, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Robert Treat Paine; Rhode Island and Providence Plantations—Stephen Hopkins, Samuel Ward:
Connecticut—Eliphalet Dyer, Roger Sherman, Silas
Deane; New York—James Duane, John Jay, Isasc Low, John Alsop, William Floyd, Philip Livingston, Henry Wisner; New Jersey — James Kinsey, Stephen Crane, William Livingston, Richard Smith, John De

Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, was chosen permanent President of the Congress, and Charles Thomson, of Pennsylvania, was appointed Secretary. That meeting of the most eminent men of the continent in point of abilities, virtue, and fortunes-more eminent for these, in the opinion of the venerable Secretary in after-years, than any that succeeded them—was a sublime spectacle, and drew from the pen of Trumbull, a contemporary poet, and the author of "M'Fingal," the following lines:

"Now meet the fathers of this Western clime, Nor names more noble graced the roll of Fame; When Spartan firmness braved the wrecks of time, Or Rome's bold virtues fanned the heroic flame.

"Not deeper thought the immortal sage inspired On Solon's lips where Grecian Senates hung; Nor manlier eloquence the bosom fired

When genius thundered from the Athenian's tongue."

Who shall take the lead? was a grave question in all minds when the Congress was organized. There was a profound and painful silence until a plain-looking man, with unpowdered hair, a solemn face, a dress of gray cloth, and having the general appearance of a rural parson, arose to speak. He was a stranger to most of the assembly; and when his clear and sweetly-musical voice filled their ears with eloquent words, the question, Who is it? ran in quick whispers from lip to ear. To a very few he was known as the fiery orator who, nine years before, had thrilled the Virginia Legislature, and led it to the verge of apparent treason, by denunciations of the Stamp Act and the enunciation of the rights of a free people. It was PATRICK HENRY. Then he impelled the representatives of Virginia to make bold expression of the rights of man; now he impelled the representatives of a budding nation to vigorous and noble actions, in laying broad and deep the foundations of a Republic. One of the earliest and most important of these actions was the passage of the following resolution:

44 Resolved, That this Congress approve the opposition of the inhabitants of the Massachusetts Bay to the execution of the late acts of Parliament, and if the same shall be attempted to be carried into execution by force, in such case, all America ought to support them in their opposi-

This resolution, full of tremendous vital force, gave conception to a nation. It declared the Anglo-American Colonies a UNIT. It solemnly declared that the quarrel of Massachusetts with the imperial Government belonged to all the Colonies; that her defiant, rebellious, revolu-

Hart; Pennsylvania - Joseph Galloway, John Morton, Charles Humphreys, Thomas Mifflin, Samuel Rhodes, Edward Biddle, George Ross, John Dickenson; Delaware-Cesar Rodney, Thomas M'Kean, George Read; Maryland—Robert Goldsborough, Samuel Chase, Thomas Johnson, Mathew Tilghman, William Paca; Virginia—Peyton Randolph, Richard Henry Lee, George Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Bland, Benjamin Harrison, Edmond Pendleton: North Carolina - William Hooper, Joseph Hewes, Richard Caswell; South Carolina—Henry Middleton, John Rutledge, Thomas Lynch, Christopher Gadsden, Edward Rutledge.

These are from an "Elegy on the Times," published while the Congress were in session.

tionary acts-acts which would inevitably lead to war if resisted, and to independence and nationality if successfully persisted in-were the acts of all the provinces; that their aspirations, desires, hopes, and interests were mutual; and that they were determined to be free or independent, or both. That resolution was the key-note to the bugle blast that called a Continent to arms.

Thirty-one days, during eight consecutive weeks, the Congress labored in session. They formed wise plans for future operations, and gave to the world several remarkable State papers. Their action assumed the form of Legislative authority, and was accepted as such by the people. It gave form and expression to public opinion; and thenceforth the Colonies acted in perfect unison upon all subjects pertaining to the common welfare. Having agreed that it would be necessary "that another Congress should be held on the 10th day of May next," unless the grievances complained of should be redressed before that time, they adjourned on the 26th of October.

Another Congress assembled at the same place on the 10th of May, 1775. The grievances of the colonists were not redressed, but largely increased. Great Britain had declared her American children to be in a state of rebellion, and had sent armed hosts to Boston to crush the head of the dangerous insurrection. Blood had flowed at Lexington and Concord; and the armed minute-men of New England, who had taken lessons in the art of war the previous year, were rushing toward their capital to keep the invading force within its narrow peninsula, to which the neighboring yeomanry had lately driven the first armed trespassers upon their soil. It was evident that the sword was not likely to be soon sheathed; and sagacious men perceived the urgent necessity for the construction of a civil government, composed of the powers of the provincial Legislatures in concentrated form, that should be adequate to carry on a vigorous war and establish the independence of the people.

Among the truly wise men of America at that time was the already venerable and venerated Dr. Franklin, who, more than twenty years before, had planned a scheme of government for the United American Colonies. He was now a member of the second Continental Congress, as a representative of Pennsylvania. His sagacious mind clearly perceived the urgent necessity for a concrete civil government, and on the 21st of July he offered to the Continental Congress, on his own responsibility, a plan for a Federal government, which he styled Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union; but designed to continue, as the last Article expressed it, only until the grievances of which the colonies complained should be redressed, when they would "return to their former connection and friendship with Great Britain." The Congress had already set forth the causes and the necessity for taking up arms, in terms which implied perfect union, and made the document in its



manifest spirit a declaration of independence. "We are reduced," they said, "to the alternative of choosing unconditional submission to irritated ministers, or resistance by force. The latter is our choice. We have counted the cost of this contest, and find nothing so dreadful as voluntary slavery. Our cause is just, our union is perfect, our internal resources are great, and, if necessary, foreign assistance is undoubtedly attainable. Before God and the world we declare, that the arms we have been compelled by our enemies to assume we will employ for the preservation of our liberties; being, with one mind, resolved to die freemen rather than slaves." They also sent a petition to the King, in which their union was boldly announced. "We beseech your Majesty," they said, "to direct some mode by which the united applications of your faithful colonists to the throne, in pursuance of their common councils, may be improved into a happy and permanent reconciliation."

Notwithstanding these bold words, there was a manifest timidity in the Congress, hurtful to necessary vigor. While Franklin, the Adamses, Richard Henry Lee, and a few others contemplated final separation from and independence of Great Britain as the inevitable result of the war just entered upon, the great majority of the deputies as well as their constituents desired nothing more than the acquiescence of the imperial government in the demands of the colonists, and a permanent reconciliation. The policy fashioned by such ideas marked every step of the Congress. Franklin and his more ardent associates deprecated it; and not being able longer to keep silence when silence would be practical acquiescence in a policy that would paralyze the army and endanger the great cause, he, as we have observed, late in July, offered a plan for a temporary civil government, but which, no doubt, he believed would be perpetual. It proposed to call the nation thereby created THE UNITED Colonies of North America, and contemplated including in the league, in addition to the thirteen (Georgia had just sent a delegate to the Congress) provinces already represented in the great council, Quebec or Canada, St. John's (now Prince Edward's), Nova Scotia, Bermudas, West Indies, East and West Florida, and even Ireland. Each colony was to retain and amend its own Constitution and laws, while the powers of the General Government, in the exercise of the more important functions of sovereignty, were to include all questions of war, peace, alliance, commerce, currency, the army and navy, Indian affairs, and the control of all public lands not then ceded to the provinces by the aborigines. It proposed a Federal revenue to be derived from taxes and contributions from the several colonies, according to their respective population of males between sixteen and sixty years of age. The Congress was to consist of one body only, whose members were to be apportioned triennially according to population, as at the present time, and annually chosen. An Executive Council, consisting of twelve persons, the use of the members.

chosen by Congress from its own body, was to wield the power now exercised by the President of the United States. Provision was made for amendments, and also for the termination of the league, on certain contingencies already mentioned.

What action was taken on Franklin's proposition at the time we have no positive knowledge. It was probably referred to a committee, and so the matter rested. The Congress seemed to have no fixed plan for the future other than the vigorous prosecution of the war. The teeming present, with all its vast concerns, seemed to engross their whole attention; and it was not until almost a year later, when the Congress had determined to make a public declaration of independence, that the subject again received serious attention in that body.

During the spring of 1776 the colonies, in various ways, had spoken out boldly in favor of independence. Virginia instructed her representatives in the Continental Congress to propose it. Already that Congress had made great progress toward the establishment of a nation by resolving, early in May, "That it be recommended to the general assemblies and conventions of the United Colonies, where no government sufficient to the exigencies of their affairs hath hitherto been established, to adopt such a government as shall, in the opinion of the representatives of the people, best conduce to the happiness and safety of their constituents in particular, and America in general."

This was a bold step, but one still bolder was taken a little more than twenty days afterward. Doubt, dread, and hesitation had brooded like a fearful cloud over the national assembly, and all hearts began to fail, when Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, arose in the Congress, and with his clear, musical voice, read the resolution, "That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; and that all political connection between us and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved." John Adams, of Massachusetts, seconded the resolution. It was considered three days afterward, and then further action upon it was postponed until the first of July. Meanwhile, that no time should be lost in the event of the Congress agreeing thereto, a committee was appointed to prepare a declaration to that effect.

The proposed declaration of independence suggested the absolute necessity of a civil government for the United Colonies in their changed relations to each other and to the British crown Accordingly, on the same day when a committee was appointed to draw up that declaration, another, composed of one delegate from each province, was appointed to "prepare and digest the form of a Confederation to be entered into between the Colonies." That committee reported a draft on the 12th of July, and it became a subject for debate occasionally until the 20th of August, when a new draft was reported, and an order given for eighty copies to be printed for



We find no further notice of the Articles of Confederation for almost eight months, when, on the 8th of April, 1777, the Congress ordered that "The report of the Committee of the whole House on the Articles of Confederation be taken into consideration on Monday next, and that two days in each week be employed on that subject." But it was postponed, and for months it lay untouched. Finally a victorious British army was approaching Philadelphia from the direction of the Chesapeake, and on the advice of Colonel Hamilton, one of General Washington's aids, the Congress left Philadelphia and resumed their sittings at Lancaster at near the close of September. Two days afterward they fled to Yorktown, or York, where they met on the 30th. Realizing the fact that the safety of the cause must depend upon a more perfect union of the Colonies and a more efficient form of national government than a congress of deputies without any executive head, they resumed the consideration of the Articles of Confederation on the 2d of October. The discussions commenced on the 7th, and were continued until Saturday, the 15th of November, when they were agreed to, and a committee, charged with their revision and arrangement, were ordered to have three hundred copies printed for the use of the Congress and the State Legislatures. In these Articles, thirteen in number, the national title given was THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, in conformity with a law or resolution of Congress passed in September, 1776, directing that in all commissions or other legal instruments of writing the word "States" should be used where that of "Colonies" had been before employed.

The Congress directed that the Articles of Confederation should be sent to the several State Legislatures for their consideration, with a circular letter recommending each of them, in the event of their approving of the Articles, "to invest the delegates of the State with competent powers, ultimate, in the name and in behalf of the State, to subscribe Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union of the United States, and to attend Congress for that purpose on or before the 10th day of March next." But it was not · until the 20th of June following that the subject was again taken up in the Congress, when a call was made upon the representatives of the States for the report of their several constituents upon the Confederation and the powers committed to them. Six days afterward a form of ratification was adopted for signature, and on the 9th of July the delegates from eight States appended their names to it.* These were sufficient to carry the instrument into effect and put the new government in motion, but out of deference to the remaining five States such action was deferred for almost three years. Maryland was the last to acquiesce. Her consent to ratify

* These were New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and South Carolina. was given on the 1st of March, 1781,* and on the following day the Congress met, for the first time, under the Articles of Confederation.

The reasons for hesitation on the part of some of the States were various. The limits of this paper will permit a reference to only one or two of the most importance. The Articles did not seem to accord with the prevailing sentiments of the people as set forth in the Declaration of Independence. The former was based upon a superintending Providence and the inalienable rights of man; the latter rested upon the sovereignty of declared power. "One," said John Quincy Adams, "ascended from the foundation of human government to the laws of nature and of nature's God, written upon the heart of man; the other rested upon the basis of human institutions and prescriptive law, and colonial charters." The system of representation, by which each State was entitled to the same vote in Congress, whatever might be the difference in population, was also objectionable. But the most obnoxious feature of all was that the limits of the several States were unadjusted and unnoticed, and a like neglect was observed concerning the possession of the "crown-lands," or public domain.

The government thus formed was simply a league of independent States, the second Article declaring that "each State retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence, and every power, jurisdiction, and right," which was not, by the Confederation, "expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled." It was declared, in substance, that all were to engage in a reciprocal treaty of alliance and friendship for mutual advantage, each to assist the other when help should be needed; that each State should have the right to regulate its own internal affairs; that no State should separately send or receive embassies, begin any negotiations, contract engagements or alliances, or conclude treaties with any foreign power, without the consent of the General Congress; that no public officer? should be allowed to accept any presents, emoluments, office, or title from any foreign power, and that neither Congress nor State Governments should possess the power to confer any title of nobility; that none of the States should have the right to form alliances among themselves, without the consent of Congress; that no State should keep up a standing army or ships of war in time of peace, beyond the amount stipulated by Congress; that when any of the States should raise troops for the common defense, all the officers of the rank of Colonel and under should be appointed by the Legislature of the State, and superior officers by Congress; that all expenses of the war should be paid out of the public Treasury; that Congress alone should have the power to coin money; and that Canada might, at any time, be admitted into the Confederacy, when



[•] North Carolina ratified the Articles on the 21st of July, 1778; Georgia on the 24th; New Jersey on the 26th of November; Delaware on the 5th of May, 1779; and Maryland on the 1st of March, 1781.

she felt disposed. The concluding clauses were explanatory of the power of certain governmental operations, and contained details of the same.

Such is a brief outline of the form of government which the fathers of the Revolution fashioned while in the midst of a great war for their independence; and such was the organic law of the confederated States when, on the return of peace, and the acknowledgment of their independence by Great Britain, they attempted a national career. But the powers of Congress above delineated were so qualified and weakened by restrictions that in many instances they were rendered almost nugatory. It was expressly provided that the Congress should not engage in war; nor grant letters of marque or reprisal in time of peace; nor enter into any treaties of alliances; nor coin money or regulate its value; nor levy the sums necessary to be raised for the public use; nor emit bills; nor borrow money on the credit of the United States; nor make any appropriations of money; nor decide upon the number of vessels for the navy to be constructed or used, or the land and sea forces to be raised; nor appoint a commander-in-chief of the army or navy, unless nine States of the League should consent to the same. The executive powers were placed in the hands of a Committee of the States during the recess of Congress, yet they could do none of the acts above mentioned without the consent of nine States. The General Government had no power of taxation, direct or indirect. The revenues of the country were left whofly in the control of the States composing the League. Each was left to establish its own custom-houses and revenue laws; and the only means which the Government could use in reply to the demands of public creditors and current expenses had to be derived from the voluntary grants of the several States. No provision was made for the enforcement of the measures which the Congress were authorized to adopt, and any party to the League, being a sovereign State, might violate the compact without incurring any other risk than the improbable one of civil war; improbable, because it would have been unnatural for the remainder of the Confederacy to attempt coercion. It would have been considered an unholy attempt to "subjugate" a "sovereign State," and a gross violation of "reserved rights," and the "sacred privilege of Secession."

When, on the 25th of November, 1783, the last hostile band left the soil of New York, and the vessels that bore them seaward became mere specks upon the horizon in the evening sun, the American saw, with the eyes of faith and hope, the bonds of British thralldom fall at his feet, and his pulse beat high with the inspirations of conscious freedom and absolute independence. He conceived that the great work of the Revolution was over, and that henceforth his beautiful land would be distinguished for uninterrupted peace, political and social prosperity, and wonderful national growth. Alas! these natural, generous, patriotic, and hopeful emotions were

ry, but derived no sustenance from sober facts. They were the poetry of that hour of triumph, entrancing the spirit and kindling the imagination. They gave unbounded pleasure to a disenthralled people. But there were wise and thoughtful men who had communed with the teachers of the Past, and sought knowledge in the rigorous school of the Present. They diligently studied the prose chapters of the great volume of current history spread out before them, and were not so jubilant. They reverently thanked God for what had been accomplished; adored him for the many interpositions of his providence in their behalf, and rejoiced because of the glorious results of the struggle thus far. But they clearly perceived that the peace established by high contracting parties would prove to be only a lull in the great contest-a truce soon to be broken, not, perhaps, by the trumpet calling armed men to the field, but by the stern behests of the inexorable necessities of the new-born Republic. The Revolution was accomplished, and the political separation from Great Britain was complete, but absolute independence was not achieved.

The experience of two years wrought a wonderful change in the public mind. The wisdom of the few prophetic sages who warned the people of dangers became painfully apparent. The Americans were no longer the legal subjects of a monarch beyond the seas, yet the power and influence of Great Britain were felt like a chilling, overshadowing cloud. In the presence of her puissance, in all that constitutes the material strength and vigor of a nation, the League of States felt their weakness; and from many a patriot heart arose a sigh to the lips, and found expression there in the bitter words of deep humiliation-"We are free, but not independent."

Why not? Because THEY HAD NOT FORMED A NATION, AND THEREBY CREATED A POWER TO BE RESPECTED; because British statesmen were wise enough to perceive this inherent weakness, and sagacious enough to take advantage of it. Without the honesty of the King who had acknowledged the independence of the United States, misled by the fatal counsels of the refugee loyalists who swarmed in the British metropolis, and governed wholly by the maxims and ethics of diplomacy, the English ministry cast embarrassments in the way of the Confederation; neglected to comply with some of the most important stipulations of the Treaty of Peace; maintained a haughty reserve, and waited with complacency and perfect faith to see the whole loose fabric of government in the United States, connected by the bonds of common interest and common danger while in a state of war, crumble into fragments, and the people return to their allegiance as colonists of Great Britain, glad to escape from the troubles of anarchy. Their trade and commerce, their manufactures and arts, their literature, science, religion, and laws, were yet largely tributary to the parent country, without a well-grounded hope fallacious. They were born of a beautiful theo- for a speedy deliverance. To this domination



was added a traditional contempt of the English | ought to be the object," was the jealous remark. for their trans-Atlantic brethren, as an inferior people; and the manifestation of an illiberal and unfriendly spirit, heightened by the consciousness that the Americans were without a government sufficiently powerful to command the fulfillment of treaty stipulations, or an untrammeled commerce sufficiently important to attract the cupidity and interested sympathies of other nations.

The Confederacy, or League of States, having assumed a national attitude, its powers and influence were soon tested. A debt of seventy millions of dollars lay upon the shoulders of a wasted people. About forty-four millions of that amount were owing by the Confederate Government (almost \$10,000,000 of it in Europe), and the remainder by the individual States. These debts had been incurred in carrying on the war for independence. Even while issuing their paper money in abundance the Congress had commenced borrowing; and when, in 1780, their bills of credit became worthless, borrowing was the chief monetary resource of the Government. This, of course, could not go on long without involving the Republic in embarrassment and accomplishing its final ruin. The restoration of the public credit or the downfall of the infant republic was the alternative presented to the American people at the time we are considering.

With a determination to restore the public credit, the General Congress put forth all its strength in efforts to produce that result. Only a few months after the preliminary treaty of peace was signed that body solemnly declared "that the establishment of permanent and adequate funds on taxes or duties, which shall operate generally, and on the whole in just proportion, throughout the United States, is indispensably necessary toward doing complete justice to the public creditors, for restoring public credit, and for providing for the future exigencies of the war." Two months later the same Congress recommended to the several States, for the same purpose, to vest that body with powers to levy, for a period of twenty-five years, specific duties on certain imported articles, and an ad valorem duty on all others; the revenue therefrom to be applied solely to the payment of the interest and principal of the public debt. It was also proposed that the States should be required to establish, for the same time and for the same object, substantial revenues for supplying each its proportion of one million five hundred thousand dollars annually, exclusive of duties on imports. This proposition was approved by the leading men of the country, but it was not adopted by the several States. They all took action upon it in the course of the next three years; but that action was rather in the form of overtures-indications of what each State was willing to do-not of positive law. All the States except two were willing to grant the required amount, but they were not disposed to vest the Congress with the

"The former will pay our debts, the latter may destroy our liberties.'

This first important effort of the General Congress, or Government of the League, to assume the functions of sovereignty was a signal failure, and the beginning of a series of failures. It excited a jealousy between the State and General governments, and exposed the utter impotency of the latter, whose vitality depended upon the will or caprice of thirteen distinct legislative bodies, each tenacious of its own peculiar rights and interests, and miserly in its delegation of power. It was speedily made manifest that the public credit must be utterly destroyed by the inevitable repudiation of the public debt.

The League were equally unfortunate in their attempts to establish commercial relations with other governments, and especially with that of Great Britain. Overtures were made to the British ministry, and William Pitt, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, although only twentyfour years of age, introduced a bill into Parliament for the regulation of commerce between the two countries, by which trade with the British West India Islands and other colonial possessions of the Crown might be thrown open to the enterprise of the merchants of the United States. In this measure was involved a powerful element of solid peace and harmony between the two countries; but there appeared not to be wisdom enough among the British people for a practical perception of it. The shipping interest, then potential in the British Parliament. with strange blindness to its own welfare and that of the state, successfully opposed the measure; and a new ministry, who speedily assumed the reins of power, listened to other counsel than those of the wise and sagacious Pitt. Instead of acting liberally toward the United States, as friends and political equals, they inaugurated a restrictive commercial policy, and assumed the offensive hauteur of lord and master in the presence of vassals and slaves. Echoing the opinions of the acrimonious Silas Deane, the specious Tory Joseph Galloway, and Peter Oliver, the refugee Chief-Justice of Massachusetts. English writers and English statesmen made public observations which indicated that they regarded the American League of States as only temporarily alienated members of the British realm. Lord Sheffield, in a formidable pamphlet, gave expression to the views of the Loyalists and leading British statesmen, and declared his belief that ruin must soon overtake the League because of the anarchy and confusion in which they were involved in consequence of their independence. He assumed that the New England States in particular would speedily become supplicants at the feet of the King for pardon and restoration as colonists. He perceived the utter weakness and consequent inefficiency of the constitution of the League as a form of government, and advised his countrymen to consider them as of little account as a required power. "It is money, not power, that nation. He could easily divine the effects of a





diversity of feelings and interests when each State was allowed to act in its separate capacity as a sovereign, with the right to secede at any moment. "Their climate, their staples, their manners are different," he said; "their interests opposite; and that which is beneficial to one is destructive to the other. We might as reasonably dread the effects of combinations among the Germans as among the American States, and deprecate the resolves of the Diet as those of the Congress. In short, every circumstance proves that it will be extreme folly to enter into any engagements by which we may wish to be bound hereafter. It is impossible to name any material advantage the American States will or can give us in return more than what we of course shall have. No treaty can be made with the American States that can be binding on the whole of them......If the American States choose to send consuls, receive them, and send a consul to each State. Each State will soon enter into all necessary regulations with the consuls, and this is the whole that is necessary.' In other words, the League has no dignity above that of a fifth-rate power, and the States are only dislocated members of the British empire.

In view of the unfriendly conduct of Great Britain, in respect to commercial regulations, the General Congress, in the spring of 1784, asked the several States to delegate powers to them for fifteen years, by which they might compel England to be more liberal by countervailing measures of prohibition. But that appeal was in vain. The States, growing more and more jealous of their individual sovereignty, would not invest the Congress with any such power; nor would they, even in the face of the danger having their trade go into the hands of foreigners, make any permanent and uniform ar-· rangement among themselves. Without public credit; with their commerce at the mercy of every adventurer; without respect at home or abroad, the League of Sovereign States, free without independence, presented the sad spectacle of the elements of a great nation paralyzed in the formative process, and the coldness of political death chilling every developing function of its being.

The League now sought diplomatic relations with Great Britain, because of the inexecution of the Treaty of Peace on the part of that power, and met with equal contempt. John Adams was sent to England with the full powers of a plenipotentiary, but he could accomplish very little. His mission was almost fruitless. estimation in which his Government was held may be inferred from the question of the Duke of Dorset, when, in reply to a letter signed by Adams of Massachusetts, Franklin of Pennsylvania, and Jefferson of Virginia, on the subject of a commercial treaty, in the spring of 1785, he inquired whether they were commissioned by Congress or their respective States, for it appeared to him "that each State was determined to manage its own matters in its own way."

chilliness of the social atmosphere in London. and the studied neglect of his official representations, often excited hot indignation in his bosom. But his Government was so really imbecile that he was compelled to bite his lips in silence. When he recommended it to pass countervailing navigation laws it had no power to do so; and at length, disgusted with his mission, he asked and obtained leave to return home.

Meanwhile matters were growing infinitely worse in the United States. The Congress be-The States had came absolutely powerless. assumed all sovereign power, each for itself, and their interests were too diversified, and, in some instances, too antagonistic, to allow them to work in harmony for the general good. The League was on the point of dissolution, and the fair fabric for the dwelling of Liberty, reared by Washington and his compatriots, seemed tottering to its fall. The idea of forming two or three distinct confederacies took possession of the public mind. Western North Carolina revolted, and the new State of Franklin, or Frankland, formed by the insurgents, endured for several months. A portion of Southwestern Virginia sympathized with the movement. Insurrection against the authorities of Pennsylvania appeared in the Wyoming Valley. A convention deliberated at Portland on the expediency of erecting the territory of Maine into an independent State. An armed mob surrounded the New Hampshire Legislature and demanded a remission of the taxes; and in Massachusetts Daniel Shays placed himself at the head of a large body of armed insurgents, and defied the government of that State. There was resistance to taxation every where, and disrespect for law became the rule and not the exception. All this rapid tendency to anarchy was justified by the right of secession guaranteed by the exercise of INDE-PENDENT STATE SOVEREIGNTY—that hateful political heresy whose logical result is seen in the inauguration of the Great Rebellion now (1862) desolating the land. There was doubt, and perplexity, and confusion on every side. Society appeared to be about to dissolve into its original elements.

Patriots, men who had labored for the establishment of a wise government for a free people, were heart-sick. "Illiberality, jealousy, and local policy mix too much in all our public councils for the good government of the Union," wrote Washington. "The Confederation appears to me to be little more than a shadow without the substance, and Congress a nugatory body, their ordinances being little attended to. To me it is a solecism in politics; indeed, it is one of the most extraordinary things in nature that we should confederate as a nation, and yet be afraid to give the rulers of that nation (who are the creatures of our own making, appointed for a limited and short duration, and who are amenable for every action, and may be recalled at any moment, and are subject to all the evils Adams was never actually insulted; but the they may be instrumental in producing) suffi-



cient powers to order and direct the affairs of the same. By such policy as this the wheels of government are clogged, and the brightest prospects, and that high expectation which was entertained of us by the wondering world are turned into astonishment; and from the high ground on which we stood we are descending into the vale of confusion and darkness..... That our resources are ample and increasing none can deny; but while they are grudgingly applied, or not applied at all, we give a vital stab to public faith, and shall sink, in the eyes of Europe, into contempt."

Other patriots uttered similar sentiments: and there was a feverish anxiety in the public mind concerning the future, destructive of all confidence and ruinous to enterprises of every kind. Grave discussions upon the subject occurred in the library at Mount Vernon, and Washington suggested the idea of a convention of deputies from the several States to make arrangements for a general commercial system over which the Congress under the Confederation had no control. That suggestion was luminous. It beamed out upon the surrounding darkness like a ray of morning light. It was the herald and harbinger of future important action—the key-note of a loud trumpet-call for the wise men of the land to save the tottering Republic. It was the electric fire that ran along the paralyzed nerves of the nation, and quickened into action a broader statesmanship, like that displayed by the youthful Alexander Hamilton, who, three or four years before, had induced the Legislature of the State of New York to recommend "the assembling of a General Convention of the United States specially authorized to revise and amend the Articles of Confederation, reserving the right to the respective legislatures to ratify their determination." Then was planted the seed of the National Constitution.

At length a convention of delegates assembled at Philadelphia, in May, 1787, and in September following their labors resulted in the production of our present National Constitution. It was submitted to conventions of the representatives of the people (not the Legislatures) in all the States. After earnest deliberation-after the free discussion of every known principle of government involving State rights and State sovereignty-after a careful comparison of the advantages and disadvantages of a consolidated nation and the Confederacy they had fairly tried, they solemnly declared that "WE THE PEOPLE of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." By this solemn act of the PEOPLE, they became a consolidated nation, and the hitherto "Sovereign States" were transformed into municipalities, holding the same general relation to the National Government as towns and counties did to themselves. | have deep significance in certain relations. | Let Vol. XXVI.—No. 152.—O

With the birth of the nation, in the spring of 1789, the Continental Congress—the representative of the League of States-whose existence began in 1774, expired. Its history is one of the most remarkable on record. It was first an almost spontaneous gathering of patriotic men, chosen by their fellow-citizens in a time of great perplexity, to consult upon the public good. They represented different provinces extending a thousand miles along the Atlantic coast, with interests as diversified as the climate and geog-With boldness unequaled, and faith unexampled, they snatched the sceptre of rule over a vast dominion from imperial England of whose monarch they were subjects, and assumed the functions of sovereignty by creating armies, levying war, issuing bills of credit, declaring the provinces free and independent States, negotiating treaties with foreign governments; and finally, after eight long years of struggle, wringing from their former ruler his acknowledgment of the independence of the States which they represented. The career of that Congress was meteor-like, and astonished the world with its brilliancy. It was also short. Like a halfdeveloped giant exhausted by mighty efforts, it first exhibited lassitude, then decrepitude, and at last hopeless decay. Poor and weak, its services forgotten by those who should have been grateful for them, it lost the respect of all mankind, and died of political marasmus.

Out of the remains of the weak Confederacy, whose bond of union was like a rope of sand, Phoenix-like and in full vigor, arose a Nation whose existence had been decreed by the will of true sovereignty-THE PEOPLE-and whose perpetuity depends upon that will. It immediately arrested the profound attention of the civilized world. It was perceived that its commerce, its diplomacy, and its dignity were no longer exposed to neglect by thirteen distinct legislative bodies, but were guarded by a central power of wonderful energy. It was seen that the immortal prophecy of Bishop Berkeley was on the eve of fulfillment. Haughty England, who had believed all that Lord Sheffield had asserted, and more, and steadily refused to send an embassador to the United States or make commercial arrangements with them while they remained simply a League of irresponsible "Sovereignties," now hastened to do both, because Commerce, the god of her idolatry, nodded willing and anxious assent. The very propositions for a commercial treaty which were rejected with scorn when offered by Adams a few years before, were now revived by the British Government itself, and a minister plenipotentiary was sent to the American Republican Court. France, Spain, and Holland also hastened to place their representatives at the seat of the new government, and the world acknowledged that the new-born nation was a Power in the earth-positive, tangible, indubitable.

Let us remember that we are a NATION, not a LEAGUE OF STATES OF CONFEDERACY. Words



us, in thinking, speaking, and writing of our Government and its concerns, habitually use the word National instead of Federal. The former expresses a great truth, and is broad and noble; the latter expresses a falsehood, and is narrow and ignoble in comparison. The former is calculated to inspire our children with just, expanded, and patriotic views; the latter, by its ality permeate our whole political system.

common use, will tend to perpetuate the heretical doctrine of State sovereignty, give our children false ideas, and make them subservient to sectional bigotry. Let us habitually say, National Congress, National Capitol, National Government, National Army and Navy, National Judiciary, etc. Let the idea of Nation-

ROMOLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE."



CHAPTER XXI.

FLORENCE EXPECTS A GUEST.

T was the seventeenth of November, 1494: more than eighteen months since Tito and Romola had been finally united in the joyous Easter time, and had had a rainbow-tinted shower of comfits thrown over them, after the ancient Greek fashion, in token that the heavens would shower sweets on them through all their double life.

Since that Easter time a great change had come over the prospects of Florence; and as in the tree that bears a myriad of blossoms, each single bud with its fruit is dependent on the primary circulation of the sap, so the fortunes of Tito and Romola were dependent on certain grand political and social conditions which made an epoch in the history of Italy.

In this very November, little more than a week ago, the spirit of the old centuries seemed to have re-entered the breasts of Florentines. The great bell in the Palace tower had rung out the hammer-sound of alarm, and the people had mustered with their rusty arms, their tools, and

impromptu cudgels to drive out the Medici. The gate of San Gallo had been fairly shut on the arrogant, exasperating Piero, galloping away toward Bologna with his hired horsemen frightened behind him, and on his keener young brother, the cardinal, escaping in the disguise of a Franciscan monk; and a price had been set on their heads. After that there had been some sacking of houses, according to old precedent; the ignominious images, painted on the public buildings, of the men who had conspired against the Medici in days gone by, were effaced; the exiled enemies of the Medici were invited home. The half-fledged tyrants were fairly out of their splendid nest in the Via Larga, and the Republic had recovered the use of its will again.

But now, a week later, the great palace in the Via Larga had been prepared for the reception of another tenant; and if drapery roofing the streets with unwonted color, if banners and hangings pouring out from the windows, if carpets and tapestry stretched over all steps and pavement where exceptional feet might tread. were an unquestionable proof of joy, Florence was very joyful in the expectation of its new guest. The stream of color flowed from the Palace in the Via Larga round by the Cathedral, then by the great Piazza della Signoria, and across the Ponte Vecchio to the Porta San Frediano - the gate that looks toward Pisa. There, near the gate, a platform and canopy had been erected for the Signoria; and Messer Luca Corsini, doctor of law, felt his heart palpitating a little with the sense that he had a Latin oration to read; and every chief elder in Florence had to make himself ready, with smooth chin and well-lined silk lucco, to walk in procession; and the well-born youths were looking at their rich new tunics after the French mode, which was to impress the stranger as having a peculiar grace when worn by Florentines; and a large body of the clergy, from the archbishop in his effulgence to the train of monks, black, white, and gray, were consulting by times in the morning how they should marshal themselves, with their burden of relics, and sacred banners, and consecrated jewels, that their movements might be adjusted to the expected arrival of the illustrious visitor at three o'clock in the afternoon.

An unexampled visitor! For he had come through the passes of the Alps with such an army as Italy had not seen before: with thou-



sands of terrible Swiss, well used to fight for army. His audience, some of whom were held love and hatred as well as for hire; with a host of gallant cavaliers proud of a name; with an unprecedented infantry, in which every man in a hundred carried an arquebuse; nay, with cannon of bronze shooting not stones but iron balls, drawn not by bullocks but by horses, and capable of firing a second time before a city could mend the breach made by the first ball. Some compared the new-comer to Charlemagne, reputed rebuilder of Florence, welcome conqueror of degenerate kings, regulator and benefactor of the Church; some preferred the comparison to Cyrus, liberator of the chosen people, restorer of the Temple. For he had come across the Alps with the most glorious projects: he was to march through Italy amidst the jubilees of a grateful and admiring people; he was to satisfy all conflicting complaints at Rome; he was to take possession, by virtue of hereditary right and a little fighting, of the kingdom of Naples; and from that convenient starting-point he was to set out on the conquest of the Turks, who were partly to be cut to pieces and partly converted to the faith of Christ. It was a scheme that seemed to befit the Most Christian King, head of a nation which, thanks to the devices of a subtle Louis the Eleventh, who had died in much fright as to his personal prospects ten years before, had become the strongest of Christian monarchies; and this antitype of Cyrus and Charlemagne was no other than the son of that subtle Louis—the young Charles the Eighth of France.

Surely, on a general statement, hardly any thing could seem more grandiose, or fitter to revive in the breasts of men the memory of great dispensations by which new strata had been laid in the history of mankind. And there was a very widely-spread conviction that the advent of the French King and his army into Italy was one of those events at which marble statues might well be believed to perspire, phantasmal fiery warriors to fight in the air, and quadrupeds to bring forth monstrous births—that it did not belong to the usual order of Providence, but was in a peculiar sense the work of God. It was a conviction that rested less on the necessarily momentous character of a powerful foreign invasion than on certain moral emotions to which the aspect of the times gave the form of presentiments emotions which had found a very remarkable utterance in the voice of a single man.

That man was Fra Girolamo Savonarola, Prior of the Dominican convent of San Marco in Florence. On a September morning, when men's ears were ringing with the news that the French army had entered Italy, he had preached in the Cathedral of Florence from the text, "Behold, I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth." He believed it was by supreme guidance that he had reached just so far in his exposition of Genesis the previous Lent; and he believed the "flood of waters"—emblem at once of avenging wrath and purifying mercy—to be

to be among the choicest spirits of the age-the most cultivated men in the most cultivated of Italian cities-believed it too, and listened with shuddering awe. For this man had a power. rarely paralleled, of impressing his beliefs on others, and of swaying very various minds. And as long as four years ago he had proclaimed from the chief pulpit of Florence that a scourge was about to descend on Italy, and that by this scourge the Church was to be purified. Savonarola believed, and his hearers more or less waveringly believed, that he had a mission like that of the Hebrew prophets, and that the Florentines among whom his message was delivered were in some sense a second chosen people. The idea of prophetic gifts was not a remote one in that age: seers of visions, circumstantial heralds of things to be, were far from uncommon either outside or inside the cloister; but this very fact made Savonarola stand out the more conspicuously as a grand exception. While in others the gift of prophecy was very much like a farthing candle illuminating small corners of human destiny with prophetic gossip, in Savonarola it was like a mighty beacon shining far out for the warning and guidance of men. And to some of the soberest minds the supernatural character of his insight into the future gathered a strong attestation from the peculiar conditions of the age.

At the close of 1492, the year in which Lorenzo de' Medici died, and Tito Melema came as a wanderer to Florence, Italy was enjoying a peace and prosperity unthreatened by any near and definite danger. There was no fear of famine, for the seasons had been plenteous in corn, and wine, and oil; new palaces had been rising in all fair cities, new villas on pleasant slopes and summits; and the men who had more than their share of these good things were in no fear of the larger number who had less. For the citizens' armor was getting rusty, and populations seemed to have become tame, licking the hands of masters who paid for a ready-made army when they wanted it, as they paid for goods of Smyrna. Even the fear of the Turk had ceased to be active, and the Pope found it more immediately profitable to accept bribes from him for a little prospective poisoning than to form plans either for conquering or for converting him.

Altogether, this world, with its partitioned empire and its roomy universal Church, seemed to be a handsome establishment for the few who were lucky or wise enough to reap the advantages of human folly—a world in which lust and obscenity, lying and treachery, oppression and murder, were pleasant, useful, and, when properly managed, not dangerous. And as a sort of fringe or adornment to the substantial delights of tyranny, avarice, and lasciviousness, there was the patronage of polite learning and the fine arts, so that flattery could always be had in the choicest Latin to be commanded at that time, and sublime artists were at hand to paint the the divinely indicated symbol of the French holy and the unclean with impartial skill. The

Church, it was said, had never been so disgraced in its head, had never shown so few signs of renovating, vital belief in its lower members; yet it was much more prosperous than in some past days. The heavens were fair and smiling above; and below there were no signs of earthquake.

Yet at that time, as we have seen, there was a man in Florence who for two years and more had been preaching that a scourge was at hand; that the world was certainly not framed for the lasting convenience of hypocrites, libertines, and oppressors. From the midst of those smiling heavens he had seen a sword hanging-the sword of God's justice-which was speedily to descend with purifying punishment on the Church and the world. In brilliant Ferrara, seventeen years before, the contradiction between men's lives and their professed beliefs had pressed upon him with a force that had been enough to destroy his appetite for the world, and at the age of twenty-three had driven him into the cloister. He believed that God had committed to the Church the sacred lamp of truth for the guidance and salvation of men, and he saw that the Church, in its corruption, had become as a sepulchre to hide the lamp. As the years went on scandals increased and multiplied, and hypocrisy seemed to have given place to impudence. Had the world then ceased to have a righteous Ruler? Was the Church finally forsaken? No, assuredly: in the Sacred Book there was a record of the past in which might be seen as in a glass what would be in the days to come, and the book showed that when the wickedness of the chosen people, type of the Christian Church, had become crying, the judgments of God had descended on them. Nay, reason itself declared that vengeance was imminent, for what else would suffice to turn men from their obstinacy in evil? And unless the Church were reclaimed, how could the promises be fulfilled, that the heathens should be converted and the whole world become subject to the one true law? He had seen his belief reflected in visions—a mode of seeing which had been frequent with him from his youth up.

But the real force of demonstration for Girolamo Savonarola lay in his own burning indignation at the sight of wrong; in his fervid belief in an Unseen Justice that would put an end to the wrong, and in an Unseen Purity to which lying and uncleanness were an abomination. To his ardent, power-loving soul, believing in great ends, and longing to achieve those ends by the exertion of a mighty and generous will, the faith in a supreme and righteous Ruler became one with the faith in a speedy divine interposition that would punish and reclaim.

Meanwhile, under that splendid masquerade of dignities sacred and secular which seemed to make the life of lucky Churchmen and princely families so luxurious and amusing, there were certain conditions at work which slowly tended to disturb the general festivity. Ludovico Sforza—copious in gallantry, splendid patron of an incomparable Lionardo da Vinci—holding the ducal crown of Milan in his grasp, and wanting desired good re his coming. I tively on the comparable tively on the soft of Italy, let F loved of God, and been specific tiss ways, like cloud would reduce the comparable Lionardo da Vinci—holding the ducal crown of Milan in his grasp, and wanting

to put it on his own head rather than let it rest on that of a feeble nephew who would take very little to poison him, was much afraid of the Spanish-born old King Ferdinand and the Crown Prince Alfonso of Naples, who, not liking cruelty and treachery which were useless to themselves, objected to the poisoning of a near relative for the advantage of a Lombard usurper; the royalties of Naples again were afraid of their suzerain, Pope Alexander Borgia; all three were anxiously watching Florence, lest with its midway territory it should determine the game by underhand backing; and all four, with every small state in Italy, were afraid of Venice-Venice the cautious, the stable, and the strong, that wanted to stretch its arms not only along both sides of the Adriatic but across to the ports of the western coast.

Lorenzo de' Medici, it was thought, did much to prevent the fatal outbreak of such jealousies. keeping up the old Florentine alliance with Naples and the Pope, and yet persuading Milan that the alliance was for the general advantage. But young Piero de' Medici's rash vanity had quickly nullified the effect of his father's wary policy, and Ludovico Sforza, roused to suspicion of a league against him, thought of a move which would checkmate his adversaries; he determined to invite the French king to march into Italy, and, as heir of the house of Anjou, to take possession of Naples. Embassadors-"orators," as they were called in those haranguing times-went and came; a recusant cardinal determined not to acknowledge a Pope elected by bribery, and his own particular enemy, went and came also, and seconded the invitation with hot rhetoric; and the young king seemed to lend a willing ear. So that in 1493 the rumor spread and became louder and louder that Charles the Eighth of France was about to cross the Alps with a mighty army; and the Italian populations, accustomed, since Italy had ceased to be the heart of the Roman empire, to look for an arbitrator from afar, began vaguely to regard his coming as a means of avenging their wrongs and redressing their grievances.

And in that rumor Savonarola had heard the assurance that his prophecy was being verified. What was it that filled the ear of the prophets of old but the distant tread of foreign armies coming to do the work of justice? He no longer looked vaguely to the horizon for the coming storm: he pointed to the rising cloud. The French army was that new deluge which was to purify the earth from iniquity; the French king, Charles VIII., was the instrument elected by God, as Cyrus had been of old, and all men who desired good rather than evil were to rejoice in his coming. For the scourge would fall destructively on the impenitent alone. Let any city of Italy, let Florence above all-Florence beloved of God, since to its ear the warning voice had been specially sent-repent and turn from its ways, like Nineveh of old, and the stormcloud would roll over it and leave only refresh-



Fra Girolamo's word was powerful; yet now that the new Cyrus had already been three months in Italy, and was not far from the gates of Florence, his presence was expected there with mixed feelings, in which fear and distrust certainly predominated. At present it was not understood that he had redressed any grievances; and the Florentines clearly had nothing to thank him for. He held their strong frontier fortresses, which Piero de' Medici had given up to him without securing any honorable terms in return; he had done nothing to quell the alarming revolt of Pisa, which had been encouraged by his presence to throw off the Florentine voke; and "orators," even with a prophet at their head, could win no assurance from him, except that he would settle every thing when he was once within the walls of Florence. Still, there was the satisfaction of knowing that the exasperating Piero de' Medici had been fairly pelted out for the ignominious surrender of the fortresses, and in that act of energy the spirit of the Republic had recovered some of its old fire.

The preparations for the equivocal guest were not entirely those of a city resigned to submission. Behind the bright drapery and banners symbolical of joy there were preparations of another sort made with common accord by government and people. Well hidden within walls there were hired soldiers of the Republic, hastily called in from the surrounding districts; there were old arms newly furbished, and sharp tools and heavy cudgels laid carefully at hand, to be snatched up on short notice; there were excellent boards and stakes to form barricades upon occasion, and a good supply of stones to make a surprising hail from the upper windows. Above all, there were people very strongly in the humor for fighting any personage who might be supposed to have designs of hectoring over them, having lately tasted that new pleasure with much relish. This humor was not diminished by the sight of occasional parties of Frenchmen, coming beforehand to choose their quarters, with a hawk, perhaps, on their left wrist, and, metaphorically speaking, a piece of chalk in their right hand to mark Italian doors withal; especially as credible historians imply that many sons of France were at that time characterized by something approaching to a swagger, which must have whetted the Florentine appetite for a little stone-throwing.

And this was the temper of Florence on the morning of the seventeenth of November, 1494.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PRISONERS.

THE sky was gray, but that made little difference in the Piazza del Duomo, which was covered with its holiday sky of blue drapery, and its constellations of yellow lilies and coats of arms. The sheaves of banners were unfurled at the

yet on the steps of the Duomo, for the marble was being trodden by numerous feet that were not at all exceptional. It was the hour of the Advent sermons, and the very same reasons which had flushed the streets with holiday color were reasons why the preaching in the Duomo could least of all be dispensed with.

But not all the feet in the Piazza were hastening toward the steps. People of high and low degree were moving to and fro with the brisk pace of men who had errands before them; groups of talkers were thickly scattered, some willing to be late for the sermon, others content not to hear it at all.

The expression on the faces of these apparent loungers was not that of men who are enjoying the pleasant laziness of an opening holiday. Some were in close and eager discussion; others were listening with keen interest to a single spokesman, and yet from time to time turned round with a scanning glance at any new passerby. At the corner, looking toward the Via de' Cerretani-just where the artificial rainbow light of the Piazza ceased, and the gray morning fell on the sombre stone houses—there was a remarkable cluster of the working people, most of them bearing on their dress or persons the signs of their daily labor, and almost all of them carrying some weapon, or some tool which might serve as a weapon upon occasion. Standing in the gray light of the street, with bare brawny arms and soiled garments, they made all the more striking the transition from the brightness of the Piazza. They were listening to the thin notary, Ser Cioni, who had just paused on his way to the Duomo. His biting words could get only a contemptuous reception two years and a half before in the Mercato, but now he spoke with the more complacent humor of a man whose party is uppermost, and who is conscious of some influence with the people.

"Never talk to me," he was saying, in his incisive voice, "never talk to me of blood-thirsty Swiss or fierce French infantry: they might as well be in the narrow passes of the mountains as in our streets; and peasants have destroyed the finest armies of our condottiers in time past, when they had once got them between steep precipices. I tell you, Florentines need be afraid of no army in their own streets."

"That's true, Ser Cioni," said a man whose arms and hands were discolored by crimson dye, which looked like blood-stains, and who had a small hatchet stuck in his belt; "and those French cavaliers, who came in squaring themselves in their smart doublets the other day, saw a sample of the dinner we could serve up for them. I was carrying my cloth in Ognissanti, when I saw my fine Messeri going by, looking round as if they thought the houses of the Vespucci and the Agli a poor pick of lodgings for them, and eying us Florentines, like top-knotted cocks as they are, as if they pitied us because we didn't know how to strut. 'Yes, my fine Galli,' says I, 'stick out your stomachs, I've got angles of the Baptistery, but there was no carpet | a meat-axe in my belt that will go inside you all



the easier;' when presently the old cow lowed,* and I knew something had happened-no matter what. So I threw my cloth in at the first door-way, and took hold of my meat-axe and ran after my fine cavaliers toward the Vigna Nuova. And, 'What is it, Guccio?' said I, when he came up with me. 'I think it's the Medici coming back,' said Guccio. Bembè! I expected so! And up we reared a barricade, and the Francesi looked behind and saw themselves in a trap; and up comes a good swarm of our Ciompi, † and one of them with a big scythe he had in his hand mowed off one of the fine cavalier's feathers—it's true! And the lasses peppered a few stones down to frighten them. However, Piero de' Medici wasn't come after all; and it was a pity; for we'd have left him neither legs nor wings to go away with again."

"Well spoken, Oddo," said a young butcher, with his knife at his belt; "and it's my belief Piero will be a good while before he wants to come back, for he looked as frightened as a hunted chicken, when we hustled and pelted him in piazza. He's a coward, else he might have made a better stand when he'd got his horsemen. But we'll swallow no Medici any more, whatever else the French king wants to make us swallow."

"But I like not those French cannon they talk of," said Goro, none the less fat for two years' additional grievances. "San Giovanni defend us! If Messer Domeneddio means so well by us as your Frate says he does, Ser Cioni, why shouldn't he have sent the French another way to Naples?"

"Madesi (yes, indeed), Goro," said the dyer, "and that's a question worth putting. Thou art not such a pumpkin-head as I took thee for. Why, they might have gone to Naples by Bologna, eh, Ser Cioni? or if they'd gone to Arezzo—we wouldn't have minded their going to Arezzo."

"Fools! It will be for the good and glory of Florence," Ser Cioni began. But he was interrupted by the exclamation, "Look there!" which burst from several voices at once, while the faces were all turned to a party who were advancing along the Via de' Cerretani.

"It's Lorenzo Tornabuoni, and one of the French noblemen who are in his house," said Ser Cioni, in some contempt at this interruption. "He pretends to look well satisfied—that deep Tornabuoni—but he's a Medicean in his heart: mind that."

The advancing party was rather a brilliant one, for there was not only the distinguished presence of Lorenzo Tornabuoni, and the splendid costume of the Frenchman with his elaborately displayed white linen and gorgeous embroidery; there were two other Florentines of high birth in handsome dresses donned for the coming procession, and on the left hand of the Frenchman was a figure that was not to be

eclipsed by any amount of intention or brocade -a figure we have often seen before. He wore nothing but black, for he was in mourning; but the black was presently to be covered by a red mantle, for he too was to walk in procession as Latin Secretary to the Dieci. Tito Melema had become conspicuously serviceable in the intercourse with the French guests, from his familiarity with Southern Italy, and his readiness in the French tongue, which he had spoken in his early youth; and he had paid more than one visit to the French camp at Signa. The lustre of good fortune was upon him; he was smiling, listening, and explaining, with his usual graceful unpretentions ease, and only a very keen eye bent on studying him could have marked a certain amount of change in him which was not to be accounted for by the lapse of eighteen months. It was that change which comes from the final departure of moral youthfulness-from the distinct self-conscious adoption of a part in life. The lines of the face were as soft as ever, the eyes as pellucid; but something was gonesomething as indefinable as the changes in the morning twilight.

The Frenchman was gathering instructions concerning ceremonial before riding back to Signa, and now he was going to have a final survey of the Piazza del Duomo, where the royal procession was to pause for religious purposes. The distinguished party attracted the notice of all eyes as it entered the piazza, but the gaze was not entirely cordial and admiring; there were remarks not altogether allusive and mysterious to the Frenchman's hoof-shaped shoes-delicate flattery of royal superfluity in toes; and there was no care that certain snarlings at "Mediceans" should be strictly inaudible. But Lorenzo Tornabuoni possessed that power of dissembling annoyance which is demanded in a man who courts popularity, and to Tito's natural disposition to overcome ill-will by good-humor, there was added the unimpassioned feeling of the alien toward names and details that move the deepest passions of the native. Arrived where they could get a good oblique view of the Duomo the party paused. The festoons and devices that had been placed over the central door-way excited some demur, and Tornabuoni beckoned to Piero di Cosimo, who, as was usual with him at this hour, was lounging in front of Nello's shop. There was soon an animated discussion, which became highly amusing from the Frenchman's astonishment at Piero's odd pungency of statement, which Tito translated literally. Even snarling on-lookers became curious, and their faces began to wear the half-smiling, half-humiliated expression of people who are not within hearing of the joke which is producing infectious laughter. It was a delightful moment for Tito, for he was the only one of the party who could have made so amusing an interpreter, and without any disposition to triumphant self-gratulation, he reveled in the sense that he was an object of liking-he basked in approving glances. The rainbow light fell



[&]quot;La vacca muglia" was the phrase for the sounding of the great bell in the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio.

[†] The poorer artisans connected with the wool trade-wool-beaters, carders, washers, etc.

goers had all disappeared within the walls. It seemed as if the piazza had been decorated for a real Florentine holiday.

Meanwhile, in the gray light of the unadorned streets, there were on-comers who made no show of linen and brocade, and whose humor was far from merry. Here, too, the French dress and hoofed shoes were conspicuous, but they were being pressed upon by a larger and larger number of non-admiring Florentines. In the van of the crowd were three men in scanty clothing; each had his hands bound together by a cord, and a rope was fastened round his neck and body, in such a way that he who held the extremity of the rope might easily check any rebellious movement by the threat of throttling. The men who held the ropes were French soldiers, and by broken Italian phrases and strokes from the knotted end of the rope, they from time to time stimulated their prisoners to beg. Two of them were obedient, and to every Florentine they had encountered had held out their bound hands, and said, in piteous tones,

"For the love of God and the Holy Madonna. give us something toward our ransom! We are Tuscans: we were made prisoners in Lunigiana."

But the third man remained obstinately silent under all the strokes from the knotted cord. He was very different in aspect from his two fellowprisoners. They were young and hardy, and, in the scant clothing which the avarice of their captors had left them, looked like vulgar, sturdy mendicants. But he had passed the boundary of old age, and could hardly be less than four or five and sixty. His beard, which had grown long in neglect, and the hair, which fell thick and straight round his baldness, were nearly white. His thick-set figure was still firm and upright, though emaciated, and seemed to express energy in spite of age—an expression that was partly carried out in the dark eyes and strong dark eyebrows, which had a strangely isolated intensity of color in the midst of his yellow, bloodless, deep-wrinkled face with its lank gray hairs. And yet there was something fitful in the eyes which contradicted the occasional flash of energy; after looking round with quick fierceness at windows and faces they fell again with a lost and wandering look. But his lips were motionless, and he held his hands resolutely down. He would not beg.

This sight had been witnessed by the Florentines with growing exasperation. Many standing at their doors or passing quietly along had at once given money—some in half automatic response to an appeal in the name of God, others in that unquestioning awe of the French soldiery which had been created by the reports of their cruel warfare, and on which the French themselves counted as a guarantee of immunity in their acts of insolence. But as the group had proceeded farther into the heart of the city. that compliance had gradually disappeared, and the soldiers found themselves escorted by a gath-

about the laughing group, and the grave church- | chorus of exclamations sufficiently intelligible to foreign ears without any interpreter. The soldiers themselves had begun to dislike their position, for with a strong inclination to use their weapons, they were checked by the necessity for keeping a secure hold on their prisoners, and they were now hurrying along in the hope of finding shelter in a hostelry.

"French dogs!" "Bullock-feet!" "Snatch their pikes from them!" "Cut the cords and make them run for their prisoners. run as fast as geese-don't you see they're webfooted?" These were the cries which the soldiers vaguely understood to be jeers, and probably threats. But every one seemed disposed to give invitations of this spirited kind rather than to act upon them.

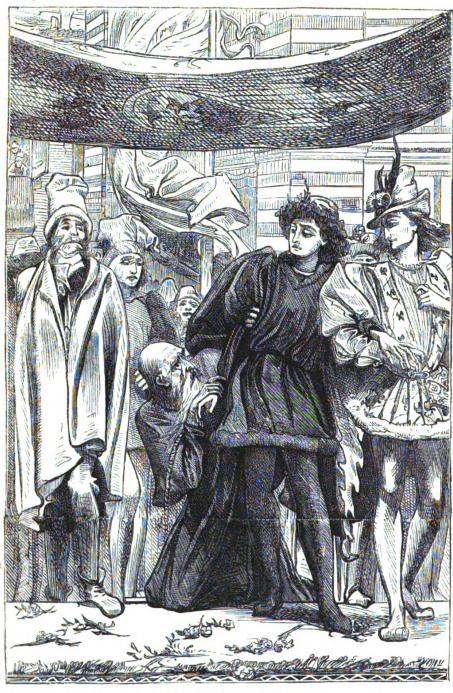
"Santiddio! here's a sight!" said the dyer, as soon as he had divined the meaning of the advancing tumult, "and the fools do nothing but hoot. Come along!" he added, snatching his axe from his belt, and running to join the crowd, followed by the butcher and all the rest of his companions except Goro, who hastily retreated up a narrow passage.

The sight of the dyer, running forward with blood-red arms and axe uplifted, and with his cluster of rough companions behind him, had a stimulating effect on the crowd. Not that he did any thing else than pass beyond the soldiers and thrust himself well among his fellowcitizens, flourishing his axe; but he served as a stirring symbol of street fighting, like the waving of a well-known gonfalon. And the first sign that fire was ready to burst out was something as rapid as a little leaping tongue of flame: it was an act of the cerretano's impish lad Lollo, who was dancing and jeering in front of the ingenuous boys that made the majority of the crowd. Lollo had no great compassion for the prisoners, but being conscious of an excellent knife which was his unfailing companion, it had seemed to him from the first that to jump forward, cut a rope, and leap back again before the soldier who held it could use his weapon, would be an amusing and dextrous bit of mischief. And now, when the people began to hoot and jostle more vigorously, Lollo felt that his moment was come-he was close to the eldest prisoner: in an instant he had cut the cord.

"Run, old one!" he piped in the prisoner's ear, as soon as the cord was in two; and himself set the example of running as if he were helped along with wings, like a scared fowl.

The prisoner's sensations were not too slow for him to seize the opportunity: the idea of escape had been continually present with him, and he had gathered fresh hope from the temper of the crowd. He ran at once; but his speed would hardly have sufficed for him if the Florentines had not instantaneously rushed between him and his captor. He ran on into the piazza, but he quickly heard the tramp of feet behind him, for the other two prisoners had been released, and the soldiers were struggling and fightering troop of men and boys, who kept up a ing their way after them, in such tardigrade





THE ESCAPED PRISONER.

fashion as their hoof-shaped shoes would allow -impeded, but not very resolutely attacked, by the people. One of the two younger prisoners turned up the Borgo di San Lorenzo, and thus made a partial diversion of the hubbub; but the main struggle was still toward the piazza, where all eyes were turned on it with alarmed curiosity. The cause could not be precisely guessed, for the French dress was screened by the impeding crowd.

"An escape of prisoners," said Lorenzo Tornabuoni, as he and his party turned round just against the steps of the Duomo, and saw a pris-oner rushing by them. "The people are not content with having emptied the Bargello the other day. If there is no other authority in sight they must fall on the sbirri and secure freedom to thieves. Ah! there is a French soldier: that is more serious."

The soldier he saw was struggling along on

the north side of the piazza, but the object of his pursuit had taken the other direction. That object was the eldest prisoner, who had wheeled round the Baptistery and was running toward the Duomo, determined to take refuge in that sanctuary rather than trust to his speed. But in mounting the steps his foot received a shock; he was precipitated toward the group of signori, whose backs were turned to him, and was only able to recover his balance as he clutched one of them by the arm.

It was Tito Melema who felt that clutch. He turned his head, and saw the face of his adopted father, Baldassarre Calvo, close to his own.

The two men looked at each other, silent as death: Baldassarre, with dark fierceness and a tightening grip of the soiled worn hands on the velvet-clad arm; Tito, with cheeks and lips all bloodless, fascinated by terror. It seemed a long while to them—it was but a moment.

The first sound Tito heard was the short laugh of Piero di Cosimo, who stood close by him and was the only person that could see his face.

- "Ha, ha! I know what a ghost should be now."
- "This is another escaped prisoner," said Lorenzo Tornabuoni. "Who is he, I wonder?"

"Some madman, surely," said Tito.

He hardly knew how the words had come to his lips: there are moments when our passions speak and decide for us, and we seem to stand by and wonder. They carry in them an inspiration of crime, that in one instant does the work of long premeditation.

The two men had not taken their eyes off each other, and it seemed to Tito, when he had spoken, that some magical poison had darted from Baldassarre's eyes, and that he felt it rushing through his veins. But the next instant the grasp on his arm had relaxed, and Baldassarre had disappeared within the church.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AFTER-THOUGHTS.

"You are easily frightened, though," said Piero, with another scornful laugh. "My portrait is not as good as the original. But the old fellow had a tiger look: I must go into the Duomo and see him again."

"It is not pleasant to be laid hold of by a madman, if madman he be," said Lorenzo Tornabuoni, in polite excuse of Tito; "but perhaps he is only a ruffian. We shall hear. I think we must see if we have authority enough to stop this disturbance between our people and your countrymen," he added, addressing the Frenchman.

They advanced toward the crowd with their swords drawn, all the quiet spectators making an escort for them. Tito went too: it was necessary that he should know what others knew declared himself to have had what he believed to

about Baldassarre, and the first palsy of terror was being succeeded by the rapid devices to which mortal danger will stimulate the timid.

The rabble of men and boys, more inclined to hoot at the soldier and torment him than to receive or inflict any serious wounds, gave way at the approach of signori with drawn swords, and the French soldier was interrogated. He and his companions had simply brought their prisoners into the city that they might beg money for their ransom: two of the prisoners were Tuscan soldiers taken in Lunigiana; the other, an elderly man, was with a party of Genoese, with whom the French foragers had come to blows near Fivizzano. He might be mad, but he was harm-The soldier knew no more, being unable to understand a word the old man said. Tito heard so far, but he was deaf to every thing else till he was specially addressed. It was Tornabuoni who spoke.

"Will you go back with us, Melema? Or, since Messere is going off to Signa now, will you wisely follow the fashion of the times and go to hear the Frate, who will be like the torrent at its height this morning? It's what we must all do, you know, if we are to save our Medicean skins. I should go if I had the leisure."

Tito's face had recovered its color now, and he could make an effort to speak with gayety.

- "Of course I am among the admirers of the inspired orator," he said, smilingly; "but, unfortunately, I shall be occupied with the Segretario till the time of the procession."
- "I am going into the Duomo to look at that savage old man again," said Piero.

"Then have the charity to show him to one of the hospitals for travelers, *Piero mio*," said Tornabuoni. "The monks may find out whether he wants putting into a cage."

The party separated, and Tito took his way to the Palazzo Vecchio, where he was to find Bartolommeo Scala. It was not a long walk, but for Tito it was stretched out like the minutes of our morning dreams: the short spaces of street and piazza held memories, and previsions, and torturing fears, that might have made the history of months. He felt as if a serpent had begun to coil round his limbs. Baldassarre living, and in Florence, was a living revenge, which would no more rest than a winding serpent would rest until it had crushed its prey. It was not in the nature of that man to let an injury pass unavenged: his love and his hatred were of that passionate fervor which subjugates all the rest of the being, and makes a man sacrifice himself to his passion as if it were a deity to be worshiped with self-destruction. Baldassarre had relaxed his hold and had disappeared. Tito knew well how to interpret that: it meant that the vengeance was to be studied that it might be sure. If he had not uttered those decisive words-"He is a madman"-if he could have summoned up the state of mind, the courage necessary for avowing his recognition of Baldassarre, would not the risk have been less? He might have



be positive evidence of Baldassarre's death; and the only persons who could ever have had positive knowledge to contradict him were Fra Luca. who was dead, and the crew of the companion galley, who had brought him the news of the encounter with the pirates. The chances were infinite against Baldassarre's having met again with any one of the crew, and Tito thought with bitterness that a timely, well-devised falsehood might have saved him from any fatal consequences. But to have told that falsehood would have required perfect self-command in the moment of a convulsive shock: he seemed to have spoken without any preconception—the words had leaped forth like a sudden birth that has been begotten and nourished in the darkness.

Tito was experiencing that inexorable law of human souls, that we prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of good or evil that gradually determines character.

There was but one chance for him now—the chance of Baldassarre's failure in finding his revenge. And—Tito grasped at a thought more actively cruel than any he had ever encouraged before—might not his own unpremeditated words have some truth in them? enough truth, at least, to bear him out in his denial of any declaration Baldassarre might make about him? The old man looked strange and wild: with his eager heart and brain suffering was likely enough to have produced madness. If it were so, the vengeance that strove to inflict disgrace might be baffled.

But there was another form of vengeance not to be baffled by ingenious lying. Baldassarre belonged to a race to whom the thrust of the dagger seems almost as natural an impulse as the outleap of the tiger's talons. Tito shrank with shuddering dread from disgrace; but he had also that physical dread which is inseparable from a soft pleasure-loving nature, and which prevents a man from meeting wounds and death as a welcome relief from disgrace. His thoughts flew at once to some hidden defensive armor that might save him from a vengeance which no subtlety could parry.

He wondered at the power of the passionate fear that possessed him. It was as if he had been smitten with a blighting disease that had suddenly turned the joyous sense of young life into pain.

There was still one resource open to Tito. He might have turned back, sought Baldassarre again, confessed every thing to him—to Romola—to all the world. But he never thought of that. The repentance which cuts off all moorings to evil demands something more than self-ish fear. He had no sense that there was strength and safety in truth, the only strength he trusted to lay in his ingenuity and his dissimulation. Now the first shock, which had called up the traitorous signs of fear, was well past, he hoped to be prepared for all emergencies by cool deceit—and defensive armor.

It was a characteristic fact in Tito's experi- gray hairs made a peculiar appeal to her, and ence at this crisis that no direct measures for the stamp of some unwonted suffering in the

ridding himself of Baldassarre ever occurred to him. All other possibilities passed through his mind, even to his own flight from Florence, but he never thought of any scheme for removing his enemy. His dread generated no active malignity, and he would still have been glad not to give pain to any mortal. He had simply chosen to make life easy to himself-to carry his human lot, if possible, in such a way that it should pinch him nowhere; and the choice had, at various times, landed him in unexpected positions. The question now was, not whether he should divide the common pressure of destiny with his suffering fellow-men; it was whether all the resources of lying would save him from being crushed by the consequences of that habitual choice.

CHAPTER XXIV.

INSIDE THE DUOMO.

When Baldassarre, with his hands bound together, and the rope round his neck and body, pushed his way behind the curtain, and saw the interior of the Duomo before him, he gave a start of astonishment, and stood still against the door-way. He had expected to see a vast nave empty of every thing but lifeless emblems—side altars with candles unlit, dim pictures, pale and rigid statues, with perhaps a few worshipers in the distant choir following a monotonous chant. That was the ordinary aspect of churches to a man who never went into them with any religious purpose.

And he saw, instead, a vast multitude of warm, living faces, upturned in breathless silence toward the pulpit, at the angle between the nave and the choir. The multitude was of all ranks, from magistrates and dames of gentle nurture to coarsely-clad artisans and country people. In the pulpit was a Dominican monk, with strong features and dark hair, preaching with the crucifix in his hand. For the first few minutes Baldassarre noted nothing of his preaching. Silent as his entrance had been, some eyes near the door-way had been turned on him with surprise and suspicion. The rope indicated plainly enough that he was an escaped prisoner, but in that case the church was a sanctuary which he had a right to claim; his advanced years and look of wild misery were fitted to excite pity rather than alarm; and as he stood motionless, with eyes that soon wandered absently from the wide scene before him to the payement at his feet, those who had observed his entrance presently ceased to regard him, and became absorbed again in the stronger interest of listening to the sermon. Among the eyes that had been turned toward him were Romola's; she had entered late through one of the side doors, and was so placed that she had a full view of the main entrance. She had looked long and attentively at Baldassarre, for gray hairs made a peculiar appeal to her, and



face, confirmed by the cord round the neck. stirred in her those sensibilities toward the sorrows of age, which her whole life had tended to develop. She fancied that his eyes had met hers in their first wandering gaze, but Baldassarre had not, in reality, noted her; he had only had a startled consciousness of the general scene, and the consciousness was a mere flash that made no perceptible break in the fierce tumult of emotion which the encounter with Tito had created. Images from the past kept urging themselves upon him like delirious visions strangely blended with thirst and anguish. No distinct thought for the future could shape itself in the midst of that fiery passion; the nearest approach to such thought was the bitter sense of enfeebled powers, and a vague determination to universal distrust and suspicion. Suddenly he felt himself vibrating to loud tones, which seemed like the thundering echo of his own passion. A voice that penetrated his very marrow with its accent of triumphant certitude was saying, "The day of vengeance is at hand!"

Baldassarre quivered and looked up. He was too distant to see more than the general aspect of the preacher standing with his right arm outstretched, lifting up the crucifix; but he panted for the threatening voice again as if it had been a promise of bliss. There was a pause before the preacher spoke again. He gradually lowered his arm. He deposited the crucifix on the edge of the pulpit, and crossed his arms over his breast, looking round at the multitude as if he would meet the glance of every individual face.

"All ye in Florence are my witnesses, for I spoke not in a corner. Ye are my witnesses, that four years ago, when there were yet no signs of war and tribulation, I preached the coming of the scourge. I lifted up my voice as a trumpet to the prelates and princes and people of Italy and said, The cup of your iniquity is full. Behold, the thunder of the Lord is gathering, and it shall fall and break the cup, and your iniquity, which seems to you as pleasant wine, shall be poured out upon you, and shall be as molten lead. And you, O priests, who say, Ha, ha! there is no Presence in the sanctuary—the Shechinah is naught-the Mercy-seat is bare; we may sin behind the veil, and who shall punish us? To you, I said, the presence of God shall be revealed in his temple as a consuming fire, and your sacred garments shall become a winding-sheet of flame, and for sweet music there shall be shrieks and hissing, and for soft couches there shall be thorns, and for the breath of wantons shall come the pestilence. Trust not in your gold and silver, trust not in your high fortresses; for though the walls were of iron, and the fortresses of adamant, the Most High shall put terror into your hearts and weakness into your councils, so that you shall be confounded and flee like women. He shall break in pieces mighty men without number, and put others in their stead. For God will no longer endure the pollution of his sanctuary: he will thoroughly purge his Church.

"And forasmuch as it is written that God will do nothing but he revealeth it to his servants the prophets, he has chosen me his unworthy servant, and made His purpose present to my soul in the living word of the Scriptures; and in the deeds of His Providence; and by the ministry of angels he has revealed it to me in visions. And His word possesses me so that I am but as the branch of the forest when the wind of heaven penetrates it, and it is not in me to keep silence, even though I may be a derision to the scorner. And for four years I have preached in obedience to the Divine will: in the face of scoffing I have preached three things which the Lord has delivered to me: that in these times God will regenerate His Church, and that before the regeneration must come the scourge over all Italy. and that these things will come quickly, But hypocrites who cloak their hatred of the truth with a show of love have said to me 'Come now, Frate, leave your prophesyings: it is enough to teach virtue.' To these I answer: 'Yes, you say in-your hearts, God lives afar off, and His word is as a parchment written by dead men, and He deals not as in the days of old, rebuking the nations, and punishing the oppressors, and smiting the unholy priests as he smote the sons of Eli.' But I cry again in your ears: God is near and not afar off; His judgments change not. He is the God of armies; the strong men who go up to battle are his ministers, even as the storm, and fire, and pestilence. He drives them by the breath of His angels, and they come upon the chosen land which has forsaken the covenant. And thou, O Italy, art the chosen land: has not God placed his sanctuary within thee, and thou hast polluted it? Behold! the ministers of his wrath are upon thee-they are at thy very doors."

Savonarola's voice had been rising in impassioned force up to this point, when he became suddenly silent, let his hands fall, and clasped them quietly before him. His silence, instead of being the signal for small movements among his audience, seemed to be as strong a spell to them as his voice. Through the vast area of the cathedral men and women sat with faces upturned, like breathing statues, till the voice was heard again in clear low tones.

"Yet there is a pause—even as in the days when Jerusalem was destroyed there was a pause that the children of God might flee from it. There is a stillness before the storm: lo! there is blackness above, but not a leaf quakes: the winds are stayed, that the voice of God's warning may be heard. Hear it now, O Florence, chosen city in the chosen land! Repent and forsake evil: do justice: love mercy: put away all uncleanness from among you, that the spirit of truth and holiness may fill your souls and breathe through all your streets and habitations, and then the pestilence shall not enter, and the sword shall pass over you and leave you unhurt.

"For the sword is hanging from the sky; it is quivering; it is about to fall! The sword of God upon the earth, swift and sudden! Did I not tell you, years ago, that I had beheld the vision



and heard the voice? And behold, it is fulfilled! | this people be saved! Let me see them clothed Is there not a king with his army at your gates? Does not the earth shake with the tread of horses and the wheels of swift cannon? Is there not a fierce multitude that can lay bare the land as with a sharp razor? I tell you the French king with his army is the minister of God: God shall guide him as the hand guides a sharp sickle, and the joints of the wicked shall melt before him, and they shall be mown down as stubble: he that fleeth of them shall not flee away, and he that escapeth of them shall not be delivered. And the tyrants who make to themselves a throne out of the vices of the multitude, and the unbelieving priests who traffic in the souls of men and fill the very sanctuary with fornication, shall be hurled from their soft couches into burning hell; and the pagans and they who sinned under the old covenant shall stand aloof and say: 'Lo! these men have brought the stench of a new wickedness into the everlasting fire.'

"But thou, O Florence, take the offered mercy. See! the Cross is held out to you: come and be healed. Which among the nations of Italy has had a token like unto yours? The tyrant is driven out from among you: the men who held a bribe in their left hand and a rod in their right are gone forth, and no blood has been spilled. And now put away every other abomination from among you, and you shall be strong in the strength of the living God. Wash yourself from the black pitch of your vices, which have made you even as the heathens: put away the envy and hatred that have made your city as a nest of wolves. And there shall no harm happen to you: and the passage of armies shall be to you as the flight of birds, and rebellious Pisa shall be given to you again, and famine and pestilence shall be far from your gates, and you shall be as a beacon among the nations. But, mark! while you suffer the accursed thing to lie in the camp you shall be afflicted and tormented, even though a remnant among you may be saved."

These admonitions and promises had been spoken in an incisive tone of authority; but in the next sentence the preacher's voice melted into a strain of entreaty:

"Listen, O people, over whom my heart yearns, as the heart of a mother over the children she has travailed for! God is my witness that but for your sakes I would willingly live as a turtle in the depths of the forest, singing low to my Beloved, who is mine and I am His. For you I toil, for you I languish, for you my nights are spent in watching, and my soul melteth away for very heaviness. O Lord, thou knowest I am willing-I am ready. Take me, stretch me on thy cross: let the wicked who delight in blood, and rob the poor, and defile the temple of their bodies, and harden themselves against thy mercy-let them wag their heads and shoot out the lip at me: let the thorns press upon my brow, and let my sweat be anguish-I desire to be made like Thee in thy great love. But let me see of the fruit of my travail—let he too was devoting himself—signing with his

in purity: let me hear their voices rise in concord as the voices of the angels: let them see no wisdom but in Thy eternal law, no beauty but in holiness. Then they shall lead the way before the nations, and the people from the four winds shall follow them, and be gathered into the fold of the blessed. For it is thy will, O God, that the earth shall be converted unto thy law: it is thy will that wickedness shall cease and love shall reign. Come, O blessed promise! and behold, I am willing-lay me on the altar: let my blood flow and the fire consume me; but let my witness be remembered among men, that iniquity shall not prosper forever."

During the last appeal Savonarola had stretched out his arms and lifted up his eyes to heaven; his strong voice had alternately trembled with emotion and risen again in renewed energy; but the passion with which he offered himself as a victim became at last too strong to allow of further speech, and he ended in a sob. Every changing tone, vibrating through the audience, shook them into answering emotion. There were plenty among them who had very moderate faith in the Frate's prophetic mission, and who in their cooler moments loved him little; nevertheless, they too were carried along by the great wave of feeling which gathered its force from sympathies that lay deeper than all theory. A loud responding sob rose at once from the wide multitude, while Savonarola had fallen on his knees and buried his face in his mantle. He felt in that moment the rapture and glory of martyrdom without its agony.

In that great sob of the multitude Baldassarre's had mingled. Among all the human beings present, there was perhaps not one whose frame vibrated more strongly than his to the tones and words of the preacher; but it had vibrated like a harp of which all the strings had been wrenched away except one. That threat of a fiery inexorable vengeance—of a future into which the hated sinner might be pursued and held by the avenger in an eternal grapple, had come to him like the promise of an unquenchable fountain to unquenchable thirst. The doctrines of the sages, the old contempt for priestly superstitions, had fallen away from his soul like a forgotten language: if he could have remembered them, what answer could they bave given to his great need like the answer given by this voice of energetic conviction? The thunder of denunciation fell on his passion-wrought nerves with all the force of self-evidence: his thought never went beyond it into questions—he was possessed by it as the war-horse is possessed by the clash of sounds. No word that was not a threat touched his consciousness; he had no fibre to be thrilled by it. But the fierce exultant delight to which he was moved by the idea of perpetual vengeance found at once a climax and a relieving outburst in the preacher's words of self-sacrifice. To Baldassarre those words only brought the vague triumphant sense that



own blood the deed by which he gave himself over to an unending fire, that would seem but coolness to his burning hatred.

"I rescued him—I cherished him—if I might clutch his heart-strings forever! Come, O blessed promise! Let my blood flow; let the fire consume me!"

The one chord vibrated to its utmost. Baldassarre clutched his own palms, driving his long nails into them, and burst into a sob with the rest.

CHAPTER XXV.

OUTSIDE THE DUOMO.

WHILE Baldassarre was possessed by the voice of Savonarola he had not noticed that another man had entered through the door-way behind him, and stood not far off observing him. It was Piero di Cosimo, who took no heed of the preaching, having come solely to look at the escaped prisoner. During the pause, in which the preacher and his audience had given themselves up to inarticulate emotion, the new-comer advanced and touched Baldassarre on the arm. He looked round with the tears still slowly rolling down his face, but with a vigorous sigh, as if he had done with that outburst. The painter spoke to him in a low tone:

"Shall I cut your cords for you? I have heard how you were made prisoner.",

Baldassarre did not reply immediately: he glanced suspiciously at the officious stranger. At last he said, "If you will."

"Better come outside," said Piero.

Baldassarre again looked at him suspiciously; and Piero, partly guessing his thought, smiled, took out a knife, and cut the cords. He began to think that the idea of the prisoner's madness was not improbable, there was something so peculiar in the expression of his face. "Well," he thought, "if he does any mischief, he'll soon get tied up again. The poor devil shall have a chance, at least."

"You are afraid of me," he said again, in an undertone; "you don't want to tell me any thing about yourself."

Baldassarre was folding his arms in enjoyment of that long-absent muscular sensation. He answered Piero with a less suspicious look and a tone which had some quiet decision in it.

"No, I have nothing to tell."

"As you please," said Piero, "but perhaps you want shelter, and may not know how hospitable we Florentines are to visitors with torn doublets and empty stomachs. There's a hospital for poor travelers outside all our gates, and, if you liked, I could put you in the way to one. There's no danger from your French soldier. He has been sent off."

Baldassarre nodded, and turned in silent acceptance of the offer, and he and Piero left the church together.

"You wouldn't like to sit to me for your portrait, should you?" said Piero, as they went along occasion yet to come was to raise his learned

the Via dell 'Orinolo, on the way to the gate of Santa Croce. "I am a painter; I would give you money to get your portrait."

The suspicion returned into Baldassarre's glance, as he looked at Piero, and said decidedly, "No."

"Ah!" said the painter, shortly. "Well, go straight on, and you'll find the Porta Santa Croce, and outside it there's a hospital for travelers. So you'll not accept any service from me?"

"I give you thanks for what you have done already. I need no more."

"It is well," said Piero, with a shrug, and they turned away from each other.

"A mysterious old tiger!" thought the artist,
"well worth painting. Ugly—with deep lines—looking as if the plow and the harrow had gone over his heart. A fine contrast to my bland and smiling Messer Greco—my Bacco trionfante, who has married the fair Antigone in contradiction to all history and fitness. Aha! his scholar's blood curdled uncomfortably at the old fellow's clutch."

When Piero re-entered the Piazza del Duomo the multitude who had been listening to Fra Girolamo were pouring out from all the doors, and the haste they made to go on their several ways was a proof how important they held the preaching which had detained them from the other occupations of the day. The artist leaned against an angle of the Baptistery and watched the departing crowd, delighting in the variety of the garb and of the keen characteristic faces—faces such as Masaccio had painted more than fifty years before: such as Domenico Ghirlandajo had not yet quite left off painting.

This morning was a peculiar occasion, and the Frate's audience, always multifarious, had represented even more completely than usual the various classes and political parties of Florence. There were men of high birth, accustomed to public charges at home and abroad, who had become newly conspicuous not only as enemies of the Medici and friends of popular government, but as thorough piagnoni, espousing to the utmost the doctrines and practical teaching of the Frate, and frequenting San Marco as the seat of another Samuel; some of them men of authoritative and handsome presence, like Francesco Valori, and perhaps also of a hot and arrogant temper, very much gratified by an immediate divine authority for bringing about freedom in their own way; others, like Soderini, with less of the ardent piagnone, and more of the wise politician. There were men, also of family, like Piero Capponi-simply brave undoctrinal lovers of a sober republican liberty, who preferred fighting to arguing, and had no particular reasons for thinking any ideas false that kept out the Medici and made room for public spirit. At their elbows were doctors of law whose studies of Accursius and his brethren had not so entirely consumed their ardor as to prevent them from becoming enthusiastic piagnoni-Messer Luca Corsini himself, for example, who on a memorable



arms in street stone-throwing for the cause of religion, freedom, and the Frate. And among these dignities who carried their black lucco or furred mantle with an air of habitual authority, there was an abundant sprinkling of men with more contemplative and sensitive faces; scholars inheriting such high name as Strozzi and Acciaioli, who were already minded to take the cowl and join the community of San Marco; artists, wrought to a new and higher ambition by the teaching of Savonarola—like that young painter who had lately surpassed himself in his fresco of the Divine child on the wall of the Frate's bare cell-unconscious yet that he would one day himself wear the tonsure and the cowl, and be called Fra Bartolommeo. There was the mystic poet Girolamo Benevicni hastening, perhaps, to carry tidings of the beloved Frate's speedy coming to his friend Pico della Mirandola, who was never to see the light of another morning. There were well-born women attired with such scrupulous plainness that their more refined grace was the chief distinction between them and their less aristocratic sisters. There was a predominant proportion of the genuine popolani or middle class, belonging both to the Major and Minor Arts, conscious of purses threatened by war-taxes. And more striking and various, perhaps, than all the other classes of the Frate's disciples, there was the long stream of poorer tradesmen and artisans, whose faith and hope in his Divine message varied from the rude undiscriminating trust in him as the friend of the poor and the enemy of the luxurious oppressive rich, to that eager tasting of all the subtleties of biblical interpretation, which takes a peculiarly strong hold on the sedentary artisan, illuminating the long dim spaces beyond the board where he stitches, with a pale flame that seems to him the light of Divine science.

But among these various disciples of the Frate were scattered many who were not in the least his disciples. Some were Mediceans who had already, from motives of fear and policy, begun to show the presiding spirit of the popular party a feigned deference. Others were sincere advocates of a free government, but regarded Savonarola simply as an ambitious monk-half sagacious, half fanatical-who had made himself a powerful instrument with the people, and must be accepted as an important social fact. There were even some of his bitter enemies: members of the old aristocratic anti-Medicean partydetermined to try and get the reins once more tight in the hands of certain chief families; or else licentious young men, who detested him as the kill-joy of Florence. For the sermons in the Duomo had already become political incidents, attracting the ears of curiosity and malice as well as of faith. The men of ideas, like young Niccolò Macchiavelli, went to observe and write reports to friends away in country villas: the men of appetites, like Dolfo Spini, bent on hunting down the Frate as a public nuisance who made game scarce, went to feed their hatred and lie in wait for grounds of accusation.

Perhaps, while no preacher ever had a more massive influence than Savonarola, no preacher ever had more heterogeneous materials to work upon. And one secret of the massive influence lay in the highly mixed character of his preaching. Baldassarre, wrought into an ecstasy of self-martyring revenge, was only an extreme case among the partial and narrow sympathics of that audience. In Savonarola's preaching there were strains that appealed to the very finest susceptibilities of men's natures, and there were elements that gratified low egoism, tickled gossiping curiosity, and fascinated timorous superstition. His need of personal predominance, his labyrinthine allegorical interpretations of the Scriptures, his enigmatic visions, and his false certitude about the Divine intentions, never ceased, in his own large soul, to be ennobled by that fervid piety, that passionate sense of the infinite, that active sympathy, that clear-sighted demand for the subjection of selfish interests to the general good, which he had in common with the greatest of mankind. But for the mass of his audience all the pregnancy of his preaching lay in his strong assertion of supernatural claims, in the denunciatory visions, in the false certitude which gave his sermons the interest of a political bulletin; and having once held that audience in his mastery, it was necessary to his nature—it was necessary for their welfare—that he should keep the mastery. The effect was inevitable. No man ever struggled to retain power over a mixed multitude without suffering vitiation: his standard must be their lower needs, and not his own best insight.

The mysteries of human character have seldom been presented in a way more fitted to check the judgments of facile knowingness than in Girolamo Savonarola; but we can give him a reverence that need shut its eyes to no fact, if we regard his life as a drama in which there were great inward modifications accompanying the outward changes. And up to this period, when his more direct action on political affairs had only just begun, it is probable that his imperious need of ascendency had burned undiscernibly in the strong flame of his zeal for God and man.

It was the fashion of old, when an ox was led out for sacrifice to Jupiter, to chalk the dark spots, and give the offering a false show of unblemished whiteness. Let us fling away the chalk, and boldly say—the victim was spotted, but it was not therefore in vain that his mighty heart was laid on the altar of men's highest hopes.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GARMENT OF FEAR.

AT six o'clock that evening most people in Florence were glad the entrance of the new Charlemagne was fairly over. Doubtless, when the roll of drums, the blast of trumpets, and the tramp of horses along the Pisan road began to



mingle with the pealing of the excited bells, it | was not visible. was a grand moment for those who were stationed on turreted roofs, and could see the longwinding terrible pomp on the back-ground of the green hills and valley. There was no sunshine to light up the splendor of banners, and spears, and plumes, and silken surcoats, but there was no thick cloud of dust to hide it; and as the picked troops advanced into close view they could be seen all the more distinctly for the absence of dancing glitter. Tall and tough Scotch archers, Swiss halberdiers fierce and ponderous, nimble Gascons ready to wheel and climb, cavalry in which each man looked like a knight-errant with his indomitable spear and charger—it was satisfactory to be assured that they would injure nobody but the enemies of God! With that confidence at heart it was a less dubious pleasure to look at the array of strength and splendor in nobles, and knights, and youthful pages of choice lineage-at the bossed and jeweled sword-hilts, at the satin scarfs embroidered with strange symbolical devices of pious or gallant meaning, at the gold chains and jeweled aigrettes, at the gorgeous horse-trappings and brocaded mantles, and at the transcendent canopy carried by select youths above the head of the Most Christian King. To sum up with an old diarist, whose spelling and diction halted a little behind the wonders of this royal visit-"fù gran magnificenza."

But for the Signoria, who had been waiting on their platform against the gates, and had to march out at the right moment, with their orator in front of them, to meet the mighty guest, the grandeur of the scene had been somewhat screened by unpleasant sensations. If Messer Luca Corsini could have had a brief Latin welcome depending from his mouth in legible characters, it would have been less confusing when the rain came on, and created an impatience in men and horses that broke off the delivery of his well-studied periods, and reduced the representatives of the scholarly city to offer a make-shift welcome in impromptu French. But that sudden confusion had created a great opportunity for Tito. As one of the secretaries he was among the officials who were stationed behind the Signoria, and with whom these highest dignities were promiscuously thrown when pressed upon by the horses.

"Somebody step forward and say a few words in French," said Soderini. But no one of high importance chose to risk a second failure. "You, Francesco Gaddi, you can speak." But Gaddi, distrusting his own promptness, hung back, and, pushing Tito, said, "You, Melema."

Tito stepped forward in an instant, and with the air of profound deference that came as naturally to him as walking, said the few needful words in the name of the Signoria, then gave way gracefully, and let the king pass on. His presence of mind, which had failed him in the terrible crisis of the morning, had been a ready instrument this time. It was an excellent liv-

But when he was complimented on his opportune service, he laughed it off as a thing of no moment, and to those who had not witnessed it, let Gaddi have the credit of the improvised welcome. No wonder Tito was popular: the touchstone by which men try us is most often their own vanity.

Other things besides the oratorical welcome had turned out rather worse than had been expected. If every thing had happened according to ingenious preconceptions, the Florentine procession of clergy and laity would not have found their way choked up and been obliged to improvise a course through the back streets, so as to meet the king at the Cathedral only. Also, if the young monarch under the canopy, seated on his charger with his lance upon his thigh, had looked more like a Charlemagne and less like a hastily modeled grotesque, the imagination of his admirers would have been much assisted. It might have been wished that the scourge of Italian wickedness and "Champion of the honor of women" had had a less miserable leg, and only the normal sum of toes; that his mouth had been of a less reptilian width of slit, his nose and head of a less exorbitant outline. But the thin leg rested on cloth of gold and pearls, and the face was only an interruption of a few square inches in the midst of black velvet and gold, and the blaze of rubies, and the brilliant tints of the embroidered and bepearled canopy-"fu gran magnificenza."

And the people had cried Francia, Francia! with an enthusiasm proportioned to the splendor of the canopy which they had torn to pieces as their spoil, according to immemorial custom: royal lips had duly kissed the altar; and after all mischances the royal person and retinue were lodged in the Palace of the Via Larga, the rest of the nobles and gentry were dispersed among the great houses of Florence, and the terrible soldiery were encamped in the Prato and other open quarters. The business of the day was ended.

But the streets still presented a surprising aspect, such as Florentines had not seen before under the November stars. Instead of a gloom unbroken except by a lamp burning feebly here and there before a saintly image at the street corners, or by a stream of redder light from an open door-way, there were lamps suspended at the windows of all houses, so that men could walk along no less securely and commodiously than by day-"fu gran magnificenza."

Along those illuminated streets Tito Melema was walking at about eight o'clock in the evening on his way homeward. He had been exerting himself throughout the day under the pressure of hidden anxieties, and had at last made his escape unnoticed from the midst of after-supper gayety. Once at leisure thoroughly to face and consider his circumstances, he hoped that he could so adjust himself to them and to all probabilities as to get rid of his childish fear. If he had only not been wanting in the ery servant that never forsook him when danger presence of mind necessary to recognize Baldas-



happier for him on all accounts; for he still winced under the sense that he was deliberately inflicting suffering on his father: he would very much have preferred that Baldassarre should be prosperous and happy. But he had left himself no second path now: there could be no conflict any longer: the only thing he had to do was to take care of himself.

While these thoughts were in his mind he was advancing from the Piazza di Santa Croce along

sarre under that surprise!—it would have been | the Via dei Benci, and as he neared the angle turning into the Borgo Santa Croce his ear was struck by a music which was not that of evening revelry, but of vigorous labor—the music of the anvil. Tito gave a slight start and quickened his pace, for the sounds had suggested a welcome thought. He knew that they came from the workshop of Niccolò Caparra, famous resort of all Florentines who cared for curious and beautiful iron-work.

"What makes the giant at work so late?"



"But so much the better for thought Tito. me. I can do that little bit of business to-night instead of to-morrow morning."

Preoccupied as he was, he could not help pausing a moment in admiration as he came in front of the work-shop. The wide door-way, standing at the truncated angle of a great block or "isle" of houses, was surmounted by a loggia roofed with fluted tiles, and supported by stone columns with roughly carved capitals. Against the red light framed in by the outline of the fluted tiles and columns stood in black relief the grand figure of Niccolò, with his huge arms in rhythmical rise and fall, first hiding and then disclosing the profile of his firm mouth and powerful brow. Two slighter ebony figures, one at the anvil, the other at the bellows, served to set off his superior massiveness.

Tito darkened the door-way with a very different outline, standing in silence, since it was useless to speak until Niccolò should deign to pause and notice him. That was not until the smith had beaten the head of an axe to the due sharpness of edge and dismissed it from his anvil. But in the mean time Tito had satisfied himself by a glance round the shop that the object of which he was in search had not disappeared.

Niccolò gave an unceremonious but goodhumored nod as he turned from the anvil and rested his hammer on his hip.

"What is it, Messer Tito? Business?"

"Assuredly, Niccolò; else I should not have ventured to interrupt you when you are working out of hours, since I take that as a sign that your work is pressing."

"I've been at the same work all day-making axes and spear-heads. And every fool that has passed my shop has put his pumpkin-head in to say, 'Niccolò, wilt thou not come and see the King of France and his soldiers?" and I've answered, 'No: I don't want to see their faces-I want to see their backs.'"

"Are you making arms for the citizens, then, Niccolò?—that they may have something better than rusty scythes and spits in case of an uproar?"

"We shall see. Arms are good, and Florence is likely to want them. The Frate tells us we shall get Pisa again, and I hold with the Frate; but I should be glad to know how the promise is to be fulfilled, if we don't get plenty of good weapons forged? The Frate sees a long way before him—that I believe. But he doesn't see birds caught with winking at them, as some of our people try to make out. He sees sense, and not nonsense. But you're a bit of a Medicean, Messer Tito Melema. Ebbene! so I've been myself in my time, before the cask began to run sour. What's your business?"

"Simply to know the price of that fine coat of mail I saw hanging up here the other day. I want to buy it for a certain personage who needs a protection of that sort under his doublet."

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said Niccold, bluntly. "I'm rather nice about what I sell, and whom I sell to. I like to know who's my customer."

"I know your scruples, Niccold. But that is only defensive armor: it can hurt nobody."

"True; but it may make the man who wears it feel himself all the safer if he should want to hurt somebody. No, no: it's not my own work; but it's fine work of Maso of Brescia: I should be loth for it to cover the heart of a scoundrel. I must know who is to wear it."

"Well, then, to be plain with you, Niccold mio, I want it myself," said Tito, knowing it was useless to try persuasion. "The fact is, I am likely to have a journey to take—and you know what journeying is in these times. You don't suspect me of treason against the Republic?"

"No, I know no harm of you," said Niccolò, in his blunt way again. "But have you the money to pay for the coat? For you've passed my shop often enough to know my sign: you've seen the burning account-books—I trust nobody. The price is twenty florins, and that's because it's second-hand. You're not likely to have so much with you. Let it be till to-morrow."

"I happen to have the money," said Tito, who had been winning at play all the day before, and had not emptied his purse. "I'll carry the armor home with me."

Niccolò reached down the finely wrought coat, which fell together into little more than two handfuls.

"There, then," he said, when the florins had been told down on his palm. "Take the coat. It's made to cheat sword, or poniard, or arrow. But for my part I would never put such a thing It's like carrying fear about with one."

Niccolò's words had an unpleasant intensity of meaning for Tito. But he smiled and said,

"Ah, Niccolò, we scholars are all cowards. Handling the pen doesn't thicken the arm as your hammer-wielding does. Addio!"

He folded the armor under his mantle and hastened homeward across the Ponte Rubaconte.

CARLYLE'S TABLE-TALK.

DEOPLE used to go to hear Coleridge talk; or rather to "preach," as Charles Lamb phrased it. "Did you ever hear me preach?" asked Coleridge of his old school-mate. "I n-n-never h-h-heard you do any thing else," replied Lamb, with that peculiar stammer of his which gave so much point to his retorts. Carlyle, according to the unanimous report of all who have ever had the honor of knowing him, is the most wonderful converser of the day. Probably no other American has seen so much of him as has Mr. Milburn, the "Blind Preacher." Those who have heard him tell "What a Blind Man Saw in England"-and those who have not, have missed hearing the most thoroughly charming Lectures of the time-will re-"Let him come and buy it himself, then," member that he gives some specimens of Mr.

Original from

Carlyle's talk. These, however, form but a small part of the reminiscences laid up in a memory gifted with an almost preternatural power of retention—a memory which will retain almost word for word the whole of a long conversation or discourse. We happened one evening to be present while Mr. Milburn was describing the men and things which most interested him abroad. Foremost among these were his interviews with Thomas Carlyle. Taking advantage of our friend's infirmity of vision, we availed ourselves of note-book and pencil, and wrote down the following specimens of the Table-Talk of Carlyle.

Carlyle's residence has for many years been at Chelsea, one of the suburbs of London, on the Thames. Passing the famous Hospital, and going up the river, you come to Cheyne Walk, once a fashionable resort, and the residence of many famous people. Opening upon this is Cheyne Row, a respectable, but now by no means fashionable street. The houses are of brick. three stories high, and rather narrow, the entrance a pair of steps from the pavement. They were built in Queen Anne's time, and to an American look old; but they are of good honest architecture, and seem as though they would be habitable for a couple of centuries yet. Carlyle resides at No. 7. It is a dwelling suited to a man of quiet habits and moderate means. His days are given up to earnest and persistent labor in his vocation as a "writer of books." During working hours he has no leisure for visitors. He tells indignantly how a certain "blatherskite American traveler" once came at 10 o'clock with a letter of introduction, and staid for hours, "robbing me of a whole working-day, which I shall never get back again to all eternity."

Milburn's invitations were always "to tea at 6 o'clock." Tea at Carlyle's is just what its name imports-merely bread and butter, with a cup of the infusion of the Chinese herb. This dispatched, the host would usually invite his guest into the garden-or, as we should say, the "yard"—a narrow plot of ground of the breadth of the house, and perhaps a hundred feet deep, with a grass-plot in the centre, having a tree at each of the four corners. From the trees is suspended an awning; and under this is a pine table and a few wooden chairs. Upon the table is a canister of Virginia tobacco and several common clay pipes, their long stems tipped with sealing wax. Here were held the talks which we have noted down.

Carlyle is now verging upon threescore and ten; a tall, gaunt man, with stooping shoulders, as though he had spent much time bending over his desk. A Scottish newspaper writer thus describes him as he looked a dozen years ago:

"The long, tall, spare figure is before mewiry, though, and elastic, stretched at careless, homely ease in his elbow-chair, yet ever with strong natural motions and starts as the inward spirit stirs. The face, too, is before me—long and thin, with a certain tinge of paleness, but no sickness or attenuation; pensive, almost solemn,

yet open and cordial, and tender-very tender. The eye, as generally happens, is the chief outward index of the soul-an eye not easy to describe, but felt ever after one has looked thereon and therein. It is dark and full, shadowed over by a compact and prominent forehead. The expression is, so to speak, heavy-laden—as if betokening untold burdens of thought, and long fiery struggles resolutely endured-endured until they had been in some practical manner overcome. The whole form and expression of the face remind one of Dante. It wants the classic element and the mature and matchless harmony which distinguish the countenance of the great Florentine; but something in the cast and in the look, especially in the heavy-laden but dauntless eye, is very much alike. Thus does the presence of Thomas Carlyle rise before me-a true man in all his bearings and in all his sayings. He sees the very thing he speaks of; it breathes and moves palpable to him, and hence his words form a picture. When you come from him the impression is like having seen a great brilliant panorama; every thing has been made brilliant and palpable to your sight. But more and better far than that; you bear home with you an indelible feeling of love for the man-deep at the heart, and long as life."

A residence of more than thirty years in London has not modified the strong Doric pronunciation which Carlyle brought with him from his native Dumfriesshire. The vowels come out broad and full; the gutturals-which are so sadly clipped in modern English enunciation, depriving the speech of all its masculine vigorhave all their due prominence. His manner is striking and peculiar: now bursting into gigantic laughter at some odd conceit; now swelling into fierce wrath at some meanness or wrong; now sinking into low tones of the tenderest pathos. But running through all is a rhythmic flow, a sustained and persistent recitative, like that in which we can imagine old Homer chanted his long-resounding hexameters. Mr. Milburn's presentation gives not merely the words, but reproduces the very pronunciation and tone of Carlyle. We have been assured, by those who have heard both, that the nicest ear could scarcely distinguish the copy from the original. We have not attempted to reproduce this. The reader must imagine the words which we have written down to be nttered in the fullest and broadest Scotch which he ever heard. "Never," says Milburn, "had I any idea of what eloquent talk meant until I listened to Carlyle." But it must not be supposed that he is one of those egregious talkers who, like Coleridge, monopolize the whole discourse, and keep up one continuous flow of speech. He is a capital listener if one has any thing to say; and has moreover, unlike Macaulay, "brilliant flashes of silence," devoted to pipe-devotion: in fact, we must suppose the pipe to be in constant use even during his most earnest talk.

With this much by way of proem, let us constitute ourselves silent members of this Tobacco



Parliament, whose sittings are held through the | go, and no farther, and here shall thy proud long English summer twilight till far into the night; while all around the great roar of London surges up like the voice of the ocean breaking in a continuous roll upon a sandy beach, growing fainter indeed as the night wears on, but never for an instant ceasing:

FRANKLIN, AND HIS SWIMMING-SCHOOL.

On Milburn's first evening at Carlyle's the conversation happened to turn upon the associations connected with Chelsea and its neighborhood. Whereupon said Mr. Carlyle:

"Well, Sir, this part of the town, I think, should have an interest for the people from your side of the water, for it has associations connected with a certain countryman of yours named Benjamin Franklin. When he was toiling as a journeyman printer in this metropolis, more than a century ago, he was accustomed to stroll upon the Sunday afternoon along the banks of Father Thames, and this end of this Cheyne Row was usually his goal. One day, as he walked discoursing with a friend, he declared himself able to swim from here to London Bridge, distant five miles. His friend offered a wager that it was impossible; and he upon the instant stripping, plunged boldly in, and started for his mark, while his friend, bearing the clothes, strode down the bank, and a great multitude of spectators, growing ever greater as he proceeded, followed to see the feat. He, with brave stroke and lusty sinew, buffeted the tide, gained the bridge and wager. Whereon, amidst great acclamations, the people suggested to him that he should start a swimming-school. But God had other work than that for him to do; for in later years he was to teach the people of your continent how, by frugality and labor, and patience and courage, any man might buffet the waves of fortune and swim straight on to prosperity and success. And that was the Swimming-School which he was to establish."

HIGH DUTIES AND SMUGGLING.

Tea having been dispatched, Carlyle said:

"I hope, Sir, that, unlike many of your countrymen, you sometimes indulge in the solace of a pipe.'

His guest acknowledged that such was his custom, and the host led the way to the garden, remarking, as he offered the pipe and tobacco:

"People in moderate circumstances in this country can not afford to offer their friends a good cigar, and I suppose only what you would consider very middling tobacco. The Government finds it needful to have such a revenue as that it must needs lay a tax of some hundreds per cent. upon the poor man's pipe, while the rich man's glass of wine pays scarcely one-tenth this impost. But I learn that there is as much tobacco smuggled into England as pays the duty. Thus you see that it is, as it ever will be when laws are unjust and onerous; for the smuggler is the Lord Almighty of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, saying to him, Thus far shalt thou key in common for our dialects. And we parted

waves be stayed."

THE METHODISTS.

- "You are a Wesleyan, Sir, I understand?" said Carlyle.
- "I am; or rather, as we are called in America, a Methodist."
- "I must tell you that I have ceased to think as highly of that people as I used to do. It was formerly sometimes my fortune, whenever I went to service, to attend their chapels. We've a queer place in this country called the Derbyshire Peak; and I was there some years ago for a part of the summer, and went on the Lord's day to the Wesleyan Chapel; and a man got up and preached with extraordinary fluency and vehemence, and I was astonished at his eloquence. And they told me that he was a nail-makerthat he wrought six days in the week with his own hands for his daily bread, and preached upon the seventh without charge. And when he had ended, another man came forward and prayed; and I was greatly moved by the fervor and unction of his prayer. And they told me that he was a rope-maker, that he toiled as the other. But the sum and end of all the fluency and vehemence in the sermon, of all the fervor and unction of the prayer was, 'Lord, save us from Hell!'-And I went away musing, sick at heart, saying to myself, 'My good fellows, why all this bother and noise? If it be God's will, why not go and be damned in quiet, and say never a word about it? And I, for one, would think far better of you.'-So it seemed to me that your Wesleyans made cowards, and I would have no more to do with their praying and their preaching."

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

- "Did you ever happen to see Louis Napoleon, Mr. Carlyle, while he lived in London?" asked Milburn.
- "Oh yes, I chanced to meet him a few times at the houses of people who are accustomed to give dinners here. And it seems to me that even then there was something lurking in him that betokened he was of the blood of the old Napoleon, who was, as I read it, the great highwayman of history; his habit being to clutch King or Kaiser by the throat, and swear by the Eternal, 'If you don't stand and deliver instantly, I'll blow your brains out!'-A profitable trade he did at this sort of thing until another man, who had learned his trick-Arthur, Duke of Wellington by name—succeeded in clutching him, and there was an end of him.—This Louis Napoleon, as he is called, used to talk to me about the Spirit of the Age, the Democratic Spirit, and the Progress of the Species; but for my own part it seemed that the only progress the Species was making was backward; and the Spirit of the Age was leading the people downward; and we discovered that we didn't understand each other's language; that we had no

asunder, as mayhap did Abraham and Lot before—each going his several ways. It looks to me very much as if his way led him to Sodom.

"Afterwards I used to see him in this neighborhood (I think he'd lodgings somewhere in this part of the town) with his hands folded across his breast, and his eyes fixed with a melancholy stare upon the ground; and he looked to me for all the world like a poor opera-singer in search of an engagement.—God knows he has succeeded in finding an engagement upon a stage sufficiently vast, before an audience ample enough for any man, and the whole thing got up regardless of expense. But I certainly expect that the day will come when the blue sulphureous flames will dart from behind the scenes, and consume the pile with all that are in it; or that the edifice will give way in a crash of ruin, and the whole -singer, audience, and all-will sink into nethermost depths of abysmal perdition, where it seems to me they certainly belong."

BURNING OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"I have heard, in some way, Mr. Carlyle," said Milburn, "about the loss of the manuscript of one of the volumes of your French Revolution. How was it?"

"A sad story enough, Sir; and one that always makes me shudder to think of. I had finished the second volume of the book called 'The French Revolution, a History;' and as it lay in manuscript, a friend desired that he might have the reading of it; and it was committed to his care. He professed himself greatly delighted with the perusal, and confided it to a friend of his own, who had some curiosity to see it as well. This person sat up, as he said, perusing it far into the wee hours of the morning; and at length recollecting himself, surprised at the flight of time, laid the manuscript carelessly upon the library table, and hied to bed. There it lay, a loose heap of rubbish, fit only for the waste-paper basket or for the grate. So Betty. the housemaid, thought when she came to light the library fire in the morning. Looking round for something suitable for her purpose, and finding nothing better than it, she thrust it into the grate, and applying the match, up the chimney, with a sparkle and roar, went 'The French Revolution:' thus ending in smoke and soot, as the great transaction itself did, more than a half century ago.

"At first they forebore to tell me the evil tidings; but at length I heard the dismal story; and I was as a man staggered by a heavy blow. Ah, Sir, it's terrible when you have been struggling for months and years with dim confusion and wild anarchy; when all about you is weltering Chaos and unbroken darkness, and you have at length gained some victory, and built a highway that will bear the pressure of your own foot, and perhaps the feet of generations yet to come; and the morning has dawned, and you can see some way at least into the realm of Limbo—suddenly to find that you are in the

mingling elements, and that Chaos has come again.

"I was as a man beside myself, for there was scarcely a page of the manuscript left. I sat down at the table and strove to collect my thoughts and to commence the work again. I filled page after page, but ran the pen over every line as the page was finished. Thus was it, Sir, for many a weary day, until at length, as I sat by the window, half-hearted and dejected, my eye wandering along over acres of roofs, I saw a man standing upon a scaffold engaged in building a wall—the wall of a house. With his trowel he'd lay a great splash of mortar upon the last layer, and then brick after brick would he deposit upon this, striking each with the butt of his trowel, as if to give it his benediction and farewell; and all the while singing or whistling as blithe as a lark. And in my spleen I said within myself, 'Poor fool! how canst thou be so merry under such a bile-spotted atmosphere as this, and every thing rushing into the regions of the inane?'

"And then I bethought me, and I said to myself, 'Poor fool thou, rather, that sittest here by the window whining and complaining! What if thy house of cards falls? Is the Universe wrecked for that? The man yonder builds a house that shall be a home perhaps for generations. Men will be born in it, wedded in it, and buried from it; and the voice of weeping and of mirth shall be heard within its walls; and mayhap true Valor, Prudence, and Faith shall be nursed by its hearth-stone. Man! Symbol of Eternity imprisoned into Time! it is not thy works, which are all mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least, but only the spirit thou workest in which can have worth or continuance! Up then at thy work, and be cheerful!'

"So I arose and washed my face and felt that my head was anointed, and gave myself to relaxation—to what they call 'light literature.' L read nothing but novels for weeks. I was surrounded by heaps of rubbish and chaff. I read all the novels of that person who was once a Captain in the Royal Navy-and an extraordinary ornament he must have been to it: the man that wrote stories about Dogs that had their tails cut off, and about people in Search of their Fathers: and it seemed to me that of all the extraordinary dunces that had figured upon this planet he must certainly bear the palm from every one save the readers of his books. And thus refreshed I took heart of grace again, applied me to my work, and in course of time 'The French Revolution' got finished; as all things must, sooner or later."

THE "NAVVIES."

Once in the course of conversation the word "Navvies" happened to be used; and Mr. Milburn desired an explanation of its meaning.

can see some way at least into the realm of Limbo—suddenly to find that you are in the centre of pitchy darkness, in the whirl of com-



build our railways; the brawny, broad-shouldered workers of modern miracles, that transform the face of the land, and marry remotest places in nearness. Some of your brethren were once gathered in a prayer-meeting - I think it was in a village called Yeadon, in Yorkshire, remote from the coast, and upon the top of a hill. And one of the brethren, in the fervor of his ecstasy, after beseeching God to have mercy upon all of them present, and upon all the inhabitants of the village, cried out, 'O Lord, we pray thee also to make Yeadon a sea-port town!' And sure enough, in due time, the 'Navvies' came along and dug a canal. The prayer was answered, as it seemed. And are not these 'Navvies' therefore the workers of miracles?"

CARLYLE'S FATHER AND HIS MINISTER.

"It is held," said Milburn, "that a man derives his character mainly from his mother. But I have somewhere read that your father was a remarkable man."

"I think of all the men I have ever known my father was quite the remarkablest. Quite a farmer sort of a person, using vigilant thrift and careful husbandry; abiding by veracity and faith, and with an extraordinary insight into the very heart of things and men. I can remember that from my childhood I was surprised at his using many words of which I knew not the meaning; and even as I grew to manhood I was not a little puzzled by them, and supposed that they must be of his own coinage. But later, in my black-letter reading, I discovered that every one of them I could recall was of the sound Saxon stock which had lain buried, yet fruitful withal, and most significant in the quick memory of the humbler sort of folk.

"He was an elder of the Kirk; and it was very pleasant to see him in his daily and weekly relations with the minister of the parish. They had been friends from their youth, and had grown up together in the service of their common Master. That parish minister was the first person that taught me Latin; and I am not sure but that he laid a great curse upon me in so doing. Ah, Sir, this learning of Reading and Writing! What trouble and suffering it entails upon us poor human creatures! He that increaseth in knowledge increaseth sorrow; and much study is a weariness to the flesh! I am not sure but that we should all be the happier and the better too without what is called the Improvements of the Modern Ages! For mine own part I think it likely that I should have been a wiser man, and certainly a godlier, if I had followed in my father's steps, and left Latin and Greek to the fools that wanted them.

"It was a pleasant thing to see the minister, in cassock and bands, come forth on the Sabbath day and stand up to lead the devotions of his people-preaching to them the words of truth and soberness which he had gained by painstaking study and devout prayer to Almighty God to know what was the mind of the Spirit: not cutting fantastic capers before High Heav- the cackling of geese. Our British nation occu-

en, as is the wont and use of many of you modern preachers, seeking to become Thaumaturgists in gathering a crowd of gaping fools to behold-sad spectacle!-how much of a fool a man could be in the sight of God. There was none of your so-called Popular Oratory, and astonishing vocal gymnastics styled Eloquence-wonderful to gods and men; but only a simple and earnest desire to feed the souls of his people and lead them in the ways of life everlasting. was pleasant indeed to see my father and his minister together, and to hear their grave and serious talk. You would be satisfied that whoever was out of his duty they were in theirs.

"I remember the last time I ever saw my father. I was on my journey from Craigenputtock to this modern Babylon with a manuscript in my hand of which you may have heard-Sartor Resartus by name. I was bound hither to see if there were any chance to have it translated into print, and stopped to pay my father a visit of a few days. The other members of the family were engaged with their usual occupations, and we had the most of the time to ourselves. I laid me down upon the floor, and he was stretched upon the sofa, and I plied him with all manner of questions concerning the people he had known, and the affairs in which he had been an actor; and it was wonderful to note how his eye seemed to be gifted with the power of a Second Sight; how he looked into the very marrow of things; and how he set the truth forth in quaint queer sentences, such as I never heard from another man's lips.

"I came upon my fool's errand hither and saw him no more; for I had not been in town many days when the heavy tidings came that my father was dead. He had gone to bed at night as well as usual it seemed; but they found in the morning that he had passed from the realm of Sleep to that of Day. It was a fit end for such a life as his had been. Ah, Sir, he was a man into the four corners of whose house there had shined, through the years of his pilgrimage by day and by night, the light of the glory of God. Like Enoch of old, he had walked with God, and at the last he was not, for God took him. If I could only see such men now as were my father and his minister-men of such fearless truth and simple faith-with such firmness in holding on to the things that they believed; in saying and doing only what they thought was right; in seeing and hating the thing that they felt to be wrong-I should have far more hope for this British nation, and indeed for the world at large.

"Alas! Sir, the days in which our lot is cast are sad and evil. All Virtue and Belief and Courage seem to have run to Tongue; and he is the wisest man, and the most valiant, who is the greatest Talker. The world has transformed itself into a Parliament—an assemblage whose prime and almost only business is to talk-talk -talk-talk until the very heavens themselves must have become deaf with their ceaseless vociferation—with little more wisdom in it than in



pies a sad pre-eminence in this matter: demagogy, blustering, vain-glorious, hollow, far-sounding, unmeaning talk seem to me to be its great distinction. On earth I think is not its fellow to be found, except in your own demagogic and oratorical nation. I am certainly afraid that modern Popular Oratory will be the ruin of the race; and that the verdict of the jury that shall sit upon the corpse of our civilization will be, 'Suicide by an overdose of Oratory.'"

CARLYLE'S DYSPEPSIA .- EDWARD IRVING.

"You seem to be the victim of dyspepsia, Mr. Carlyle—I might almost say a martyr. How does it come? Did you inherit it? or have you acquired it?" inquired Mr. Milburn.

"I am sure I can hardly tell, Sir," replied Carlyle. "I only know that for the one or two or three and twenty years of my mortal existence, I was not conscious of the ownership of that diabolical arrangement called a Stomach. I had grown up the healthy and hardy son of a hardy and healthy Scotch dalesman; and he was the descendant of a long line of such: men that had tilled their paternal acres, and gained their threescore years and ten-or even mayhap, by reason of strength, their fourscore years—and had gone down to their graves, never a man of them the wiser for the possession of this infernal apparatus. I had gone through the University of Edinburgh, and had been invited by an old friend to become associated with him in the conduct of a school. He was a man, Sir, whose name you may have heard upon your own side of the waters. It was Edward Irving-my old friend Edward Irving.

"To Kirkaldy I went. Together we talked and wrought and thought-together we strove, by virtue of birch and of book, to initiate the urchins into what is called the Rudiments of Learning; until at length the hand of the Lord was laid upon him, and the voice of his God spake to him, saying 'Arise, and get thee hence; for this is not thy rest!' And he arose, and girded up his loins, and putting the trumpet of the Almighty to his lips, he blew such a blast as that men started in strange surprise, and said that the like had not been heard since the days of the Covenant itself. And from Scotland he came to this great Babel, and stood up in the pulpit of the Hatton Garden Chapel: the Herculean form of him erect; his eye blazing as with a message from his God; and his voice waxing louder and louder as doth a trumpet. And the great, the learned, and the high, the titled, the gifted, and the beautiful, came round about him; and sat mute and spell-bound, listening to his wonderful words. And they thought-(for you know that fools will ever think according to folly-which is the law of their nature)they thought that because they were looking at him, he was looking at them. He was not looking at them at all, Sir. He was trying to do what no mortal man can do and live: trying to see God face to face. I have heard, Sir, that the eagle's eye sometimes sustains eclipse; that from actual observation.

the curtain of darkness falls over the pupil of his eye by the steadfast gazing at the brightness of the sun. It was thus with my poor friend Irving. The fools said—(let the fools have it their own way—they know no better)—the fools said that Irving was daft—that his head was turned with popular applause. He was not daft, Sir—he was DAZED. The curtain of darkness had fallen over the pupil of the eagle's eye by too steadfast gazing at the Sun. In blindness and in loneliness he sobbed the great heart of him to sleep: and in the silence of the sepulchre they laid him away till the Judgment-Day.

"And I tarried the while yonder at Kirkaldy, endeavoring still to initiate the urchins into the Rudiments of Learning, until the voice spake unto me saying, 'Arise, and settle now the problem of thy life.'-I had been destined by my father and my father's minister to be myself a minister of the Kirk of Scotland. But now that I had gained the years of man's estate, I was not sure that I believed the doctrines of my father's kirk; and it was needful that I should now settle it. And so I entered into my chamber, and closed the door. And around about me there came a trooping throng of phantasms dire, from the abysmal depths of nethermost perdition. Doubt, Fear, Unbelief, Mockery, and Scoffing were there; and I wrestled with them in the travail and agony of spirit. Thus was it, Sir, for weeks. Whether I ate I know not; whether I drank I know not; whether I slept I know not. But I only know that when I came forth again beneath the glimpses of the moon, it was with the direful persuasion that I was the miserable owner of a diabolical apparatus called a Stomach. And I never have been free from that knowledge from that hour to this; and I suppose that I never shall be until I am laid away in my grave."*

• In 1819 Irving wrote respecting Carlyle, then in his 24th year, who had, apparently just after the experience of which he spoke, come up to Edinburgh with the purpose of devoting himself to literary labor:

"Carlyle goes away to-morrow. It is very odd indeed that he should be sent for want of employment to the country. Of course, like every man of talent, he has gathered around this Patmos many a splendid purpose to be fulfilled and much improvement to be wrought out. 'I have,' he says, 'the ends of my thoughts to bring together, which no one can do in this thoughtless scene. I have my views of life to reform, and the whole plan of my life to new-model; and, into all, I have my health to recover. And then once more I shall venture my bark upon the waters of this wide realm; and if she can not weather it I shall steer West, and try the waters of another world.' So he reasons and resolves; but surely a worthler destiny awaits him than voluntary exile."

So far from trying the waters of another world, it is doubtful if Carlyle has ever passed the seas which girdle the British islands. Gossiping Giffillan wrote a dozen years ago, "It is understood that he has never visited Germany." We have been told, with what truth we can not say, that he once set out for Prussia to collect materials for his Life of Frederick; but on the first night of his arrival on the Continent he was half-suffocated under the sack of feathers which forms the covering of a German bed; whereupon he abandoned his journey, and returned to London the next day. But one who reads his wonderfully picturesque and minute descriptions of scenery and localities will hardy believe that they were not drawn from actual observation.



MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Let us linger a little over this chapter of happy love; so sweet, so rare a thing. Ay, most rare: though hundreds continually meet, love, or fancy they do, engage themselves, and marry; and hundreds more go through the same proceeding, with the slight difference of the love omitted—Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet left out. But the real love, steady and true: tried in the balance, and not found wanting: tested by time, silence, separation; by good and ill fortune; by the natural and inevitable change which years make in every character—this is the rarest thing to be found on earth, and the most precious.

I do not say that all love is worthless which is not exactly this sort of love. There have been people who have succumbed instantly and permanently to some mysterious attraction, higher than all reasoning; the same which made Hilary "take an interest" in Robert Lyon's face at church, and made him, he afterward confessed, the very first time he gave Ascott a lesson in the parlor at Stowbury, say to himself, "If I did marry, I think I should like such a wife as that brown-eyed bit lassie." And there have been other people, who choosing their partners from accidental circumstances, or from mean worldly motives, have found Providence kinder to them than they deserved, and settled down into happy, affectionate husbands and

But none of these loves can possibly have the sweetness, the completeness of such a love as that between Hilary Leaf and Robert Lyon.

There was nothing very romantic about it. From the moment when Johanna entered the parlor, found them standing hand-in-hand at the fireside, and Hilary came forward and kissed her, and after a slight hesitation Robert did the same, the affair proceeded in most mill-pond fashion:

"Unrufiled by those cataracts and breaks,
That humor interposed too often makes."

There were no lovers' quarrels; Robert Lyon had chosen that best blessing next to a good woman, a sweet-tempered woman; and there was no reason why they should quarrel more as lovers than they had done as friends. And, let it be said to the eternal honor of both, now, no more than in their friendship days, was there any of that hungry engrossment of each other's society, which is only another form of selfishness, and by which lovers so often make their own happy courting-time a season of never-to-be-forgotten bitterness to every body connected with them.

Johanna suffered a little: all people do when indeed, expected; that when, the business of the the new rights clash with the old ones; but she firm being settled, in six months hence he re-

rarely betrayed it. She was exceedingly good: she saw her child happy, and she loved Robert Lyon dearly. He was very mindful of her, very tender; and as Hilary still persisted in doing her daily duty in the shop, he spent more of his time with the elder sister than he did with the younger, and sometimes declared solemnly that if Hilary did not treat him well he intended to make an offer to Johanna!

Oh, the innumerable little jokes of those happy days! Oh, the long, quiet walks by the riverside, through the park, across Ham Common—any where—it did not matter—the whole world looked lovely, even on the dullest winter-day! Oh, the endless talks; the renewed mingling of two lives, which, though divided, had never been really apart, for neither had any thing to conceal; neither had ever loved any but the other.

Robert Lyon was, as I have said, a good deal changed, outwardly and inwardly. He had mixed much in society, taken an excellent position therein, and this had given him not only a more polished manner, but an air of decision and command, as of one used to be obeyed. There could not be the slightest doubt, as Johanna once laughingly told him, that he would always be "master in his own house."

But he was very gentle with his "little woman," as he called her. He would sit for hours at the "ingle-neuk"—how he did luxuriate in the English fires!—with Hilary on a footstool beside him, her arm resting on his knee, or her hand fast clasped in his. And sometimes, when Johanna went out of the room, he would stoop and gather her close to his heart. But I shall tell no tales; the world has no business with these sort of things.

Hilary was very shy of parading her happiness: she disliked any demonstrations thereof, even before Johanna. And when Miss Balquidder, who had, of course, been told of the engagement, came down one day expressly to see her "fortunate fellow-countryman," this Machiavelian little woman actually persuaded her lover to have an important engagement in London! She could not bear him to be "looked at."

"Ah, well! you must leave me, and I will miss you terribly, my dear," said the old Scotchwoman. "But it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and I have another young lady quite ready to step into your shoes. When shall you be married?"

"I don't know—hush; we'll talk another time," said Hilary, glancing at Johanna.

Miss Balquidder took the hint and was silent.

That important question was indeed beginning to weigh heavily on Hilary's mind. She was fully aware of what Mr. Lyon wished, and, indeed, expected; that when, the business of the firm being settled, in six months hence he re-



turned to India, he should not return alone. When he said this, she had never dared to answer, hardly even to think. She let the peaceful present float on, day by day, without recognizing such a thing as the future.

But this could not be always. It came to an end one January afternoon, when he had returned from a second absence in Liverpool. They were walking up Richmond Hill. The sun had set frostily and red over the silver curve of the Thames, and Venus, large and bright, was shining like a great eye in the western sky. Hilary long remembered exactly how every thing looked, even to the very tree they stood under when Robert Lyon asked her to fix definitely the day that she would marry him.

"Would she consent—there seemed no special reason to the contrary—that it should be immediately? Or would she like to remain with Johanna as she was, till just before they sailed? He wished to be as good as possible to Johanna -still-"

And something in his manner impressed Hilary more than ever before with the conviction of all she was to him; likewise, all he was to her. More, much more than even a few short weeks since. Then, intense as it was, the love had a dream-like unreality; now it was close, home-like, familiar. Instinctively she clung to his arm; she had become so used to being Robert's darling now. She shivered as she thought of the wide seas rolling between them; of the time when she should look for him at the daily meal and daily fireside, and find him no more.

"Robert, I want to talk to you about Johanna."

"I guess what it is," said he, smiling; "you would like her to go out to India with us. Certainly, if she chooses. I hope you did not suppose I should object?"

"No; but it is not that. She would not live six months in a hot climate; the doctor tells me \$0."

"You consulted him?"

"Yes, confidentially, without her knowing it. But I thought it right. I wanted to make quite sure before—before— Oh, Robert—"

The grief of her tone caused him to suspect what was coming. He started.

"You don't mean that? Oh no, you can not! My little woman-my own little woman -she could not be so unkind.'

Hilary turned sick at heart. The dim landscape, the bright sky, seemed to mingle and dance before her, and Venus to stare at her with a piercing, threatening, baleful lustre.

"Robert, let me sit down on the bench, and sit you beside me. It is too dark for people to notice us, and we shall not be very cold."

"No, my darling;" and he slipped his plaid round her shoulders, and his arm with it.

She looked up pitifully. "Don't be vexed with me, Robert, dear; I have thought it all over; weighed it on every side; nights and nights I have been awake pondering what was right to

" What?"

"It's the old story," she answered, with a feeble smile. "'I canna leave my minnie." There is nobody in the world to take care of Johanna but me, not even Elizabeth, who is engrossed in little Henry. If I left her, I am sure it would kill her. And she can not come with me. Dear!" (the only fond name she ever called him) "for these three years—you say it need only be three years—you will have to go back to India alone!"

Robert Lyon was a very good man; but he was only a man, not an angel; and though he made comparatively little show of it, he was a man very deeply in love. With that jealous tenacity over his treasure, hardly blamable, since the love is worth little which does not wish to have its object "all to itself," he had, I am afraid, contemplated not without pleasure the carrying off of Hilary to his Indian home; and it had cost him something to propose that Johanna should go too. He was very fond of Johanna; still-

If I tell what followed will it forever lower Robert Lyon in the estimation of all readers? He said, coldly, "As you please, Hilary;" rose up, and never spoke another word till they reached home.

It was the first dull tea-table they had ever known; the first time Hilary had ever looked at that dear face, and seen an expression there which made her look away again. He did not sulk; he was too gentlemanly for that; he even exerted himself to make the meal pass pleasantly as usual; but he was evidently deeply wounded-nay, more, displeased. The strong, stern man's nature within him had rebelled; the sweetness had gone out of his face, and something had come into it which the very best of men have sometimes: alas for the woman who can not understand and put up with it!

I am not going to preach the doctrine of tyrants and slaves; but when two walk together they must be agreed, or if by any chance they are not agreed, one must yield. It may not always be the weaker, or in weakness may lie the chiefest strength; but it must be one or other of the two who has to be the first to give way; and, save in very exceptional cases, it is, and it ought to be, the woman. God's law and nature's, which is also God's, ordains this; instinct teaches it; Christianity enforces it.

Will it inflict a death-blow upon any admiration she may have excited, this brave little Hilary, who fought through the world by herself; who did not shrink from traversing London streets alone at seemly and unseemly hours; from going into sponging-houses and debtors' prisons; from earning her own livelihood, even in a shop-if I confess that Robert Lyon, being angry with her, justly or unjustly, and she, looking upon him as her future husband, her "lord and master" if you will, whom she would one day promise, and intended, literally to "obey" -she thought it her duty, not only her pleasure do. And it always comes to the same thing." but her duty, to be the first to make reconcilia-



tion between them? ay, and at every sacrifice, except that of principle.

And I am afraid, in spite of all that "strongminded" women may preach to the contrary, that all good women will have to do this to all men who stand in any close relation toward them, whether fathers, husbands, brothers, or lovers, if they wish to preserve peace, and love, and holy domestic influence; and that so it must be to the end of time.

Miss Leaf might have discovered that something was amiss; but she was too wise to take any notice, and being more than usually feeble that day, immediately after tea she went to lie down. When Hilary followed her, arranged her pillows, and covered her up, Johanna drew her child's face close to her and whispered,

"That will do, love. Don't stay with me. I would not keep you from Robert on any account."

Hilary all but broke down; and yet the words made her stronger, firmer; set more clearly before her the solemn duty which young folks in love are so apt to forget, that there can be no blessing on the new tie, if for any thing short of inevitable necessity they let go one link of the old.

Yet, Robert— It was such a new and dreadful feeling to be standing outside the door and shrink from going in to him; to see him rise up formally, saying, "Perhaps he had better leave;" and have to answer with equal formality, "Not unless you are obliged;" and for him then, with a shallow pretense of being at ease, to take up a book and offer to read aloud to her while she worked. He—who used always to set his face strongly against all sewing of evenings—because it deprived him temporarily of the sweet eyes, and the little soft hand. Oh, it was hard, hard!

Nevertheless, she sat still and tried to listen; but the words went in at one ear and out at the other—she retained nothing. By-and-by her throat began to swell, and she could not see her needle and thread. Yet still he went on reading. It was only when, by some blessed chance, turning to reach a paper-cutter, he caught sight of her, that he closed the book and looked discomposed; not softened, only discomposed.

Who shall be first to speak? Who shall catch the passing angel's wing? One minute, and it may have passed over.

I am not apologizing for Hilary the least in the world. I do not know even if she considered whether it was her place or Robert's to make the first advance. Indeed, I fear she did not consider it at all, but just acted upon impulse, because it was so cruel, so heart-breaking, to be at variance with him. But if she had considered it I doubt not she would have done from duty exactly what she did by instinct—crept up to him as he sat at the fireside, and laid her little hand on his.

"Robert, what makes you so angry with me

"Not angry; I have no right to be."

"Yes, you would have if I had really done wrong. Have I?"

"You must judge for yourself. For me—I thought you loved me better than I find you do, and I made a mistake; that is all."

Ay, he had made a mistake, but it was not that one. It was the other mistake that men continually make about women; they can not understand that love is not worth having, that it is not love at all, but merely a selfish carrying out of selfish desires, if it blinds us to any other duty, or blunts in us any other sacred tenderness. They can not see how she who is false in one relation may be false in another; and that, true as human nature's truth, ay, and often fulfilling itself, is Brabantio's ominous warning to Othello—

"Look to her, Moor! have a good eye to see; She has deceived her father, and may thee."

Perhaps as soon as he had said the bitter word Mr. Lyon was sorry; any how, the soft answer which followed it thrilled through every nerve of the strong-willed man—a man not easily made angry, but when he was, very hard to move.

"Robert, will you listen to me for two minutes?"

"For as long as you like, only you must not expect me to agree with you. You can not suppose I shall say it is right for you to forsake me." "I forsake you? oh, Robert!"

Words are not always the wisest arguments. His "little woman" crept closer, and laid her head on his breast; he clasped her convulsively.

"Oh, Hilary! how could you wound me so?"
And, in lieu of the discussion, a long silence brooded over the fireside—the silence of exceeding love.

"Now, Robert, may I talk to you?"

"Yes. Preach away, my little conscience!"

"It shall not be preaching, and it is not altogether for conscience," said she, smiling. "You would not like me to tell you I did not *love* Johanna?"

"Certainly not. I love her very much myself, only I prefer you, as is natural. Apparently you do not prefer me, which may be also natural."

"Robert!"

There are times when a laugh is better than a reproach; and something else, which need not be more particularly explained, is safer than either. It is possible Hilary tried the experiment, and then resumed her "say."

"Now, Robert, put yourself in my place, and try to think for me. I have been Johanna's child for thirty years; she is entirely dependent upon me. Her health is feeble; every year of her life is at least doubtful. If she lost me I think she would never live out the next three years. You would not like that?"

" No."

"In all divided duties like this somebody must suffer; the question is, which can suffer best. She is old and frail, we are young; she is alone, we are two; she never had any happi-



ness in her life, except, perhaps, me; and we oh, how happy we are! I think, Robert, it would be better for us to suffer than poor Johanna."

"You little Jesuit," he said: but the higher nature of the man was roused; he was no longer angry.

"It is only for a short time, remember—only three years."

"And how can I do without you for three years?"

"Yes, Robert, you can." And she put her arms round his neck, and looked at him, eye to eye. "You know I am your very own, a piece of yourself, as it were; that when I let you go it is like tearing myself from myself; yet I can bear it, rather than do, or let you do, in the smallest degree, a thing which is not right."

Robert Lyon was not a man of many words; but he had the rare faculty of seeing a case clearly, without reference to himself, and of putting it clearly also, when necessary.

"It seems to me, Hilary, that this is hardly a matter of abstract right or wrong, or a good deal might be argued on my side the subject. It is more a case of personal conscience. The two are not always identical, though they look so at first; but they both come to the same result."

"And that is-"

"If my little woman thinks it right to act as she does, I also think it right to let her. And let this be the law of our married life, if we ever are married," and he sighed, "that when we differ each should respect the other's conscience, and do right, in the truest sense, by allowing the other to do the same."

"Oh, Robert! how good you are."

So these two, an hour after, met Johanna with cheerful faces; and she never knew how much both had sacrificed for her sake. only, when she was for a few minutes absent from the parlor, did Robert Lyon renew the subject, to suggest a medium course.

But Hilary resolutely refused. Not that she doubted him-she doubted herself. She knew quite well, by the pang that darted through her like a shaft of ice, as she felt his warm arm round her, and thought of the time when she would feel it no more, that, after she had been Robert Lyon's happy wife for three months, to let him go to India without her would be simply and utterly impossible.

Fast fled the months; they dwindled into weeks, and then into days. I shall not enlarge upon this time. Now, when the ends of the world are drawn together, and every family has one or more relatives abroad, a grief like Hilary's has become so common that nearly every one can, in degree, understand it. How bitter such partings are, how much they take out of the brief span of mortal life, and, therefore, how far they are justifiable, for any thing short of absolute necessity, Heaven knows.

In this case it was an absolute necessity. Robert Lyon's position in "our firm," with which he identified himself with the natural -was pressed close to him-heart to heart and

pride of a man who has diligently worked his way up to fortune, was such that he could not, without sacrificing his future prospects, and likewise what he felt to be a point of honor, refuse to go back to Bombay until such time as his senior partner's son, the young fellow whom he had "coached" in Hindostanee, and nursed through a fever years ago, could conveniently take his place abroad.

"Of course," he said, explaining this to Hilary and her sister, "accidental circumstances might occur to cause my return home before the three years were out, but the act must be none of mine; I must do my duty.'

"Yes, you must," answered Hilary, with a gleam lighting up her eyes. She loved so in him this one great principle of his life—the back-bone of it, as it were-duty before all things.

Johanna asked no questions. Once she had inquired, with a tremulous, hardly concealed alarm, whether Robert wished to take Hilary back with him, and Hilary had kissed her, smilingly, saying, "No, that was impossible." Afterward the subject was never revived.

And so these two lovers, both stern in what they thought their duty, went on silently together to the last day of parting.

It was almost as quiet a day as that never-tobe-forgotten Sunday at Stowbury. They went a long walk together, in the course of which Mr. Lyon forced her to agree to what hitherto she had steadfastly resisted, that she and Johanna should accept from him enough, in addition to their own fifty pounds a year, to enable them to live comfortably without her working

"Are you ashamed of my working?" she asked, with something between a tear and a smile. "Sometimes I used to be afraid you would think the less of me because circumstances made me an independent woman, earning my own bread. Do you?"

"My darling! no. I am proud of her. But she must never work any more. Johanna says right; it is a man's place, and not a woman's. I will not allow it."

When he spoke in that tone Hilary always submitted.

He told her another thing while arranging with her all the business part of their concerns, and to reconcile her to this partial dependence upon him, which, he urged, was only forestalling his rights; that before he first quitted England, seven years ago, he had made his will. leaving her, if still unmarried, his sole heir and legatee, indeed in exactly the position that she would have been had she been his wife.

"This will exists still; so that in any case you are safe. No further poverty can ever befall my Hilary."

His-his own-Robert Lyon's own. Her sense of this was so strong that it took away the sharpness of the parting; made her feel, up to the very last minute, when she clung to him



lip to lip-for a space that seemed half a life- | failing eye-sight refused all candle-light occupatime of mixed anguish and joy-that he was not really going; that, somehow or other, next day or next week he would be back again, as in his frequent reappearances, exactly as before.

When he was really gone-when, as she sat with her tearless eyes fixed on the closed door-Johanna softly touched her, saying, "My child!" then Hilary learned it all.

The next twenty-four hours will hardly bear being written about. Most people know what it is to miss the face out of the house—the life out of the heart. To come and go, to eat and drink, to lie down and rise, and find all things the same, and gradually to recognize that it must be the same, indefinitely, perhaps always. To be met continually by small trifles—a dropped glove, a book, a scrap of handwriting that yesterday would have been thrown into the fire, but to-day is picked up and kept as a relic; and at times, bursting through the quietness which must be gained, or at least assumed, the cruel craving for one word more-one kiss more-for only one five minutes of the eternally ended yesterday!

All this hundreds have gone through; so did Hilary. She said afterward it was good for her that she did; it would make her feel for others in a way she had never felt before. Also, because it taught her that such a heart-break can be borne and lived through when help is sought where only real help can be found; and where, when reason fails, and those who, striving to do right irrespective of the consequences, cry out against their torments, and wonder why they should be made so to suffer, childlike faith comes to their rescue. For, let us have all the philosophy at our fingers' ends, what are we but children? We know not what a day may bring forth. All wisdom resolves itself into the simple hymn which we learned when we were young:

"Deep in unfathomable mines Of never-failing skill, He treasures up His vast designs, And works His sovereign will.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain: God is His own interpreter, And He will make it plain."

The night after Robert Lyon left, Hilary and Johanna were sitting together in their parlor. Hilary had been writing a long letter to Miss Balquidder, explaining that she would now give up, in favor of the other young lady, or any other of the many to whom it would be a blessing. her position in the shop; but that she hoped still to help her-Miss Balquidder-in any way she could point out that would be useful to others. She wished, in her humble way, as a sort of thank-offering from one who had passed through the waves and been landed safe ashore, to help those who were still struggling, as she herself had struggled once. She desired, as far as in her lay, to be Miss Balquidder's "right hand" till Mr. Lyon came home.

This letter she read aloud to Johanna, whose

tion, and then came and sat beside her in silence. She felt terribly worn and weary, but she was very quiet now.

"We must go to bed early," was all she said. "Yes, my child."

And Johanna smoothed her hair in the old, fond way, making no attempt to console her, but only to love her—always the safest consolation. And Hilary was thankful that never, even in her sharpest agonies of grief, had she betrayed that secret which would have made her sister's life miserable, have blotted out the thirty years of motherly love, and caused the other love to rise up like a cloud between her and it, never to be lifted until Johanna sank into the possibly not far-off grave.

"No, no," she thought to herself, as she looked on that frail old face, which even the secondary grief of this last week seemed to have made frailer and older. "No, it is better as it is; I believe I did right. The end will show."

The end was nearer than she thought. sometimes-not often, lest self-sacrifice should become a less holy thing than it is-Providence accepts the will for the act, and makes the latter needless.

There was a sudden knock at the hall-door.

"It is the young people coming in to supper." "It's not"—said Hilary, starting up—"it's

not their knock. It is-" She never finished the sentence, for she was sobbing in Robert Lyon's arms.

"What does it all mean?" cried the bewildered Johanna, of whom, I must confess, for once nobody took the least notice.

It meant that, by one of these strange accidents, as we call them, which in a moment alter the whole current of things, the senior partner had suddenly died, and his son, not being qualified to take his place in the Liverpool house, had to go out to India instead of Robert Lyon, who would now remain permanently, as the third senior partner, in England.

This news had met him at Southampton. He had gone thence direct to Liverpool, arranged affairs so far as was possible, and returned, traveling without an hour's intermission, to tell his own tidings, as was best-or as he thought it

Perhaps at the core of his heart lurked the desire to come suddenly back, as, it is said, if the absent or the dead could come, they would find all things changed: the place filled up in home and hearth—no face of welcome—no heart leaping to beart in the ecstasy of reunion.

Well, if Robert Lyon had any misgivingsand being a man, and in love, perhaps he hadthey were ended now.

"Is she glad to see me?" was all he could find to say when, Johanna having considerately vanished, he might have talked as much as he pleased.

Hilary's only answer was a little, low laugh of inexpressible content.

He lifted up between his hands the sweet face,



neither so young nor so pretty as it had been, | but oh! so sweet, with the sweetness that long outlives beauty—a face that a man might look on all his lifetime and never tire of-so infinitely loving, so infinitely true! And he knew it was his wife's face, to shine upon him day by day, and year by year, till it faded into old age -beautiful and beloved even then. All the strong nature of the man gave way; he wept almost like a child in his "little woman's" arms.

Let us leave them there, by that peaceful fireside—these two, who are to sit by one fireside as long as they live. Of their further fortune we know nothing-nor do they themselves-except the one fact, in itself joy enough for any mortal cup to hold, that it will be shared together. Two at the hearth, two abroad; two to labor, two to rejoice; or, if so it must be, two to weep, and two to comfort one another: the man to be the head of the woman, and the woman the heart of the man. This is the ordination of God; this is the perfect life; none the less perfect that so many fall short of it.

So let us bid them good-by: Robert Lyon and Hilary Leaf, "Good-by; God be with ye!" for we shall see them no more.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ELIZABETH stood at the nursery-window, pointing out to little Henry how the lilacs and laburnums, were coming into flower in the square below, and speculating with him whether the tribes of sparrows which they had fed all winter from the mignonnette boxes on the window-sill would be building nests in the tall trees of Russell Square; for she wished, with her great aversion to London, to make her nursling as far as possible a "country" child.

Master Henry Leaf Ascott was by no means little now. He would run about on his tottering fat legs, and he could say, "Mammy Lizzie," also, "Pa-pa," as had been carefully taught him by his conscientious nurse. At which papa had been at first excessively surprised, then gratified, and had at last taken kindly to the appellation as a matter of course.

It inaugurated a new era in Peter Ascott's life. At first twice a-week, and then every day, he sent up for "Master Ascott," to keep him type, some past generation of either family, which company at dessert; he then changed his dinner-hour from half past six to five, because Elizabeth, with her stern sacrifice of every thing to the child's good, had suggested to him, humbly but firmly, that late hours kept little Henry too long out of his bed. He gave up his bottle of port and his after-dinner sleep, and took to making water-lilies and caterpillars out of oranges, and boats out of walnut-shells, for his boy's special edification. Sometimes when, at half past six, Elizabeth, punctual as clock-work, ble that for the future their lives and hers being knocked at the dining-room door, she heard fa- so widely apart, she would see very little of her ther and son laughing together in a most jovial beloved mistresses any more. But they had

manner, though the decanters were in their places and the wine-glasses untouched.

And even after the child disappeared the butler declared that master usually took quietly to his newspaper, or rang for his tea, or perhaps dozed harmlessly in his chair till bedtime.

I do not allege that Peter Ascott was miraculously changed; people do not change, especially at his age; externally he was still the same pompous, overbearing, coarse man, with whom, no doubt, his son would have a tolerably sore bargain in years to come. But still the child had touched a soft corner in his heart, the one soft corner which in his youth had yielded to the beauty of Miss Selina Leaf; and the old fellow was a better old fellow than he had once been. Probably, with care, he might be for the rest of his life at least manageable.

Elizabeth hoped so for his boy's sake, and little as she liked him, she tried to conquer her antipathy as much as she could. She always took care to treat him with extreme respect, and to bring up little Henry to do the same. And, as often happens, Mr. Ascott began gradually to comport himself in a manner deserving of respect. He ceased his oaths and his coarse language; seldom flew into a passion; and last, not least, the butler avouched that master hardly ever went to bed "muzzy" now. Toward all his domestics, and especially to his son's nurse, he behaved himself more like a master and less like a tyrant; so that the establishment at Russell Square went on in a way more peaceful than had ever been known before.

There was no talk of his giving it a new mistress; he seemed to have had enough of matrimony. Of his late wife he never spoke; whether he loved her or not, whether he had regretted her or not, the love and regret were now alike ended.

Poor Selina! It was Elizabeth only, who, with a sacred sense of duty, occasionally talked to little Henry about "mamma up there"-pointing to the blank bit of blue sky over the trees of Russell Square, and hoped in time to make him understand something about her, and how she had loved him, her "baby." This love-the only beautiful emotion her life had known, was the one fragment that remained of it after her death; the one remembrance she left to her child.

Little Henry was not in the least like her, nor yet like his father. He took after some forgotten reappeared in this as something new. To Elizabeth he was a perfect revelation of beauty and infantile fascination. He filled up every corner of her heart. She grew fat and flourishing, even cheerful; so cheerful that she bore with equanimity the parting with her dear Miss Hilary, who went away in glory and happiness as Mrs. Robert Lyon, to live in Liverpool, and Miss Leaf with her. Thus both Elizabeth's youthful dreams ended in nothing, and it was more than proba-



done their work in her and for her; and it had borne fruit a hundred-fold, and would still.

"I know you will take care of this child-he is the hope of the family," said Miss Leaf, when she was giving her last kiss to little Henry. "I could not bear to leave him, if I were not leaving him with you."

And Elizabeth had taken her charge proudly in her arms, knowing she was trusted, and inwardly vowing to be worthy of that trust.

Another dream was likewise ended; so completely that she sometimes wondered if it was ever real, whether she had ever been a happy girl, looking forward as girls do to wifehood and motherhood; or whether she had not been always the staid middle-aged person she was now, whom nobody ever suspected of any such things.

She had been once back to her old home, to settle her mother comfortably upon a weekly allowance, to 'prentice her little brother, to see one sister married, and the other sent off to Liverpool to be servant to Mrs. Lyon. While at Stowbury, she had heard by chance of Tom Cliffe's passing through the town as a Chartist lecturer, or something of the sort, with his pretty, showy London wife, who, when he brought her there, had looked down rather contemptuously upon the street where Tom was born.

This was all Elizabeth knew about them. They, too, had passed from her life as phases of keen joy and keener sorrow do pass, like a dream and the shadows of a dream. It may be, life itself will seem at the end to be nothing more.

But Elizabeth Hand's love-story was not so to end.

One morning, the same morning when she had been pointing out the lilacs to little Henry, and now came in from the square with a branch of them in her hand, the postman gave her a letter, the handwriting of which made her start as if it had been a visitation from the dead.

"Mammy Lizzie, Mammy Lizzie!" cried little Henry, plucking at her gown, but for once his nurse did not notice him. She stood on the door-step, trembling violently; at length she put the letter into her pocket, lifted the child, and got up stairs somehow. When she had settled her charge to his mid-day sleep, then, and not till then, did she take out and read the few lines, which, though written on shabby paper, and with more than one blot, were so like -yet so terribly unlike-Tom's caligraphy of old:

"Dear Elizabeth,-I have no right to ask any kindness of you; but if you would like to see an old friend alive, I wish you would come and see me. I have been long of asking you, lest you might fancy I wanted to get something out of you; for I'm as poor as a rat; and once lately I saw you, looking so well and well-to-do. But it was the same kind old face, and I should like to get one kind look from it before I go where I sha'n't want any kindness from any body. However, do just as you choose. "Yours affectionately,

"Underneath is my address."

It was in one of those wretched nooks in Westminster, now swept away by Victoria Street attic room, bare almost as when it was built.

and other improvements. Elizabeth happened to have read about it in one of the many charitable pamphlets, reports, etc., which were sent continually to the wealthy Mr. Ascott, and which he sent down stairs to light fires with. must not poor Tom have sunk to before he had come to live there? His letter was like a cry out of the depths, and the voice was that of her youth, her first love.

Is any woman ever deaf to that? The love may have died a natural death: many first loves do: a riper, completer, happier love may have come in its place: but there must be something unnatural about the woman, and man likewise, who can ever quite forget it-the dew of their youth—the beauty of their dawn.

"Poor Tom, poor Tom!" sighed Elizabeth. "my own poor Tom!"

She forgot Esther; either from Tom's not mentioning her, or in the strong return to old times which his letter produced; forgot her for the time being as completely as if she had never existed. Even when the recollection came it made little difference. The sharp jealousy, the dislike and contempt, had all calmed down; she thought she could now see Tom's wife as any other woman. Especially if, as the letter indicated, they were so very poor and miserable.

Possibly Esther had suggested writing it? Perhaps, though Tom did not, Esther did "want to get something out of her"-Elizabeth Hand, who was known to have large wages, and to be altogether a thriving person? Well, it mattered little. The one fact remained: Tom was in distress; Tom needed her; she must go.

Her only leisure time was of an evening, after Henry was in bed. The intervening hours, especially the last one, when the child was down stairs with his father, calmed her: subdued the tumult of old remembrances that came surging up and beating at the long shut door of her heart. When her boy returned, leaping and laughing, and playing all sorts of tricks as she put him to bed, she could smile too. And when kneeling beside her in his pretty white nightgown, he stammered through the prayer she had thought it right to begin to teach him, though of course he was too young to understand it-the words "Thy will be done;" "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us;" and lastly, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," struck home to his nurse's inmost soul.

"Mammy, Mammy Lizzie's 'tying!"

Yes, she was crying, but it did her good. She was able to kiss her little boy, who slept like a top in five minutes: then she took off her good silk gown, and dressed herself; soberly and decently, but so that people should not suspect, in that low and dangerous neighborhood, the sovereigns that she carried in an underpocket, ready to use as occasion required. Thus equipped, she started without a minute's delay for Tom's lodging.

It was poorer than even she expected. One



No chimney or grate, no furniture except a box which served as both table and chair; and a heap of straw, with a blanket thrown over it. The only comfort about it was that it was clean: Tom's innate sense of refinement had abided with him to the last.

Elizabeth had time to make all these observations, for Tom was out—gone, the landlady said, to the druggist's shop round the corner.

"He's very bad, ma'am," added the woman, civilly, probably led thereto by Elizabeth's respectable appearance, and the cab in which she had come—lest she should lose a minute's time. "Can't last long, and Lord knows who's to bury him."

With that sentence knelling in her ears Elizabeth waited till she heard the short cough and the hard breathing of some one toiling heavily up the stair.

Tom, Tom himself. But oh, so altered! with every bit of youth gone out of him; with death written on every line of his haggard face, the death he had once prognosticated with a sentimental pleasure, but which now had come upon him in all its ghastly reality.

He was in the last stage of consumption. The disease was latent in his family, Elizabeth knew: she had known it when she had belonged to him, and fondly thought that, as his wife, her incessant care might save him from it: but nothing could save him now.

"Who's that?" said he, in his own sharp, fretful voice.

"Me, Tom. But don't speak. Sit down till your cough's over."

Tom grasped her hand as she stood by him, but he made no further demonstration, nor used any expression of gratitude. He seemed far too ill. Sick people are always absorbed in the sad present; they seldom trouble themselves much about the past. Only there was something in the way Tom clung to her hand, helplessly, imploringly, that moved the inmost heart of Elizabeth.

"I'm very bad, you see. This cough; oh, it shakes me dreadfully, especially of nights."

"Have you any doctor?"

"The druggist close by, or rather the druggist's shopman. He's a very kind young fellow, from our county, I fancy, for he asked me once if I wasn't a Stowbury man; and ever since he has doctored me for nothing, and given me a shilling too, now and then, when I've been a'most clemmed to death in the winter."

"Oh Tom, why didn't you write to me before? Have you actually wanted food?"

"Yes, many a time. I've been out of work this twelvemonth."

"But Esther?"

"Who?" screamed Tom.

"Your wife."

"My wife? I've got none! She spent every thing, till I fell ill, and then she met a fellow with lots o' money. Curse her!"

The fury with which he spoke shook him all of all sorts; the same fles over, and sent him into another violent fit of Aren't they, Elizabeth?"

coughing, out of which he revived by degrees, but in a state of such complete exhaustion that Elizabeth hazarded no more questions. He must evidently be dealt with exactly like a child.

She made up her mind in her own silent way, as indeed she had done ever since she came into the room.

"Lie down, Tom, and keep yourself quiet for a little. I'll be back as soon as I can—back with something to do you good. You won't object?"

"No, no; you can do any thing you like with me. You always could."

Elizabeth groped her way down stairs strangely calm and self-possessed. There was need. Tom, dying, had come to her as his sole support and consolation—thrown himself helplessly upon her, never doubting either her will or her power to help him. Neither must fail. The inexplicable woman's strength, sometimes found in the very gentlest, quietest, and apparently the weakest character, nerved her now.

She went up and down, street after street, looking for lodgings, till the evening darkened, and the Abbey towers rose grimly against the summer sky. Then she crossed over Westminster Bridge, and in a little street on the Surrey side she found what she wanted—a decent room, half sitting, half bedroom, with what looked like a decent landlady. There was no time to make many inquiries; any thing was better than to leave Tom another night where he was.

She paid a week's rent in advance; bought firing and provisions; every thing she could think of to make him comfortable; and then she went to fetch him in a cab.

The sick man offered no resistance; indeed, he hardly seemed to know what she was doing with him. She discovered the cause of this half-insensibility when, in making a bundle of his few clothes, she found a packet labeled "opium."

"Don't take it from me," he said, pitifully. "It's the only comfort I have."

But when he found himself in the cheerful room, with the fire blazing and the tea laid out, he woke up like a person out of a bad dream.

"Oh, Elizabeth, I'm so comfortable!" Elizabeth could have wept.

Whether the wholesome food and drink revived him, or whether it was one of the sudden flashes of life that often occur in consumptive patients, but he seemed really better, and began to talk, telling Elizabeth about his long illness, and saying over again how very kind the druggist's young man had been to him.

"I'm sure he's a gentleman, though he has come down in the world; for, as he says, 'misery makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows, and takes the nonsense out of him.' I think so too, and if ever I get better, I don't mean to go about the country speaking against born gentlefolks any more. They're much of a muchness as ourselves—bad and good; a little of all sorts; the same flesh and blood as we are. Aren't they, Elizabeth?"



"I suppose so."

"And there's another thing I mean to do. I mean to try and be good like you. Many a night, when I've lain on that straw, and thought I was dying, I've remembered you and all the things you used to say to me. You are a good woman; there never was a better."

Elizabeth smiled, a faint, rather sad smile. For, as she was washing up the tea things, she had noticed Tom's voice grow feebler, and his features sharper and more wan.

"I'm very tired," he said. "I'm afraid to go to bed, I get such wretched nights; but I think, if I lay down in my clothes, I could go to sleep."

Elizabeth helped him to the small pallet, shook his pillow, and covered him up as if he had been a child.

"You're very good to me," he said, and looked up at her—Tom's bright, fond look of years ago. But it passed away in a moment, and he closed his eyes saying he was so terribly tired.

"Then I'll bid you good-by, for I ought to have been at home by now. You'll take care of yourself, Tom, and I'll come and see you again the very first hour I can be spared. And if you want me you'll send to me at once? You know where?"

"I will," said Tom. "It's the same house, isn't it, in Russell Square?"

"Yes." And they were both silent.

After a minute Tom asked, in a troubled voice,

"Have you forgiven me?"

"Yes, Tom, quite."

"Won't you give me one kiss, Elizabeth?"

She turned away. She did not mean to be hard, but somehow she could not kiss Esther's husband.

"Ah, well; it's all the same! Good-by!" "Good-by, Tom."

But as she stood at the door, and looked back at him lying with his eyes shut, and as white as if he were dead, Elizabeth's heart melted. He was her Tom, her own Tom, of whom she had been so fond, so proud; whose future she had joyfully anticipated long before she thought of herself as mixed up with it; and he was dying, dying at four-and-twenty; passing away to the other world, where, perhaps, she might meet him yet, with no cruel Esther between.

"Tom," she said, and knelt beside him, "Tom, I didn't mean to vex you. I'll try to be as good as a sister to you. I'll never forsake you as long as you live."

"I know you never will."

"Good-by, then, for to-night."

And she did kiss him, mouth to mouth, quietly and tenderly. She was so glad of it afterward.

It was late emough when she reached Russell Square; but nobody ever questioned the proceedings of Mrs. Hand, who was a privileged person. She crept in beside her little Henry, and as the child turned in his sleep and put his arms about her neck, she clasped him tight, and

thought there was still something to live for in this weary world.

All night she thought over what best could be done for Tom. Though she never deceived herself for a moment as to his state, still she thought, with care and proper nursing, he might live a few months. Especially if she could get him into the Consumption Hospital, newly started in Chelsea, of which she was aware Mr. Ascott—who dearly liked to see his name in a charity-list—was one of the governors.

There was no time to be lost; she determined to speak to her master at once.

The time she chose was when she brought down little Henry, who was now always expected to appear, and say, "Dood-morning, papa," before Mr. Ascott went into the city.

As they stood, the boy laughing in his father's face, and the father beaming all over with delight, the bitter, almost fierce thought, smote Elizabeth, Why should Peter Ascott be standing there fat and flourishing, and poor Tom dying? It made her bold to ask the only favor she ever had asked of the master whom she did not care for, and to whom she had done her duty simply as duty, without, until lately, one fragment of respect.

"Sir, if you please, might I speak with you a minute before you go out?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Hand. Any thing about Master Henry? Or perhaps yourself? You want more wages? Very well. I shall be glad, in any reasonable way, to show my satisfaction at the manner in which you bring up my son."

"Thank you, Sir," said Elizabeth, courtesying. "But it is not that."

And in the briefest language she could find she explained what it was.

Mr. Ascott knitted his brows and looked important. He never scattered his benefits with a silent hand, and he dearly liked to create difficulties, if only to show how he could smooth them down.

"To get a patient admitted at the Consumption Hospital is, you should be aware, no easy matter, until the building at Queen's Elm is complete. But I flatter myself I have influence. I have subscribed a deal of money. Possibly the person may be got in in time. Who did you say he was?"

"Thomas Cliffe. He married one of the servants here, Esther—"

"Oh, don't trouble yourself about the name; I shouldn't recollect it. The housekeeper might. Why didn't his wife apply to the housekeeper?"

The careless question seemed hardly to expect an answer, and Elizabeth gave none. She could not bear to make public Tom's misery and Esther's shame.

"And you say he is a Stowbury man? That is certainly a claim. I always feel bound, somewhat as a member of Parliament might be, to do my best for any one belonging to my native town. So be satisfied, Mrs. Hand; consider the thing settled."

And he was going away; but time being of



such great moment, Elizabeth ventured to detain him till he had written the letter of recommendation, and found out what days the application for admission could be received. He did it very patiently, and even took out his purse and laid a sovereign on the top of the letter.

"I suppose the man is poor; you can use this for his benefit."

"There is no need, thank you, Sir," said Elizabeth, putting it gently aside. She could not bear that Tom should accept any body's money but her own.

At her first spare moment she wrote him a long letter explaining what she had done, and appointing the next day but one, the earliest possible, for taking him out to Chelsea herself. If he objected to the plan he was to write and say so; but she urged him as strongly as she could not to let slip this opportunity of obtaining good nursing and first-rate medical care.

Many times during the day the thought of Tom alone in his one room—comfortable though it was, and though she had begged the landlady to see that he wanted nothing—came across her with a sudden pang. His face, feebly lifted up from the pillow, with its last affectionate smile, the sound of his cough as she stood listening outside on the stair-head, haunted her all through that sunshiny June day; and, mingled with it, came ghostly visions of that other day in June—her happy Whitsun holiday—her first and her last.

No letter coming from Tom on the appointed morning, she left Master Harry in the charge of the house-maid, who was very fond of him—as indeed he bade fair to be spoiled by the whole establishment at Russell Square—and went down to Westminster.

There was a long day before her, so she took a minute's breathing space on Westminster Bridge, and watched the great current of London life ebbing and flowing—life on the river and life on the shore; every body so busy and active and bright.

"Poor Tom, poor Tom!" she sighed, and wondered whether his ruined life would ever come to any happy ending, except death.

She hurried on, and soon found the street where she had taken his lodging. At the corner of it was, as is too usual in London streets, a public house, about which more than the usual number of disreputable idlers were hanging. There were also one or two policemen, who were ordering the little crowd to give way to a group of twelve men, coming out.

"What is that?" asked Elizabeth.

"Coroner's inquest; jury proceeding to view the body."

Elizabeth, who had never come into contact with any thing of the sort, stood aside with a sense of awe, to let the little procession pass, and then followed it up the street.

It stopped; oh no! not at that door! But it was; there was no mistaking the number, nor the drawn-down blind in the upper room—Tom's room.

"Who is dead?" she asked, in a whisper that made the policeman stare.

"Oh! nobody particular; a young man, found dead in his bed; supposed to be a case of consumption; verdict will probably be, 'Died by the visitation of God.'"

Ay, that 'familiar phrase, our English law's solemn recognition of our national religious feeling, was true here. God had "visited" poor Tom; he suffered no more.

Elizabeth leaned against the door-way, and saw the twelve jurymen go up stairs with a clatter of feet, and come down again, one after the other, less noisily, and some of them looking grave. Nobody took any notice of her, until the lodging-house mistress appeared.

"Oh, here she is, gentlemen. This is the young woman as saw him last alive. She'll give her evidence. She'll tell you I'm not a bit to blame."

And pulling Elizabeth after her, the landlady burst into a torrent of explanation; how she had done her very best for the poor fellow, how she had listened at his door several times during the first day, and heard him cough, that is, she thought she had, but toward night all was so very quiet; and there having come a letter by post, she thought she would take it up to him.

"And I went in, gentlemen, and I declare, upon my oath, I found him lying just as he is now, and as cold as a stone."

"Let me pass; I'm a doctor," said somebody behind; a young man, very shabbily dressed, with a large beard. He pushed aside the landlady and Elizabeth, till he saw the latter's face.

"Give that young woman a chair and a glass of water, will you?" he called out; and his authoritative manner impressed the jurymen, who gathered round him, ready and eager to hear any thing he could say.

He gave his name as John Smith, druggist's assistant; said that the young man who lodged up stairs, whose death he had only just heard of, had been his patient for some months, and was in the last stage of consumption. He had no doubt the death had ensued from perfectly natural causes, as he explained in such technical language as completely to overpower the jury, and satisfy them accordingly. They quitted the parlor, and proceeded to the public house, where, after a brief consultation, they delivered their verdict, as the astute policeman had foretold, "Died by the visitation of God;" took pipes and brandy all round at the bar, and then adjourned to their several homes, gratified at having done their duty to their country.

Meantime, Elizabeth crept up stairs. Nobody hindered or followed her; nobody cared any thing for the solitary dead.

There he lay—poor Tom!—almost as she had left him; the counterpane was hardly disturbed, the candle she had placed on the chair had burned down to a bit of wick, which still lay in the socket. Nobody had touched him, or any thing about him, as, in all cases of "Found dead," English law exacts.



Whether he had died soon after she quitted him that night, or whether he had lingered through the long hours of darkness, or of daylight following, alive and conscious perhaps, yet too weak to call any one, even had there been any one he cared to call—when, or how, the spirit had passed away unto Him who gave it, were mysteries that could never be known.

But it was all over now; he lay at rest with the death smile on his face. Elizabeth, as she stood and looked at him, could not, dared not weep.

"My poor Tom, my own dear Tom," was all she thought, and knew that he was all her own now; that she had loved him through every thing, and loved him to the end.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ELIZABETH spent the greatest part of her holiday in that house, in that room. Nobody interfered with her; nobody asked in what relation she stood to the deceased, or what right she had to take upon herself the arrangements for his funeral. Every body was only too glad to let her assume a responsibility, which would otherwise have fallen on the parish.

The only person who appeared to remember either her or the dead man was the druggist's assistant, who sent in the necessary medical certificate as to the cause of death. Elizabeth took it to the Registrar, and thence proceeded to an undertaker hard by, with whom she arranged all about the funeral, and that it should take place in the new cemetery at Kensal Green. thought she should like that better than a close, noisy London church-yard.

Before she left the house she saw poor Tom laid in his coffin, and covered up forever from mortal eyes. Then, and not till then, she sat herself down beside him and wept.

Nobody contested with her the possession of the few things that had belonged to him, which were scarcely more than the clothes he had on when he died; so she made them up into a parcel and took them away with her. In his waistcoat-pocket she found one book, a little Testament, which she had given him herself. It looked as if it had been a good deal read. If all his studies, all his worship of "pure intellect," as the one supreme good, had ended in that it was a blessed ending.

When she reached home Elizabeth went at once to her master, returned him his letter of recommendation, and explained to him that his kindness was not needed now.

Mr. Ascott seemed a good deal shocked, inquired from her a few particulars, and again took out his purse, his one panacea for all mortal woes. But Elizabeth declined; she said she would only ask him for an advance of her next half-year's wages. She preferred burying her old friend herself.

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a bright summer's day, with the sun shining dazzlingly on the white grave-stones in Kensal Green. The clergyman appeared, read the service, and went away again. A few minutes ended it all. When the undertaker and his men had also departed, she sat down on a bench near to watch the sexton filling up the grave-Tom's grave. She was very quiet, and none but a closely-observant person watching her face could have penetrated into the truth of what your impulsive characters, always in the extremes of mirth or misery, never understand about quiet people, that "still waters run deep."

While she sat there some one came past her, and turned round. It was the shabby-looking chemist's assistant, who had appeared at the inquest and given the satisfactory evidence which had prevented the necessity of her giving hers.

Elizabeth rose and acknowledged him with a respectful courtesy; for under his threadbare clothes was the bearing of a gentleman, and he had been so kind to Tom.

"I am too late," he said; "the funeral is over. I meant to have attended it, and seen the last of the poor fellow."

"Thank you, Sir," replied Elizabeth, gratefully.

The young man stood before her, looking at her earnestly for a minute or two, and then exclaimed, with a complete change of voice and

"Elizabeth! don't you know me? What has become of my Aunt Johanna?"

It was Ascott Leaf.

But no wonder Elizabeth had not recognized him. His close-cropped hair, his large beard hiding half his face, and a pair of spectacles which he had assumed, were a sufficient disguise. Besides, the great change from his former "dandy" appearance to the extreme of shabbiness; his clothes being evidently worn as long as they could possibly hold together, and his generally depressed air giving the effect of one who had gone down in the world, made him, even without the misleading "John Smith," most unlikely to be identified with the Ascott Leaf of old.

"I never should have known you, Sir!" said Elizabeth, truthfully, when her astonishment had a little subsided; "but I am very glad to see you. Oh how thankful your aunts will be!"

"Do you think so? I thought it was quite the contrary. But it does not matter; they will never hear of me, unless you tell themand I believe I may trust you. You would not betray me, if only for the sake of that poor fellow yonder?"

" No, Sir."

"Now, tell me something about my aunts, especially my Aunt Johanna.'

And sitting down in the sunshine, with his arm upon the back of the bench, and his hand hiding his eyes, the poor prodigal listened in silence to every thing Elizabeth told him; of She buried him, herself the only mourner, on his Aunt Selina's marriage and death, and of

300gle Digitized by (

Mr. Lyon's return, and of the happy home at | to the brink of destitution, he had offered him-

"They are all quite happy, then?" said he, at length; "they seem to have begun to prosper ever since they got rid of me. Well, I'm glad of it. I only wanted to hear of them from you. I shall never trouble them any more. You'll keep my secret, I know. And now I must go, for I have not a minute more to spare. Goodby, Elizabeth."

With a humility and friendliness, strange enough in Ascott Leaf, he held out his handempty, for he had nothing to give now - to his aunt's old servant. But Elizabeth detained

"Don't go, Sir; please, don't; not just yet." And then she added, with an earnest respectfulness that touched the heart of the poor, shabby man, "I hope you'll pardon the liberty I take. I'm only a servant, but I knew you when you were a boy, Mr. Leaf; and if you would trust me, if you would let me be of use to you in any way-if only because you were so good to him there."

"Poor Tom Cliffe; he was not a bad fellow; he liked me rather, I think; and I was able to doctor him, and help him a little. Heigh-ho; it's a comfort to think I ever did any good to any body."

Ascott sighed, drew his rusty coat-sleeve across his eyes, and sat contemplating his boots, which were any thing but dandy boots now.

"Elizabeth, what relation was Tom to you? If I had known you were acquainted with him I should have been afraid to go near him; but I felt sure, though he came from Stowbury, he did not guess who I was; he only knew me as Mr. Smith; and he never once mentioned you. Was he your cousin, or what?"

Elizabeth considered a moment, and then told the simple fact; it could not matter now.

"I was once going to be married to him, but he saw somebody he liked better, and married her."

"Poor girl; poor Elizabeth!"

Perhaps nothing could have shown the great change in Ascott more than the tone in which he uttered these words; a tone of entire respect and kindly pity, from which he never once departed during that conversation, and many, many others, so long as their confidential relations lasted.

"Now, Sir, would you be so kind as to tell me something about yourself? I'll not repeat any thing to your aunts, if you don't wish it."

Ascott yielded. He had been so long, so utterly forlorn. He sat down beside Elizabeth, and then, with eyes often averted, and with many breaks between, which she had to fill up as best she could, he told her all his story, even to the sad secret of all, which had caused him to run away from home, and hide himself in the last place where they would have thought Le was, the safe wilderness of London. There, carefully disguised, he had lived decently while his money lasted, and then, driven step by step | Ascott of Russell Square.'

self for employment in the lowest grade of his own profession, and been taken as assistant by the not overscrupulous chemist and druggist in that not too respectable neighborhood of Westminster, with a salary of twenty pounds a year.

"And I actually live upon it!" added he, with a bitter smile. "I can't run into debt; for who would trust me? And I dress in rags almost, as you see. And I get my meals how and where I can; and I sleep under the shopcounter. A pretty life for Mr. Ascott Leaf, isn't it now? What would my aunts say if they knew it?"

"They would say it was an honest life, and that they were not a bit ashamed of you."

Ascott drew himself up a little, and his chest heaved visibly under the close-buttoned, threadbare coat.

"Well, at least it is a life that makes nobody else miserable."

Ay, that wonderful teacher, Adversity,

"Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, Wears yet a precious jewel in its head,'

had left behind this jewel in the young man's heart. A disguised, beggared outcast, he had found out the value of an honest name; forsaken, unfriended, he had learned the preciousness of home and love: made a servant of tyrannized over, and held in low esteem, he had been taught by hard experience the secret of true humility and charity—the esteeming of others better than himself.

Not with all natures does misfortune so work, but it did with his. He had sinned; he had paid the cost of his sin in bitter suffering; but the result was cheaply bought, and he already began to feel that it was so.

"Yes," said he, in answer to a question of Elizabeth's, "I really am, for some things, happier than I used to be. I feel more like what I was in the old days, when I was a little chap at Stowbury. Poor old Stowbury! I often think of the place in a way that's perfectly ridiculous. Still, if any thing happened to me, I should like my aunts to know it, and that I didn't forget them."

"But, Sir," asked Elizabeth, earnestly, "do you never mean to go near vour aunts again?"

"I can't say; it all depends upon circumstances. I suppose," he added, "if, as is said, one's sin is sure to find one out, the same rule goes by contraries. It seems poor Cliffe once spoke of me to a district visitor, the only visitor he ever had; and this gentleman, hearing of the inquest, came yesterday to inquire about him of me; and the end was that he offered me a situation with a person he knew, a very respectable chemist in Tottenham Court Road."

"And shall you go?"

"To be sure. I've learned to be thankful for small mercies. Nobody will find me out or recognize me. You didn't. Who knows? I may even have the honor of dispensing drugs to Uncle



"But," said Elizabeth, after a pause, "you will not always remain as John Smith, druggist's shopman, throwing away all your good education, and position, and name?"

"Elizabeth," said he, in a humbled tone, "how dare I ever resume my own name and get back my rightful position while Peter Ascott lives? Can you or any body point out a way?"

She thought the question over in her clear head; clear still, even at this hour, when she had to think for others, though all personal feeling and interest were buried in that grave over which the sexton was now laying the turf that would soon grow smoothly green.

"If I might advise, Mr. Leaf, I should say, save up all your money, and then go, just as you are, with an honest, bold front, right into my master's house, with the fifty pounds in your hand—"

"By Jove, you've hit it!" cried Ascott, starting up. "What a thing a woman's head is! I've turned over scheme after scheme, but I never once thought of any so simple as that. Bravo, Elizabeth! You're a remarkable woman."

She smiled—a very sad smile—but still she felt glad. Any thing that she could possibly do for any creature belonging to her dear mistresses seemed to this faithful servant the natural and bounden duty of her life.

Long after the young man, whose mercurial temperament no trouble could repress, had gone away in excellent spirits, leaving her an address where she could always find him, and give him regular news of his aunts, though he made her promise to give them, as yet, no tidings in return, Elizabeth sat still, watching the sun decline and the shadows lengthen over the field of graves. In the calmness and beauty of this solitary place an equal calm seemed to come over her; a sense of how wonderfully events had linked themselves together and worked themselves out; how even poor Tom's mournful death had brought about this meeting, which might end in restoring to her beloved mistresses their lost sheep, their outcast, miserable boy. She did not reason the matter out, but she felt it, and felt that in making her in some degree His instrument God had been very good to her in the midst of her desolation.

It seemed Elizabeth's lot always to have to put aside her own troubles for the trouble of somebody else. Almost immediately after Tom Cliffe's death her little Henry fell ill with scarlatina, and remained for many months in a state of health so fragile as to engross all her thought and care. It was with difficulty that she contrived a few times to go for Henry's medicines to the shop where "John Smith" served.

She noticed that every time he looked healthier, brighter, freer from that aspect of brokendown respectability which had touched her so much. He did not dress any better, but still "the gentleman" in him could never be hidden or lost, and he said his master treated him "like a gentleman," which was apparently a pleasant novelty. "I have some time to myself also. Shop shuts at nine, and I get up at 5 A.M.—bless us! what would my Aunt Hilary say! And it's not for nothing. There are more ways than one of turning an honest penny, when a young fellow really sets about it. Elizabeth, you used to be a literary character yourself; look into the —and the ——" (naming two popular magazines), "and if you find a series of especially clever papers on sanitary reform, and so on, I did 'em!"

He slapped his chest with Ascott's merry laugh of old. It cheered Elizabeth for a long while afterward.

By-and-by she had to take little Henry to Brighton, and lost sight of "John Smith" for some time longer.

It was on a snowy February day, when, having brought the child home quite strong, and received unlimited gratitude and guineas from the delighted father, Master Henry's faithful nurse stood in her usual place at the dining-room door, waiting for the interminable grace of "only five minutes more" to be over, and her boy carried ignominiously but contentedly to bed.

The footman knocked at the door. "A young man wanting to speak to master on particular business."

- "Let him send in his name."
- "He says you wouldn't know it, Sir."
- "Show him in, then. Probably a case of charity, as usual. Oh!"

And Mr. Ascott's opinion was confirmed by the appearance of the shabby young man with the long beard, whom Elizabeth did not wonder he never recognized in the least.

She ought to have retired, and yet she could not. She hid herself partly behind the door, afraid of passing Ascott; dreading alike to wound him by recognition or non-recognition. But he took no notice. He seemed excessively agitated.

"Come a-begging, young man, I suppose? Wants a situation, as hundreds do, and think that I have half the clerkships in the city at my disposal, and that I am made of money besides. But it's no good, I tell you, Sir; I never give nothing to strangers, except—Here, Henry, my son, take that person there this half-crown"

And the little boy, in his pretty purple velvet frock and his prettier face, trotted across the room and put the money into poor Ascott's hand. He took it; and then, to the astonishment of Master Henry, and the still greater astonishment of his father, lifted up the child and kissed him.

- "Young man, young fellow-"
- "I see you don't know me, Mr. Ascott, and it's not surprising. But I have come to repay you this—" he laid a fifty-pound note down on the table. "Also, to thank you earnestly for not prosecuting me, and to say—"
- "Good God!"—the sole expletive Peter Ascott had been heard to use for long. "Ascott Leaf, is that you? I thought you were in Australia, or dead, or something"
 - "No, I'm alive and here, more's the pity per-



back what I cheated you out of. What you generously gave me I can't pay, though I may some time. Meantime, I have brought you this. It's honestly earned. Yes"-observing the keen doubtful look, "though I have hardly a coat to my back, I assure you it's honestly earned."

Mr. Ascott made no reply. He stooped over the bank-note, examined it, folded it, and put it into his pocket-book; then, after another puzzled investigation of Ascott, cleared his throat.

"Mrs. Hand, you had better take Master Henry up stairs."

An hour after, when little Henry had long been sound asleep, and she was sitting at her usual evening sewing in her solitary nursery, Elizabeth learned that the "shabby young man" was still in the dining-room with Mr. Ascott, who had rung for tea and some cold meat with it. And the footman stated, with undisguised amazement, that the shabby young man was actually sitting at the same table with master!

Elizabeth smiled to herself, and held her tongue. Now, as ever, she always kept the secrets of the family.

About ten o'clock she was summoned to the dining-room.

There stood Peter Ascott, pompous as ever, but with a certain kindly good-humor lightening his heavy face, looking condescendingly around him, and occasionally rubbing his hands slowly together, as if he were exceedingly well pleased with himself. There stood Ascott Leaf, looking bright and handsome in spite of his shabbiness, and quite at his ease—which small peculiarity was never likely to be knocked out of him under the most depressing circumstances.

He shook hands with Elizabeth warmly. "I wanted to ask you if you have any message for Liverpool. I go there to-morrow on business for Mr. Ascott, and afterward I shall any body but Tom.

haps. Except that I have lived to pay you | probably go and see my aunts." He faltered a moment, but quickly shook the emotion off. "Of course, I shall tell them all about you, Elizabeth. Any special message, eh?"

> "Only my duty, Sir, and Master Henry is quite well again," said Elizabeth, formally, and dropping her old-fashioned courtesy; after which, as quickly as she could, she slipped out of the dining-room.

> But long, long after, when all the house was gone to bed, she stood at the nursery window, looking down upon the trees of the square, that stretched their motionless arms up into the moonlight sky-just such a moonlight as it was once, more than three years ago, the night little Henry was born. And she recalled all the past, from the day when Miss Hilary hung up her bonnet for her in the house-place at Stowbury; the dreary life at No. 15; the Sunday nights when she and Tom Cliffe used to go wandering round and round the square.

> "Poor Tom," said she to herself, thinking of Ascott Leaf, and how happy he had looked, and how happy his aunts would be to-morrow. "Well, Tom would be glad too if he knew

> But, happy as every body was, there was nothing so close to Elizabeth's heart as the one grave over which the snow was now lying, white and peaceful, out at Kensal Green.

> Elizabeth is still living-which is a great blessing, for nobody could well do without her. She will probably attain a good old age; being healthy and strong, very equable in temper now, and very cheerful too, in her quiet way. Doubtless, she will yet have Master Henry's children climbing her knees, and calling her "Mammy

> But she will never marry. She never loved

LE DÉPART DES HIRONDELLES.

A pluie au bassin fait des bulles; Les hirondelles, sur le toit, Tiennent des conciliabules: "Voici l'hiver! voici le froid!"

Elles s'assemblant par centaines Se concertant pour le départ, L'une dit, "O que dans Athènes Il fait bon sur le vieux rempart!

"Tous les ans j'y vais et je niche Au métopes du Parthénon; Mon nid bouche, dans la corniche, Le trou d'un boulet de canon."

L'autre, "J'ai ma petite chambre, A Smyrne, au plafond d'un cafe; Les Hadjis comptent leurs grains d'ambre Sur le seuil d'un rayon chauffé."

Celle-ci, "J' habite un triglyphe Au fronton d'un temple à Balbec, Et je m'y suspende par ma griffe Sur mes petits à large bec."

"À la seconde cataracte, Dit la dernière, "fai mon nid,
J'en ai noté la place exacte
Dans le cou d'un roi de granit."
Théophile Gautter.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOWS.

IN fountains bubbling drips the raining; Their confabs sad the swallows hold, And flit from roof to roof complaining: ""Tis winter! O, dear me, the cold!"

By hundreds twittering they assemble '
To plan their flight with least delay;
Shrill pipes the first the storm makes tremble: "How warm old Athens is to-day!

"There, in the Parthenon, I've wintered, This many a year, a welcome guest; Where Turkish guns its frieze have splintered I stop a shot-hole with my nest."

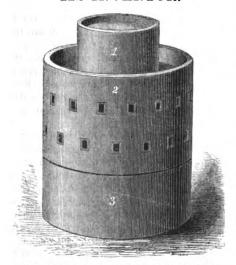
"At Smyrna is my tiny chamber Fast to a rafter stuck," chirps one; "Hadjis beneath count beads of amber Or sip hot coffee in the sun."

Of Balbec, next, a third is telling:
"When sands through mouldering temples sweep,
Some snug old triglyph's just the dwelling
My wide-beaked young secure to keep."

Then, last, a bird that worships Isis, Where roars the second cat'ract's flood, My stone king's neck cracked deep and nice is To hide a swallow's callow brood." GEORGE JAQUES.



THE REVOLVING TOWER AND ITS INVENTOR.



FIRST MODEL OF THE REVOLVING TOWER, 1841

The Look-out, or Central Turret.—2 The Revolving Tower, with two tiers of Guns.—3. The Foundation.

SINCE the day when the Monitor engaged the Merrimac in Hampton Roads it has been acknowledged that in the Revolving Tower a new and powerful element has been introduced into naval warfare. We propose in this paper to give the history of the origin and progress of this invention; to show that only a small portion of its capabilities have been brought into actual use; and that, as developed in the mind of its inventor, it will not only render practically useless the ponderous iron-clad vessels which the French and English are constructing at such enormous cost, but will also make all of our great harbors absolutely impregnable to the combined navies of the world. The inventor of the Revolving Tower, as we shall show from unimpeachable documentary evidence, is THEODORE R. Timby, an American citizen, a native of the State of New York.



THEODORE R. TIMBY.

The Washington dispatch to the New York Associated Press, of October 1, 1862, contained the following paragraph:

"Mr. Timby has the broad patent from the United States for a revolving tower for land and water fortifications. This is acknowledged to be a great national invention, and is fully awarded to American genius and industry."

The idea of a revolving tower for stationary and floating fortresses was conceived by Mr. Timby when a mere boy. His first actual model was completed in July, 1841, he being then nineteen years old. This model, an engraving of which appears at the head of this article, is before us as we write. It is of ivory, about four inches in height and nine or ten in circumference. It contains the germs of the whole invention; not merely of those parts which have been applied in the "Monitors" already built, but embracing other principles of still higher importance which are more fully developed in the towers which are to be described.

Mr. Timby filed his first caveat and specifications in the United States Patent Office on the 18th of January, 1843. These specifications were for "a revolving metallic tower, and for a revolving tower for a floating battery to be propelled by steam." This document thus placed on official record, shows beyond all possibility of cavil that more than twenty years ago Mr. Timby had not only conceived the general idea of a revolving gun-tower, but had brought it into practical form, and laid public legal claim to his invention-a claim which has never been abandoned or legally contested; and which, as will be shown, has been at last fully secured. This official record of the invention, it will be observed, antedates by many years any claim advanced by any other person. No man living, as far as we are aware, has ever pretended to have even thought of the thing until long after Mr. Timby had published it to the world, and had publicly exhibited a complete working model on a large scale. He had meanwhile, during the winter of 1842-3, been busily engaged in the construction of a large iron-clad model, seven feet in diameter. This was built at Syracuse, New York, at a cost of several thousand dollars. Many men who were then residents of that place remember the fair-haired young man who was building an iron revolving fortress. This model was completed early in the spring, and was taken to New York for exhibition. It was shown on the 13th of June, 1843, in the Governor's room in the City Hall, to President Tyler and his Cabinet, who were then on their way to attend the celebration of the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument. It was before and afterwards publicly exhibited in New York and also in other places. It was noticed and described at considerable length, and with more or less correctness, in the various newspapers of the day, sometimes with and sometimes without mention of the name of the inventor. The following is a portion of an article which appeared in the New York Herald of June 7, 1843:

"REVOLVING STEAM BATTERY .- We yesterday visited the performance of a new instrument of warfare, or rather an old instrument on a new principle. It was a fort containing one hundred guns, in four rows or tiers of twenty-

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five guns each. The whole frame, weighing one ton, was moved round in a circle by two steam engines of one-horse power, and as fast as each gun came round to bear upon a certain point it was discharged, the revolution being regulated so as to allow sufficient time to load after discharging before the gun came round to the place of firing. The whole arrangement was pronounced by several military gentlemen who were present to be perfect so far as this experiment was concerned; but as to the success of the principle on a large scale, some doubt was expressed..... Should the plan succeed on an extended scale, it would be one of the most tremendous and effective engines of defense ever invented."

The New York Evening Post of the same date (June 7, 1843) says:

"On the corner of Greenwich and Liberty streets there is a model of a battery, which is of a novel and destructive character. It is erected in a circular form, and presents four tiers of guns. The plan of the battery is, indeed, similar to any other of that form. The important difference consists in the manner by which its armament is brought to bear upon an object. For this purpose it is made to revolve upon its centre, and if this revolution is performed in one minute and the armament comprises a hundred guns, each one of them may in that period of time be discharged at the object. In no other way can so great a number of guns be brought to bear upon an object in so short a time. It is designed to put this in practice by erecting a circular fort of 50 or 100 feet in diameter, of plates of wrought iron. By means of steam power under ground. which shall cause it to revolve on its centre, all the guns of this fort will be brought to bear at each revolution on a given object."

These contemporary records, to which many more might be added, are abundant evidence of the publicity which was given to the invention. Mr. Timby continued still further to develop his idea, constructed several new models, and filed additional specifications in the Patent Office. He pressed the adoption of the plan upon Government year after year, but with no success. Its practicability was not denied; but it was said that it was unnecessary. Our existing fortifications, it was affirmed, were all that could be desired, and far more than were needed; the forts which guarded our harbors were garrisoned by a corporal's guard and tenanted only by bats. In 1856 he visited France, and laid his invention before the French Government, but without success. At length in July, 1848, he succeeded in securing a favorable report to Mr. Marcy, then Secretary of War, from Jefferson Davis, D. L. Yulee, F. H. Elmore, and Dixon H. Lewis, then United States Senators, and Colonel Bumford, Chief of the Ordnance Bureau; but nothing was then done in the matter.

At the outbreak of the rebellion in 1861, Mr. Timby sprang at once to the development and practical application of his favorite engine of war-or rather of peace, for every addition to the destructive power of engines of war is really a new guarantee for peace. He soon produced his fifth model, embodying all the improvements which he had made during the eighteen years which had passed since the date of his first caveat. This was exhibited to Governors Sprague of Rhode Island, and Washburn of Maine, and soon after at the Treasury Department in Washington to the heads of the Departments, members of Congress, foreign Ministers, and officers of the Army and Navy. There was now no doubt no part of the tower proper, though they consti-

of the necessity of additional harbor defenses, and the practical utility of revolving batteries was no longer a matter of speculation. The records of the Patent Office showed that Mr. Timby was the sole and absolute inventor of this, and that from the first he had continually kept his claim alive. His right to a patent was therefore incontrovertible, and he received one from the United States, covering the broad claim "For a Revolving Tower for offensive and defensive warfare whether used on land or water." Several subsidiary patents cover also the various special appliances which give increased value to the general principle.

Meanwhile the Monitor had been built, and contracts were made with an association of leading capitalists and constructors for building other vessels of the same general construction. Mr. Timby's claim to the invention of the turret was brought before them. They acted like men of sense and honor. They acknowledged the validity and worth of his claim, and at once entered upon negotiations with him. The result was that there was secured to him what he considered a fair and just remuneration for the labor of the twenty long years which he had devoted to the perfection of his invention. He receives his due share for the construction of every vessel of our mighty turret fleet, and for every one of the revolving armed towers which will, we hope, soon protect our great harbors from Portland to San Francisco. The world is full of cases where men whose inventions have conferred lasting benefits upon mankind have toiled in want and poverty, while princely fortunes have been accumulated from them by others; or, if at last they have received any adequate reward, it came too late for them to enjoy it. The inventor of the Revolving Tower forms an exception to this. In the very prime of manhood he has secured a compensation not enormous indeed, when compared with the sums which we are told have been amassed in a few months by "army contractors" and "purchasing agents," but amply satisfactory to him. It is pleasant to be able to put upon record his own words: "All my relations with the contractors for building the Monitors, represented by Hon. John A. Griswold, have been entirely satisfactory. They have acted throughout, and in every respect, with the most entire good faith and honor.'

Having thus given the origin and history of the invention, we propose to describe the "Revolving Tower," both for land and water, as arranged by Mr. Timby. We shall commence with that designed for land-this being on the whole more simple, though the leading principles are common to both.

The illustration on page 246 presents an external view of such a structure. It consists, to the eye, of an iron-plated tower, with a domeshaped roof, resting upon a foundation of masonry, and pierced for two tiers of guns. The foundation is also provided with casemated guns, as shown in the illustration. These, however, form



tute a valuable adjunct for all works designed to | carriage-wheel would represent the section : the defend important points. This tower is supposed tire would stand for the outer wall, the spokes to be 100 feet in diameter, and to carry sixty guns, thirty in each tier. In the centre, under the dome, rises a turret,* which, as will be shown, forms one of the most essential parts of the structure.

The illustration on the following page presents a sectional view of the whole structure, cut down through the centre of tower, turret, and foundation, the nearer half being supposed to be removed so as to show the interior construction and the arrangement of every part. K is the dome; and A A represent the circular walls of the tower. It will be observed that there are two of these circles, one within the other. The small inner one is not, as might be supposed at first view, a part of the turret, which does not reach below the roof of the tower. These walls, in a land fortress, may be of any required thickness. If one foot is not sufficient they may be two, or three, or five, if required. The increase of weight, which is so important in a floating battery, is here of no This tower revolves practical consequence. upon friction rollers (GG), by means of a steamengine below and beyond the foundations of the fort. It is proposed that it shall be made to revolve once in a minute, thus bringing every one of the guns to bear upon any point in that space of time. At first thought it would seem impossible to make such a ponderous mass revolve with what appears so great velocity. This objection was, in fact, urged by the writer in the Evening Post, already quoted, against the first model exhibited in 1843. This simply shows the folly of drawing conclusions without carefully examining the premises. A tower 100 feet in diameter has a circumference of about 314 feet. At the rate of revolution proposed it would move 314 feet in a minute, or 18,840 feet, or a little more than three and a half miles, an hour: just about a man's moder-There would not be the ate walking gait. slightest difficulty in giving the tower twice this rate of motion if it were desirable. The force required to effect the revolution is much less than might be imagined. Upon an ordinary railroad "turn-table" one man easily turns a weight of 200 tons. It has been calculated that an engine of 50-horse power would be sufficient to revolve the 100-foot turret with all its armament. This minimum will not, of course, be adopted. It is proposed to use an engine of 250-horse power for this and other purposes. This is much smaller than the marine engines used on steamers, which vary from 300 to 1200 horse power. CC represent the gun-platforms, with the gun-carriages and guns, each looking grimly out from its own port-hole. These gun-carriages all radiate from a common centre to the circumference, like the spokes of a wheel. Indeed, if the tower were cut off level with the gun-platform a

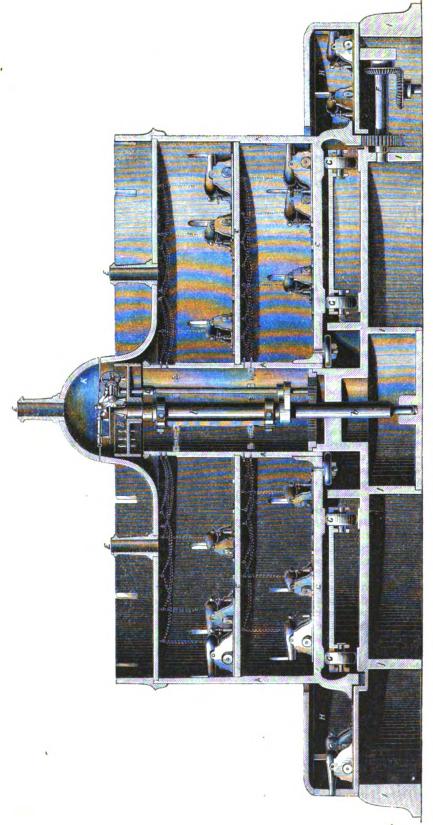
for the gun-carriages, the hub for the inner wall, and the hole for the axle, an opening left for a very important purpose, connected with the central turret.

This turret (B) is the head holding the brain of the whole structure. It rests upon and revolves by means of the shaft b b, extending through the whole length of the tower. The turret revolves independently of the tower, and not by means of the steam-engine. In it the commander is stationed during action. There is a narrow opening through which, with a theodolite or telescope fixed upon a stand, he keeps watch upon the object of attack. At his hand is a wheel connected with the central shaft by proper rods and gearing, so delicately adjusted that the strength of an infant can turn it with the turret which rests upon it. Close by are a series of handles connected with signals to all the officers below. By turning this turret he keeps the telescope pointed always straight at the object aimed at. If it moves he follows it precisely as a sharp-shooter with his telescopic rifle follows the course of a moving object until he is ready to fire. Now as the tower revolves around the turret each gun in its turn is for an instant brought at every revolution directly in a vertical line with the telescope, and if the gun were discharged at that precise instant the ball would go straight to its mark. Provision is made for doing this with unerring certainty. Under the floor of the turret is a galvanic battery with a main conductor so arranged that at the very instant when the gun comes in a line with the telescope the connection is formed. Conducting-wires pass from this main conductor to each gun of the whole battery. When the connection is formed the electric spark passes with the speed of thought along the wires, ignites the priming fuse, and each gun in its turn is discharged at the instant it falls under the vertical line of the telescope, and without the possibility of mistake. The illustration shows clearly the whole of these inner arrangements: the telescope, wheel, and signals in the dome, the main conductor, or "circuit-closer" on the left. and the revolving gearing on the right of the shaft, and the conducting wires passing to each gun. By means of a micrometer attached to the telescope the distance of the object is ascertained at once; a signal to the officer of each gun directs him to elevate or depress the piece so as to secure the proper range.

The gunners, it will be seen, have nothing to do but to load their pieces, run them to the portholes, and place the fuse in the vent. They work in absolute safety in their iron-clad tower; the commander, alike safe in his mailed turret. does all the aiming and sighting, not of a single gun merely, but of all the sixty that compose the battery at the same instant. The precision of the aim is even greater than that of a sharpshooter with his telescopic rifle, for it depends not at all upon the firmness of hand of the



[&]quot; The word "tower" will always be used to denote the exterior part, while "turret" will designate the central



VERTICAL SECTION OF REVOLVING TOWER,

A. A. Exterior and interior walls of the Tower, with dome-shaped roof, K. revolving by the gearing F. upon the friction rollers G. G.—C. C. Artillery Platforms, with guns mounted upon their carriages, which radiate from the common centre—B. The Central Turret, revolving, independently of the Tower, upon the shaft b, b, by means of the rod and gearing D; on the left of the shaft is seen the circuit-closer, forming the connection between the galaxies passing to each gun.—E, B, & Ventilators.—H, H, Casemates, with guns, independent of the Revolving Tower.—I, I, Walls of subtermeneous foundation for the Tower, forming chambers for each and unnitions.



marksmen, but only upon the accuracy of his mosphere within pure and wholesome. sight and the coolness of his judgment. If a cannon-ball traveled with the same accuracy as a rifle-bullet, a single man might be picked off with a 400-pound shot aimed at a mile's distance from this turret as certainly as he could be by a sharp-shooter with his telescopic rifle. This perfect accuracy of flight is perhaps not attainable; but assuming the extreme accurate range of a cannon-ball to be two miles, there is no reason to question that a ship could be hit at that distance by every shot. The importance of this perfect accuracy of aim is shown by the fact that not one shot in a hundred fired in the usual manner at long range from a stationary battery at a vessel in motion ever hits it. Last year one bank of the Potomac for miles was fairly lined with rebel batteries; yet the blockade was run with impunity by steamers of every class; and one could easily count upon his fingers every recorded instance in which a vessel was hit.

The recent experiments on the Passaic demonstrate that there is no limit to the size of the guns which may be fired within a tower. The 15-inch guns, carrying a round shot of 425 pounds, were discharged without the slightest damage to the tower or injury to the men within it. The effect of a fire of heavy shot against a solid object, like a fortification or an iron-clad vessel, depends greatly upon its rapidity. Ten shots striking any point in as many seconds will produce a greater effect than a hundred in ten hours. Now a tower of 60 guns revolving once a minute will deliver its whole fire upon any point every minute - that is, it will give a shot every second; and as it is found by experiment that one minute is ample time for loading a gun, and as not an instant is lost in aiming or firing, this rate may be kept up for any length of time. But the commander is not obliged to use his whole force. Sitting in his turret, and watching the fight, he can by a signal direct the tower to revolve more slowly or to stop altogether; or by another signal he may order the gunners not to put the fuse into the vents of any gun or number of guns. In this case no discharge takes place when the gun comes round under the telescope. Thus the whole battery of 60 guns is absolutely under the control of a single man seated quietly in his turret above the tumult of battle.

We have called this turret the brain of the structure; carrying out the figure, the shaft, with its moving apparatus and circuit-closer, is the spinal cord; the conducting-wires running to the guns are the nerves; the tower is the trunk; the gun-carriages and guns are the arms and hands ready to fling their ponderous missiles, and the steam-engine below is the legs, bearing the huge iron warrior to the point of

In the illustration E E are ventilators, for carrying off the smoke and foul air from the fortress. A strong current of air from beneath is forced up by the steam-engine, keeping the at | ment it came within range, at every foot of its

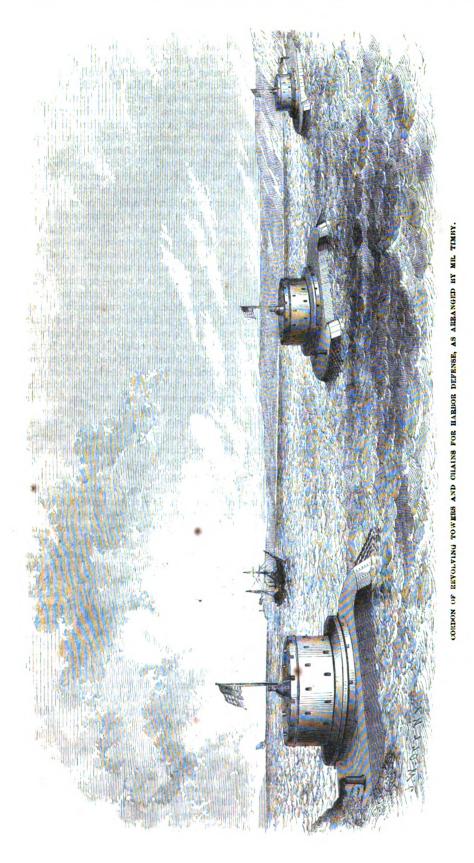
a most essential provision. In an ordinary fortress, after a brief firing, the air in the casemates becomes so foul, smoky, and heated as to be almost incapable of respiration. Thus at Sumter our brave men, while absolutely unharmed by the balls from the enemy, almost perished from heat and suffocation in the narrow casemates. The magazine, stores, and revolving apparatus are contained in subterranean chambers arranged for their reception in the massive work which forms the foundation of the revolving tower. This may be either of masonry or of iron, though all recent experiments go to show that the latter is preferable. In the plan it is provided with a tier of casemated guns.

As far as land fortification is concerned, the main application of the Revolving Tower is for the defense of harbors and sea-ports. These are the vital points of attack. A single vessel of war, once within range of a great city, holds it at mercy. No matter-or rather so much the worse-how strongly it is garrisoned, it is absolutely helpless. It has no more means of reaching its enemy than an elephant has of attacking a shark. The first gun-boat which, passing forts St. Philip and Jackson, lay off the levée at New Orleans, virtually captured the Crescent City. If a solitary vessel of the allied fleet could have passed the forts at Cronstadt, the Russian capital must have surrendered or been destroyed. A single hostile war-steamer which should run the gauntlet of the Narrows and islands, and enter the harbor of New York could impose its own terms on the metropolis. The capture of New Orleans shows how little power our fortresses have to obstruct the passage of even ordinary steamers. The range of stationary guns is so small, and their aim is so uncertain, that it is a matter of chance if a passing vessel is hit at all. At most the danger lasts but a few minutes.

But when the attack is made by iron-clad steamers, the peril to a city is fearfully increased. We think we are fully justified in the opinion that the Passaic or the Ironsides, the Warrior or La Gloire could enter the harbor of New York unharmed in spite of all the fortifications which defend it. Some new mode of defense, answering to the increased powers of offense created within a few years is clearly demanded. This we believe is to be found in the Revolving Turret. The method of its application to the harbor of New York, as arranged by Mr. Timby, is fully shown in the following illustration. With necessary modifications it is available for every one of our great ports, from Portland to San Francisco.

The "Narrows" is supposed to be the point of defense. This passage is about one-third of a mile wide. From each shore a dock would be built, upon which will be erected a tower and fortress such as has been described; and another upon an artificial foundation in the middle. A hostile vessel or fleet seeking to enter the harbor would be exposed from the mo-







advance to the concentrated fire of these three forts, amounting to 180 guns a minute, delivered with an accuracy hitherto unknown in warfare. We believe that no vessel of ordinary model which ever floated upon the waters, from the day when the ark overrode a drowned world down to that on which the last iron-clad was launched from English or French docks, could sustain for a quarter of an hour such a fusillade. The ponderous European mailed ships, with their lofty sides and many vulnerable points, would lie in fragments at the bottom long before they could pass the terrible antagonists stationed to bar their way. The only assailant which could by any possibility hope to pass these forts would be something like our own Monitors or the floating batteries constructing in Europe, lying low in the water, and presenting scarcely a tangible mark at long range. Such a vessel might, perhaps, sustain the fire to which it would be exposed for the half hour during which it would be within range of the guns of the towers; but even such a vessel, if detained at point-blank range, could not long withstand the continuous fire of these fortresses.

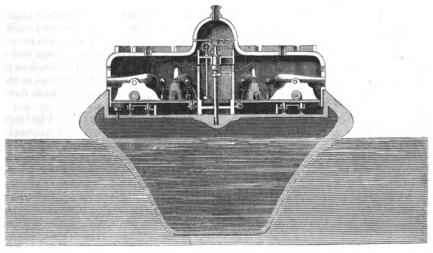
Provision has been made, in the cordon of forts designed by Mr. Timby, for even this contingency. Across the throat of the harbor, from fort to fort, will be placed a series of massive iron chains, attached to windlasses moved by the steam-engines in the forts. These chains during peace lie quietly upon the bottom, offering no obstruction to the passage. But when the approach of an enemy renders it desirable to close the harbor they are drawn up by the windlass to such a deflection as to prevent the passage of a vessel. They are not drawn "taut," for in that case a great part of their strength would be exhausted in maintaining the tension; but they hang swaying in the water. The most powerful steamer striking them would only swing them back, while its momentum would be checked and destroyed. The assailant would then lie helpless at point-blank range under the as arranged by the inventor, is in all essential

concentric fire of two forts, each capable of delivering a shot every second; and between these he must pass in order to reach his object. There is no limit to the size of the guns which may be used. Those of 20-inch calibre, already under contract, could be employed here if desired.

The question between guns and armor, as heretofore applied to vessels, may be considered an open one; though we have yet to learn that any shot has been found, even when fired under the most favorable circumstances, to be effective against a shield equivalent to the armor or towers of the Passaic or Montauk. But granting that this might be pierced or shattered, there is no limit to the thickness which may be given to the walls of a revolving land tower, short of its absolute crushing weight upon the iron or steel rollers upon which it revolves; whereas, sooner or later, there must be a limit beyond which the weight and velocity of shot can not go. That such a tower as has been described would be impregnable to direct assault or escalade needs no demonstration. If cannon-balls could not force their way into it, human beings certainly would not be able to do so. It could only be reduced by famine. If any one will study the charts of our great harbors, he will see that every one of them has a narrow entrance which could be effectually guarded by such a cordon of forts.

The cost of such structures would certainly be great; but without pretending to have gone into any detailed calculation, we are confident that a mere inspection of the general plan is quite sufficient to show that it must be far less than that of fortifications upon the usual plan, while their efficiency would be immeasurably greater. A single hostile vessel, once within range of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or San Francisco, could in an hour cost us more than would be required to build all the forts required for their perfect defense.

The plan for a Revolving Tower for vessels.



SECTION OF HULL AND NAVAL TOWER.



respects the same as that for those to be built upon land. The only modifications are those imposed by the fact that there is a limit to the size and weight of a tower to be borne by a vessel. The problem is to dispose of this practicable size and weight to the best advantage. We give a sectional view of the design for such a tower for a vessel. Essentially it corresponds with that which has been given of the land tower. The general structure, mode of sighting, and discharge, and the internal arrangements are the same. This tower is supposed to be forty feet in diameter, and to be armed with a single tier of six guns instead of the two with which all of our Monitors are furnished. Supposing, as heretofore, that the tower revolves once in a minute, the fire of a vessel provided with such a tower would be six shots in a minute, delivered infallibly upon any desired point. This is demonstrably a greater effective fire than can be given by any vessel heretofore built. The absurdity of placing two or more revolving towers upon any vessel scarcely needs to be pointed out. The essential idea of the revolving tower is that every gun commands every point of the circle. If there are two or more towers each cuts off a part of the range of the other. In our present turrets, with two guns side by side, fully four-fifths are useless for purposes of offense, since not a shot is given from four parts out of five of the circumference. It may be demonstrated that the effective fire of a single tower of four guns is double that of two towers of two guns each, while the cost, weight, and motive power would be much less. The true principle is that indicated in the plan of Mr. Timby. Give the tower sufficient diameter to afford space for a continuous tier of guns clear around its circumference, every part of which will thus be made equally effective. Whether there shall be four, ten, or twenty guns must be decided upon special grounds for each vessel.

To one point in this diagram of a floating tower special attention must be called. It rises only two-thirds of its height above the deck. In our Monitors the whole tower of nine or ten feet in height stands above deck. This height is necessary to give space for the working of the guns; but every foot in height and every ton of weight placed above the line of flotation increases the vulnerability and diminishes the sea-worthiness of the vessel. The height of the tower above deck needs only to be sufficient to allow the port-holes to be high enough to give the required vertical range. The gun-carriages may as well be below the level of deck as above it. Thus of the nine feet required for the height of the tower three may be below deck. The chances of the tower being hit are diminished just onethird; and, moreover, its absolute weight may be a full quarter less without at all lessening its security; for that part of it below deck will be shielded by the side armor of the vessel, and consequently may be made comparatively

This sectional view also suggests a novel mode of constructing the side armor of a vessel, which will be readily understood by any mechanic. In the Monitors the sides of the armed upper hull are perpendicular. In this plan they present an ovoid surface. It lies beyond the scope of this paper to enter upon a discussion of this point. Our object has been to show that the Revolving Gun-Tower, conjoined, as it always has been in the mind of its inventor, with the apparatus for aiming and firing, multiplies almost indefinitely the effective power of artillery for defensive and offensive purposes; that it will do for cannon precisely what the invention of printing has done for the art of writing. If we have succeeded in showing this, we need add no words to commend the matter to the immediate consideration of the American People and Government.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. DALE'S LITTLE PARTY.

THE next day was the day of the party. Not a word more was said on that evening between Bell and her cousin, at least not a word more of any peculiar note; and when Crosbie suggested to his friend on the following morning that they should both step down and see how the preparations were getting on at the Small House, Bernard declined.

"You forget, my dear fellow, that I'm not in love as you are," said he.

"But I thought you were," said Crosbie.

"No; not at all as you are. You are an accepted lover, and will be allowed to do any thing—whip the creams, and tune the piano, if you know how. I'm only a half sort of lover, meditating a mariage de convenance to oblige an

uncle, and by no means required by the terms of my agreement to undergo a very rigid amount of drill. Your position is just the reverse." In saying all which Captain Dale was no doubt very false; but if falseness can be forgiven to a man in any position, it may be forgiven in that which he then filled. So Crosbie went down to the Small House alone.

"Dale wouldn't come," said he, speaking to the three ladies together. "I suppose he's keeping himself up for the dance on the lawn."

"I hope he will be here in the evening," said Mrs. Dale. But Bell said never a word. She had determined that, under the existing circumstances, it would be only fair to her cousin that his offer and her answer to it should be kept secret. She knew why Bernard did not come across from the Great House with his friend, but she said nothing of her knowledge. Lily looked



at her, but looked without speaking; and as for Mrs. Dale, she took no notice of the circumstance. Thus they passed the afternoon together without further mention of Bernard Dale; and it may be said, at any rate of Lily and Crosbie, that his presence was not missed.

Mrs. Eames, with her son and daughter, were the first to come. "It is so nice of you to come early," said Lily, trying on the spur of the moment to say something which should sound pleasant and happy, but in truth using that form of welcome which to my ears sounds always the most ungracious. "Ten minutes before the time named; and, of course, you must have understood that I meant thirty minutes after it!" That is my interpretation of the words when I am thanked for coming early. But Mrs. Eames was a kind, patient, unexacting woman, who took all civil words as meaning civility. And, indeed, Lily had meant nothing else.

"Yes; we did come early," said Mrs. Eames, "because Mary thought she would like to go up into the girl's room and just settle her hair, you know."

"So she shall," said Lily, who had taken Mary by the hand.

"And we knew we shouldn't be in the way. Johnny can go out into the garden if there's any thing left to be done."

"He sha'n't be banished unless he likes it," said Mrs. Dale. "If he finds us women too much for his unaided strength—"

John Eames muttered something about being very well as he was, and then got himself into an arm-chair. He had shaken hands with Lily, trying as he did so to pronounce articulately a little speech which he had prepared for the occasion. "I have to congratulate you, Lily, and I hope with all my heart that you will be happy." The words were simple enough, and were not ill-chosen, but the poor young man never got them spoken. The word "congratulate" did reach Lily's ears, and she understood it all; both the kindness of the intended speech and the reason why it could not be spoken.

"Thank you, John," she said; "I hope I shall see so much of you in London. It will be so nice to have an old Guestwick friend near me." She had her own voice, and the pulses of her heart better under command than had he; but she also felt that the occasion was trying to her. The man had loved her honestly and truly—still did love her, paying her the great homage of bitter grief in that he had lost her. Where is the girl who will not sympathize with such love and such grief, if it be shown only because it can not be concealed, and be declared against the will of him who declares it?

Then came in old Mrs. Hearn, whose cottage was not distant two minutes' walk from the Small House. She always called Mrs. Dale "my dear," and petted the girls as though they had been children. When told of Lily's marriage, she had thrown up her hands with surprise, for she had still left in some corner of her drawers remnants of sugar-plums which she had

bought for Lily. "A London man is he? Well, well. I wish he lived in the country. Eight hundred a year, my dear?" she had said to Mrs. Dale. "That sounds nice down here, because we are all so poor. But I suppose eight hundred a year isn't very much up in London?"

"The squire's coming, I suppose, isn't he?" said Mrs. Hearn, as she seated herself on the sofa close to Mrs. Dale.

"Yes, he'll be here by-and-by; unless he changes his mind, you know. He doesn't stand on ceremony with me."

"He change his mind! When did you ever know Christopher Dale change his mind?"

"He is pretty constant, Mrs. Hearn."

"If he promised to give a man a penny, he'd give it. But if he promised to take away a pound, he'd take it, though it cost him years to get it. He's going to turn me out of my cottage, he says."

"Nonsense, Mrs. Hearn!"

"Jolliffe came and told me"—Jolliffe, I should explain, was the bailiff—"that if I didn't like it as it was, I might leave it, and that the squire could get double the rent for it. Now all I asked was that he should do a little painting in the kitchen; and the wood is all as black as his hat."

"I thought it was understood you were to paint inside."

"How can I do it, my dear, with a hundred and forty pounds for every thing? I must live, you know! And he that has workmen about him every day of the year! And was that a message to send to me, who have lived in the parish for fifty years? Here he is." And Mrs. Hearn majestically raised herself from her seat as the squire entered the room.

With him entered Mr. and Mrs. Boyce, from the parsonage, with Dick Boyce, the ungrown gentleman, and two girl Boyces, who were fourteen and fifteen years of age. Mrs. Dale, with the amount of good-nature usual on such occasions, asked reproachfully why Jane, and Charles, and Florence, and Bessy, did not come—Boyce being a man who had his quiver full of them—and Mrs. Boyce, giving the usual answer, declared that she already felt that they had come as an avalanche.

"But where are the—the—the young men?" asked Lily, assuming a look of mock astonishment.

"They'll be across in two or three hours' time," said the squire. "They both dressed for dinner, and, as I thought, made themselves very smart; but for such a grand occasion as this they thought a second dressing necessary. How do you do, Mrs. Hearn? I hope you are quite well. No rheumatism left, eh?" This the squire said very loud into Mrs. Hearn's ear. Mrs. Hearn was perhaps a little hard of hearing; but it was very little, and she hated to be thought deaf. She did not, moreover, like to be thought rheumatic. This the squire knew, and therefore his mode of address was not good-natured.



"You needn't make me jump so, Mr. Dale. | ing for an early day. "I will refuse you no-I'm pretty well now, thank ye. I did have a twinge in the spring-that cottage is so badly built for draughts! 'I wonder you can live in it,' my sister said to me the last time she was over. I suppose I should be better off over with her at Hamersham, only one doesn't like to move, you know, after living fifty years in one parish.

"You mustn't think of going away from us," Mrs. Boyce said, speaking by no means loud, but slowly and plainly, hoping thereby to flatter the old woman. But the old woman understood it all. "She's a sly creature, is Mrs. Boyce," Mrs. Hearn said to Mrs. Dale before the evening was out. There are some old people whom it is very hard to flatter, and with whomat is, nevertheless, almost impossible to live unless you do flatter them.

At last the two heroes came in across the lawn at the drawing-room window; and Lily, as they entered, dropped a low courtesy before them, gently swelling down upon the ground with her light muslin dress, till she looked like some wondrous flower that had bloomed upon the carpet, and putting her two hands, with the backs of her fingers pressed together, on the buckle of her girdle, she said, "We are waiting upon your honors' kind grace, and feel how much we owe to you for favoring our poor abode." And then she gently rose up again, smiling, oh, so sweetly, on the man she loved, and the puffings and swellings went out of her muslin.

I think there is nothing in the world so pretty as the conscious little tricks of love played off by a girl toward the man she loves, when she has made up her mind boldly that all the world may know that she has given herself away to him.

I am not sure that Crosbie liked it all as much as he should have done. The bold assurance of her love when they two were alone together he did like. What man does not like such assurances on such occasions? But perhaps he would have been better pleased had Lily shown more reticence-been more secret, as it were, as to her feelings when others were around them. It was not that he accused her in his thoughts of any want of delicacy. He read her character too well; was, if not quite aright in his reading of it, at least too nearly so to admit of his making against her any such accusation as that. It was the calf-like feeling that was disagreeable to him. He did not like to be presented, even to the world of Allington, as a victim caught for the sacrifice, and bound with ribbon for the altar. And then there lurked behind it all a feeling that it might be safer that the thing should not be so openly manifested before all the world. Of course every body knew that he was engaged to Lily Dale; nor had he, as he said to himself, perhaps too frequently, the slightest idea of breaking from that engagement. But then the marriage might possibly be delayed. He had not discussed that matter yet with Lily, having, indeed, at the first moment of his gratified love, created some little difficulty for himself by press- to call Dr. Croft.

thing," she had said to him; "but do not make it too soon." He saw, therefore, before him some little embarrassment, and was inclined to wish that Lily would abstain from that manner which seemed to declare to all the world that she was about to be married immediately. "I must speak to her to-morrow," he said to himself, as he accepted her salute with a mock gravity equal to her own.

Poor Lily! How little she understood as yet what was passing through his mind. Had she known his wish she would have wrapped up her love carefully in a napkin, so that no one should have seen it-no one but he, when he might choose to have the treasure uncovered for his sight. And it was all for his sake that she had been thus open in her ways. She had seen girls who were half-ashamed of their love: but she would never be ashamed of hers or of him. She had given herself to him; and now all the world might know it, if all the world cared for such knowledge. Why should she be ashamed of that which, to her thinking, was so great an honor to her? She had heard of girls who would not speak of their love, arguing to themselves cannily that there may be many a slip between the cup and the lip. There could be no need of any such caution with her. There could surely be no such slip! Should there be such a fall -should any such fate, either by falseness or misfortune, come upon her-no such caution could be of service to save her. The cup would have been so shattered in its fall that no further piecing of its parts would be in any way possible. So much as this she did not exactly say to herself; but she felt it all, and went bravely forward-bold in her love, and careful to hide it from none who chanced to see it.

They had gone through the ceremony with the cake and tea-cups, and had decided that, at any rate, the first dance or two should be held upon the lawn when the last of the guests ar-

"Oh, Adolphus, I am so glad he has come!" said Lily. "Do try to like him." Of Dr. Croft, who was the new-comer, she had sometimes spoken to her lover, but she had never coupled her sister's name with that of the doctor, even in speaking to him. Nevertheless, Crosbie had in some way conceived the idea that this Croft either had been, or was, or was to be, in love with Bell; and as he was prepared to advocate his friend Dale's claims in that quarter he was not particularly anxious to welcome the doctor as a thoroughly intimate friend of the family. He knew nothing as yet of Dale's offer, or of Bell's refusal, but he was prepared for war if war should be necessary. Of the squire, at the present moment, he was not very fond; but if his destiny intended to give him a wife out of this family he should prefer the owner of Allington and nephew of Lord De Guest as a brother-in-law to a village doctor-as he took upon himself, in his pride,



"It is very unfortunate," said he, "but I never do like Paragons."

"But you must like this Paragon. Not that he is a Paragon at all, for he smokes and hunts, and does all manner of wicked things." And then she went forward to welcome her friend.

Dr. Croft was a slight, spare man, about five feet nine in height, with very bright dark eyes, a broad forehead, with dark hair that almost curled, but which did not come so forward over his brow as it should have done for purposes of beauty, with a thin, well-cut nose, and a mouth that would have been perfect had the lips been a little fuller. The lower part of his face, when seen alone, had in it somewhat of sternness, which, however, was redeemed by the brightness of his eyes. And yet an artist would have declared that the lower features of his face were by far the more handsome.

Lily went across to him and greeted him heartily, declaring how glad she was to have him there. "And I must introduce you to Mr. Crosbie," she said, as though she was determined to carry her point. The two men shook hands with each other, coldly, without saying a word, as young men are apt to do when they are brought together in that way. Then they separated at once, somewhat to the disappointment of Lily. Crosbie stood off by himself, both his eyes turned up toward the ceiling, and looking as though he meant to give himself airs; while Croft got himself quickly up to the fire-place, making civil little speeches to Mrs. Dale, Mrs. Boyce, and Mrs. Hearn. And then at last he made his way round to Bell.

"I am so glad," he said, "to congratulate you on your sister's engagement."

"Yes," said Bell; "we knew that you would be glad to hear of her happiness."

"Indeed I am glad, and thoroughly hope that she may be happy. You all like him, do you not?"

"We like him very much."

"And I am told that he is well off. He is a very fortunate man—very fortunate—very fortunate."

"Of course we think so," said Bell. "Not, however, because he is rich."

"No; not because he is rich. But because, being worthy of such happiness, his circumstances should enable him to marry and to enjoy it."

"Yes, exactly," said Bell. "That is just it." Then she sat down, and in sitting down put an end to the conversation. "That is just it," she had said. But as soon as the words were spoken she declared to herself that it was not so, and that Croft was wrong. "We love him," she said to herself, "not because he is rich enough to marry without anxious thought, but because he dares to marry although he is not rich." And then she told herself that she was angry with the doctor.

After that Dr. Croft got off toward the door, and stood there by himself, leaning against the wall, with the thumbs of both his hands stuck to be loved."

into the arm-holes of his waistcoat. People said that he was a shy man. I suppose he was shy, and yet he was a man that was by no means afraid of doing any thing that he had to do. He could speak before a multitude without being abashed, whether it was a multitude of men or of women. He could be very fixed, too, in his own opinion, and eager, if not violent, in the prosecution of his purpose. But he could not stand and say little words when he had, in truth, nothing to say. He could not keep his ground when he felt that he was not using the ground upon which he stood. He had not learned the art of assuming himself to be of importance in whatever place he might find himself. It was this art which Crosbie had learned, and by this art that he had flourished. So Croft retired and leaned against the wall near the door, and Crosbie came forward and shone like an Apollo among all the guests. "How is it that he does it?" said John Eames to himself, envying the perfect happiness of the London man of fashion.

At last Lily got the dancers out upon the lawn, and then they managed to go through one quadrille. But it was found that it did not answer. The music of the single fiddle which Crosbie had hired from Guestwick was not sufficient for the purpose; and then the grass, though it was perfect for purposes of croquet, was not pleasant to the feet for dancing.

"This is very nice," said Bernard to his cousin.
"I don't know any thing that could be nicer; but perhaps—"

"I know what you mean," said Lily. "But I shall stay here. There's no touch of romance about any of you. Look at the moon there at the back of the steeple. I don't mean to go in all night." Then she walked off by one of the paths, and her lover went after her.

"Don't you like the moon?" she said, as she took his arm, to which she was now so accustomed that she hardly thought of it as she took it.

"Like the moon?—well; I fancy I like the sun better. I don't quite believe in moonlight. I think it does best to talk about when one wants to be sentimental."

"Ah; that is just what I fear. That is what I say to Bell when I tell her that her romance will fade as the roses do. And then I shall have to learn that prose is more serviceable than poetry, and that the mind is better than the heart, and—and—and that money is better than love. It's all coming, I know; and yet I do like the moonlight."

"And the poetry-and the love?"

"Yes. The poetry much, and the love more. To be loved by you is sweeter even than any of my dreams—is better than all the poetry I have read."

"Dearest Lily," and his unchecked arm stole round her waist.

"It is the meaning of the moonlight, and the essence of the poetry," continued the impassioned girl. "I did not know then why I liked such things, but now I know. It was because I longed to be loved."





" MR. CRADELL, YOUR HAND."

"And to love."

"Oh yes. I would be nothing without that. But that, you know, is your delight-or should be. The other is mine. And yet it is a delight to love you; to know that I may love you."

"You mean that this is the realization of your romance."

"Yes; but it must not be the end of it, Adolphus. You must like the soft twilight, and the long evenings when we shall be alone; and you know what I mean."

must read to me the books I love, and you must not teach me to think that the world is hard, and dry, and cruel-not yet. I tell Bell so very often; but you must not say so to me."

"It shall not be dry and cruel, if I can prevent it."

"You understand what I mean, dearest. I will not think it dry and cruel, even though sorrow should come upon us, if you- I think you



"If I am good to you."

"I am not afraid of that—I am not the least afraid of that. You do not think that I could ever distrust you? But you must not be ashamed to look at the moonlight, and to read poetry, and to—"

"To talk nonsense, you mean."

But as he said it, he pressed her closer to his side, and his tone was pleasant to her.

"I suppose I'm talking nonsense now?" she said, pouting. "You liked me better when I was talking about the pigs; didn't you?"

"No; I like you best now."

"And why didn't you like me then? Did I say any thing to offend you?"

"I like you best now, because-"

They were standing in the narrow pathway of the gate leading from the bridge into the gardens of the Great House, and the shadow of the thickspreading laurels was around them. But the moonlight still pierced brightly through the little avenue, and she, as she looked up to him, could see the form of his face and the loving softness of his eye.

"Because—" said he; and then he stooped over her and pressed her closely, while she put up her lips to his, standing on tip-toe that she might reach to his face.

"Oh, my love!" she said. "My love! my love!"

As Crosbie walked back to the Great House that night he made a firm resolution that no consideration of worldly welfare should ever induce him to break his engagement with Lily Dale. He went somewhat further also, and determined that he would not put off the marriage for more than six or eight months, or, at the most, ten, if he could possibly get his affairs arranged in that time. To be sure he must give up every thing—all the aspirations and ambition of his life; but then, as he declared to himself somewhat mournfully, he was prepared to do that. Such were his resolutions, and as he thought of them in bed he came to the conclusion that few men were less selfish than he was.

"But what will they say to us for staying away?" said Lily, recovering herself. "And I ought to be making the people dance, you know. Come along, and do make yourself nice. Do waltz with Mary Eames—pray, do. If you don't, I won't speak to you all night!"

Acting under which threat, Crosbie did, on his return, solicit the honor of that young lady's hand, thereby elating her into a seventh heaven of happiness. What could the world afford better than a waltz with such a partner as Adolphus Crosbie? And poor Mary Eames could waltz well, though she could not talk much as she danced, and would pant a good deal when she stopped. She put too much of her energy into the motion, and was too anxious to do the mechanical part of the work in a manner that should be satisfactory to her partner. "Oh! thank you; it's very nice. I shall be able to go onagain directly." Her conversation with Crosbie did not get much beyond that, and yet she felt Vol. XXVI.—No. 152.—R

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that she had never done better than on this occasion.

Though there were, at most, not above five couples of dancers, and though they who did not dance, such as the squire and Mr. Boyce, and a curate from a neighboring parish, had, in fact, nothing to amuse them, the affair was kept on very merrily for a considerable number of hours. Exactly at twelve o'clock there was a little supper, which no doubt served to relieve Mrs. Hearn's ennui, and at which Mrs. Boyce also seemed to enjoy herself. As to the Mrs. Boyces on such occasions, I profess that I feel no pity. They are generally happy in their children's happiness, or if not, they ought to be. At any rate, they are simply performing a manifest duty, which duty, in their time, was performed on their behalf. But on what account do the Mrs. Hearns betake themselves to such gatherings? Why did that ancient lady sit there hour after hour yawning, longing for her bed, looking every ten minutes at her watch, while her old bones were stiff and sore, and her old ears pained with the noise? It could hardly have been simply for the sake of the supper. After the supper, however, her maid took her across to her cottage, and Mrs. Boyce also then stole away home, and the squire went off with some little parade, suggesting to the young men that they should make no noise in the house as they returned. But the poor curate remained, talking a dull word every now and then to Mrs. Dale, and looking on with tantalized eyes at the joys which the world had prepared for others than him. I must say that I think that public opinion and the bishops together are too hard upon curates in this particu-

In the latter part of the night's delight, when time and practice had made them all happy together, John Eames stood up for the first time to dance with Lilv. She had done all she could, short of asking him, to induce him to do her this favor-for she felt that it would be a favor. How great had been the desire on his part to ask her, and at the same time how great the repugnance, Lily perhaps did not quite understand. And yet she understood much of it. She knew that he was not angry with her. She knew that he was suffering from the injured pride of futile love, almost as much as from the futile love itself. She wished to put him at his ease in this; but she did not quite give him credit for the full sincerity and the upright, uncontrolled heartiness of his feelings.

At length he did come up to her, and though in truth she was engaged, she at once accepted his offer. Then she tripped across the room. "Adolphus," she said, "I can't dance with you, though I said I would. John Eames has asked me, and I haven't stood up with him before. You understand, and you'll be a good boy, won't you?"

Crosbie not being in the least jealous, was a good boy, and sat himself down to rest, hidden behind a door.

For the first few minutes the conversation be-

tween Eames and Lily was of a very matter-offact kind. She repeated her wish that she might see him in London; and he said that of course he should come and call. Then there was silence for a little while, and they went through their figure dancing.

"I don't at all know yet when we are to be married," said Lily, as soon as they were again standing together.

"No; I dare say not," said Eames.

"But not this year, I suppose. Indeed, I should say, of course not."

"In the spring, perhaps," suggested Eames. He had an unconscious desire that it might be postponed to some Greek kalends, and yet he did not wish to injure Lily.

"The reason I mention it is this, that we should be so very glad if you could be here. We all love you so much, and I should so like to

have you here on that day!"

Why is it that girls so constantly do this—so frequently ask men who have loved them to be present at their marriages with other men? There is no triumph in it. It is done in sheer kindness and affection. They intend to offer something which shall soften and not aggravate the sorrow that they have caused. "You can't marry me yourself," the lady seems to say. "But the next greatest blessing which I can offer you shall be yours—you shall see me married to somebody else." I fully appreciate the intention, but in honest truth I doubt the eligibility of the proffered entertainment.

On the present occasion John Eames seemed to be of this opinion, for he did not at once accept the invitation.

"Will you not oblige me so far as that?" said she, softly.

"I would do any thing to oblige you," said he, gruffly; "almost any thing."

"But not that?"

"No; not that. I could not do that." Then he went off upon his figure, and when they were next both standing together they remained silent till their turn for dancing had again come. Why was it that after that night Lily thought more of John Eames than ever she had thought before—felt for him, I mean, a higher respect, as for a man who had a will of his own?

And in that quadrille Croft and Bell had been dancing together, and they also had been talking of Lily's marriage. "A man may undergo what he likes for himself," he had said; "but he has no right to make a woman undergo poverty."

"Perhaps not," said Bell.

"That which is no suffering for a man—which no man should think of for himself—will make a hell on earth for a woman."

"I suppose it would," said Bell, answering him without a sign of feeling in her face or voice. But she took in every word that he spoke, and disputed their truth inwardly with all the strength of her heart and mind, and with the very vehemence of her soul. "As if a woman can not bear more than a man!" she said to her-

self, as she walked the length of the room alone, when she had got herself free from the doctor's arm.

After that they all went to bed.



CHAPTER X.

MRS. LUPEX AND AMELIA ROPER.

I SHOULD simply mislead a confiding reader if I were to tell him that Mrs. Lupex was an amiable woman. Perhaps the fact that she was not amiable is the one great fault that should be laid to her charge; but that fault had spread itself so widely, and had cropped forth in so many different places of her life, like a strong rank plant that will show itself all over a garden, that it may almost be said that it made her odious in every branch of life, and detestable alike to those who knew her little and to those who knew her much. If a searcher could have got at the inside spirit of the woman, that searcher would have found that she wished to go right-that she did make, or, at any rate, promise to herself that she would make, certain struggles to attain decency and propriety. But it was so natural to her to torment those whose misfortune brought them near to her, and especially that wretched man who in an evil day had taken her to his bosom as his wife, that decency fled from her and propriety would not live in her quarters.

Mrs. Lupex was, as I have already described her, a woman not without some feminine attraction in the eyes of those who like morning negto a long nose somewhat on one side. She was clever in her way, and could say smart things. She could flatter also, though her very flattery had always in it something that was disagreeable. And she must have had some power of will, as otherwise her husband would have escaped from her before the days of which I am writing. Otherwise, also, she could hardly have obtained her footing and kept it in Mrs. Roper's drawing-room. For though the hundred pounds a year, either paid or promised to be paid, was matter with Mrs. Roper of vast consideration. nevertheless the first three months of Mrs. Lupex's sojourn in Burton Crescent were not over before the landlady of that house was most anxiously desirous of getting herself quit of her married boarders.

I shall perhaps best describe a little incident that had occurred in Burton Crescent during the absence of our friend Eames, and the manner in which things were going on in that locality, by giving at length two letters which Johnny received by post at Guestwick on the morning after Mrs. Dale's party. One was from his friend Cradell, and the other from the devoted Amelia. In this instance I will give that from the gentleman first, presuming that I shall best consult my readers' wishes by keeping the greater delicacy till the last:

"INCOME-TAX OFFICE, September, 186-"My DEAR JOHNNY,-We have had a terrible affair in the Crescent, and I really hardly know how to tell you; and yet I must do it, for I want your advice. You know the sort of standing that I was on with Mrs. Lupex, and perhaps you remember what we were saying on the plat-form at the station. I have, no doubt, been fond of her society, as I might be of that of any other friend. I knew, of course, that she was a fine woman; and if her husband chose to be jealous I couldn't help that. But I never intended any thing wrong; and, if it was necessary, couldn't I call you as a witness to prove it? I never spoke a word to her out of Mrs. Roper's drawing-room: and Miss Spruce, or Mrs. Roper, or somebody has always been there. know he drinks horribly sometimes, but I do not think he ever gets downright drunk. Well, he came home last night about nine o'clock, after one of these bouts. From what Jemima says" [Jemima was Mrs. Roper's parlormaid], "I believe he had been at it down at the theatre for three days. We hadn't seen him since Tuesday. He went straight into the parlor and sent up Jemima to me to say that he wanted to see me. Mrs. Lupex was in the room, and heard the girl summon me, and, jumping up, she declared that if there was going to be blood shed she would leave the house. There was nobody else in the room but Miss Spruce, and she didn't say a word, but took her candle and went up stairs. You must own it looked very uncomfortable. What was I to do with a drunken man down in the parlor? However, she seemed to think I ought to go. 'If he comes up here,' said she, 'I shall be the victim. You little know of what that man is capable when his wrath has been inflamed by wine.' Now, I think you are aware that I am not likely to be very much afraid of any man; but why was I to be got into a row in such a way as this? I hadn't done any thing. And then, if there was to be a quarrel, and any thing was to come of it, as she seemed to expect—like bloodshed, I mean, or a fight, or if he were to knock me on the head with the poker, where should I be at my office? A man in a public office, as you and I are, can't quarrel like any body else. It was this that I felt so much at the moment. 'Go down to him,' said she, 'unless you wish to see me murdered at your feet.' Fisher says that, if what I say is true, they must have arranged it all between them. I

ligence and evening finery, and do not object to a long nose somewhat on one side. She was clever in her way, and could say smart things. She could flatter also, though her very flattery had always in it something that was disagreeable. And she must have had some power of will as otherwise her husband rould here or that she was in a terrible fright.

"At that moment I happened to see my hat on the hall table, and it occurred to me that I ought to put myself into the hands of a friend. Of course I was not afraid of that man in the dining-room; but should I have been justified in engaging in a struggle, perhaps for dear life, in Mrs. Roper's house? I was bound to think of her interests. So I took up my hat and deliberately walked out of the front door. 'Tell him,' said I to Jemima, 'that I'm not at home.' And so I went away direct to Fisher's, meaning to send him back to Lupex as my friend; but Fisher was at his chess-club.

"As I thought there was no time to be lost on such an occasion as this I went down to the club and called him out. You know what a cool fellow Fisher is. I don't suppose any thing would ever excite him. When I told him the story he said that he would sleep upon it, and I had to walk up and down before the club while he finished his game. Fisher seemed to think that I might go back to Burton Crescent, but of course I knew that that would be out of the question. So it ended in my going home and sleeping on his sofa, and sending for some of my things in the morning. I wanted him to get up and see Lupex before going to the office this morning. But he seemed to think it would be better to put it off, and so he will call upon him at the theatre inmediately after office hours.

"I want you to write to me at once, saying what you know about the matter. I ask you, as I don't want to lug in any of the other people at Roper's. It is very uncomfortable, as I can't exactly leave her at once because of last quarter's money; otherwise I should cut and run, for the house is not the sort of place either for you or me. You may take my word for that, Master Johnny. And I could tell you something, too, about A. R., only I don't want to make mischief. But do you write immediately. And now I think of it you had better write to Fisher, so that he can show your letter to Lupex—just saying that to the best of your belief there had never been any thing between her and me but mere friendship; and that of course you, as my friend, must have known every thing. Whether I shall go back to Roper's to-night will depend on what Fisher says after the interview.

"Good-by, old fellow! I hope you are enjoying yourself, and that L. D. is quite well. "Your sincere friend. JOSEPH CRADELL."

John Eames read this letter over twice before he opened that from Amelia. He had never yet received a letter from Miss Roper, and felt very little of that ardor for its perusal which young men generally experience on the receipt of a first letter from a young lady. The memory of Amelia was at the present moment distasteful to him, and he would have thrown the letter unopened into the fire had he not felt it might be dangerous to do so. As regarded his friend Cradell he could not but feel ashamed of him—ashamed of him, not for running away from Mr. Lupex, but for excusing his escape on false pretenses.

And then, at last, he opened the letter from Amelia. "Dearest John," it began, and as he read the words he crumpled the paper up between his fingers. It was written in a fair female hand, with sharp points instead of curves to the letters, but still very legible, and looking as though there were a decided purport in every word of it:

"Dearest John,-It feels so strange to me to write to



and have I not a right to call you so? And are you not my own? and am not I yours?" [Again he crunched the paper up in his hand, and as he did so he muttered words which I need not repeat at length. But still he went on with his letter.] "I know that we understand each other perfectly, and when that is the case heart should be allowed to speak openly to heart. Those are my feelings, and I believe that you will find them reciprocal in your own bosom. Is it not sweet to be loved? I find it so. And, dearest John, let me assure you, with open candor, that there is no room for jealousy in this breast with regard to you. I have too much confidence for that, I can assure you, both in your honor and in my own-I would say cha:ms, only you would call me vain. You must not suppose that I meant what I said about L. D. Of course you will be glad to see the friends of your childhood, and it would be far from your Amelia's heart to begrudge you such delightful pleasure. Your friends will, I hope, some day be my friends." [Another crunch.] "And if there be any one among them, any real L. D. whom you have specially liked, I will receive her to my heart, specially, [This assurance on the part of his Amelia was too much for him, and he threw the letter from him, thinking whence he might get relief-whether from suicide or from the colonies, but presently he took it up again, and drained the bitter cup to the bottom.] "And if I seemed petulant to you before you went away you must forgive your own Amelia. I had nothing before me but misery for the month of your absence. There is no one here congenial to my feelings-of course not. And you would not wish me to be happy in your absence—would you? I can assure you, let your wishes be what they may, I never can be happy again unless you are with me. Write to me one little line, and tell me that you are grateful to me for my devotion.

"And now I must tell you that we have had a sad affair in the house, and I do not think that your friend Mr. Cradell has behaved at all well. You remember how he has been always going on with Mrs. Lupex. Mother was quite unhappy about it, though she didn't like to say any thing. Of course when a lady's name is concerned it is particular. But Lupex has become dreadful jealous during the last week, and we all knew that something was coming. She is an artful woman, but I don't think she meant any thing bad-only to drive her husband to desperation. He came here yesterday in one of his tantrums, and wanted to see Cradell; but he got frightened, and took his hat and went off. Now that wasn't quite right. If he was innocent, why didn't he stand his ground and explain the mistake? As mother says, it gives the house such a name. Lupex swore last night that he'd be off to the Income-tax Office this morning, and have Cradell out before all the commissioners, and clerks, and every body. If he does that it will get into the papers, and all London will be full of it. She would like it, I know, for all she cares for is to be talked about; but only think what it will be for mother's house! I wish you were here, for your high prudence and courage would set every thing right at once—at least I think so

"I shall count the minutes till I get an answer to this, and shall envy the postman who will have your letter before it will reach me. Do write at once. If I do not hear by Monday morning I shall think that something is the matter. Even though you are among your dear old friends, surely you can find a moment to write to your own Amelia.

"Mother is very unhappy about this affair of the Lupexes. She says that if you were here to advise her she should not mind it so much. It is very hard upon her, for she does strive to make the house respectable and comfortable for every body. I would send my duty and love to your dear mamma if I only knew her, as I hope I shall do one day, and to your sister, and to L. D. also, if you like to tell her how we are situated together. So now no more Always affectionate sweet-heart, from your

"AMELIA ROPER."

Poor Eames did not feel the least gratified by any part of this fond letter, but the last paraby him that this woman should send her love to or, up by the big avenue of elms in Lord De

you in such language as this. And yet you are dearest, i his mother and to his sister, and even to Lily Dale? He felt that there was a pollution in the very mention of Lily's name by such a one as Amelia Roper. And yet Amelia Roper was, as she had assured him-his own. Much as he disliked her at the present moment, he did believe that he was-her own. He did feel that she had obtained a certain property in him, and that his destiny in life would tie him to her, He had said very few words of love to her at any time-very few, at least, that were themselves of any moment; but among those few there had undoubtedly been one or two in which he had told her that he loved her. And he had written to her that fatal note! Upon the whole, would it not be as well for him to go out to the great reservoir behind Guestwick, by which the Hamersham Canal was fed with its waters, and put an end to his miserable existence?

On that same day he did write a letter to Fisher, and he wrote also to Cradell. As to those letters he felt no difficulty. To Fisher he declared his belief that Cradell was innocent as he was himself as regarded Mrs. Lupex. "I don't think he is the sort of man to make up to a married woman," he said, somewhat to Cradell's displeasure, when the letter reached the Income-tax Office; for that gentleman was not averse to the reputation for success in love which the little adventure was, as he thought, calculated to give him among his brother-clerks. At the first bursting of the shell, when that desperately jealous man was raging in the parlor, incensed by the fumes both of wine and love, Cradell had felt that the affair was disagreeably painful. But on the morning of the third day -for he had passed two nights on his friend Fisher's sofa—he had begun to be somewhat proud of it, and did not dislike to hear Mrs. Lupex's name in the mouths of the other clerks. When, therefore, Fisher read to him the letter from Guestwick, he hardly was pleased with his friend's tone. "Ha, ha, ha!" said he, laughing. "That's just what I wanted him to say. Make up to a married woman, indeed! No; I'm the last man in London to do that sort of thing."

"Upon my word, Candle, I think you are," said Fisher; "the very last man."

And then poor Cradell was not happy. On that afternoon he boldly went to Burton Crescent and ate his dinner there. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Lupex were to be seen, nor were their names mentioned to him by Mrs. Roper. In the course of the evening he did pluck up courage to ask Miss Spruce where they were; but that ancient lady merely shook her head solemnly, and declared that she knew nothing about such goings on-no, not she.

But what was John Eames to do as to that letter from Amelia Roper? He felt that any answer to it would be very dangerous, and yet that he could not safely leave it unanswered. He walked off by himself across Guestwick Comgraph of it was the worst. Was it to be endured | mon, and through the woods of Guestwick Man-



Guest's park, trying to resolve how he might rescue himself from this scrape. Here, over the same ground, he had wandered scores of times in his earlier years, when he knew nothing beyond the innocency of his country home, thinking of Lily Dale and swearing to himself that she should be his wife. Here he had strung together his rhymes, and fed his ambition with high hopes, building gorgeous castles in the air, in all of which Lilian reigned as a queen; and though in those days he had known himself to be awkward, poor, uncared for by any in the world except his mother and his sister, yet he had been happy in his hopes-happy in his hopes even though he had never taught himself really to believe that they would be realized. But now there was nothing in his hopes or thoughts to make him happy. Every thing was black, and wretched, and ruinous. What would it matter, after all, even if he should marry Amelia Roper, seeing that Lily was to be given to another? But then the idea of Amelia as he had seen her that night through the chink in the door came upon his memory, and he confessed to himself that life with such a wife as that would be a living death.

At one moment he thought that he would tell his mother every thing, and leave her to write an answer to Amelia's letter. Should the worst come to the worst, the Ropers could not absolutely destroy him. That they could bring an action against him, and have him locked up for a term of years, and dismissed from his office, and exposed in all the newspapers, he seemed to know. That might all, however, be endured, if only the gauntlet could be thrown down for him by some one else. The one thing which he felt that he could not do was, to write to a girl whom he had professed to love and tell her that he did not love her. He knew that he could not himself form such words upon the paper; nor, as he was well aware, could he himself find the courage to tell her to her face that he had changed his mind. He knew that he must become the victim of his Amelia, unless he could find some friendly knight to do battle in his favor: and then again he thought of his mother

But when he returned home he was as far as ever from any resolve to tell her how he was situated. I may say that his walk had done him no good, and that he had not made up his mind to any thing. He had been building those pernicious castles in the air during more than half the time; not castles in the building of which he could make himself happy, as he had done in the old days, but black castles, with cruel dungeons, into which hardly a ray of life could find its way. In all these edifices his imagination pictured to him Lily as the wife of Mr. Crosbie. He accepted that as a fact, and then went to work in his misery, making her as wretched as himself through the misconduct and harshness of her husband. He tried to think, and to resolve what he would do; but there is no task so hard as that of thinking, when the

fore it. The mind, under such circumstances, is like a horse that is brought to the water but refuses to drink. So Johnny returned to his home, still doubting whether or no he would answer Amelia's letter. And if he did not answer it, how would he conduct himself on his return to Burton Crescent?

I need hardly say that Miss Roper, in writing her letter, had been aware of all this, and that Johnny's position had been carefully prepared for him by—his affectionate sweet-heart.

CHAPTER XI.

SOCIAL LIFE.

MR. AND MRS. LUPEX had eaten a sweet-bread together in much connubial bliss on that day which had seen Cradell returning to Mrs. Roper's hospitable board. They had together eaten a sweet-bread, with some other delicacies of the season, in the neighborhood of the theatre, and had washed down all unkindness with bitter beer and brandy-and-water. But of this reconciliation Cradell had not heard; and when he saw them come together into the drawing-room, a few minutes after the question he had addressed to Miss Spruce, he was certainly surprised.

Lupex was not an ill-natured man, nor one naturally savage by disposition. He was a man fond of sweet-bread and little dinners, and one to whom hot brandy-and-water was too dear. Had the wife of his bosom been a good helpmate to him he might have gone through the world, if not respectably, at any rate without open disgrace. But she was a woman who left a man no solace except that to be found in brandy-and-water. For eight years they had been man and wife; and sometimes-I grieve to say it—he had been driven almost to hope that she would commit a married woman's last sin, and leave him. In his misery any mode of escape would have been welcome to him. Had his energy been sufficient he would have taken his scene-painting capabilities off to Australia-or to the furthest shifting of scenes known on the world's stage. But he was an easy, listless, selfindulgent man; and at any moment, let his misery be as keen as might be, a little dinner, a few soft words, and a glass of brandy-and-water would bring him round. The second glass would make him the fondest husband living; but the third would restore to him the memory of all his wrongs, and give him courage against his wife or all the world-even to the detriment of the furniture around him, should a stray poker chance to meet his hand. All these peculiarities of his character were not, however, known to Cradell; and when our friend saw him enter the drawing-room with his wife on his arm he was astonished.

and to resolve what he would do; but there is "Mr. Cradell, your hand," said Lupex, who no task so hard as that of thinking, when the mind has an objection to the matter brought bedy-and-water, but had not been allowed to go



beyond it. "There has been a misunderstanding between us; let it be forgotten."

"Mr. Cradell, if I know him," said the lady, "is too much the gentleman to bear any anger when a gentleman has offered him his hand."

- "Oh, I'm sure," said Cradell, "I'm quite—indeed, I'm delighted to find there's nothing wrong after all!" And then he shook hands with both of them; whereupon Miss Spruce got up, courtesied low, and also shook hands with the husband and wife.
- "You're not a married man, Mr. Cradell," said Lupex, "and therefore you can not understand the workings of a husband's heart. There have been moments when my regard for that woman has been too much for me."

"Now, Lupex, don't!" said she, playfully tapping him with an old parasol which she still held.

- "And I do not hesitate to say that my regard for her was too much for me on that night when I sent for you to the dining-room."
- "I'm glad it's all put right now," said Cradell.
 - "Very glad indeed," said Miss Spruce.
- "And, therefore, we need not say any more about it," said Mrs. Lupex.
- "One word," said Lupex, waving his hand. "Mr. Cradell, I greatly rejoice that you did not obey my summons on that night. Had you done so—I confess it now—had you done so blood would have been the consequence. I was mistaken. I acknowledge my mistake; but blood would have been the consequence."
 - "Dear, dear, dear!" said Miss Spruce.
- "Miss Spruce," continued Lupex, "there are moments when the heart becomes too strong for a man."
 - "I dare say," said Miss Spruce.
 - "Now, Lupex, that will do," said his wife.
- "Yes; that will do. But I think it right to tell Mr. Cradell that I am glad he did not come to me. Your friend, Mr. Cradell, did me the honor of calling on me at the theatre yesterday, at half past four; but I was in the slings then, and could not very well come down to him. I shall be happy to see you both any day at five, and to bury all unkindness with a chop and glass at the Pot and Poker, in Bow Street."
 - "I'm sure you're very kind," said Cradell.
- "And Mrs. Lupex will join us. There's a delightful little snuggery up stairs at the Pot and Poker; and if Miss Spruce will condescend to—"
 - "Oh, I'm an old woman, Sir."
- "No—no—no," said Lupex, "I deny that. Come, Cradell, what do you say?—just a snug little dinner for four, you know."

It was, no doubt, pleasant to see Mr. Lupex in his present mood—much pleasanter than in that other mood of which blood would have been the consequence; but pleasant as he now was, it was nevertheless apparent that he was not quite sober. Cradell, therefore, did not settle the day for the little dinner, but merely remarked that he should be very happy at some future day.

- "And now, Lupex, suppose you get off to bed," said his wife. "You've had a very trying day, you know."
 - "And you, ducky?"
- "I shall come presently. Now don't be making a fool of yourself, but get yourself off. Come—" and she stood close up against the open door, waiting for him to pass.

"I rather think I shall remain where I am, and have a glass of something hot," said he.

- "Lupex, do you want to aggravate me again?" said the lady, and she looked at him with a glance of her eye which he thoroughly understood. He was not in a humor for fighting, nor was he at present desirous for blood; so he resolved to go. But as he went he prepared himself for new battles. "I shall do something desperate, I am sure; I know I shall," he said, as he pulled off his boots.
- "Oh, Mr. Cradell," said Mrs. Lupex, as soon as she had closed the door behind her retreating husband, "how am I ever to look you in the face again after the events of these last memorable days?" And then she seated herself on the sofa, and hid her face in a cambric hand-kerchief.
- "As for that," said Cradell, "what does it signify among friends like us, you know?"
- "But that it should be known at your office, as of course it is, because of the gentleman that went down to him at the theatre! I don't think I shall ever survive it."
- "You see I was obliged to send somebody, Mrs. Lupex."
- "I'm not finding fault, Mr. Cradell. I know very well that in my melancholy position I have no right to find fault, and I don't pretend to understand gentlemen's feelings toward each other. But to have had my name mentioned up with yours in that way is— Oh! Mr. Cradell, I don't know how I'm ever to look you in the face again." And again she buried hers in her pocket-handkerchief.

"Handsome is as handsome does," said Miss Spruce; and there was that in her tone of voice which seemed to convey much hidden meaning.

- "Exactly so, Miss Spruce," said Mrs. Lupex; "and that's my only comfort at the present moment. Mr. Cradell is a gentleman who would scorn to take advantage—I'm quite sure of that." And then she did contrive to look at him over the edge of the hand which held the handkerchief.
- "That I wouldn't, I'm sure," said Cradell. "That is to say—" And then he paused. He did not wish to get into a scrape about Mrs. Lupex. He was by no means anxious to encounter her husband in one of his fits of jealousy. But he did like the idea of being talked of as the admirer of a married woman, and he did like the brightness of the lady's eyes. When the unfortunate moth in his semi-blindness whisks himself and his wings within the flame of the candle, and finds himself mutilated and tortured, he even then will not take the lesson, but returns again and again till he is destroyed. Such a



moth was poor Cradell. There was no warmth to be got by him from that flame. There was no beauty in the light, not even the false brilliance of unhallowed love. Injury might come to him, a pernicious clipping of the wings, which might destroy all power of future flight; injury, and not improbably destruction, if he should persevere. But one may say that no single hour of happiness could accrue to him from his intimacy with Mrs. Lupex. He felt for her no love. He was afraid of her, and, in many respects, disliked her. But to him, in his moth-like weakness, ignorance, and blindness, it seemed to be a great thing that he should be allowed to fly near the candle. Oh! my friends, if you will but think of it, how many of you have been moths, and are now going about ungracefully with wings more or less burned off, and with bodies sadly scorched!

But before Mr. Cradell could make up his mind whether or no he would take advantage of the present opportunity for another dip into the flame of the candle—in regard to which proceeding, however, he could not but feel that the presence of Miss Spruce was objectionable—the door of the room was opened, and Amelia Roper joined the party.

"Oh, indeed, Mrs. Lupex," she said. "And Mr. Cradell!"

"And Miss Spruce, my dear," said Mrs. Lupex, pointing to the ancient lady.

"I'm only an old woman," said Miss Spruce.
"Oh yes; I see Miss Spruce," said Amelia.
"I was not hinting at any thing, I can assure you."

"I should think not, my dear," said Mrs. Lu-

- "Only I didn't know that you two were quite— That is, when last I heard about it, I fancied— But if the quarrel's made up, there's nobody more rejoiced than I am."
 - "The quarrel is made up," said Cradell.
- "If Mr. Lupex is satisfied, I'm sure I am," said Amelia.
- "Mr. Lupex is satisfied," said Mrs. Lupex; "and let me tell you, my dear, seeing that you are expecting to get married yourself—"

"Mrs. Lupex, I'm not expecting to get married—not particularly, by any means."

"Oh, I thought you were. And let me tell you, that when you've got a husband of your own, you won't find it so easy to keep every thing straight. That's the worst of these lodgings, if there is any little thing every body knows it. Don't they, Miss Spruce?"

"Lodgings is so much more comfortable than housekeeping," said Miss Spruce, who lived rather in fear of her relatives, the Ropers.

"Everybody knows it; does he?" said Amelia. "Why, if a gentleman will come home at night tipsy and threaten to murder another gentleman in the same house; and if a lady—" And then Amelia paused, for she knew that the line-of-battle-ship which she was preparing to encounter had within her much power of fighting.

"Well, miss," said Mrs. Lupex, getting on her feet, "and what of the lady?"

Now we may say that the battle had begun, and that the two ships were pledged by the general laws of courage and naval warfare to maintain the contest till one of them should be absolutely disabled, if not blown up or sunk. And at this moment it might be difficult for a bystander to say with which of the combatants rested the better chance of permanent success. Mrs. Lupex had doubtless on her side more matured power, a habit of fighting which had given her infinite skill, a courage which deadened her to the feeling of all wounds while the heat of the battle should last, and a recklessness which made her almost indifferent whether she sank or swam. But then Amelia carried the greater guns, and was able to pour in heavier metal than her enemy could use; and she, too, swam in her own waters. Should they absolutely come to grappling and boarding, Amelia would no doubt have the best of it; but Mrs. Lupex would probably be too crafty to permit such a proceeding as that. She was, however, ready for the occasion, and greedy for the fight.

"And what of the lady?" said she, in a tone of voice that admitted of no pacific rejoinder.

"A lady, if she is a lady," said Amelia, "will know how to behave herself."

"And you're going to teach me, are you, Miss Roper? I'm sure I'm ever so much obliged to you. It's Manchester manners I suppose that you prefer?"

"I prefer honest manners, Mrs. Lupex, and decent manners, and manners that won't shock a whole houseful of people; and I don't care whether they come from Manchester or London."

"Milliner's manners, I suppose?"

"I don't care whether they are milliner's manners or theatrical, Mrs. Lupex, as long as they're not downright bad manners—as yours are, Mrs. Lupex. And now you've got it. What are you going on for in this way with that young man till you'll drive your husband into a mad-house with drink and jealousy?"

"Miss Roper! Miss Roper!" said Cradell; "now really—"

"Don't mind her, Mr. Cradell," said Mrs. Lupex; "she's not worthy for you to speak to. And as to that poor fellow Eames, if you've any friendship for him, you'll let him know what she is. My dear, how's Mr. Juniper, of Grogram's house, at Salford? I know all about you, and so shall John Eames, too—poor unfortunate fool of a fellow! Telling me of drink and jealousy, indeed!"

"Yes, telling you! And now you've mentioned Mr. Juniper's name, Mr. Eames, and Mr. Cradell too, may know the whole of it. There's been nothing about Mr. Juniper that I'm ashamed of."

"It would be difficult to make you ashamed of any thing, I believe."

"But let me tell you this, Mrs. Lupex, you're not going to destroy the respectability of this house by your goings on."



bring me into it."

"Then pay your bill and walk out of it," said Amelia, waving her hand toward the door. "I'll undertake to say there sha'n't be any notice required. Only you pay mother what you owe, and you're free to go at once."

"I shall go just when I please, and not one hour before. Who are you, you gipsy, to speak to me in this way?"

"And as for going, go you shall, if we have to call in the police to make you."

Amelia, as at this period of the fight she stood fronting her foe with her arms akimbo, certainly seemed to have the best of the battle. But the bitterness of Mrs. Lupex's tongue had hardly vet produced its greatest results. I am inclined to think that the married lady would have silenced her who was single, had the fight been allowed to rage—always presuming that no resort to grappling-irons took place. But at this moment Mrs. Roper entered the room, accompanied by her son, and both the combatants for a moment retreated.

"Amelia, what's all this?" said Mrs. Roper, trying to assume a look of agonized amazement.

"Ask Mrs. Lupex," said Amelia.

"And Mrs. Lupex will answer," said that lady. "Your daughter has come in here, and attacked me - in such language - before Mr. Cradell, too-"

"Why doesn't she pay what she owes and leave the house?" said Amelia.

"Hold your tongue," said her brother. "What she owes is no affair of yours."

"But it's an affair of mine, when I'm insulted by such a creature as that.'

"Creature!" said Mrs. Lupex. "I'd like to know which is most like a creature! But I'll tell you what it is, Amelia Roper-'

Here, however, her eloquence was stopped, for Amelia had disappeared through the door, having been pushed out of the room by her brother. Whereupon Mrs. Lupex, having found a sofa convenient for the service, betook herself There for the moment we will to hysterics. leave her, hoping that poor Mrs. Roper was not kept late out of her bed.

"What a dence of a mess Eames will make of it if he marries that girl!" Such was Cradell's reflection as he betook himself to his own room. But of his own part in the night's transactions he was rather proud than otherwise, feeling that the married lady's regard for him had been the cause of the battle which had raged. So, likewise, did Paris derive much gratification from the ten years' siege of Troy.

CHAPTER XII.

LILIAN DALE BECOMES A BUTTERFLY.

And now we will go back to Allington. The same morning that brought John Eames the two letters which were given in the last chapter | De Courcys without a struggle. But he told

"It was a bad day for me when I let Lupex | but one, brought to the Great House, among others, the following epistle for Adolphus Crosbie. It was from a countess, and was written on pink paper, beautifully creamlaid and scented, ornamented with a coronet and certain singularly-entwined initials. Altogether, the letter was very fashionable and attractive, and Adolphus Crosbie was by no means sorry to receive it:

"COURCY CARTLE, September, 186-. "MY DEAR ME. CROSSIE,-We have heard of you from the Gazebees, who have come down to us, and who tell us that you are rust cating at a charming little village, in which, among other attractions, there are wood-nymphs and water-nymphs, to whom much of your time is devoted. As this is just the thing for your taste, I would not for worlds disturb you; but, if you should ever tear yourself away from the groves and fountains of Allington, we shall be delighted to welcome you here, though you will find us very unromantic, after your late Elysium.

"Lady Dumbello is coming to us, who I know is a favorite of yours. Or is it the other way, and are you a favorite of hers? I did ask Lady Hartletop, but she can not get away from the poor marquis, who is, you know, so very infirm. The duke isn't at Gatherum at present, but, of course, I don't mean that that has any thing to do with dear Lady Hartletop's not coming to us. I believe we shall have the house full, and shall not want for nymphs either, though I 'ear they will not be of the wood and water kind. Margaretta and Alexandrina par icularly want you to come, as they say you are so clever at making a houseful of people go off well. If you can give us a week before you go back to manage the affairs of the nation, pray do.

"Yours very sincerely,
"ROSINA DE COURCY."

The Countess De Courcy was a very old friend of Mr. Crosbie's; that is to say, as old friends go in the world in which he had been living. He had known her for the last six or seven years, and had been in the habit of going to all her London balls, and dancing with her daughters every where, in a most good-natured and affable way. He had been intimate, from old family relations, with Mr. Mortimer Gazebee, who, though only an attorney of the more distinguished kind, had married the countess's eldest daughter, and now sat in Parliament for the city of Barchester, near to which Courcy Castle was sitnated. And, to tell the truth honestly at once, Mr. Crosbie had been on terms of great friendship with Lady De Courcy's daughters, the Ladies Margaretta and Alexandrina, perhaps especially so with the latter, though I would not have my readers suppose by my saying so that any thing more tender than friendship had ever existed between them.

Crosbie said nothing about the letter on that morning; but during the day, or, perhaps, as he thought over the matter in bed, he made up his mind that he would accept Lady De Courcy's invitation. It was not only that he would be glad to see the Gazebees, or glad to stay in the same house with that great master in the high art of fashionable life, Lady Dumbello, or glad to renew his friendship with the Ladies Margaretta and Alexandrina. Had he felt that the circumstances of his engagement with Lily made it expedient for him to stay with her till the end of his holidays he could have thrown over the



himself that it would be well for him now to tear himself away from Lily; or perhaps he said that it would be well for Lily that he should be torn away. He must not teach her to think that they were to live only in the sunlight of each other's eyes during those months, or perhaps years, which must clapse before their engagement could be carried out. Nor must he allow her to suppose that either he or she were to depend solely upon the other for the amusements and employments of life. In this way he argued the matter very sensibly within his own mind, and resolved, without much difficulty, that he would go to Courcy Castle, and bask for a week in the sunlight of the fashion which would be collected there. The quiet humdrum of his own fireside would come upon him soon enough!

"I think I shall leave you on Wednesday, Sir," Crosbie said to the squire at breakfast on Sunday morning.

"Leave us on Wednesday!" said the squire, who had an old-fashioned idea that people who were engaged to marry each other should remain together as long as circumstances could be made to admit of their doing so. "Nothing wrong, is there?"

"Oh dear, no! But every thing must come to an end some day; and as I must make one or two short visits before I get back to town, I might as well go on Wednesday. Indeed, I have made it as late as I possibly could."

"Where do you go from here?" asked Bernard.

"Well, as it happens, only into the next county—to Courcy Castle." And then there was nothing more said about the matter at that breakfast-table.

It had become their habit to meet together on the Sunday mornings before church, on the lawn belonging to the Small House, and on this day the three gentlemen walked down together, and found Lily and Bell already waiting for them. They generally had some few minutes to spare on those occasions before Mrs. Dale summoned them to pass through the house to church, and such was the case at present. The squire at these times would stand in the middle of the grass-plot, surveying his grounds, and taking stock of the shrubs, and flowers, and fruit-trees round him; for he never forgot that it was all his own, and would thus use this opportunity, as he seldom came down to see the spot on other days. Mrs. Dale, as she would see him from her own window while she was tying on her bonnet, would feel that she knew what was passing through his mind, and would regret that circumstances had forced her to be beholden to him for such assistance. But, in truth, she did not know all that he thought at such times. "It is mine," he would say to himself, as he looked around on the pleasant place. "But it is well for me that they should enjoy it. She is my brother's widow, and she is welcome - very welcome." think that if those two persons had known more than they did of each other's hearts and minds they might have loved each other better.

And then Crosbie told Lily of his intention. "On Wednesday!" she said, turning almost pale with emotion as she heard this news. He had told her abruptly, not thinking, probably, that such tidings would affect her so strongly.

"Well, yes. I have written to Lady De Courcy and said Wednesday. It wouldn't do for me exactly to drop every body, and perhaps—"

"Oh no! And, Adolphus, you don't suppose I begrudge your going. Only it does seem so sudden; does it not?"

"You see, I've been here over six weeks."

"Yes; you've been very good. When I think of it, what a six weeks it has been! I wonder whether the difference seems to you as great as it does to me. I've left off being a grub, and begun to be a butterfly."

"But you mustn't be a butterfly when you're married, Lilv."

"No; not in that sense. But I meant that my real position in the world—that for which I would fain hope that I was created—opened to me only when I knew you and knew that you loved me. But mamma is calling us, and we must go through to church. Going on Wednesday! There are only three days more then!"

"Yes, just three days," he said, as he took her on his arm and passed through the house on to the road.

"And when are we to see you again?" she asked, as they reached the church-yard.

"Ah, who is to say that yet? We must ask the Chairman of Committees when he will let me go again." Then there was nothing more said, and they all followed the squire through the little porch and up to the big family-pew in which they all sat. Here the squire took his place in one special corner which he had occupied ever since his father's death, and from which he read the responses loudly and plainly -so loudly and plainly that the parish clerk could by no means equal him, though with emulous voice he still made the attempt. "T' squire 'd like to be squire, and parson, and clerk, and every thing, so a would," the poor clerk would say when complaining of the illusage which he suffered.

If Lily's prayers were interrupted by her new sorrow I think that her fault in that respect would be forgiven. Of course she had known that Crosbie was not going to remain at Allington much longer. She knew quite as well as he did the exact day on which his leave of absence came to its end, and the hour at which it behooved him to walk into his room at the General Committee Office. She had taught herself to think that he would remain with them up to the end of his vacation, and now she felt as a school-boy would feel who was told suddenly, a day or two before the time, that the last week of his holidays was to be taken from him. The grievance would have been slight had she known it from the first; but what school-boy could stand such a shock when the loss amounted to two-thirds of his remaining wealth? Lily did not blame her lover. She did not even



think that he ought to stay. She would not allow herself to suppose that he could propose any thing that was unkind. But she felt her loss, and more than once, as she knelt at her prayers, she wiped a hidden tear from her eyes.

Crosbie also was thinking of his departure more than he should have done during Mr. Bovce's sermon. "It's easy listening to him," Mrs. Hearn used to say of her husband's successor. "It don't give one much trouble following him into his arguments." Mr. Crosbie, perhaps, found the difficulty greater than did Mrs. Hearn, and would have devoted his mind more perfectly to the discourse had the argument been deeper. It is very hard, that necessity of listening to a man who says nothing. On this occasion Crosbie ignored the necessity altogether, and gave up his mind to the consideration of what it might be expedient that he should say to Lily before he went. He remembered well those few words which he had spoken in the first ardor of his love, pleading that an early day might be fixed for their marriage. And he remembered, also, how prettily Lily had yielded to him. "Only do not let it be too soon," she had said. Now he must unsay what he had then said. He must plead against his own pleadings, and explain to her that he desired to postpone the marriage rather than to hasten it—a task which, I presume, must always be an unpleasant one for any man engaged to be married. "I might as well do it at once," he said to himself, as he bobbed his head forward into his hands by way of returning thanks for the termination of Mr. Boyce's sermon.

As he had only three days left it was certainly as well that he should do this at once. Seeing that Lily had no fortune, she could not in justice complain of a prolonged engagement. That was the argument which he used in his own mind. But he as often told himself that she would have very great ground of complaint if she were left for a day unnecessarily in doubt as to this matter. Why had he rashly spoken those hasty words to her in his love, betraying himself into all manner of scrapes, as a schoolboy might do, or such a one as Johnny Eames? What an ass he had been not to have remembered himself and to have been collected—not to have bethought himself on the occasion of all that might be due to Adolphus Crosbie! And then the idea came upon him whether he had not altogether made himself an ass in this matter. And as he gave his arm to Lily outside the church-door he shrugged his shoulders while making that reflection. "It is too late now," he said to himself, and then turned round and made some sweet little loving speech to her. Adolphus Crosbie was a clever man; and he meant also to be a true man, if only the temptations to falsehood might not be too great for

"Lily," he said to her, "will you walk in the fields after lunch?"

would. There were only three days left, and would she not give up to him every moment of her time if he would accept of all her moments? And then they lunched at the Small House, Mrs. Dale having promised to join the dinnerparty at the squire's table. The squire did not eat any lunch, excusing himself on the plea that lunch in itself was a bad thing. "He can eat lunch at his own house," Mrs. Dale afterward said to Bell. "And I've often seen him take a glass of sherry." While thinking of this Mrs. Dale made her own dinner. If her brother-in-law would not eat at her board neither would she eat at his.

And then in a few minutes Lily had on her hat, in place of that decorous, church-going bonnet which Crosbie was wont to abuse with a lover's privilege, feeling well assured that he might say what he liked of the bonnet as long as he would praise the hat. "Only three days," she said, as she walked down with him across the lawn at a quick pace. But she said it in a voice which made no complaint—which seemed to say simply this—that as the good time was to be so short they must make the most of it. And what compliment could be paid to a man so sweet as that? What flattery could be more gratifying? All my earthly heaven is with you; and now, for the delight of these immediately present months or so, there are left to me but three days of this heaven! Come, then; I will make the most of what happiness is given to me. Crosbie felt it all as she felt it, and recognized the extent of the debt he owed her. "I'll come down to them for a day at Christmas, though it be only for a day," he said to himself. Then he reflected that, as such was his intention, it might be well for him to open his present conversation with a promise to that effect.

"Yes, Lily; there are only three days left now. But I wonder whether- I suppose you'll all be at home at Christmas?"

"At home at Christmas?—of course we shall be at home. You don't mean to say you'll come to us!"

"Well, I think I will, if you'll have me."

"Oh! that will make such a difference. Let me see. That will only be three months. And to have you here on Christmas Day! I would sooner have you then than on any other day in the year."

"It will only be for one day, Lily. I shall come to dinner on Christmas Eve, and must go away the day after."

"But you will come direct to our house?"

"If you can spare me a room."

"Of course we can. So we could now. Only when you came, you know—" Then she looked up into his face and smiled.

"When I came I was the squire's friend and your cousin's rather than yours. But that's all changed now."

"Yes; you're my friend now-mine specially. I'm to be now and always your own special, Walk in the fields with him! Of course she dearest friend -eh, Adolphus?" And then



she exacted from him the repetition of the promise which he had so often given her.

By this time they had passed through the grounds of the Great House and were in the fields. "Lily," said he, speaking rather suddenly, and making her feel by his manner that something of importance was to be said, "I want to say a few words to you about—business." And he gave a little laugh as he spoke the last word, making her fully understand that he was not quite at his ease.

"Of course I'll listen. And, Adolphus, pray don't be afraid about me. What I mean is, don't think that I can't bear cares and troubles. I can bear any thing as long as you love me. I say that because I'm afraid I seemed to complain about your going. I didn't mean to."

"I never thought you complained, dearest. Nothing can be better than you are at all times and in every way. A man would be very hard to please if you didn't please him."

"If I can only please you—"

"You do please me in every thing. Dear Lily, I think I found an angel when I found you. But now about this business. Perhaps I'd better tell you every thing."

"Oh yes! tell me every thing."

"But then you mustn't misunderstand me. And if I talk about money, you mustn't suppose that it has any thing to do with my love for you."

"I wish for your sake that I wasn't such a little pauper."

"What I mean to say is this, that if I seem to be anxious about money, you must not suppose that that anxiety bears any reference whatever to my affection for you. I should love you just the same, and look forward just as much to my happiness in marrying you, whether you were rich or poor. You understand that?"

She did not quite understand him; but she merely pressed his arm so as to encourage him to go on. She presumed that he intended to tell her something as to their future mode of life—something which he supposed it might not be pleasant for her to hear, and she was determined to show him that she would receive it pleasantly.

"You know," said he, "how anxious I have been that our marriage should not be delayed. To me, of course, it must be every thing now to call you my own as soon as possible." In answer to which little declaration of love she merely pressed his arm again, the subject being one on which she had not herself much to say.

"Of course I must be very anxious, but I find it not so easy as I expected."

"You know what I said, Adolphus. I said that I thought we had better wait. I'm sure mamma thinks so. And if we can only see you now and then—"

"That will be a matter of course. But, as I no doubt. But now, as it is, I will be more was saying— Let me see. Yes—all that waiting will be intolerable to me. It is such a bore for a man when he has made up his mind on such a matter as marriage not to make the change at once, especially when he is going to me. There; will that satisfy you?"

take to himself such a little angel as you are," and as he spoke these loving words his arm was again put round her waist; "but-" and then he stopped. He wanted to make her understand that this change of intention on his part was caused by the unexpected misconduct of her uncle. He desired that she should know exactly how the matter stood; that he had been led to suppose that her uncle would give her some small fortune; that he had been disappointed, and had a right to feel the disappointment keenly; and that in consequence of this blow to his expectations he must put off his marriage. But he wished her also to understand. at the same time, that this did not in the least mar his love for her; that he did not join her at all in her uncle's fault. All this he was anxious to convey to her, but he did not know how to get it said in a manner that would not be offensive to her personally, and that should not appear to accuse himself of sordid motives. He had begun by declaring that he would tell her all; but sometimes it is not easy, that task of telling a person every thing. There are things which will not get themselves told.

"You mean, dearest," said she, "that you can not afford to marry at once."

"Yes; that is it. I had expected that I should be able, but—"

Did any man in love ever yet find himself able to tell the lady whom he loved that he was very much disappointed on discovering that she had got no money? If so, his courage, I should say, was greater than his love. Crosbie found himself unable to do it, and thought himself cruelly used because of the difficulty. The delay to which he intended to subject her was occasioned, as he felt, by the squire, and not by himself. He was ready to do his part, if only the squire had been willing to do the part which properly belonged to him. The squire would not; and, therefore, neither could he-not as yet. Justice demanded that all this should be understood; but when he came to the telling of it, he found that the story would not form itself properly. He must let the thing go and bear the injustice, consoling himself as best he might by the reflection that he at least was behaving well in the matter.

"It won't make me unhappy, Adolphus."
"Will it not?" said he. "As regards myself, I own that I can not bear the delay with so much indifference."

"Nay, my love; but you should not misunderstand me," she said, stopping and facing him on the path in which they were walking. "I suppose I ought to protest, according to the common rules, that I would rather wait. Young ladies are expected to say so. If you were pressing me to marry at once, I should say so, no doubt. But now, as it is, I will be more honest. I have only one wish in the world, and that is to be your wife—to be able to share every thing with you. The sooner we can be together the better it will be—at any rate, for me. There; will that satisfy you?"



- "My own, own Lily!"
- "Yes, your own Lily. You shall have no cause to doubt me, dearest. But I do not expect that I am to have every thing exactly as I want it. I say again that I shall not be unhappy in waiting. How can I be unhappy while I feel certain of your love? I was disappointed just now when you said that you were going so soon; and I am afraid I showed it. But those little things are more unendurable than the big things."
 - "Yes; that's very true."
- "But there are three more days, and I mean to enjoy them so much! And then you will write to me: and you will come at Christmas. And next year, when you have your holiday, you will come down to us again; will.you not?"

"You may be quite sure of that."

"And so the time will go by till it suits you to come and take me. I shall not be unhappy."

"I, at any rate, shall be impatient."

"Ah, men always are impatient. It is one of their privileges, I suppose. And I don't think that a man ever has the same positive and complete satisfaction in knowing that he is loved which a girl feels. You are my bird that I have shot with my own gun, and the assurance of my success is sufficient for my happiness."

"You have bowled me over, and know that I can't get up again."

"I don't know about can't. I would let you up quick enough if you wished it.'

How he made his loving assurance that he did not wish it, never would nor could wish it, the reader will readily understand. And then he considered that he might as well leave all those money questions as they now stood. His real object had been to convince her that their joint circumstances did not admit of an immediate marriage; and as to that she completely understood him. Perhaps, during the next three days, some opportunity might arise for explaining the whole matter to Mrs. Dale. At any rate, he had declared his own purpose honestly, and no one could complain of him.

On the following day they all rode over to Guestwick together—the all consisting of the two girls, with Bernard and Crosbie. Their object was to pay two visits-one to their very noble and highly exalted ally, the Lady Julia De Guest; and the other to their much humbler and better known friend, Mrs. Eames. As Guestwick Manor lay on their road into the town, they performed the grander ceremony the first. The present Earl De Guest, brother of that Lady Fanny who ran away with Major Dale, was an unmarried nobleman, who devoted himself chiefly to the breeding of cattle. And as he bred very good cattle, taking infinite satisfaction in the employment, devoting all his energies thereto, and abstaining from all prominently evil courses, it should be acknowledged that fortunate enough to induce the Lady Julia to he was not a bad member of society. He was a run with him. Therefore she still lived, in thorough-going old Tory, whose proxy was al- maiden blessedness, as mistress of Guestwick ways in the hand of the leader of his party; and Manor; and, as such, had no mean opinion of

unless called thither by some occasion of cattleshowing. He was a short, stumpy man, with red cheeks and a round face; who was usually to be seen till dinner-time dressed in a very old shooting-coat, with breeches, gaiters, and very thick shoes. He lived generally out of doors, and was almost as great in the preserving of game as in the breeding of oxen. He knew every acre of his own estate, and every tree upon it, as thoroughly as a lady knows the ornaments in her drawing-room. There was no gap in a fence of which he did not remember the exact bearings, no path hither or thither as to which he could not tell the why and the wherefore. He had been in his earlier years a poor man as regarded his income-very poor, seeing that he was an earl. But he was not at present by any means an impoverished man, having been taught a lesson by the miseries of his father and grandfather, and having learned to live within his means. Now, as he was going down the vale of years, men said that he was becoming rich, and that he had ready money to spend-a position in which no Lord De Guest had found himself for many generations back. His father and grandfather had been known as spendthrifts; and now men said that this earl was a miser.

There was not much of nobility in his appearance; but they greatly mistook Lord De Guest who conceived that on that account his pride of place was not dear to his soul. His peerage dated back to the time of King John, and there were but three lords in England whose patents had been conferred before his own. He knew what privileges were due to him on behalf of his blood, and was not disposed to abate one jot of them. He was not loud in demanding them. As he went through the world he sent no trumpeters to the right or left, proclaiming that the Earl De Guest was coming. When he spread his board for his friends, which he did but on rare occasions, he entertained them simply, with a mild, tedious, old-fashioned courtesy. We may say that, if properly treated, the earl never walked over any body. But he could, if illtreated, be grandly indignant; and if attacked, could hold his own against all the world. He knew himself to be every inch an earl, pottering about after his oxen with his muddy gaiters and red cheeks, as, much as though he were glittering with stars in courtly royal ceremonics among his peers at Westminster - ay, more an earl than any of those who use their nobility for pageant purposes. Woe be to him who should mistake that old coat for a badge of rural degradation! Now and again some unlucky wight did make such mistake, and had to do his penance very uncomfortably.

With the earl lived a maiden sister, the Lady Julia. Bernard Dale's father had, in early life, run away with one sister, but no suitor had been who seldom himself went near the metropolis, the high position which destiny had called upon



her to fill. youth-probably forgetting, in her present advanced years, that her temptations to leave it had not been strong or numerous. She generally spoke of her sister Fanny with some little contempt, as though that poor lady had degraded herself in marrying a younger brother. was as proud of her own position as was the earl her brother, but her pride was maintained with more of outward show and less of inward nobility. It was hardly enough for her that the world should know that she was a De Guest, and therefore she had assumed little pompous ways and certain airs of condescension which did not make her popular with her neighbors.

The intercourse between Guestwick Manor and Allington was not very frequent or very cordial. Soon after the running away of the Lady Fanny, the two families had agreed to acknowledge their connection with each other, and to let it be known by the world that they were on friendly terms. Either that course was necessary to them, or the other course, of letting it be known that they were enemics. Friendship was the less troublesome, and therefore the two families called on each other from time to time, and gave each other dinners about once a year. The earl regarded the squire as a man who had deserted his politics, and had thereby forfeited the respect due to him as a hereditary land magnate; and the squire was wont to be-little the earl as one who understood nothing of the outer world. At Guestwick Manor Bernard was to some extent a favorite. He was actually a relative, having in his veins blood of the De Guests, and was not the less a favorite because he was the heir to Allington, and because the blood of the Dales was older even than that of the noble family to which he was allied. When Bernard should come to be the squire, then indeed there might be cordial relations between Guestwick Manor and Allington; unless, indeed, the earl's heir and the squire's heir should have some fresh cause of ill-will between themselves.

They found Lady Julia sitting in her drawing-room alone, and introduced to her Mr. Crosbie in due form. The fact of Lily's engagement was of course known at the Manor, and it was quite understood that her intended husband was now brought over that he might belooked at and approved. Lady Julia made a very elaborate courtesy, and expressed a hope that her young friend might be made happy in that sphere of life to which it had pleased God to call her.

"I hope I shall, Lady Julia," said Lily, with a little laugh; "at any rate I mean to try."

"We all try, my dear, but many of us fail to try with sufficient energy of purpose. It is only by doing our duty that we can hope to be happy, whether in single life or in married."

"Miss Dale means to be a dragon of perfection in the performance of hers," said Crosbie.

'A dragon!" said Lady Julia. "No; I hope Miss Lily Dale will never become a drag- | bic.

She was a tedious, dull, virtuous on." And then she turned to her nephew. old woman, who gave herself infinite credit for may be as well to say at once that she never forhaving remained all her days in the home of her gave Mr. Crosbie the freedom of the expression which he had used. He had been in the drawing-room of Guestwick Manor for two minutes only, and it did not become him to talk about dragons. "Bernard," she said, "I heard from your mother yesterday. I am afraid she does not seem to be very strong." And then there was a little conversation, not very interesting in its nature, between the aunt and the nephew as to the general health of Lady Fanny.

> "I didn't know my aunt was so unwell," said Bell.

> "She isn't ill," said Bernard. "She never is ill; but then she is never well."

> "Your aunt"-said Lady Julia, seeming to put a touch of sarcasm into the tone of her voice as she repeated the word--"your aunt has never enjoyed good health since she left this house; but that is a long time ago."

> "A very long time," said Crosbie, who was not accustomed to be left in his chair silent. "You, Dale, at any rate, can hardly remember

> "But I can remember it," said Lady Julia, gathering herself up. "I can remember when my sister Fanny was recognized as the beauty of the country. It is a dangerous gift, that of beauty."

> "Very dangerous," said Crosbie. Then Lily laughed again, and Lady Julia became more angry than ever. What odious man was this whom her neighbors were going to take into their very bosom! But she had heard of Mr. Crosbie before, and Mr. Crosbie also had heard of her.

> "By-the-by, Lady Julia," said he, "I tlfink I know some very dear friends of yours."

> "Very dear friends is a very strong word. have not many very dear friends."

> "I mean the Gazebees. I have heard Mortimer Gazebee and Lady Amelia speak of you."

> Whereupon Lady Julia confessed that she did know the Gazebees. Mr. Gazebee, she said, was a man who in early life had wanted many advantages, but still he was a very estimable person. He was now in Parliament, and she understood that he was making himself useful. She had not quite approved of Lady Amelia's marriage at the time, and so she had told her very old friend Lady De Courcy; but- And then Lady Julia said many words in praise of Mr. Gazebee, which seemed to amount to this. that he was an excellent sort of man, with a full conviction of the too great honor done to him by the earl's daughter who had married him, and a complete consciousness that even that marriage had not put him on a par with his wife's relations, or even with his wife. And then it came out that Lady Julia in the course of the next week was going to meet the Gazebecs at Courcy Castle.

> "I am delighted to think that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you there," said Cros-



"Indeed!" said Lady Julia.

"I am going to Courcy on Wednesday. That, I fear, will be too early to allow of my being of

any service to your ladyship."

Lady Julia drew herself up, and declined the escort which Mr. Crosbie had seemed to offer. It grieved her to find that Lily Dale's future husband was an intimate friend of her friend's, and it especially grieved her to find that he was now going to that friend's house. It was a grief to her, and she showed that it was. It also grieved Crosbie to find that Lady Julia was to be a fellow-guest with himself at Courcy Castle; but he did not show it. He expressed nothing but smiles and civil self-congratulation on the matter, pretending that he would have much delight in again meeting Lady Julia; but, in truth, he would have given much could he have invented any manœuvre by which her ladyship might have been kept at home.

"What a horrid old woman she is!" said Lily, as they rode back down the avenue. "I beg your pardon, Bernard; for, of course, she is your aunt."

"Yes, she is my aunt; and though I am not very fond of her, I deny that she is a horrid old woman. She never murdered any body, or

robbed any body, or stole away any other woman's lover."

"I should think not," said Lily.

"She says her prayers earnestly, I have no doubt," continued Bernard, "and gives away money to the poor, and would sacrifice tomorrow any desire of her own to her brother's wish. I acknowledge that she is ugly and pompous, and that, being a woman, she ought not to have such a long black beard on her upper lip."

"I don't care a bit about her beard," said Lily. "But why did she tell me to do my duty? I didn't go there to have a sermon

preached to me."

"And why did she talk about beauty being dangerous?" said Bell. "Of course, we all knew what she meant."

"I didn't know at all what she meant," said Lily; "and I don't know now."

"I think she's a charming woman, and I shall be especially civil to her at Lady De Courcy's," said Crosbie.

And in this way, saying hard things of the poor old spinster whom they had left, they made their way into Guestwick, and again dismounted at Mrs. Eames's door.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

UR Record closes on the 10th of December. The military operations of the preceding month have, as far as they have been made public, been of little importance in relation to the issue of the war. The great army of the Potomac, which has for a month been under the command of General Burnside, is mainly massed on the north bank of the Rappahannock, in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg, while the Confederate forces are intrenched upon the opposite side ready to resist our advance upon Richmond in this direction. If any important movements have been made, or are in contemplation in this department, they have been carefully kept from the knowledge of the public. The actual position and force of the enemy in this quarter is mainly a matter of conjecture. A great battle is daily anticipated, but nothing authentic can be said of the precise point where it will occur, or of the respective force of the combatants. Early in December a powerful naval and military expedition, under the command of General Banks, left New York. The object and destination of this expedition have been kept a profound secret; but it will probably be revealed before these pages meet the eye of the reader.---In the Western and Southwestern Departments there has been much activity, and several sharp engagements have taken place, the general advantage being clearly on our side. Grenada, Mississippi, which has long been the central point of the Confederate force in that region, was occupied by our troops on the 1st of December. On the 7th we won a brilliant victory near Fayetteville, in Arkansas. According to the telegraphic reports General Herron, with 7000 men, while marching to the reinforcement of General Blunt, at Cane Hill, was attacked by the enemy, numbering 24,000. He sustained the attack icy for the Government. It provides for the re-

for more than three hours; but affairs were growing hard with our troops when, late in the afternoon, General Blunt with 5000 men reached the enemy's rear, placing them between two fires. Though superior in numbers they were unable to extricate themselves, and by nine o'clock at night, when the action ceased, they were utterly routed and flying in confusion, leaving us in possession of the field. Our loss is vaguely stated at 600 in killed and wounded; that of the enemy at 1500. On the other hand, we sustained a severe disaster, on the 6th December, at Huntsville, Tenuessee, where a brigade of Ohio and Illinois troops were attacked—by surprise, it is said by Morgan's guerrillas, and forced to surrender after a sharp action. But the whole accounts of these transactions are so vague that we must await more full details before being able to decide upon their character and importance. --- While awaiting the results of the military operations which appear to be impending, we devote our Record of the Month mainly to abstracts of the President's Message, and the Reports of the heads of Departments and of the most important Bureaus, which supply much important information in regard to the events of the past year, and the present condition of the country.

Congress assembled on Monday, December 1. Three new senators-Fields from New Jersey, Harding from Oregon, and Arnold from Rhode Island, and three new representatives-Yeatman from Kentucky, Fessenden from Maine, and Walker from Massachusetts, appeared to fill vacancies occasioned by deaths and resignations.—The business thus far has been merely preliminary. By far the most important measure proposed is contained in the Report of the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means in the House, proposing a new financial pol-



demption and canceling of the five-twenty and seven-thirty bonds of the United States, the redemption of all temporary deposits, and an issue of 1000 millions of bonds and of 500 millions of legal tender notes, and imposing a heavy tax upon the circulation of bank-notes.—The other important business introduced relates to political arrests, the Indian outrages in the Northwest, the pay of officers and soldiers, various modifications of the tax-law, the President's emancipation proclamation, a general bankrupt-bill, and the admission into the Union of the new State of Western Virginia.-Of special importance, also, are resolutions introduced in the House by Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, declaring that the Union is one and indivisible, and denouncing as guilty of high crime any department of Government who shall propose or advise any terms of peace based upon any thing besides the integrity of the Union as it existed at the time of the commencement of the war; and resolutions introduced in the Senate by Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, proposing that all the States shall be recommended to choose delegates to meet in convention at Louisville, in Kentucky, on the first Monday in April, to take into consideration the present condition of the country, and the proper means to be pursued for restoring the Union; and another set of resolutions by the same Senator, proposing amendments to the Constitution in reference to the mode of choosing the President and Vice-President of the United States.

The President's Message opens with a brief resumé of the state of our foreign relations. As a whole these are more satisfactory than might have been apprehended. Last June there was reason to expect that the maritime nations of Europe would recede from their position recognizing the insurgents as belligerents; but the reverses which befell our arms have delayed this act of justice. The blockade of our Southern coast has given occasion for some demands for redress of injuries alleged to have been done to foreign subjects; wherever wrong has clearly been committed redress has been made; and in respect to doubtful cases conventions have been proposed to examine and adjudicate upon them. This proposition has been specially made to Great Britain, France, Spain, and Prussia; but though kindly received it has not been formally adopted.—Several of the Spanish-American Republicans have protested against the scheme of sending colonies of colored emigrants to their territories, and the President has declined to move any such colony to any State without having first obtained the consent of its Government, and a guarantee that the emigrants should be received and treated as freemen. He has, however, proposed to several of these tropical States to enter into negotiations upon this subject.—The Territories of the United States have generally remained undisturbed by the civil war, and some of them will probably soon be in a condition to be admitted into the Union as States. The immense mineral resources of these Territories should be developed, and for this purpose the President recommends a scientific exploration, the results of which should be published at home and abroad.—The Indian tribes upon the frontier have been engaged in open hostilities against the whites; those south of Kansas have entered into alliances with the insurgents, and driven off those who remained faithful to the United States. The Chief of the Cherokees has endeavored to restore the relations of his tribe with the United States. In have done more to close it, if so applied, than has August the Sioux in Minnesota made a sudden at- vet been done. The war also demands that the

dred men, women, and children, and destroying large amounts of property; and it was reported that a simultaneous attack was meditated upon all the settlements between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains. The reasons for this outbreak have not been certainly ascertained. The President suggests a remodeling of our Indian system. --- The greater portion of his Message is devoted by the President to an exposition of, and an argument in favor of his scheme for "Compensated Emancipation." Slavery, he savs, is the cause of the civil war; without it the rebellion could not have existed, and could not continue. Some believe slavery to be right, and that it should be extended; others hold the contrary. But disunion is no adequate remedy for this difference of opinion; it would still exist and operate; and it is easier to settle it by law as friends than by treaty as aliens. Our country, moreover, is not physically adapted to be the home of two nations; there is no proper boundary line marked out by nature; the great region between the Alleghanies and Rocky Mountains, which is the body of the nation, has no sea-coast, and its people must find access abroad by way of New York and New Orleans. Divide the country, and one of these avenues will be practically closed to all the people. These outlets all belong of right to that people and their successors. So too the right of unobstructed access to this fertile region belongs to all the people of the marginal sections, without paying toll or being obstructed by a national boundary. These considerations soon would force a re-union should a separation be effected. The President proposes as a compromise that the following articles of amendment to the Constitution of the United States shall be submitted by Congress to the Legislatures or Conventions of the several States, to become valid when adopted by three-fourths of

ARTICLE —. "Every State wherein slavery now exists, which shall abolish the same therein at any time or times before the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred, shall receive compensation from the United States as follows, to wit:
"The President of the United States shall deliver to ev-

ery such State bonds of the United States, bearing interest at the rate of . , for each slave shown to have been therein by the eighth census of the United States; said bonds to be delivered to such State by installments, or in one parcel, at the completion of the abolishment, accordas the same shall have been gradual or at one time within such State; and interest shall begin to run upon any such bond only from the proper time of its delivery as aforesaid and afterward. Any State having received bonds as aforesaid, and afterward introducing or tolerating slavery therein, shall refund to the United States the bonds so received, or the value thereof, and all interest paid thereon.

ARTICLE —. "All slaves who shall have enjoyed actual freedom by the chances of the war, at any time before the end of the rebellion, shall be forever free; but all owners of such, who shall not have been disloyal, shall be compensated for them at the same rates as is provided for States adopting abolishment of slavery, but in such a way that no slave shall be twice accounted for.

ARTICLE —. "Congress may appropriate money and oth-

erwise provide for colonizing free colored persons, with their own consent, at any place or places without the Unit-

In support of these propositions he argues that the liberation of slaves is the destruction of property, and if this is done for a common object it should be at the common charge; and if by this means the benefits of the Union can be secured by less money, or by money more easily paid than by war, it is wise to do so. The money already spent in the war would tack upon the white settlements, killing eight hun- money be paid at once; by this plan it would be



paid only as emancipation progresses; this would probably not be effected before the year 1900, a period of thirty-seven years, at which time there will probably be a hundred millions of people, instead of thirty-one millions, to bear the burden; and, moreover, there would be no waste of life. Neither the war, the President adds, nor the proceedings under the Proclamation of September 22, 1862, will be staved because of the recommendation of this plan.

The Report of the Secretary of the Treasury is a long and elaborate exposition and defense of the financial system of the Government. The following is a condensed summary of the receipts and expenditures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1862, with estimates for those of the two succeeding years, based upon the continuance of the war:

Year ending June 30, 1863	2.
From Balance in Treasury From Customs, Lands, and Miscellane-	\$2,257,065 80
ous Sources	50,140,389 03 1,795,331 73
From Loans. (The entire amount of Loans of allkinds was \$529,692,460 50;	-,,
from this should be deducted \$96,096- 922 09, devoted to the repayment of	
temporary loans, and the redemption of Treasury Notes, etc.) This sum	
properly forming no part of Receipts or Expenditures, the total Receipts	
from Loans were	433,595,538-71
Total Receipts	\$457,785,324 97
EXPENDITURES.	
For Civil List, etc \$21,408,491 16 For Pensions and In-	
dia : s	
Debt	
For Navy Department. 42,674,5 19 69	
Total Expenditures	
Leaving Balance in Treasury _ July 1, 1852	\$13,043,546 51
Year ending June 30, 1863, the Recei Three Quarters being Estima	th for the last
RECEIPTS.	•
From Balance in Treasury	\$13,043,546 81
From Customs, Lands, etc	70,374,777 07 11,621,717 99
From Internal Duties	85,456,303 73

EXPENDITURES.	
For Civil List, etc \$32,811,543 23	
For Interior Department 5,982,906-43	
For War Department. 747,059,823 98	
For Navy Department. 82,177,510 77	
For Interest on Public	
Debt 25,014,532 07	
Total, besides Public	
Debt\$593,346,3_1 48	
Deduct sum estimated	
to be unexpended 200,000,000 00	
Total expense for Gov-	
ernment and the War \$693,346,321 48	
Add payments of Pub-	
lic Debt which will	
become due 95,212,456 14	
Total Expenditures for the year.	\$788.558,777 62
Excess of Expenditures over di-	
rect lucome	\$008,003,452 02
From Loans have been	
received up to Nov.	
30, and applied to the	
expenses of the Year. \$200,129,717 01	
The estimated addi-	
tional Receipts from	

\$331,150,914 ?6

Year Ending June 30, 1864 (Estimated). RECEIPTS.

į	From Customs	\$70,000,000	0Ó
	From Lands	25,000	
	From Miscellaneous Sources	3,000,000	
	From Internal Duties	150,000,000	
	Aggregate	\$223,025,000	00
	EXPENDITURES.		
	Balance of former appropriations esti-		
	mated to be unexpended July 1, 1863	\$200,000,000	00
	For Civil Service, etc	25,091,510	03
	For Interior Department	10,846,577	01
	For the War Department	708,82 ,146	
	For the Navy Department	68,257, 55	01
	For Interest on Public Debt	33,5 3,890	
	Principal on Public Debt	19.354,804	
	Total	\$1,095,413,183	56
	Of this amount of \$1,0 5,413,183 53 it	4 -11	
	is estim ted that there will remain		
	unexpended on the 30th of June, 1864,		
	the sum of	250,000,000	00
	Aggregate for the year	\$845,413,183	56
•	The estimated Receipts, as before stated,		
	for that year are placed at	223,025,000	00
•	Leaving to be provided for by Loans the		
٠	sum of	\$62:,385,183	56
	(The County on our lates the from of	Mauma uncen	- 4

[The Secretary explains the items of "sums unexpended," by saying that the law forbids the transfer of any appropriation from one object to another; consequently when any appropriation is exhausted, expenditures for the object of it must cease until a further appropriation is made. This happening during a recess of Congress might occasion great injury; and it has become the custom to make every estimate large enough to cover all possible requirements under it. Thus there is always a large unexpended halance of appropriations at the end of every fis al year, which, after two years, is carried to the credit of the warplus fund," as in the foregoing estimates.]

The public debt of the United States on the 30th of June, 1862, including unascertained claims, amounted to about 530 millions of dollars; by the foregoing estimates it will be 1122 millions on the 30th of June, 1863, and 1744 millions in 1864. The average rate of interest upon the whole debt is 42 per cent. - The estimated amount to be provided for during the current year is about 277 millions, and for the ensuing year 627 millions; these, or whatever sums are required, the Secretary recommends to be raised by loans, without increasing the issue of United States notes beyond the amount now fixed by law .- He proposes the passage by Congress of a general law authorizing banking associations, to the following effect:

"It is proposed that these associations be entirely volun-ary. Any persons, desirous of employing real capital in tary. Any persons, desirons or empoying test capital in sufficient amounts, can, if the plan be adopted, unite together under proper articles, and, having contributed the requisite capital, can invest such part of it, not less than a fixed minimum, in United States bonds, a. d. having deposited those bonds with the proper efficer of the United posited these bonds with the proper efficer of the United States, receive United States notes in such de ominations as may be desired, and employ them as money in discounts and exchanges. The stockholders of any existing banks can, in like manner, organize under the act, and transfer, by such degrees as may be found convenient, the capital of the old to the use of the new associations. The notes thus put into circulation will be phyable, until resumption, in United States notes, and, after resumption, in specie, by the association which is uses them, on demand; and if not so paid will be redeemable at the Treasury of the United States from the proceeds of the bonds pledred and it not so paid will be reasonable at an Treasury of the United States from the proceeds of the bonds pledged in security. In the practical working of the plan, if sanctioned by Congress, redemp ion at one or more of the great commercial centres will probably be provided for by all the associations which circulate the notes, and, in case any associations shall fail in such redemption, the Treasurer of the United States will probably under discretionary authority p y the notes and cancel the public debt held as security. It seems difficult to conceive of a note circulation that the little states will probably and conceive and context of the public debt held as then this. After a few years no other circulation would be used, nor could the issues of the national circulation be



sources under exist-

ing laws are 131,021,197 35 Total estimated Receipts from all capital, actually invested in national stocks, and the total amount issued could always be easily and quickly ascertained from the books of the Treasury. These circumstances, if they might not wholly remove the temptation to excessive issues, would certainly reduce it to the lowest point, while the form of the notes, the uniformity of devices, the signatures of national officers, and the imprint of the national seal authenticating the declaration borne on each that it is secured by bonds which represent the faith and capital of the whole country, could not fall to make every note as good in any part of the world as the best-known and best-esteemed national securities."

The Secretary advocates this as preferable to the bank-note system now existing, or to the issue of notes by Government. It will furnish a circulation, of uniform value throughout the country, based upon national credit combined with private capital; it will support public credit by creating a demand for Government bonds beyond that required for speculative purchases; it will reconcile the interests of the people with those of existing banking institutions, for these can invest a part or the whole of their capital in this way; it will also form a firm support for the union of the States, for every person whose capital is invested in Government bonds, and every one who holds any of the circulation secured by them, or is in any way concerned in the maintenance of their credit, will have a direct interest in the preservation of that Union which gives security to these bonds. The measure is further recommended by the Secretary as tending to a more speedy return to gold and silver as the basis of circulation. He proposes a moderate tax upon the issue of corporate circulation; notes passing as money form a highly accumulative species of property, and as it has been found necessary to tax other forms of value there is no reason why this should be exempt.

The Report of the Secretary of War states that our army, according to recent official returns consisted of 775,336 officers and privates; since the date of those returns it has been increased to more than 800,000; and when the quotas are filled up it will amount to 1,000,000, and the estimates are based upon that number. - The issues of the Ordnance Department include 1926 field and siege guns, 1206 fortification - cannon, 7294 gun - carriages, caissons, mortar-beds, traveling forges, and battery-wagons, 1,276,686 small-arms, 987,291 sets of equipments and accoutrements, and 213,991,127 rounds of ammunition for artillery and small-arms, still leaving large supplies of ordnance stores at the arsenals and dépôts. - After detailing the leading military events of the year, which have been already recorded in these pages, the Secretary proceeds to speak of the success of the call for volunteers; defends the measures taken to restrain those who discouraged enlistments and were guilty of other treasonable practices; and says that the general acquiescence of the loyal States in the measures deemed necessary to strengthen our armies proves that the people are determined to maintain the government and uphold its authority over the whole territory of the United States.—The employment of colored persons in the army has not proved injurious, but we have, on the contrary, suffered from the lack of such labor. -Attention has been given to the adequate protection of our harbors, and the fortifications have been provided with heavier ordnance, rendered necessary by the introduction into naval warfare of iron-clad vessels, which are safe from the ordnance which was before sufficient. The enemy, says the Secretary, ought to be attacked in his most vulnerable point. The main power of the insurgents consists in their system of labor, which keeps the laborers at home Vol. XXVI.—No. 152.—S

supporting their masters who are fighting against the country. Wherever this system is hostile to Government it should be stricken down. Rightly organized, in the recovered territory this labor can be made useful to our armies by producing supplies, and in other ways. The greater part of the region where sea-island cotton was formerly produced is now in our hands; the laborers and the soil are there, and it only needs the assurance of protection to revive the cultivation of this staple, as well as to produce large quantities of corn and forage for our troops. The Secretary argues that the liberation of the negro will not injure the free laborer of the North; if protected there he will not leave his Southern home, and under no circumstances have they manifested any disposition toward insurrection. By the means suggested by the President, of compensated emancipation, the insurrection will be subdued swiftly and effectually, and our own people will be saved from slaughter on the battle-field. "So far," adds the Secretary, "from the Southern States being invincible, no country was ever so vulnerable, if the means at hand are employed against them."

The Report of General Halleck, accompanying that of the Secretary of War, gives a full detail of military operations since the 22d of July, when he assumed the command of the army. It furnishes additional information respecting the retreat from the Peninsula. On the 24th of July, General Halleck went to the James River to ascertain if there was any possibility of an advance upon Richmond from Harrison's Landing, and if not, to favor some plan for uniting the armies of M'Clellan and Pope upon some other line. General M'Clellan was of the opinion that 50,000 additional troops would be required. General Halleck could not promise more than 20,000, and could not see how even these could safely be withdrawn from other places; M'Clellan took the night to consider, and said that he would make the attempt with the 20,000; but on Halleck's return to Washington M'Clellan telegraphed that he should require 35,000, a force which could not be sent without leaving Washington and Baltimore defenseless. No alternative was left but to unite this army with that of General Pope. The withdrawal from James River was finally ordered on the 30th of August, General M'Clellan protesting against it. The army, he urged, was in excellent discipline and condition, holding a position which enabled it to act in any direction. It was twentyfive miles from Richmond, but was not likely to meet a force sufficient to give battle until it had marched fifteen or eighteen miles, which brought it practically within ten miles from the Confederate capital. "Here," he said, "directly in front of this army, is the heart of the rebellion. It is here that all our resources should be collected to strike the blow which will determine the fate of this nation. All points of secondary importance elsewhere should be abandoned, and every available man brought here. A decided victory here, and the military strength of the rebellion is crushed. It matters not what partial reverses we may meet with elsewhere, here is the true defense of Washington. It is here on the bank of the James River that the fate of the Union should be decided." The evacuation was not commenced till the 14th, eleven days after it had been ordered. The subsequent events are narrated in full. General Pope's dispositions for the actions of the last of August are said to have been "well planned;" but "for some unexplained reasons, Por-

ter did not comply with an order which he had received, and his corps was not in the battles of the 28th and 29th." Of this series of actions General Halleck says, "Most of the troops actually engaged fought with great bravery, but some could not be brought into action at all. Many thousands straggled away from their commands; and it is said that not a few voluntarily surrendered to the enemy so as to be paroled as prisoners of war." In order to repair damages caused by the losses, General Pope, at his request, was ordered to bring his army within the defenses of Washington, which were then under the command of M'Clellan. Being now second in command, General Pope applied to be relieved, and was transferred to another Department. Of this "short but active" campaign of Pope, General Halleck says, "Although, from causes already referred to, less successful than we had reason to expect, it had accomplished the great and important object of covering the capital till troops could be collected for its defense. Had the Army of the Potomac arrived a few days earlier, the robel army could have been easily defeated and perhaps destroyed." General Halleck proceeds to speak of the invasion of Maryland, describes the general operations; pronounces the surrender of Harper's Ferry "disgraceful;" gives full praise for the victories at South Mountain and Antietam, where, he says, "Our loss was 1742 killed, 8066 wounded, and 913 missing, making a total of 10,721; General M'Clellan estimates the enemy's loss at 30,000, but their own accounts give their loss at about 14,000 in killed and wounded." He implies a censure upon M'Clellan for allowing the enemy to recross the l'otomac without molestation after their defeat at Antietam. This censure is expressed in respect to the delay in crossing the Potomac: "The total inactivity," he says, "of so large an army in the face of a defeated foe, and during the most favorable season for rapid movements and a vigorous campaign, was a matter of great disappointment and regret." The crossing ordered on the 6th of October was not commenced until the 26th, and was completed about the 3d of November, but at a place different from that proposed by General M Clellan. "What induced him," says General Halleck, "to change his views, or what his plan of campaign was, I am ignorant; for about this time he ceased to communicate with me in regard to his operations, sending his reports directly to the President." The order of the President giving the command of the Army of the Potomac to General Burnside was dispatched on the 5th of November, and delivered to General M'Clellan on the 7th.—The Commanding General then proceeds to speak of General Buell's campaign in the West. When General Halleck left the Department of Mississippi the armies of that department, spread along a line of 600 miles, from Western Arkansas to Cumberland Gap, and occupying a strip of more than 150 miles in width from which the enemy had been expelled, were rapidly decreasing in strength, from "the large number of soldiers sent home on account of real or pretended disability," while the enemy were rapidly increased by conscription. The enemy, superior in numbers and discipline, determined to reoccupy Arkansas, Missouri, Tennessee, and Kentucky, and if possible to invade Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, while our attention was distracted by the invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, and an extended Indian insurrection on our Western borders. This plan, which had many chances of success, was thwarted by the timely order of the President, of August 4, calling for additional forces, and the leading features of these campaigns. He says:

the patriotic response of the people of the Northwest. General Bragg then marched from Tupela, Mississippi, through Alabama and Georgia, reached Chattanooga in advance of Buell, turned his left, and entered Kentucky. General Buell fell back to Nashville without giving battle; then moved parallel with Bragg, who, after capturing our garrison at Munfordsville, turned off from the main road to Louisville, which was reached by Buell without an engagement. Another column of the enemy, after blockading Cumberland Gap, moved upon Lexington and threatened Cincinnati. A small force of raw troops under Nelson were completely routed at Richmond, Kentucky. A portion of our army was withdrawn from General Grant in Mississippi, and sent to Kentucky and Cincinnati. No attack was made by the enemy. Buell, with 100,000 men, left Louisville, on the 1st of October, in pursuit of Bragg, who engaged a part of Buell's force at Perry ville on the 8th. A battle ensued, fought mainly by M'Cook's corps; the enemy retreated during the night, falling back to East Tennessee. Buell pursued for a while, then fell back to the line from Louisville to Nashville, and was superseded in his command by General Rosecrans. General Morgan in the mean while had evacuated Cumberland Gap, alleging want of supplies, though he had just before reported that he had several weeks' provisions, and would not surrender that important post. An investigation of this matter has been ordered. With respect to General Buell's campaign, General Halleck significantly adds: "As the Secretary of War has ordered a military commission to investigate the operations of General Buell, it would be obviously improper for me to express my opinion unless specially directed to do so."-The Commanding General then narrates the operations in Tennessee, including our victories near Bolivar, at Iuka, and Corinth, censuring, by implication, General Rosecrans for allowing the enemy to escape after his defeats at Corinth and upon the Hatchie. General Grant, however, led his forces south, drove the enemy across the Tallahatchie, and restored peace in Western Tennessee. - The "unfortunate withdrawal" of General Curtis's army from Arkansas has prevented the execution of the military operations in Arkansas. In Missouri, General Schofield has broken up numerous guerrilla bands, and defeated the enemy in several engagements, driving them back to Arkansas. -In Minnesota, the Indians who had broken out into outrage have been defeated by General Sibley, which has put a stop to their hostilities for the present season; but it is possible that these will be renewed in the spring.—In the Department of the Gulf our garrison at Baton Rouge, after repulsing an attack of the enemy, has been withdrawn to New Orleans. An expedition, under General Weitzel, sent from New Orleans to the La Fourche District, on the west bank of the Mississippi, encountered the enemy at Donaldsville, on the 24th of October, defeated them, and opened that part of the country to us. ----We have given unusual space to this report of the Commanding General, dwelling particularly upon the points upon which we had not the necessary information to enable us to speak in our regular Monthly Record as the events transpired. Whether the censures, express or implied, are well or ill founded, the Report is of permanent value as presenting a clear statement of operations during the eventful four months of which it treats. We add a paragraph embodying the criticisms of General Halleck upon



"It is seen from this brief summary of military opera- in battle. Of the 823 steamers 123 have been addtions during the last three or four months that while our soldiers have generally fought with bravery, and gained many important battles, these victories have not produced many important battles, these victories have not produced the usual results. In many instances the defeated foe was not followed from the battle-field, and even where a pursuit was attempted it almost invariably failed to effect the capture or destruction of any part of the retreating army. This is a matter which requires serious and careful consideration. A victorious army is supposed to be in a condition to pursue its defeated foe with advantage, and, during such pursuit, to do him serious, if not fatal injury. This result has usually been attained in other countries. Is there any reason why it should not be expected in this? Is there any reason why it should not be expected in this? It is easily understood that in a country like that between Yorktown and Richmond, in the thickly-wooded swamps of Mississippi and Louisiana, that a retreating force, by felling trees across the roads and destroying bridges over deep and marshy grounds, can effectually prevent any rapid pursuit. The one, in a few minutes, blocks up or destroys roads, which the other can not clear or repair for bours, or even days. The pursuer has every little hope of overtaking his flying foe. But this reason is not applicable to Maryland and the greater part of Virginia, Kentucky, and Middle Tennessee. It must be admitted that in these theatres of war the rebel armies have exhibited much more mobility and activity than our own. Not only do they outmarch us, both in advance and matter but and the second matter that the second matter and the second matter that the second matter and the second matter that the second matter and the do they outmarch us, both in advance and retreat, but on two memorable occasions their cavalry have made with impunity the entire circuit of the Army of the Potomac. If it be true that the success of an army depends upon its 'arms and its legs,' ours has shown itself deficient in the latter of these essential requisites."

The Report of Captain Dahlgren, of the Ordnance Bureau, abounds in valuable information and important suggestions in respect to the comparative value of the offensive power of heavy ordnance, and the defensive power of iron armor for vessels. It would be impossible to present a fair idea of this portion of the Report without copying it in full. He also treats in detail of harbor defenses, with special reference to that of New York. His main conclusions are: that a trustworthy defense can only be made by a combination of forts, iron-clad vessels, rams, and other minor auxiliaries; neither would be sufficient singly against attacks which are now practicable. Whatever may be the material of the interior structure, the exterior must be of iron; lines of earth-work will be useful in assisting the main work, but bare masonry should never be exposed to the action of rifled cannon. A sufficient number of iron-clads should be ready to assist the forts, and to fill the gaps left between them; with these should act the most powerful rams that can be constructed, built for speed and resistance; obstructions of various kinds may also be placed in the channel.-In connection with this Report from so competent an authority we need hardly call attention to the paper on Revolving Towers which appears in another part of this Magazine.

The Report of the Secretary of the Navy gives a detailed account of the operations during the year of this arm of our service, the essential facts of which have been presented in this Record as they occurred from month to month. The Report is especially valuable from the full details which it gives of the progress and present condition of our navy. When the present Secretary took charge of the Department in March, 1861, our whole navy consisted of 42 vessels in commission, most of which were abroad, although 76 vessels then attached to the navy have since been made available. Of the 7600 seamen then in pay of the Government there were only 207 in all the ports and receiving-ships of the Atlantic coast. We have now afloat or near completion a naval force of 427 vessels carrying 3268 guns, of which 323, with 1853 guns, are steamers, and 104, with 1415 guns, are sailing vessels; 11 vessels, with 112 guns, have been lost by shipwreck or

ed by construction. The following table shows the character and capacity of these new steamers:

Description.		Guns.	Tons.
Second-class screw sloops of war Screw gun-boats. Side-whoel gun-boats. Armored wooden vessels.	27	116 108 2::6 65 74	16,396 14,033 36,377 20,893 32,631
Total	123	659	120,330

Our iron-clad navy consists of 54 vessels, with 261 guns. Upon our western waters we have 72 vessels, carrying 379 guns; of these 26 have armor, and 5 are rams. The Secretary recommends the early establishment of a naval dépôt on one of the rivers in the valley of the Mississippi, where our navy is now equal to the whole of that of the United States at the commencement of the present Administration. The great rivers of the West are well adapted for an iron navy, and the iron and coal distributed through that region indicate what must be the policy of the Government in this respect. He also urges that the Government should construct its own iron vessels as well as its wooden ones, buying the iron, but working it over in its own establishments.—In respect to harbor fortifications the Secretary appears to differ in opinion from other authorities. He quotes, and apparently sanctions, the opinion of the Chief-Engineer of the War Department, given in May last, to the effect that our present fortifications are, with scarcely an exception, sufficient defenses against any hostile military power afloat. At all events he says that "the fortifications at our principal ports should be, and doubtless are, adequate defenses against any cruisers that may be afloat in the service of the insurgents." And in any case, he adds, "it has not entered into the arrangements or estimates of the Navy Department to furnish vessels for the defense of our ports, nor to detach them from other imperative duties for that purpose, when other provisions have been made by the Government, and have been uniformly relied upon for their protection."---Of the Southern steamer Alabama the Secretary says that she was built and fitted out in British ports, and manned by British subjects, in flagrant violation of law, after the authorities had been officially informed of her character and objects. She has no register, or record, or evidence of transfer, and no prize taken by her has ever been sent into any port for adjudication or condemnation. He adds:

"All forms of law which civilization has introduced to protect and guard private rights, and all those regulations of public justice which distinguish and discriminate the legalized naval vessel to the pirate, are disregarded and violated by this lawless rover, which, though built in and sailing from England, has no acknowledged flag or recognized nationality, nor any accessible port to which to send any other series now there has been accessible port to which to send any ship she may scize, nor any legal tribunal to adjudge her captures. Under the English flag, in which they confided, and by the torch of the incendiary, appealing to their humanity, our merchantmen have been lured to destruction....To what extent, under these circumstances, the Government of Great Britain is bound in bound in home. Government of Great Britain is bound in honor and justrivernment of Great Britain is bound in honor and justice to make indemnification for the destruction of private property which this lawless vessel may perpetrate, is a question that may present itself for disposal. It is alluded to now and here, not only from a sense of duty toward our commercial interests and rights, but also by reason of the fact that recent intelligence indicates that still other vessels of a similar observation. sels of a similar character are being fitted out in British seis of a similar character are being fitted out in British ports to depredate upon our commerce. Our own cruisers not being permitted to remain in British ports to guard against these outrages, nor to coal while cruising, nor to repair damages in their harbors when injuries are sustained, the arrest of them is difficult, and attended with great uncertainty. This Department has dispatched ves-



sels to effect the capture of the Alabama, and there is now quite a fleet on the ocean engaged in pursuing her."

The most important points in the Report of the Secretary of the Interior relate to the mineral resources of the country, and to the posture of Indian affairs. He thinks that the production of gold in California, Oregon, and the Territories has amounted to 100 millions of dollars during the year; and that if the same relative amount of labor had been expended elsewhere as in California, the product would have exceeded 400 millions. He thinks that these mines of wealth may be made available toward paying our national debt, and suggests three modes of doing this: by leasing the mineral lands; or by collecting a certain portion of the proceeds, or by selling them absolutely in small portions. He thinks that 500 millions could be realized by the sale of these lands in lots of one acre, after giving to those now engaged in mining a clear title to the lands which they occupy without cost. - In relation to the savage outrages in the Northwest, the Secretary suggests an entire change of policy in our dealings with the Indians. They should not be considered as independent nations having a right to the lands over which they roam, and capable of making or refusing treaties for their cession, but rather as wards of Government to be protected, kept from starvation, and taught to earn their own livelihood, for which purpose suitable districts of country should be assigned for their habitation, but no private contracts should be allowed to be made with them, and all made by them should be declared void. The people of Minnesota, he says, demand not only indemnification for losses, but security for the future, which they can only have by the removal of the Indians to some point so remote from the settlements as to preclude the possibility of another attack.

The Report of Mr. Dole, the Indian Commissioner, presents this subject in still greater detail. He traces the origin of the late outbreak to their dissatisfaction with the reductions proposed to be made in the payments to them to compensate for the depredations of lawless Sioux. It was finally decided to pay them in full; but delay arose from the lack of the necessary appropriations. The Indians became turbulent and threatened the Agent; troops were called out to defend the Agency; and the Indians dispersed after receiving promises of speedy payment. Affairs remained thus till the 17th of August, when five persons were murdered at Acton. This was thought to be a mere isolated outrage; but it proved to be the inauguration of a series of massacres in which from 800 to 1000 unarmed settlers fell victims. The belief expressed in our Record of the time, that the number amurders then reported at 250 was an exaggeration, proves to have been erroneous. The Commissioner, after fully describing these atrocities, calls attention to the case of some 300 Indians engaged in them, who, after surrendering as prisoners, have been tried by court-martial and sentenced to death. He thinks that the execution of this sentence would partake more of the character of revenge than of punishment. These savages must not be judged by our standard. Their chiefs wield an influence over them which we can not appreciate; upon the leaders the death penalty should fall, while a milder punishment inflicted upon the others would be equally effectual in preventing a repetition of these outrages.

EUROPE.

In Europe, apart from the terrible distress among the operatives in Lancashire, arising from the failaid, at least moral support.

ure of the cotton supply and consequent want of work, our main interest centres in the recent movement toward intervention in our war proposed by the French Government to those of Great Britain and Russia, and the position taken by those Powers. On the 30th of October M. Drouyn de Lhuys, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, addressed to the British and Russian Governments a note, in which, after praising the valor of the armies of the North and the South, lamenting the evils which the American war has brought upon Europe, referring to the small actual progress which had been made by either combatant, and alluding to dispositions toward peace which he thinks appear in both North and South, the following proposition is made:

"The Emperor has thought that the occasion has presented itself of offering to the belligerents the support of the good offices of the maritime Powers, and his Majesty has charged me to make the proposition of this Government to her Britannic Majesty, as well as to the Court of Russia. The three Cabinets would exert their influence at Washington, as well as with the Confederates, to obtain an armistice for six months, during which every act of war, direct or indirect, should provisionally cease, on sea as well as on land, and it might be, if necessary, ulteriorly prolonged. The overtures, I need not say, would not imply, on our part, any judgment on the origin or issue of the struggle, nor any pressure upon the negotiations which might, it is to be hyped, ensue in favor of an armistice. Our task would consist solely in smoothing down obstacles, and in interfering only in a measure determined upon by the two parties."

Earl Russell, the British Foreign Minister, replied on the 14th of November. The Queen, he said, was desirous of acting in concert with the Emperor of France upon all the great questions now agitating the world, and upon none more so than in respect to the struggle now going on in North America. the proposition to arrest by friendly measures the progress of the American war her Majesty's Government recognized "the benevolent views and humane intentions of the Emperor." They also thought that if the steps proposed were taken the concurrence of Russia would be extremely desirable; but they had no assurance that Russia would concur. The question was, whether the end proposed was at the present moment attainable by the course suggested by the Government of France. The conclusion, "after weighing all the information which had been received from America," was, in the words of Earl Russell, that

"Her Majesty's Government are led to the conclusion that there is no ground at the present moment to hope that the Federal Government would accept the proposals suggested, and a refusal from Washington at the present time would prevent any speedy renewal of the offer. Her Majesty's Government think, therefore, that it would be better to watch carefully the progress of opinion in America, and if, as there appears reason to hope, it may be found to have undergone, or may undergo hereafter, any change, the three courts might then avail themselves of such change to offer their friendly counsel with a greater pro-pect than now exists of its being accepted by the two contending parties."

Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian Foreign Minister, replied, under date of November 15. He says, after reviewing the constant efforts of Russia in favor of conciliation, that it was requisite,

"Above all things, to avoid the appearance of any pressure whatever capable of chilling public opinion in America, or of exercising the susceptibility of that nation. We believe that a combined measure of the three great Powers, however conciliatory, if presented in an official or officious character, would be the cause of arriving at a result opposed to pacification. If, however, France should persist in her intention of mediation, and England should acquiesce in her course, instructions shall be sent to Baron Storckl, at Washington, to lend to both his colleagues there (the French and English Ministers), if not official add, at least moral support."



Editor's Cable.

INSTITUTIONS AND MEN. — We Americans just now are thinking of the meaning of these words as never before. We have always taken it for granted, indeed, that we had Institutions, and that these are important to us as a people alike for our domestic, civil, and religious welfare. But they have come to us so easily, and at least in our lifetime have stood generally so in keeping with the tastes and will of our people, that we have hardly drawn any positive line of distinction between our institutions, our men, our habits, our laws, and our customs. We have sometimes been almost ready to believe that all things rest here upon the immediate wishes of the many, and it is quite safe to leave the many to their own will, as if it could be none other than a sweet will.

But we are not exactly of this temper now; for we find that our great institution, our very National Government itself, has been assailed most rudely and perilously, and this, too, not by a mob of rowdies or merely by a clique of radicals, but by a class that claims to be the exclusive aristocracy of the country. In repelling this assault, moreover, we find that another class of persons are moved to fight fire by fire, and to try to put down the rebellion, not so much by the power of positive institutions with the restraints of law and the safeguards of education, industry, local usages, and church fellowship, as by popular passion and agitation in the face of constituted authority, and in contempt for written constitutions. In fact, it seems to be desired by some persons, not perhaps very numerous, that the nation should revert to its first instincts, all things now be referred to first principles of individual conviction, and a new national order be left to develop itself from this dissolution of all compacts and conventions. It is certain that while the rebels are assailing the National life a class of agitators are assailing the States, and one objectionable institution is made the pretext of attacking the State institution itself, and setting up a military or some kind of imperialism over the whole land. Thus the most opposite orders of mind are now assaulting our established institutions, and sometimes we find representatives of the two most opposite classes favoring the same measures and cheering the same hero: the ultra conservative and the radical willing, for different reasons, to set up a stronger government and crush forever all sectional feuds by a centralized empire. The great agitation stops or hides all the common and petty agitations; and while we are in arms against the host of Come Outers who have assailed our capital, we care little about the socialists, free lovers, and new lights, who have been thought to assail the sanctities of property, and home, and church.

For these and other reasons we are in the mood for thinking somewhat seriously of institutions, and in connection with the individualism, idealism, emotionalism, and revolutionalism that are sometimes arrayed against them. We do not think it necessary to spend many words in defining what an institution is. It is enough to say that it is something fixed or established, and usually for the better and lasting co-operation and use of men. There may be indeed an establishment for plants, or dogs, or horses, yet all such establishments do not rise to the name and dignity of institutions until they have a social character, and unite the services and forward the purposes of human beings. Generally institutions are corporations; and whether with or

without legal acts of incorporation, they unite two or more persons in one body, and keep them together not at their own caprice, but under the laws of the organization. So that the institution is not only corporate, but has a corporate will, and not only combines the persons together, but continuously, or keeps them together. Accordingly, the family itself is to be regarded as an institution, and is made such not merely by the consent of the parties, but by the law of the land and the sanctions of the gospel and the church. A man and woman may marry at pleasure under the law; but as soon as they are married they are no longer left to their own pleasure, but they are members of an institution which neither nor both can dissolve. The law holds them as man and wife until they are legally divorced, and claims for the children that are born to them support and protection. Religion goes further, and binds them to live together in a Christian way so long as both shall live, and bids them dismiss every roving lust and wayward association, not in the name of the world's fashion or their own taste, but in the name of God himself. The family, thus founded upon law and religion, is the great institution of society, and without it the State and the Church would come to naught. We know very well, indeed, that certain persons scout at this view of the subject, and regard marriage solely as a personal understanding between man and woman, to hold good as long as they like, and who affirm the monstrous absurdity that the freer the relation the warmer the love, and the easier the divorce the more exalted if not the more enduring the tie. This free-love notion degrades and insults the name of love by leaving out its noblest element, its highest idea and affection, and regarding it as a private passion, or at most a personal feeling instead of a religious inspiration under a spiritual authority and lasting obligation. Apart from the positive laws of the land and the church, and looking now merely to the heart and conscience of the parties, we affirm that true marriage of necessity implies permanence and inviolableness, and either party degrades self and robs the other by setting any conditions to the promise that make the relation contingent instead of authoritative. In religion the highest affection affirms and loves God in his justice as well as his mercy; and the highest form of the love of the neighbor, the love between the twain that are one flesh, carries in its very nature the sense of duty and the idea of obligation. It is a principle, and not a mere impulse.

We can not base upon lower ground the authority of government or the civil institution. They who first form it can not be in earnest if they make it subject to contingencies, and leave property, business, happiness, nay, life itself, at the mercy of passion or chance. Nay, the origin of all national life has in itself a Providential necessity and solemnity that are wholly incompatible with caprice and uncertainty. Back of the statutes that formally decree the civil union, there are invariably Providential circumstances and principles that virtually compel or legitimate the union; and the parties that unite together to make the State are, like parties to the marriage, solemnly affianced before they are married. Moreover, the great national compacts that imply a certain previous relation, which they recognize and seek to complete and perpetuate, almost invariably declare the perpetuity of the obligation. Such surely was the case with our great national



charter, and the nation settled down under it without the least doubt of its lasting obligation, and committed the whole private and public welfare to its trust. It was the marriage of parties before solemnly betrothed, and who had made great sacrifices for each other. We are children of that marriage, and we were born into the nation with the same sense of our birthright that we feel in our own parental homestead. To us our country has been an institution, not an expedient; and the conviction that it is an institution is the great and abiding motive that animates and sustains us in this great struggle for our national life. Secession denies the institution itself by basing it upon the caprice, passion, or pleasure of the parties, and therefore every true American is bound to protest and to contend against secession to the last, as he would protest and contend against the leveler or slanderer who would try to pick flaws in his own mother's marriage, and make him a bastard or an outlaw. The idea of revolution we may accept if we can not help it; and this is a decent and sometimes a respectable ground to stand upon; but secession we hold to be a monstrous lie, a base swindle, an infamous cheat, and we are bound to call it accursed, and to assail it in word and deed to our latest breath. If we can not help it, rebellion must have its way, and be successful revolution if it can; but though ten times as strong as now, and however successful, it shall never tempt nor force us to abandon our birthright, nor to accept a principle that must taint the whole nation, and leave no part of our Union sacred.

We might multiply illustrations from other social institutions; but they all rest upon the same essential foundations as the family and the nation, and are very insecure when domestic and civil obligations are shaken. Thus, what is the credit of our financial institutions worth—what are railway bonds, bank-notes, and all kinds of corporate promises, if the national credit that underlies them all is shaken to the foundation? Equally insecure are all forms of social engagement, all associations for education, recreation, and even for religion, when the foundations of the household are shaken and the marriage institution is undermined.

We know that this point of view is unpopular in some quarters, and that some persons think that institutions are of small account in comparison with the rights and purposes of individuals. We have no disposition to disparage the claims of individuals as such; nay, we are quite sure of strengthening them by giving due efficacy to institutions. Institutions are little or nothing without men, we know; but do we not also know that men are little or nothing without institutions? and as matter would be almost useless if its separate atoms had no power to combine together, so individuals are almost powerless unless they can associate together under the auspices of institutions. Every school, household, store, lyceum, bank, public library, mill, market, churchall these are institutions, and without these and the like the individual sinks almost to the level of the brutes; nay, the brute, the wild beast of the field or the forest, gets on better alone than man, and does not need institutions to build him roads and schools, to raise up cities and kingdoms, to allow him to live.

But we are quite willing to meet the sticklers for individualism on their own ground; and we maintain that true respect for man, considered in himself alone or as individual, compels us to respect and sustain institutions. Thus doing, we respect duly each

man's origin, and acknowledge his birthright; for surely we are all born in institutions of some sort. We are somebody's children surely, although the smart French woman who said that "her leave was not asked before she was born into the world" represents the self-sufficiency of some persons who seem to affirm their own self-sufficiency, and either to imply that they created themselves or to quarrel with their parents for not consulting them previous to their birth. We truly honor ourselves, however, when we honor our parents; and so, too, when we respect the great social, civil, and religious institutions that met us at our birth and made life in so many respects pleasant and profitable to us. Our whole education as well as our origin bids us respect these influences; for it takes them all to educate us, and it would go ill with the most gifted man if he had only his own intuitions to rely upon. Nay, respect for the intuitive power itself compels us to respect institutions; for these have been founded and furthered by the great seers of our race, so that every well-educated man has the benefit not only of his own individual mind, but also of the leading minds in all history, who are combined and continued in the life and thought of institutions. Moses, and Solon, and Justinian live in all law, and every court of justice opens to the poorest citizen the counsel and protection of the world's great lawgivers from time immemorial. Apart from such fellowship an individual is nothing; and outside of civilized society, with its established agency, the greatest of geniuses is below the savage in culture and arts; for the savage goes with his own people, and uses their arts and ideas.

This reasoning seems almost to be superfluous: yet too often we are compelled to own its necessity by listening to praises of nature and disparagements of civilization. It is frequently taken for granted that society creates bondage and nature gives freedom, and that perfect liberty consists in being left wholly to one's self. The truth is quite otherwise; for nature, without civilization, is sure to be bondage, and true liberty is found only under civilized institutions. Leave an infant to itself, and it will not live a day. Leave a man to himself, without legal or social protection, and he is sure to be somebody's slave or victim. In the city he will lose his pocket-book at the hands of some thief, and on the highway or in the woods he will find some more desperate assailant, whether man or beast, and will be little disposed to look upon the law as tyranny or the constable an oppressor. Personal liberty is surely an institution, a civil state, and not a natural condition. All emancipation, therefore, that removes even oppressive restraint without securing the protection of positive law is false to its name, and may end in greater bondage; and every where in history, where men seek relief from one master without defending themselves against the many who are eager to take the place of the one, they find themselves little the gainers by the exchange, and that anarchy is more oppressive than monarchy. All the greater then is the worth of the good institutions that bind the one and the many together, and protect each individual by the majesty that reigns over all.

Surely, then, we are to accept institutions not only as actual but as Providential facts, and to respect them as having at once the consent of human experience and the sanction of the divine government. Reverence in this view we can not but regard as essential to a true man, and we count not among the independent thinkers, but the reckless



destructives him who, in his opposition to incidental | naught or overturn the constituted authorities of evils, strikes at the foundations of all social and civil order. The destructive spirit is all the meaner according as it employs the very treasures and arts of current civilization to assail it—as when the beneficiary of a college tries to destroy its prosperity, or one reared under the care and at the cost of a government turns traitor to its laws, or the disciple of a gifted and exalted master is recreant to his school, and uses his very learning under those auspices to deny the faith and malign the fellowship that he deserted.

But institutional reverence, to amount to any thing of worth, must be not merely a sentiment but a principle. It must be put into practice, and can not be practical without obeying the peculiar voice of institutions, which is law; for they rule especially by laws, while persons rule by commands. God's commands indeed are laws, and are both personal and universal; but institutions, as combining many wills together, are expected to express their decrees in a way that best affirms a common will, and appeals to a common conviction. Thus a nation speaks with authority; but its laws are regarded not so much declarations of a personal will as of a combined judgment, and they all rest upon the combined interpretation of the national right, which rests in God himself, and so rises above every finite will. So it is that all laws are based upon the idea of the law, which is not human but divine, and identical with the eternal justice which men do not originate, but are simply to accept. All true institutions are legitimately built upon this idea, and when men meet together to legislate or to pass laws, they begin with taking it for granted that the law exists, and before a single statute had been framed they would all be ready to say that they believe in the law, and in a sense in which no mere individualist can affirm itthat is, all large and right-minded men would allow in advance of all specific legislation that communities as such are empowered to make laws in the very nature of things, and the body politic has a commission to do its work under the law of God himself. The recognition of this fact is vital to civilization. and institutions are materialized and degraded the moment that they are based upon mere force, and when number of voices or weight of weapons or gold, not the right of the case, is the ground of supreme

The specific laws that are enacted nominally upon this idea may, and undoubtedly must, contain a certain amount of error; for men are imperfect, and there is a proportion of friction and alloy in all that they do. But the error of laws is no reason for rejecting the authority of the law in general, nor even for disobeying those very laws, unless the error is so vital as to make nonconformity a duty and render a revolution justifiable. Judges may make mistakes from which we are to appeal to higher tribunals; yet in such a way as not to assail the foundations of law itself. Far better to suffer wrong than to do wrong; and he who submits to an unjust verdict, after every justifiable effort, is a better patriot than he who takes the law into his own hands, and so does what he can to set mob rule above civil justice. Sometimes the laws of a nation may be opposed to what seem to us to be the dictates of natural justice, and in such cases we are to do all in our power to set them right. We may go even further and take the ground of peaceful nonconformity toward wrong legislation, and do not become revolutionists until we try by violence or conspiracy to set at

the land.

We know very well how this statement is often met, and how the supremacy of the private conscience is maintained. But surely if I have a conscience my neighbor must be allowed to have one too; and in all matters of public welfare the conscience of the community must express itself in laws, which are the voice virtually of the public conscience, and as such is binding upon the allegiance when not altogether in keeping with the private opinions of all the persons concerned. Nay, we declare that the enlightened private conscience is bound to affirm the existence and jurisdiction of a certain public conscience; for each true conscience is bound not only to accept a superior right and an absolute law somewhere, but to acquiesce in human fellowship as created by God, and as having a certain right and law under His government. We are not, indeed, to affirm that mere numbers or public authority can make right wrong, or wrong right; but we do earnestly believe that we have sound and conscientious reasons for obeying, as far as we can, the established laws as coming from Providential institutions, and as promoting the greatest good of the greatest number? In this way, instead of yielding to a dull and passive obedience, we are in a fairer way to secure all desirable reforms. We can swav and improve a man much better by appreciating him, and doing justice to the bright side of his character, than by eternally finding fault with him, and scolding and worrying him as if we hardly thought the poor fellow fit to live. So it is with institutions. Respect them, and correct them. Improve them from within instead of assailing them from without, and the best progress will be found, we believe, to be vastly helped by a generous loyalty. A different course tends to exaggerate the ills in question and sometimes to restore them when overthrown, and in our view the sequel of all harsh and indiscriminate revolutions is any thing but favorable to the very ends to be sought. We need not to be told what mobs do, and how invariably they set up in exaggerated form the very tyranny complained of; and military despotism, that fearful and disciplined institution, is the constant attendant of popular violence. But even those assaults on established institutions that figure most in history as making eras in human progress are not by any means wholly encouraging, and we can not by any means regard destruction as the essential condition of reform. Christianity did not assault the Roman state or the Hebrew church after the manner of modern revolutions, and Rome and Judea fell by their own wrath rather than by the Christian aggression. We believe that a careful and candid study of modern agitations will show that a harsh radicalism has often tended to reinstate the thrones, priesthoods, and nobilities that it has overthrown, and given a powerful rebound to the very springs that it has striven to break. Such movements as Puritanism and Quakerism, much as we admire them, are not wholly rose-color, and their attempts to supplant established usages have not in all respects succeeded in meeting the wants of the people, or in keeping the ground already won.

Cromwell and his Roundheads did very great things with their intense zeal and burning personal religion so long as they were held together by the pressure of a common danger, and were the mightiest of iconoclasts as long as the old idols were standing. But when they came to reconstruct the Church and State they did not do so well. They wanted an



external order to answer to their internal thought and feeling; and decided as was their type of inward experience, and in the main shaped according to the same doctrines, it allowed of too many variations to be a sufficiently uniform authority, and in time the old Puritan individualism of experience showed itself in a diversity of opinions and policies that greatly enfeebled the whole body, and played into the hands of the Churchmen and Loyalists. Nothing good, indeed, can ever die; and the zeal and wisdom of the Puritans survived the days of the old Commonwealth: yet it is really wonderful how little their institutions acted upon the English people: and we must in candor allow that England absorbed the blood of this new and mighty race into her old Constitution, and while her pulse was freer and truer by the transfusion, her organism remained essentially the same as before, and the Cavalier polity conquered, or rather organized and administered, the Roundhead enthusiasm.

Quakerism, with its extreme doctrine of the inner light, the most interior or subjective form of social and religious life known to modern history, has resulted in confirming the value of many of the institutions which it assailed. Its leaders soon found that all church order was not an imposition of priestcraft. and in fact they trenched more upon the liberty of their people, especially of the young and impulsive, than the old lords spiritual in some respects. They established positive institutions of the most minute and stringent character, and from these their children seem now quite generally retiring into the old ways of the church as into the old costumes of the world; and while worldliness may be one cause of the change, we can not but think that it comes in part from the essential wants of the human heart, and the especial fitness of certain accepted social, civil, and religious methods to meet those wants. It is pleasing to see that in the best instances the descendants of the Quakers carry the interior views of their fathers into their new connections, and the ritual and life of our churches has gained much in depth and earnestness and spirituality from the infusion of Quaker elements. However this may be, nothing is clearer than that in all communities where the Society of Friends have been in the ascendant there is a powerful reaction in the other direction, and sometimes toward decided ritualism, as in Philadelphia. As to civil institutions, Quakerism has surely shown by its own experience the insufficiency of the nonresistance theory, and we do not believe that there were many broad-brims in the Quaker City who would have refused to shoulder a musket had the hordes of rebeldom shown themselves as threatened of late in that quarter.

In fact, the whole history of Individualism, whether of the emotional, ideal, or mystical school, strengthens our faith in institutions, and makes us less and less inclined to think ideas, feelings, or impulses a sufficient guide to a community. Even when a great idea masters a people, and becomes the all-animating purpose, it invariably defeats itself unless embodied into institutions; and a million persons, all on fire to go upon a crusade against some monster ill or toward some sacred shrine, are a mere mob and in each other's way unless duly marshaled and disciplined into that mighty institution an army, with visible banner and head. We believe in general principles, and can not do without them; but we need a more visible and imperious General to lead us before these principles can triumph; and nothing is more at the root of the bitter disappoint-

ment which, as a nation, we are now suffering than the obvious insufficiency of personal convictions without organization and leaders to secure success. A powerful institution has assailed the nation, and we have hoped to repel it, in great part, by ideas and emotions. We can put it down only by a greater institution and a stronger organization. Even revolution, in order to secure itself, becomes an institution; and the great Napoleon, by his army discipline and his many institutes, gave body to the ideas and impulses of the Republic, and the nephew has not forgotten the arts of the uncle.

We Americans have been going through a great experience of sensations and impulses and ideas, and are amazed that so little constructive good has thus far come of the experience. We are decidedly out of temper with our talking and writing men of the doctrinaire school, and have been sitting with singular patience at the feet of the practical men who are believed to be capable of doing something substantial. One of our universities gave a degree to Ericsson for his iron-clad Monitor, and Scott and M'Clellan have been made Doctors of Laws because they were thought able to put an army together and lead it to victory. Our sensationalism is just now at a great discount, and we are looking most earnestly and anxiously at the foundations of things, and willing to give any amount of power to the man that can save the nation and rebuild its ruins. We have ceased to think much of newspaper paragraphs or flaming telegrams, and are impatient even of news of victories, if they are merely impulsive raids, and do not bear upon the great issues of the war, and promise to restore the unity and prosperity of the nation. We have been astounded at the impotence of any amount of mere enthusiasm to secure even its own ends: and have seen that the verv impatience of constitutional restraint that has led many to snatch at universal liberty is in danger of putting liberty at a distance by breaking up the very national union which enabled the liberty-men to help the lot of the enslaved. Our first danger now is surely disunion, and among the causes that have threatened us with such a disaster we give a conspicuous place to that disrespect for constituted order which has led so many in opposite quarters to prefer their private or sectional opinions and impulses to the great institutes of the nation. We have sometimes forgotten that, as a nation, we can agree only in what is common to us as such, and, as when we march in a great army, we must adjust our step to the general step. Let each man march at will, the fleet of foot hurrying forward and the sluggish lagging behind, and the army is no more; and each man, while seeking his individual liberty, loses his place in the united host, and destroys even his power to keep his own liberty, in destroying the means of keeping the enemy at bay.

When, moreover, in snatching at a desired object, we endanger the fabric of public order, we forget that while there is a condition far above the existing system there is also a state of things much below it, and the dissolution of the body politic unlocks as many horrors as the dissolution of the human body lets loose foul gases. Far better it is to act upon a disease through the existing organism than to put its life in danger and cure disease by dissolution. Hence we carefully contend for guarding the organic life of the nation, while we are equally earnest to purify and quicken its functions; and we are willing to submit patiently to any delay or disappointments in favorite measures before striking at the founda-



tions upon which our institutions rest. Let all good | now for one hundred and fifty-two months. laws be passed, and all bad laws be repealed; but while seeking these ends let us not endanger the essential means by calling in question the existence of the law itself, or the great obligation that makes us a nation.

We, as a people, are sober and conservative, and would probably do our duty to our institutions and wisely purge away the evil leaven in the lump by effective methods were it not for the intrigues of our politicians, who are always on the look-out for some point of difference by which to make a party and carry their immediate purpose. It is this partisan passion for immediate objects that is the great danger to our Government, and which threatens to substitute measures that are almost a revolution for the slower but surer method of growth or evolution. We look too exclusively at what the Presidential term of four years will do for the party, and too little at what a century will do for the country. Hence the constant elements of our institutions are less prominent than the variable—as if the throne were forgotten, and the changing cabinets were all that is thought of.

It becomes, therefore, our serious duty as a people to secure the normal evolution of our institutions, and to promote their healthy growth by putting away whatever is noxious, accepting whatever is nutritious, and unfolding every rightful power. It is the work of the statesman to secure this result and to study and guide our people; not as an aggregation of self-willed individuals, but as a body of citizens, with one constitution that masses them together in one life, and moves them forward in the line of their Providential destiny. That such statesmen are not more in the ascendant now it is more the fault of the people and their party managers than the poverty of our land in men, or the failure of the bounty of God to grant the gifts and the schooling that can rule and save the state.

It is time now to look matters fully in the face: and while we are reviewing our institutions we must cut away whatever is fatal to their life, and accept whatever is essential to their health, and, above all, put forth those positive powers which carry life and health in their growth, and make evolution the best safeguard against revolution. We are confident that the normal evolution of our national life must be the triumph of universal liberty as well as of constitutional law. We were satisfied with the marks of our progress that were contained in our national census, and quite satisfied that our institutions, if left to themselves, would work out our national problem, and give freedom its rightful supremacy. The conspirators saw this very fact, and wickedly kindled the fires of civil war, hoping to change the ground of conflict from the fields of industry to the field of battle. When our loyal champions of institutions have beat the conspirators in battle the old campaign will be resumed, and industry will anew organize her forces and set up her standard of liberty and law from the rising to the going down of the sun.

Editor's Easy Chair.

HAPPY NEW YEAR to all kind friends, old L and new, who so heartily welcome every month the flower-scatterers and the bubble-blowers who ply their task with unwearied cheerfulness upon our modest Magazine! They have been heartily hailed Park Place. It is prodigiously red—unnecessarily,

first nursery-class in arithmetic may climinate from those figures the number of our years. Right, Master Hal! We are just twelve years and eight months old-older than you by four years and eight months at least.

When our flowers began to scatter fragrance and our bubbles to glitter in the air there was no vigorous, universal magazine in the country. There had always been monthly periodicals, of which possibly Dennie's Port-Folio was the most famous. There had been chatty Lady's Books, which were perhaps a little too exclusively Ladies-Maids' Books; and there were the Democratic Review, in which Hawthorne scattered his flowers; and the Whig Review, and Philadelphia Magazines, in which Willis blew his bubbles; and indeed a multitude of longer or shorter lived publications of the kind, remembered pleasantly-especially by the gay young fellows with the scattering hands and the easy pipes; and not so pleasantly, in all cases, by the gentlemen of sedater years, who stood as it were upon the outside, and who, in the effort to sell the bubbles and blossoms of the gay young fellows within, were sometimes so sadly sold themselves. Then there had been the stately Quarterly Reviews, those Saurians and Megatheriums of periodicals, of which a wellpreserved and pleasant specimen survives even to our day in the North American Review.

But none of all these had a circulation at all corresponding to the extent and character of the American reading public: upon all the great Reviews the image of the Edinburgh and Quarterly sat heavily, like the Old Man of the Sea upon Sinbad; and, like Sinbad, they could not throw him off. The lighter magazines began with a foundation of well-flavored cream, but it was gradually so whipped up into mere froth that even the wine of the Hawthorne could not save it. With the exception of an occasional substance and flavor like that, it was a thin and tasteless trifle, and nothing more. The reader opened his mouth and it was filled with sweet cloud. The bubbles were in fact very airy, and the flowers were sometimes actually made of muslin, and instead of breathing a delightful odor merely smelled of oil and the shop. So, one by one, they disappeared. Perhaps if they had had a more solid foundation, which is the capital necessity, they might have lasted longer, despite the flimsy superstructure. But we have no wish to flout their memories. We wish to speak only kindly of our predecessors of every degree, this blithe New-Year's morning. And especially of that which, born after us, died before we have shown any sign of decay-whose career, if brief, was very bright and memorable, and which stands always among the genial native saints in the niches of our periodical literature. I mean, of course, Putnam's Monthly, the pea-green stranger of just ten years ago.

If you are sometime strolling through Park Place, which was the main avenue to Columbia College within the memory of very young men, and which so reluctantly yielded its respectable old brick houses to dentists and milliners, so that it was quaintly out of place and time long before it was willing to confess it and go up town-if, I say, you sometimes stroll there among the lofty marble palaces which take in cloth at the cellar and turn out gold in the counting-room, you will see upon the left as you go toward the North River a single red brick house. That is the last solitary relic of the old mansions of



and almost fiercely red. But it is excusable, as a gentleman of the old school who should wear a very long queue and very high top-boots might be pardoned for amiably insisting in that way that his times and costume are as good as any body's. The old house does not blush for shame at being overtopped and antiquated, but it is the flush of a vigorous resistance. "I have to stand for all the old city," it seems to say, "and no wonder the strain makes me red in the face." It feels that it belongs to the time when there were carriages, not carts, daily standing at its door; and when not the material of dresses, but the exquisite completion of them passed and repassed its portal. It looks now upon the wives of merchants coming to ask for money, or their clerks in amazing coats and vast trowsers running and writing and marking boxes. But it looked in its prime upon ladies floating to dulcet measures in airy dances, and upon young men of fashion and splendor, some of whom I occasionally see, and in the quaint dandyism of their clothes and manners I am irresistibly reminded of the old-fashioned threestory red brick house of Park Place. Then, again, I suppose by mere force of contrast, because there is nothing Venetian in New York nor poetic in such a street, but also because there is the same old human heart under all aspects of human life, as I stand amidst the rattle of the street and look up at that old house, I hear snatches of Browning's poem, "A Toccata of Galuppi's," ringing in my mind. It is amusing that it should be so, but so it is. The lines are Venice set to throbbing music:

"Did young people take their pleasure when the sea was warm in May?

Balls and masks, begun at midnight, burning ever to mid-day;

When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow, do you say?

"Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so round and lips so red, On her neck the small face bnoyant, like a bell-flower on its hed:

O'er the breast's superb abundance, where a man might base his head?

"Well (and it was graceful of them) they'd break talk off and afford.

She to bite her mask's black velvet, he to finger on his sword-

While you sat and played Toccatas, stately at the Clavichord."

"Then they left you for their pleasure; till in due time, one by one.

Some with lives that came to nothing, some with deeds as well undone.

Death came tacitly and took them where they never see the sun.

"But when I sit down to reason—think to take my stand, nor swerve.

Till I triumph o'er a secret wrung from Nature's close reserve,

In you come with your cold music, till I creep through every nerve.

"Dust and ashes!' So you creak it, and I want the heart to scold.

Dear dead women, with such hair, too-what's become of all the gold

Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly and grown old."

This seems like wandering from the path, but it is not; for in the third story front-room of that oldfashioned red house the "welcome little pea-green stranger" was first uttered. Putnam's Monthly was singing the Yeave-ho of Putnam's Monthly:

born there. There the plans were discussed, the programme arranged. There the bushels of precious manuscript were unrolled and read. There Rhadamanthus sat and judged. There were other judges even in the place where Rhadamanthus originally sat. So there were here. But in both tribunals there was but one Rhadamanthus. I know that blushing beginners - scribblerlings, as Elia might have called them-suppose that editors are a stern race, in whom the heart was omitted; a class among men like the Amazons among women; and as the writers become more sophisticated they are seized with the delusion that editors either actually overlook or read very cursorily their manuscripts. "I am sure," they are wont to say, "that any unprejudiced critic would allow that poems have been constantly published in that magazine (or paper, or whatever it may be) which are really inferior to those I have sent which have been refused. I don't wish to praise my own poetry; but mere justice compels me to say that a great deal of stuff is published which I certainly would not print." But as I look up at that old room, with its glistening windows that look back at me like spectral eyes, and its bare, skeleton-like floors and walls within, I can truly affirm that no offense in the matter of due consideration was committed by Rhadamanthus or either of his associate justices. I will say for one of them, at least, that he could not read any manuscript without knowing, from his own experience, how precious it was to the writer. Poor things are not less precious than good ones to those who have no other. Do you suppose that Tupper does not fondle his platitudes as if they were poems? There are such wildernesses of well-meaning verse, such reams and yards and acres and square miles of commonplace story, such incredible lengths and prosiness of essay, and such ghastly gulfs of attempted humor, through and over which an editor has to walk, run, wallow, trip, stumble, and skip that he may congratulate himself if he escapes, while he knows that there is one person in the world to whom every inch of what he has cleared has a quite inconceivable and fabulous value. But if the writer would be as thoughtful as the editor is compelled to be, and remember that with every poem he sends a hundred other poems of the same excellence, and with every novel a score of novels equally good, reach the editor's hands he will be more patient of the apparent neglect.

It was in that front upper room that these judgments were made and the new craft launched, although in winter, upon a summer sea. How kindly she took to her element! How gayly the breezes blew! How prosperously she sailed from shore, with every inch of pea-green canvas spread, and cheerful singing at the rudder! In that room the singing at the start was heard. It is that remembrance which consecrates the old house. I hardly dare to look down the street, as I pass in Broadway after a long absence, lest I should find that improvement has marked it for its own, and swept away the venerable relic; and although the room was soon vacated, and the bare walls and floors were left, and the sober work of editing was done elsewhere, the house can not divest itself of romance. Nor can I ever read or remember the most touching of Beranger's lyrics,

"Je reviens voir l'asyle où ma jeunesse,"

which Father Prout has so exquisitely translated, without recalling the bleak bare upper room in Park Place where we sat before the glowing, generous fire,



"Here the glad tidings on our banquet burst, 'Mid the bright bowls; Have we a Bourbon? Yes, it was here Marengy's trimph first Kindled our souls!

Sparrowgrass / Prue, / Prue, / Prue, with redoubled might, Felt her heart swell!

Tom Dillar's /
Proudly we drank one renewable health that night In attic cell.

"Dreams of my joyful youth! I'd freely give, Ere my life's close, All the dull days I'm destined yet to live For one of those! Where shall I now find raptures that were felt, Joys that befell, And hopes that dawned at twenty, when I dwelt In attic cell?"

Sometimes, as I hurry through Nassau Street or down Fulton, I catch a glimpse of old Pea-green stealing a wistful glance at me from the shelves or table of some modest dealer in the open air. I murmur to myself, as I hurry on,

"Yes, 'twas a garret, be it known to all. Here was Love's shrine: There, read in charcoal traced along the wall, Th' unfinished line-"

Putnam's, as the kindly purchasing public persisted in calling it, fell silent by the way about five years ago, and as if from its ashes rose the Atlantic, which is still our contemporary. Of yet later date is the Continental. The old Knickerbocker has been in failing health for some years, but is now trying to make a vigorous show of life once more. May it succeed in drawing a longer breath, and in getting upon its legs again! Meanwhile, in our twelve years and eight months of life, which have carried us through such mutations and sad mortality in magazines, we-our bound and aggregate selves or self (the editorial "we" is sometimes puzzling, as when a new editor gravely wrote, "We ourself are a married man")-contain a library of many kinds of literature. We are, in fact, a cyclopedia of literature, history, asthetics, and scienc . Our supplies have been drawn from foreign and domestic fountains. Indeed, as one of the objects originally contemplated by us was to bring before the American reader, at the most reasonable rate, the good things that were scattered through foreign periodicals, and which were accessible only at the most unreasonable rates, so we may fairly say that our success, the success of an American magazine, itself stimulated American talent and business enterprise to enter the field as competitors. We awoke our slumbering native talent by showing it how numerous an audience stood ready to hear and be entertained. And as the American genius for magazine writing has developed itself we have taken care that it should scatter its flowers and blow its bubbles upon our pages, so that now the foreign guests there are only of the most distinguished. Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, Miss Evans, Miss Mulock, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, and others communicate with the American reader through us; but generally the bulk of our contributors are American.

It is not immodest, since we are telling the truth, for me to say for the Magazine that its circulation has gone to a number of copies altogether unprecedented. But the profoundest modesty absolutely forbids that we should ever venture a guess at the reason. Yet if you, for your own gratification, choose

a work you will doubtless mention many of the reasons that explain ours. If you should say, for instance, that there must be certain mercantile facilities which enable the Magazine to be brought before every reader in every part of the country-that the circulation so founded must be ocured by supplying the most welcome material in the most copious and attractive form, and for a very small cost-that the selection of material must be made by a taste which instinctively understands the popular demand—that the general character of such a work must be entertaining rather than didactic-that it must have no politics and no sectarian religion, yet all the while rely not upon its negative but its positive merits, you would undoubtedly have described some of the characteristics of a magazine which has been so widely and permanently successful. I have observed that some anonymous writer, who, I have sometimes suspected, might turn out to be the editor, remarks upon the outer side of a late number, in what might be called a very audible type, that "Harper's Magazine furnishes a greater amount of matter in a more pleasing form and more profusely illustrated than any other similar periodical. The illustrations alone cost more than any other magazine expends for literary and artistic matter. It soon secured, and has ever retained, a greater circulation than any other periodical of its class." this anonymous, but evidently responsible, writer adds, that a complete set of the Magazine is a desirable acquisition to any public or private library. For my part I believe him, especially when the erudite author declares that you may have twenty-five volumes of us, complete from our birth, for one dollar and fifty cents a volume.

Yet if I were Mr. Marcius Willson, who makes grammars and school-books of every kind, and, as I am told, of the greatest excellence, instead of a poor, weazened, decrepit, creaking Easy Chair, I should demand an explanation of the use of the word "other" in those interesting remarks I have just quoted. Is not any "similar periodical" necessarily another one and not this one? I do not pretend to know, because I am not Mr. Marcius Willson, but I should like very much to ascertain. Moreover, I shall not ask the editor, because I have once or twice fallen into great trouble by interfering with his prerogatives. Some few months since I replied to a correspondent that every body was allowed a chance in these pages, and I invited every body to empty their port-folios into the post-office, addressed to the luckless editor. The next time I went to pay my duty I opened his door and beheld a vast mountain of manuscript, from the summit of which his exhausted head protruded, the hair waving feebly, like a smoke-puff from the peak of Vesuvius, and a hollow voice called to me from awful depths, "Exegisti monumentum"-you have cooked up a pretty kettle of fish!

I confess that my conscience smote me. Manuscripts are so different from spirits. If you call them they do come, and come as the locusts came to Egypt. "I will thank you to say," continued the hollow voice, "that every affected girl, every silly student, every moon-struck booby in the land need not send their manuscripts to the editor of this Magazine. Nor necd any body send because kind friends have persuaded him that he ought not to hide his light under a bushel. That is the best place for most lights. They are very sure to blow out if you expose them to the air." Of course I to tell over the cardinal conditions of success in such | hastened to undo what I could of the mischief I had



made; and I recur to the matter now, when we are chatting familiarly together, that every body may understand that if he has any thing uncommonly good he had better lay it in a drawer for five years (Horace said nine), and then if, upon taking it out, it still seems good, 📭 him reduce it one-half, copy it out in a fair, legible hand, inclose it in an envelope, direct plainly to the Editor of Harper, and then drop it-in the drawer again for one more year. Then, if it has flavor still, send it on. The Horatian method of ripening manuscripts is pursued with great success in the case of pears. If you understand the business you do not pull your fruit and hurry it to market. But you suffer it to lie in the contemplative repose of a dark drawer, and after several weeks how luscious it is! It is the great advantage of a magazine that it can have this thoroughly ripened fruit. But the dish that is set before us in the daily paper! That is like a banquet of sharp, acrid, unripe fruit. No wonder that we have such colics and indigestions from partaking of it.

As the cheerful, genial season returns we are not conscious of any enemies; we do not know any who would grudge us either our effort or its reward. For ourselves, we have no hard feelings to gratify. every honest magazine thrive and go its way. shall try to go ours as heretofore. Neither the continent nor the ocean shall seem to us rivals, but only friendly contemporaries of another persuasion. Literary rivalries and jealousies are very bitter, and they are apt to be very enduring because they are so readily gratified. A man with a pen in his hand can so easily strike off a spark which shall explode a mine of ill feeling. The spectators meanwhile only smile or sneer. They take no part, and look only for amusement. One paper or one magazine fires incessantly at another, and the Public is tolerably amused until suddenly it is intolerably bored. It is not our praise, because it is our nature; but this Magazine has had no quarrels, and has made no explanations. In one case, that of Mr. Douglas, it relinquished its usual course in being strictly unpolitical, and published his celebrated paper upon Popular Sovereignty. But the Magazine as such has had no politics, and has therefore avoided that copious source of bitter quarreling. But as Sir Lucius O'Trigger might take mortal offense at George Fox because his steady non-resistance would seem to be a steady satire upon the Knight's pugnacity, so there have not been wanting ardent souls who have quarreled with our very avoidance of quarreling. quarrel," they say, "is not to have opinions. Not to have opinions is to be timid, time-serving, and unmanly."

Well, we decline to quarrel even upon so pregnant a text. That we must always talk politics as writers because we have political interests as citizens does not very clearly appear. Yet, if the garrulity and personality of an Easy Chair may be pardoned, he is inclined to think that he has betrayed no cause dear to him, and that the bent of his sympathies has not been, as indeed no man's strong sympathies can be, hidden even in the general chat of these columns. If he has not been a partisan, he has yet maintained here the same principles which underlie his convictions as a citizen. When the Easy Chair is wheeled in every month, it is to talk of special topics, as we go to the Opera to hear music, and to the Gallery to see pictures. Does any Sir Lucius complain that when we go to the admirable German Opera at Wal-

stead of seeing Titian's Assumption? The incorrigible man would then pout in the Vatican because he did not hear Verdi's Rigoletto! Did it ever occur to Sir Lucius that one of the most delightful and original authors of modern England had no politics whatever, if we may judge from his writings? Elia was not a politician. England was, or was thought to be, in mortal peril during his time, but there is small trace of it on his pages. Who would imagine that Lamb was contemporary with Bonaparte and the revolution of July? If his essays had been exhumed a hundred years hence, without a date upon the page, who could have determined his period in our literature within half a century or more? Certain allusions, of course, would have done it, but not the general tone of the essays. Do you think less kindly of him, Sir Lucius? Do you gather the politics of Bacon, of Montaigne, of Sir Thomas Browne, of Emerson, from their essays; of Milton, or Shakespeare, or Tennyson, or Bryant, from their poems; of Fielding, or Dickens, or Hawthorne, from their stories? Of course their great, deep sympathies with human welfare are there, but not their party predilections.

As it has been then, let it be. It is a very curious and impressive thought that the words traced by the Easy Chair upon this page are read by so many eyes, in such remote and scattered places, by those whom he will never know, and who will never know him by any other name. These make the diocese with which he has held relations so long. A Happy New Year, faithful friends! Time can not wither the friendly freshness of the heart, however it may dim the eye and unnerve the hand. A Happy New Year! Long may the Easy Chair and his friendly audience survive, not only in our persons, but f our day, and for long after us! And so,

"One word ere yet the evening ends, Let's close it with a parting rhyme. And pledge a hand to all young friends As fits the merry Christmas time. On life's wide scene you, too, have parts, That Fate ere long shall bid you play: Good-night! with honest gentle hearts A kindly greeting go alway!

"Come wealth or want, come good or ill, Let young and old accept their part, And bow before the awful Will, And bear it with an honest hear Who misses or who wins the prize? Go, love or conquer as you can; But if you fail, or if you rise, Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

"My song save this is little worth. I lay the weary pen aside, And wish you health, and love, and mirth, As fits the solemn Christmas tide: As fits the holy Christmas birth. Be this, good friends, our carol still-Be peace on earth, be peace on earth, To men of gentle will!"

THERE was lately a special meeting of the Sassafras Club for the purpose of admitting a new member-the member for Woods and Forests, according to the quaint British tautology in describing an officer of the Cabinet. To tell the truth, the new member has almost a better right than any of us to be sworn of the Sassafras Council, for he has sat under more trees, and talked with more, and practically known more of them, than all the members together. He is a true forester; but would never join the hunt of lack's old theatre, we hear Beethoven's Fidelio in- Robin Hood, although he would lie upon a green



bank the whole day long, merely for the chance of | ful. hearing the distant music of the bold outlaw's bugle and the echoing shout of his merry men. He would find the melancholy Jaques a more sympathetic companion, and would gladly cap verses or quaint saws with him, as long as the sylvan cynic chose.

But his credentials as one of the Sassafras are not only his power of sitting in the shade, content to hear the brook gurgle and the Club chat and gossip, but a rare and intimate acquaintance with all the sights and sounds of nature, the varieties of trees and shrubs and plants, and the time of their budding and blowing; the places which flowers haunt, and the seasons when they come. He seems to have a fine ear, that tells him of their arrival as a magician might hear the flitting and lighting of ghosts. And the same ear informs him of the birds and their singing; and he even hears when they ought to sing, if for a few days they are belated; while all the insect voices, the choral hum of mid-summer days and early autumn evenings are individual tones to him, and he tells the passage of the year by his ear quite as much as by his eye. He is as shy as a partridge, and not only lives somewhat a recluse from men, but actually hides himself under a broadbrimmed slouched hat and within the charitable folds of a huge old-fashioned camlet cloak, even when you are walking or talking with him. His avoidance of society is instinctive, as a musician avoids discords; and he has a humorous twinkling sarcasm in his treatment of those who seem to him sophisticated or enslaved by society. A black hat or a dress-coat affect him like the most ludicrous jests, and the habit of stuffing good honest English talk with French phrases excites his utmost contempt. He declares that he should as soon think of larding a beef tongue with the fat of frogs. More over, he is very fond of insisting that civilization has half ruined us; that we are getting so many appliances as to lose our self-dependence; and that modern and ancient, or civilized and savage society, may be typified by the army of Julius Cæsar in Gaul, and that of Napier in India. The Romans marched with the least possible weight, and carried it all upon their backs, he says; while the British army could not move without a train of sumpter camels to carry cosmetics. And why this absurd custom of breakfast, dinner, and tea? he asks, with amusing dogmatism. Are people to be hungry exactly three times a day, and always at regular intervals? No, it is against nature. When people are hungry let them go to the pantry and eat; but let us have no more wasting precious time by seeing others eat. At best it is a very unhandsome process. I believe that in society people put on their best clothes to come together and see each other eat. I presume, from what I know of society, that they do so. should be very much surprised if they did not.

The delightful twinkle is in his eyes as he speaks; and if you suggest that cows and pigs do precisely as he recommends "people" to do, and when they are hungry go to the pantry and eat, he only smiles the more. But if you should suppose from this discourse that the member for Woods and Forests is careless in his household, and that his home has the charms of a wigwam, it is only because you do not yet know him. After all the fine raillery at the comforts of civilization, you enter his house and all that civilization can do for you is done. It is an old farm-house made over-just as his picturesque, pretty grounds are a farm made into "a place." There is nothing

The grassy ground sweeps gradually up from the highway, and the road winds broadly round to the door. There is a little pond with trees leaning over it and a rocky knoll, making a play-ground of resources which every boy and girl would at once appreciate. The house is a simple square old farmhouse, painted so neatly, and its whole aspect so trim, that nobody would mistake it for a common farmer's; bocause, although it is a pity, it is true, that the houses of common farmers have an untidy, untasteful look, even when it is clear that the farmer is prosperous. On the other hand, it would never be taken for the country retreat of any of the Sparrowgrass family. There is nothing exotic in the house or the owner. It has grown out of him gently and gradually, forming itself as a shell forms around its inhabitant. Yet the member for Woods and Waters is not rich, and has made little outlay upon his place. He looks, indeed, across intervening fields to another neighboring estate, which he calls his creation - the triumph of his heyday of rural inspiration. But as we look and talk about it his eye slips farther away, down the long sloping meadow-land to the east, over the placid stream that dreams of blue and gray skies all the year long, to some solitary brown little farm-house upon the remote hill-side, and he says, "At night sometimes the light from that farm-house seems to me the most solitary thing in the world." For he is not Orson, this lover of woods and waters, this intimate of insects and birds; but he is Cowper, rather, yearning, susceptible, affectionate.

To most people who know him our new member seems very quaint and eccentric. But he confesses frankly that he long ago relinquished the hope of being somebody else, and settled contentedly down to be himself. "If people don't like my hat and my camlet cloak I will keep them out of their sight. I wish to offend no one-except, indeed, the inevitable offense of being myself. I am of the mind of my Uncle Toby. There is plenty of room for them and for me." But once when a city friend begged him to come to town and see him, the shrewd eye of our new member gleamed slyly as he answered, "You would have to introduce me to your fine friends as a tame woodchuck." And indeed he has what he calls his burrow-a little wooden shanty near his house, which upon the outside has the air of a neat and graceful summer-house, with a trellis and flowering vine; but upon the inside is a rough-boarded room, with a window upon each side; an iron stove, like a country lawyer's, into which you thrust sticks of wood that crackle and roar up the pipe, making a sudden heat; an old sofa; an old bureau, in whose drawers there are always pears ripening, and apples and nuts in the winter; a high desk, with a range of pigeonholes above, crammed with dingy papers; and a low desk in the corner, where our friend sits and writes.

I say the walls are rough boards, but they are tapestried nevertheless. Wonderful artists have wrought the designs: not spiders and butterflies and worms, nor the frost in autumn tinting forest leaves or ripening them, as Thoreau says; nor yet Raphael and Corregio, or Marc Antonio, or Morghen, or Toschi, with pictures and engravings, nor yet the village tailor with old clothes. But poets and philosophers, known and unknown, have garnished these rough walls. For our new member has a whim of copying off, in a bold, firm, comely handwriting, verses and sentences that strike him as especially pithy or musical or shrewd, and tacking finical about it, but every thing is simple and taste- them up against the boards; so that Milton, and



John Woolman, and Dr. Johnson, and Henry Tho-reau, and Cowper, and old John Brown, and Plutarch, and George Fox, overlap and crowd and combine in promiscuous wisdom. Perhaps of all names in English literature none is so dear to him, from a sympathy of nature, as Cowper. That tender carefulness of every form of life—that half-morbid sensitiveness of the thoughtful recluse, which makes the world an infinity of details—are as much our member's as they were Cowper's. Like the melancholy poet he seems to touch life with bare nerves, and to be incapable of enduring great excitements; so that if he were to undertake a voyage to Europe he would probably turn back at Halifax. If, however, he should persevere and reach England, his first pilgrimage would be to Olney, not to Avon.

A man like our member for Woods and Forests is of course a poet, even if he did not write verses. But sitting in his burrow, and musing over the little stove, or gazing at the western sky beyond the woods that skirt his acres, a pensive rural music flows from his pen which is entirely genuine and simple, and should count him, if he made it known, among what he likes to call the minor poets. In our English literature he says that he prefers the minor poets. "I can't help it, but I love their simple, plaintive strains more than much louder and grander music." Some of his own tender ditties I am to have to read to the club as soon as the condition of the lawn allows our assembling under the Sassafras, and I have no doubt that both club and poet will permit me to impart them to the wider club of the Easy Chair. The danger of a reflective rural seclusion to an imaginative and pensive temperament is its incessant tendency to make a man listen for the footfalls of Time. The constant movement of the year, the succession of the seasons, the changing hues of leaf and bark, and the development of bud into flower and fruit, the cheerful, eager voices of spring evenings yielding to the autumnal sounds in bird and insect, to the falling nuts and the beating flail in the yellow haze of Indian summer days, lost at last in the deep winter silence, broken only by the crack of ice in the river and the dripping of snow in warm days from the eaves-all fill the mind with a feeling of incessant action and advance; and the solitary walker in woods and meadows turns in upon himself to mark the signs of his own ripening and decay.

Some such influence we may be able to trace in some of the verses which I hope to secure from our new member for Woods and Forests. I have given but a few fragmentary hints of him, but perhaps enough to show that he is worthy the largest cane chair under the Sassafras-tree, and the safest of west winds to blow an accompaniment to his minor music. At the very next meeting, when he is inducted into all the privileges of membership, I mean to recite that charming sonnet of Jones Very's, as the most appropriate hymn of installation:

"The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by, Because my feet find measure with its call; The birds know when the friend they love is nigh, For I am known to them both great and small. The flower that on the lonely hill-side grows

Expects me there when spring its bloom has given; And many a tree and bush my wandering knows And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven; For he who with his Maker walks aright Shall be their lord as Adam was before; His car shall catch each sound with new delight,

Each object wear the dress that then it wore; And he, as when erect in soul he stood, Hear from his Father's lips that all is good."

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Editor's Dramer.

THE NEW YEAR comes so often that we have hardly had the greetings of one before another and better is here. Happy the New Year is and shall be; for Hope smiles propitiously, and assures us that the DAY is at hand! The Drawer is always happy. Old years, and New years, and All years are alike to it: full of the spirit of enjoyment, happy, and making others happy. A miserable reader of the Drawer is mad. Even in the midst of war, and in the draft at that, we get such humors as these:

THE Rev. Doctor Porter, of the Methodist Book Concern, was preaching the other Sunday in Rev. Mr. Newman's pulpit, in Fourth Street. The Doctor illustrates his points with stories, tells them well, and often with a dry humor that is very agreeable to a weary house. He was speaking of some boys who went in bathing; "and," said he, by way of parenthesis, "the boys ought not to go into the water until they have learned to swim!" This raised an "audible smile" over the church, but a man sitting near us seemed quite disgusted with the Doctor's opinion, and turning to his neighbor, whispered, "I should like to know how the boys are to learn before they go into the water!"

Sure enough, they couldn't. But the Doctor didn't think he had so slow a hearer.

In Paterson, New Jersey, we have a correspondent who sends to the Drawer some very good things, and some that are not available in our department:

"Our dominie is one of the oddest of odd fellows. For example: Last Sunday he elucidated the character and history of Judas, incidentally mentioning that 'thirty pieces of silver amounted to about \$18.1 Then, alluding to the enormity of his crime, he said, 'He betrayed his Master, he prostituted the symbol the holy symbol of the kiss—for the small sum of eighteen dollars!

"On another occasion he was trying to make it plain to his benighted hearers how little money Peter and Paul had between them, when he attributed the following remark to St. Paul: 'Silver and gold have I none-not even a sixpence!"

"Our dominie, returning from a visit to an aged member of his flock, who was very sick, was met by a brother, who inquired as to the old lady's condition. 'She's as happy as a flea in a tar-bucket,' was the response."

In a city not one hundred miles from New York the President of one of the city railroads was informed by his counsel that a suit was commenced against his Company by a neighboring Corporation. The counsel stated that the suit was by bill in Equity. Not being familiar with law terms, we heard him informing a number of his brother presidents of the suit referred to above, which he said most sincerely was by bill of iniquity! That he came so near the truth in the novel statement made some amusement to the parties listening to him.

A CORRESPONDENT in the United States Patent Office at Washington sends to the Drawer the following very handsome specimen of a corrector corrected:

"An examiner in the Patent Office returned a specification to an applicant for a patent for amendment, requesting him to correct the false 'authography.' In due time the specification was returned to the ex-

Original from

writer had done his best to cure the defects alluded to; but respectfully suggesting a doubt whether au were the proper letters to spell the first syllable in 'orthography.'"

"MANY years ago, when I was but a young man, I opened an office for the practice of medicine in one of the Western States, in a village of about 2000 inhabitants. A brother practitioner had some little difficulty with one of his clients in settling his account, said client assuming that the charges were exorbitant. The doctor sent his unruly customer to me with the disputed account, for the purpose of getting my opinion on the same. Here is the document:

8, aug	8, augest the 9. 18-		
MR PETER MOOR, To DR	Detor.		
to 1 vile lineament	15	cts	
to a botel of cough medison	25	44	
to 1 paper Epsin salts	10	44	
to 1 botel Ascetic aced to cutt a wart of			
his horses leg	25	"	
to a botel of bitter to cure the agir on			
his self & his 2 childrun	1 25		
to sticking plastir	15	. 66	
•	\$2 15		

"Some doubt existed on my mind as to the first item. As the doctor was not famous for his beauty, I at first supposed he meant to charge the patient with a visit; but subsequent reflection convinced me that it was merely an item for medicine. So I dismissed the applicant with the assurance that the bill was worth the money."

A FRIEND in Illinois says that a neighbor of his has just received the following letter from a brother of his who went still further West some seven years **a**co :

"DEAR BEOTHER after the absence of 7 years I now call on you for a request my Brother in law has died-I your only Brother James Parsons calls on you for his last request I do want you as a Brother to send right forthwith to me a Tomb Stone no matter the cost is. I as your Brother shall pay for it I want it forthwith with the following lines attached-

" Farewell Dear wife My life is past My love for you while life did last After me no sorrows take But love my children for my sake.

DEDICATED BY HIS WIFE JERUSHA MASON 1863 Aged 3S years and 1 month. HIS NAME WAS PETER C. MASON.

"Dear Brother as a request I your only Brother asks of you if them lines is not Loving Enough I hope you will put in some more Suitable. I want Solid Columns. "Your brother JAMES PARSONS."

An officer of one of the Ohio regiments sends us a couple of anecdotes of the service:

"The Lieutenant-Colonel and Major of the Ohio Regiment of Infantry had each a 'contraband' as servant. 'Jim' belonged to the Lieutenant-Colonel, and 'Harvey' to the Major. One day the Lieutenant-Colonel, hearing a disturbance in rear of his tent, went out and found Jim and Harvey engaged in the amiable occupation of throwing boulders at each other's heads. After quelling the disorder the Lieutenant-Colonel demanded an explanation of the row. Jim replied in his justification as follows: 'That boy Harvey is de most ungratefulest nigger I ever saw. He hadn't no good place, and I brought him up to de Major, and introduced him to de Ma-

aminer, with a letter informing the office that the | a good place wid de Major, and now he's puttin' on more airs dan de Major.

> "JERRY R-, of the same Regiment, is a genuine son of Erin. He is on the Colonel's staff; that is, assisted by several gentlemen of the colored persuasion, he takes care of the field and staff horses, Jerry acting as boss. One morning the Colonel inquired of Jerry how the horses were coming on. 'Bad enough,' said Jerry. 'Why so?' says the Colonel. 'Because, Colonel,' replied Jerry, 'd—n the nager can I git to help me besides mesilf.'"

> A BROOKLYN doctor vouches for the facts in the following:

"An anxious father not long since discovered 'his only son and heir,' atas 5, engaged in 'pitching pennies' with a number of ragged urchins, who had just initiated him in the mysteries of the all-absorbing game. He gave the little gamester a long lecture on the sin of gambling, etc., and after administering a severe reprimand, finished by telling him that if he ever caught him pitching pennies again, or gambling in any way, he would give him a severe whipping. The youngster quietly stood with his hands in his pockets, coolly jingling the half-dozen coppers he had just won; and at the conclusion of his father's remarks little Bob coolly took a cent from his pocket, and balancing it on the thumb and index finger of his right hand, said, ' Dad, I'll go you heads or tails for two lickins or none!"

"WE have a little girl at our house who glories in being nearly five years old. One day we hired a 'German' to do some gardening. Now Hans was a great whistler, and liked this kind of occupation very much. Mollie was watching him in his labor when Hans commenced whistling. Pretty soon, all agape, I noticed Mollie, but thought it was because of Hans's superior whistling. When he stopped Mollie came running up to me, nearly out of breath, and asked, 'Mamma, is Hans Dutch?' I answered in the affirmative. 'Why, Mamma,' said Mollie, ' he don't whistle Dutch!"

Many good stories are told of old Dr. Lawson, a Presbyterian minister in Scotland, who was so absent-minded that he sometimes was quite insensible to the world around him.

One of his sons, who afterward became a highly esteemed Christian minister, was a very tricky boy, perhaps mischievous in his tricks. Near the manse lived an old woman, of crabbed temper and rather ungodly in her mode of living. She and the boy had quarreled, and the result was that he took a quiet opportunity to kill one of her hens. She went immediately to Dr. Lawson and charged his son with the deed. She was believed, and as it was not denicd punishment was inflicted. He was ordered to abide in the house; and to make the sentence more severe his father took him into the study, and commanded him to sit there with him. The son was restless, and frequently eyed the door. At last he saw his father drowned in thought, and quietly slipped out. He went directly to the old woman's and killed another hen, returning immediately and taking his place in the library, his father having never missed him. The woman speedily made her appearance, and charged the slaughter again upon him. Dr. Lawson, however, waxed angry-declared her to be a false accuser, as the boy had been jor, and spoke well of him to de Major, and got him closeted with him all the time-adding: "Besides



this convinces me that you had just as little ground | neath the coarse cotton shirt. Here, upon the bare for your first accusation; I therefore acquit him of both, and he may go out now." The woman went off in high dudgeon, and the prisoner in high glee.

A queer advertisement from a Canada paper was printed in the Drawer of October last, which our correspondent attributed to a colored divine in that part of the world. Another correspondent, himself a man of color and spirit, denies the coloring given to the advertiser, and disposes of the matter in the following well put words:

"DEAR SIR,-While looking over your October number of the Magazine, I saw an advertisement which I had previously seen in one of the Chatham papers. The name of the person advertising is Moses Norris, etc. You seemed to think it very strange of such a notice being given to the public, and stated that the person who sent you that advertisement gave the advertiser as being of the colored persuasion; meaning, of course, that he was a colored man. And as I happen to be acquainted with Mr. Norris, and know when he went to the town of Chatham to live, I thought I would just take the present opportunity of correcting the above statement. Mr. N. is not a colored man, but is a real Vermont Yankee, one of your countrymen, and is of the Mormon persuasion. There was no necessity of trying to palm that joke off on some old black preacher. I am a colored man, but Norris is not; he is as white as any Yankee, and what we call in this country a one-horse preacher. So I think it would be proper for correspondents, when sending such things for publication to please the vanity of the public, to keep as near to the truth as they can; and, to use a vulgar phrase, always put the cad-die on the right horse."

"A FEW years since, while traveling in one of the mountainous and somewhat barren counties of Northwestern Georgia, in the early spring time and upon the Sabbath day, I reined up my horse at the front of an humble log-church situated in a beautiful grove. The congregation had assembled, the inside being pretty well filled by the white settlers living thereabout. Outside, upon stumps and under the shade of trees, were to be seen groups of Afric's sons of toil, cleanly dressed, and apparently full of enjoyment, as the broad grin and occasional loud chuckle ferred exposure to the rain to such companionship. demonstrated. I entered and took a seat.

the earth with its balmicst and kindliest greeting; the tall and reverend form of the aged pastor breaking to his simple-minded hearers the words of divine life; and the rapt, solemn expression of upturned faces, all filled the soul with the beauty and dignity of the Scriptures. Just at this solemn moment a lizard-probably revived by the sun's hot raysventured into the holy sanctuary, upon the back of a seat whereon sat an old and care-worn disciple of the church, without coat or vest. The extreme heat of the day was ample apology for the scantiness of his apparel. By his side sat a lovely, red-lipped daughter, apparently eighteen years of age-behind them a mischievous-looking urchin of about fourteen. Seeing the lizard stretched at its lazy length -undecided whether to proceed or exit from this thronged human habitation-the parent of all mischief put into the lad's head to catch it by the tail. As he did so he quietly leaned forward toward the old man, who was inclined in a patient, hearing attitude, and dropped it down the gap in his loosely, home-made pantaloons. Feeling the roughness of the creature's claws he jumped, hurriedly and excitedly from his seat, bringing his hand around with great force. The lizard, perceiving his advance cut off, turned for a retreat, and gained admission be- the sore throat!"

flesh, his claws were intolerable. In an agony of fright-with huge drops of sweat standing out upon his forehead, and his eyes protruding from their sockets-the old man began to disrobe. The preacher ceased his feeling exhortation; the eyes of all the congregation were turned upon so strange and unaccountable a scene. Two of the deacons advanced toward him. His daughter, in great alarm, sprang from her seat, and jumping up and down, and wringing her hands, screamed out,

" 'Oh lordy, lordy! daddy's got a fit!'

"'No, darter!' cried the old man beneath the thick folds; 'it's no fit—it's a snake!""

A HILTON HEAD contributor to the Drawer writes to us, and mentions a serio-comic incident:

"On the night after the unsuccessful attempt upon the reliel batteries at Secessionville, during our short-lived occupation of James Island, last June, a serio-comic incident occurred which served. in spite of the sad surroundings, to enliven for a moment our depressed spirits. Our wounded and dying, after being brought from the battle-field, received attention in a large old building which stood near head-quarters,' and which gave evidence of having been used in former times for storing the productions of the plantation upon which we were encamped. Those whose wounds proved fatal were laid on the grass outside preparatory to burial. There was a large fig-tree near this temporary hospital, under whose friendly shelter some of the soldiers who were unprovided with tents were accustomed to spread their blankets at night, to avoid the heavy dews. The night in question proved dark and rainy, and the fig-tree was hastened to, as usual, by one after another of our tired soldiery, glad to exchange the toils and exposure of that eventful day for its leafy protection. The first who entered drew back with a horrified look, saving that a dead man had been laid under the tree, and at the same time expressed his determination not to dispute possession. In short, each new arrival, after a statement of the case, pre-I pass to the dénouement, which the reader may "The warm Southern sun, looking down upon have suspected. It seems that an officer belonging to the Rhode Island regiment had taken possession of the coveted spot earlier in the evening, and after hanging his mosquito-net had stretched himself under it and gone to sleep. The net had increased the effect of an unusually pale physiognomy, which had startled the later intruders into the belief that they beheld a corpse.

"I dare not attempt to depict the scene when, at reveille the next morning, the dead arose!"

A MEDICAL friend in California, inclosing some thirty or forty dollars, in good money, adds to his favor the following incident in his practice:

"Visiting a patient sinking rapidly under a malignant disease, and of course much absorbed in noting its ravages and the prospect of speedy death, I was so impolite as not to listen to a rather lengthy account which the mother was giving of the sufferings of the family during the flood on the Sacramento. That she might suppose her story not entirely lost, and to cover my negligence, I inquired, as she paused, if the family suffered much from the inundations. She looked at me a moment in some perplexity, and replied, 'No, I don't know as they suffered with that; but they did suffer awful with



KENTUCKY still lives, and writes to the Drawer on this wise from Louisville:

"Jones, of this city, is a kind-hearted bachelor, a worthy member of the bar, and near-sighted-one of the purest men alive; but is known to have been 'a little elevated.' He is remarkably fond of ten-pins, and sincerely believes no man in the sporting world can equal him in that game. Several wags have played a joke upon Jones, and produced the belief by having the pins tumbled over, leaving the old man to think in his twilight he is clearing the alley every roll. He has often been heard to say he has made a 'strike' thirty-two times in succession, and could continue the same ad infinitum. Strange, but true, he can play only by gaslight!

"One evening, after much solicitation, several friends and myself accompanied Jones to witness his wondrous feat. We arranged partners and began,

giving the old man, who was 'half corned,' the lead. He picked his ball with care and chose his position, deliberated, and planted his foot heavily on the alley, reeled right and left, saying, as he reeled, 'I'll bet a million to one-yes, a million to one!' He deliberated again, as if to make assurance doubly sure, planted his foot anew, swayed to and fro, repeated the wager, paused, and let fly, spreading himself as he did so at full length on the floor, while the ball was running at random and in right angles over the room. A greater wreck was never made by Bacchus. Elevating his head a little, the good man pathetically inquired, 'Did I get them all?'

"We aided him to his feet, and convinced him that he had failed for once, but owing entirely to the accident, and proceeded, toppling over the men, to perpetuate the proud delusion of a marvelous genius for ten-pins."



AN AWFUL LITTLE COCKNEY.

Augustus, who is out for a Holiday in the Country.—"Oh, Ma, Ma! Look there! What a funny Horse! He's

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VERY timely is the following incident of olden time, which a Drawer friend sends:

"Some time in the year 1783 my grandfather, who had been an ardent supporter of the Revolution, being seated at the dinner-table, thought he heard some commotion in the street. On going to the door he saw one of his neighbors running, and eagerly asked, 'What is it—what is it?' The man could not stop, but he turned his head and yelled out, 'Hostilutes of peace are come!' and ran on."

"We were discussing the name to be given to the new baby. I was in favor of calling it Grace. Her brother, a boy of ten years, was strongly opposed to the name, and said, 'Why not call it Charity, and done with it?' Emma, the little sister, some five years old, cried out, 'Oh yes, call her Charity; and then I'll be a sister of Charity, won't I?'"

WE do not appreciate the fondness which some people have of insinuating that lawyers are given to lying. It is small wit, and very poor at that; for a decent lawyer has as much respect for the truth as any man. Now, the other day, writes a friend, a

new court-house in Watertown, in this State, was about to be dedicated; and as the lawyers were going up to it to attend the ceremonies, a lady, with more wit than reverence, remarked that she supposed the lawyers were going "to view the place where they will shortly lie!"

A CORRESPONDENT thinks that this old story is as good as any thing new:

"John Murray, 'the father of Universalism in America,' was famous as a man of much meekness and forbearance under insults to which his sentiments sometimes subjected him; and withal he was a man of ready wit, and as fond of giving as of taking a good joke. The following is told of him by the author of the 'Huguenots in America.' While speaking of a church in Boston built by them, the author says this was the church where Father Murray was grievously assaulted by an opponent named Bacon, at that time pastor of the 'Old South,' whose friends pelted Murray with eggs, to which act the patient disciple of the meek Master good-humoredly replied, saying,

"'This is doubtless meant as kindness; for every body knows that Bacon is best with eggs."



THE CURRENCY QUESTION.

GEEMAN GENTLEMAN, who wishes to tender to the Monkey a slight pecuniary Acknowledgment.—"Vedder, I won der, vill he take Postage Stamps?"



Fashions for January.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by Voigt from actual articles of Costume.

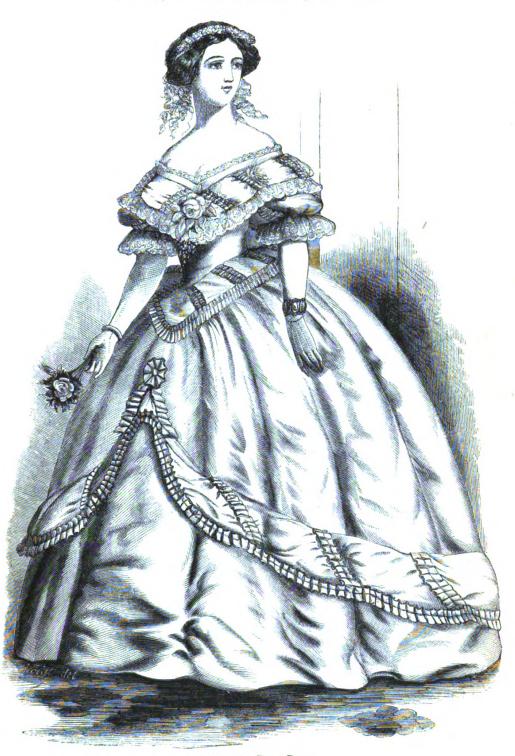


FIGURE 1.—BALL-DRESS.







FIGURE 2.—UNDER-SLEEVE

THE BALL-DRESS is composed of white taffeta. The berthe and flounces are somewhat fulled under a blossom-colored ruche, or, if preferred, the flounces themselves may vary in color from the dress. The sleeve and berthe are further trimmed with falls of lace.

GIRL'S DRESS.—The bodice is of black velvet, à la Suisse, over a chemisette of Nansouk. The skirt is composed of Mexican-blue foulard.

Boy's Dress.—The jacket is of green velvet. The vest is of salmon-colored merino, with an embroidered skirt of the same material.

The Under-Sleeve needs no description. Any lady with moderate ingenuity can make it for herself from our illustration.



FIGURES 3 AND 4.—CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.



HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLIII.—FEBRUARY, 1863.—Vol. XXVI.

A CALIFORNIAN IN ICELAND.

[Second Paper.]



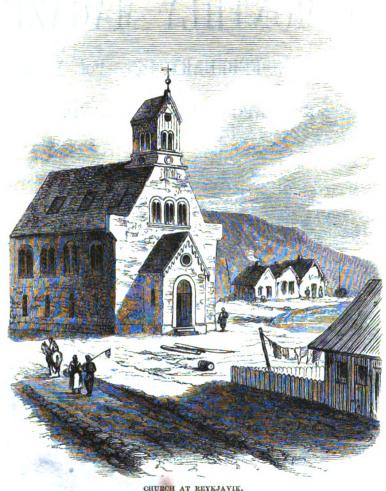
der the influence of an ardent imagination. As a subject for the pencil of an artist it was at least peculiar if not picturesque. A tourist whose glowing fancies had not been nipped in the bud by the rigors of an extended experience might have been able to invest it with certain weird charms; but to me it was only the fag-end of civilization, abounding in horrible odors of decayed polypi and dried fish. A cutting wind from the distant Jokuls and a searching rain did not tend to soften the natural asperities of its features. In no point of view did it impress me as a cheerful place of residence, except for wild ducks and sea-gulls. The whole country for miles around is a black desert of bogs and lava.

MY first view of the capital of Iceland was through a chilling rain. A more desolate-looking place I had rarely if ever seen, though, like Don Quixote's market-woman on the ass, it was susceptible of improvement un-

. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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CHURCH AT REYKJAVIK.

Scarcely an arable spot is to be seen save on the tops of the fishermen's huts, where the sod produces an abundance of grass and weeds. A dark gravelly slope in front of the town, dotted with boats, oars, nets, and piles of fish; a long row of shambling old store-houses built of wood, and painted a dismal black, varied by patches of dirty yellow; a general hodge-podge of frame shanties behind, constructed of old boards and patched up with drift-wood; a few straggling streets, paved with broken lava and reeking with offal from the doors of the houses; some dozens of idle citizens and drunken boatmen lounging about the grog-shops; a gang of women, brawny and weather-beaten, carrying loads of codfish down to the landing; a drove of shaggy little ponies, each tied to the tail of the pony in front; a pack of mangy dogs prowling about in dirty places looking for something to eat, and tighting when they got it-this was all I could see of Reykjavik, the famous Icelandic capital.

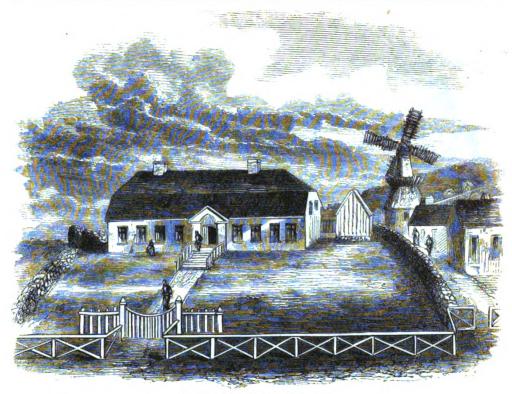
The town lies on a strip of land between the harbor and a lagoon in the rear. It is said to contain a population of two thousand, and if the dogs and fleas be taken into consideration, I

human beings can stow themselves in a place containing but one hotel, and that a very poor one, is a matter of wonder to the stranger. The houses generally are but one story high, and seldom contain more than two or three rooms. Some half a dozen stores, it is true, of better appearance than the average, have been built by the Danish merchants within the past few years; and the residence of the Governor and the public University are not without some pretensions to style.

The only stone building in Reykjavik of any importance is the "Cathedral:" so called, perhaps, more in honor of its great antiquity than any thing imposing about its style or dimensions. At present it shows no indications of age, having been patched, plastered, and painted into quite a neat little church of modern appear-

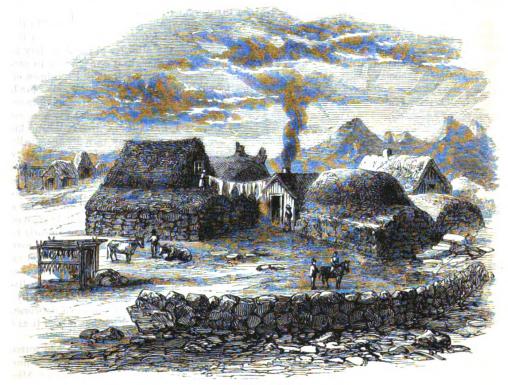
At each end of the town is a small gathering of sod-covered huts, where the fishermen and their families live like rabbits in a burrow. That these poor people are not all devoured by snails or crippled with rheumatism is a marvel to any stranger who takes a peep into their filthy have no doubt it does. Where two thousand and cheerless little cabins. The oozy slime of





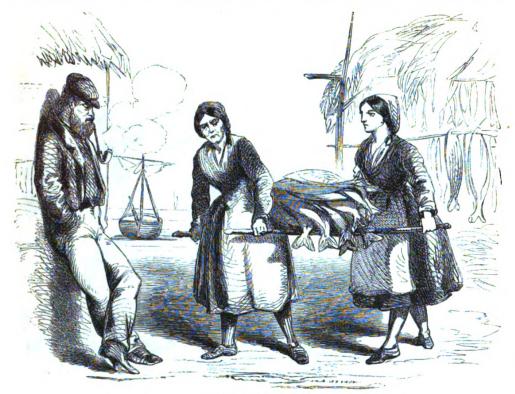
GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE, REYKJAVIK.

fish and smoke mingles with the green mould of | and the light of day has no light job of it to get the rocks; barnacles cover the walls, and puddles in edgewise through the windows. The beaver-make a soft carpeting for the floors. The earth huts and badger-holes of California, taking into is overhead and their heads are under the earth, | consideration the difference of climate, are pala-



ICELANDIC HOUSES.





ICELANDERS AT WORK.

tial residences compared with the dismal hovels | and the racing of horses up and down the streets, of these Icelandic fishermen. At a short distance they look for all the world like mounds in a grave-yard. The inhabitants, worse off than the dead, are buried alive. No gardens, no cultivated patches, no attempt at any thing ornamental relieves the dreary monotony of the premises. Dark patches of lava, all littered with the heads and entrails of fish; a pile of turf from some neighboring bog; a rickety shed in which the fish are hung up to dry; a gang of wolfish-looking curs, horribly lean and voracious; a few prowling cats, and possibly a chicken deeply depressed in spirits-these are the most prominent objects visible in the vicinity. Sloth and filth go hand in hand.

The women are really the only class of inhabitants, except the fleas, who possess any vitality. Rude, slatternly, and ignorant as they are, they still evince some sign of life and energy compared with the men. Overtaxed by domestic cares, they go down upon the wharves when a vessel comes in, and by hard labor earn enough to purchase a few rags of clothing for their children. The men are too lazy even to carry the fish out of their own boats. At home they lie about the doors, smoking and gossiping, and too often drunk. Some are too lazy to get drunk, and go to sleep over the effort. In truth the prevailing indolence among all classes is so striking that one can almost imagine himself in a Southern clime. There is much about Reykjavik to remind a Californian traveler of San in a fair way to enjoy life. His sister, Miss

under the stimulus of liquor rather than natural energy, sometimes made me feel quite at home.

On the morning after my arrival I called to see my young friend Jonassen, the Governor's son, and was most hospitably entertained by the family. I had a letter of introduction to the Governor from the Minister of the Judiciary at Copenhagen, but thought it unnecessary to present it. His Excellency is a good specimen of the better class of Icelanders-simple, kindhearted, and polite. My casual acquaintance with his son was sufficient to enlist his warmest sympathies. I thought he would destroy his equilibrium as well as my own by repeatedly drinking my health and wishing me a hearty welcome to Iceland. He said he had never seen a Californian before, and seemed astonished to find that they had noses, mouths, ears, and skins like other people. In one respect he paid me a practical compliment that I have rarely enjoyed in the course of my travels; he spoke nearly as bad French as I did. Now I take it that a man who speaks bad French, after years of travel on the Continent of Europe, is worthy of some consideration. He is at least entitled to the distinction of having well preserved his nationality; and when any foreigner tries to speak it worse, but doesn't succeed, I can not but regard it as a tribute of respect.

Young Jonassen, I was glad to see, had gotten over his struggle with the sardines, and was now Diego. The drunken fellows about the stores Jonassen, is a very charming young lady, well



educated and intelligent. She speaks English quite fluently, and does the honors of the executive mansion with an easy grace scarcely to be expected in this remote part of the world. Both are natives of Iceland.

I should be sorry to be understood as intimating, in my brief sketch of Revkjavik, that it is destitute of refined society. There are families of as cultivated manners here as in any other part of the world; and on the occasion of a ball or party, a stranger would be surprised at the display of beauty and style. The University and public library attract students from all parts of the island; and several of the Professors and literary men have obtained a European reputation. Two semi-monthly newspapers are published at Reykjavik, in the Icelandic language. They are well printed, and said to be edited with ability. I looked over them very carefully from beginning to end, and could see nothing to object to in any portion of the contents.

Wishing to see as much of the island as possible during the short time at my disposal, I made application to young Jonassen for information in regard to a guide, and through his friendly aid secured the services of Geir Zöega, a man of excellent reputation.

A grave, dignified man is Geir Zöega, large

blue-eyed, fresh, honest-faced native, warm of heart and trusty of hand; a jewel of a guide, who knows every rock, bog, and mud-puddle between Reykjavik and the Geysers; a gentleman by nature, born in all probability of an iceberg and a volcano; a believer in ghosts and ghouls. and a devout member of the Church. All hail to thee, Geir Zöega! I have traveled many a rough mile with thee, used up thy brandy and smoked thy cigars, covered my chilled body with thy coat, listened to thy words of comfort pronounced in broken English, received thy last kind wishes at parting, and now I say, in heartfelt sincerity, all hail to thee, Geir Zöega! A better man never lived, or if he did, he could be better spared at Reykjavik.

To my great discontent, I found it indispensable to have five horses, although I proposed making the trip entirely without baggage. It seemed that two were necessary for myself, two for the guide, and one to carry the provisions and tent, without which it would be very difficult to travel, since there are no hotels in any part of the interior. Lodgings may be had at the huts of the peasants, and such rude fare as they can furnish; but the tourist had better rely upon his own tent and provisions, unless he has a craving to be fed on black bread and curds, of frame and strong of limb; a light-haired, and to be buried alive under a dismal pile of sods.

The reason why so many horses are required is plain enough. At this time of the year (June) they are still very poor after their winter's starvation, the pasturage is not yet good, and in order to make a rapid journey of any considerable length frequent changes are necessary. Philosophy and humanity combined to satisfy me that the trip could not well be made with a smaller number. I was a little inquisitive on that point, partly on the score of expense, and partly on account of the delay and trouble that might arise in taking care of so many animals.

If there is any one trait common among all the nations of the earth, it is a natural sharpness in the traffic of horse-flesh. My experience has been wonderfully uniform in this respect wherever it has been my fortune to travel. I have



GEIR ZÖEGA.



ICELANDIC HORSES

had the misfortune to be the victim of horsejockeys in Syria, Africa, Russia, Norway, and even California, where the people are proverbially honest. I have weighed the horse-jockeys of the four Continents in the balance, and never found them wanting in natural shrewdness. It is a mistake, however, to call them unprincipled. They are men of most astonishing tenacity of principle, but unfortunately they have but one governing principle in life-to get good prices for bad horses.

On the arrival of the steamer at Reykjavik the competition among the horse-traders is really the only lively feature in the place. Immediately after the passengers get ashore they are beset by offers of accommodation in the line of horse-flesh. Vagabonds and idlers of every kind, if they possess nothing else in the world, are at least directly or indirectly interested in this species of property. The roughest specimens of humanity begin to gather in from the country around the corners of the streets near the hotel, with all the worn-out, lame, halt, blind, and spavined horses that can be raked up by hook or crook in the neighborhood. Such a medley was never seen in any other country. Barnum's woolly horse was nothing to these shaggy, stunted, raw-backed, bow-legged, knockkneed little monsters, offered to the astonished traveler with unintelligible pedigrees in the Icelandic, which, if literally translated, must surely mean that they are a mixed product of codfish and brushwood. The size has but little to do with the age, and all rules applicable as a test in other parts of the world fail here. I animals by Geir Zöega, who agreed to furnish

judged some of them to be about four months old, and was not at all astonished when informed by disinterested spectators that they ranged from twelve to fifteen years. Nothing, in fact, could astonish me after learning that the horses in Iceland are fed during the winter on dried fish. This is a literal fact. Owing to the absence of grain and the scarcity of grass it becomes necessary to keep life in the poor animals during the severest months of the season by giving them the refuse of the fisheries; and, what is very surprising, they relish it in preference to any other species of food. Shade of Ceres! what an article of diet for horses! Only think of itriding on the back of a horse partly constructed of fish. No wonder some of them blow like whales.

In one respect the traveler can not be cheated to any great extent; he can not well lose more than twelve specie dollars on any one horsethat being the average price. To do the animals justice they are like singed cats-a great deal better than they look. If they are not much for beauty, they are at least hardy, docile, and faithful; and what is better, in a country where forage is sometimes difficult to find, will eat any thing on the face of the earth, short of very hard lava or very indigestible trap-rock. Many of them, in consequence of these valuable qualities, are exported every year to Scotland and Copenhagen for breeding purposes. Two vessels were taking in cargoes of them during our stay at Reykjavik.

I was saved the trouble of bargaining for my

me with the necessary number at five Danish dollars apiece the round trip; that is, about two dollars and a half American, which was not at all unreasonable. For his own services he only charged a dollar a day, with whatever buono mano I might choose to give him. These items I mention for the benefit of my friends at home who may take a notion to make the trip.

I was anxious to get off at once, but the horses were in the country and had to be brought up. Two days were lost in consequence of the heavy rains, and the trail was said to be in very bad condition. On the morning of the third day all was to be ready; and having purchased a few pounds of crackers, half a pound of tea, some sugar and cheese, I was prepared to encounter the perils of the wilderness. This was all the provision I took. Of other baggage I had none, save my overcoat and sketch-book, which, for a journey of five days, did not seem unreasonable. Zöega promised me any amount of suffering; but I told him Californians rather enjoyed that sort of thing than otherwise.

My English friends were so well provided with funds and equipments that they found it impossible to get ready. They had patent tents, sheets, bedsteads, mattresses, and medicine boxes. They had guns, too, in handsome gun-cases; and compasses, and chronometers, and pocket editions of the poets. They had portable kitchens packed in tin boxes, which they emptied out but never could get in again, comprising a general assortment of pots, pans, kettles, skillets, frying-pans, knives and forks, and pepper-cas-

of Port wine; baskets of bottled porter and a dozen of Champagne; vinegar by the gallon and French mustard in patent pots; likewise, collodium for healing bruises, and mosquito-nets for keeping out snakes. They had improved oillamps to assist the daylight which prevails in this latitude during the twenty-four hours; and shaving apparatus and nail-brushes, and cold cream for cracked lips, and dentifrice for the teeth, and patent preparations for the removal of dandruff from the hair; likewise, lint and splints for mending broken legs. One of them carried a theodolite for drawing inaccessible mountains within a reasonable distance; another a photographic apparatus for taking likenesses of the natives and securing fac-similes of the wild beasts; while a third was provided with a brass thief-defender for running under doors and keeping them shut against persons of evil character. They had bags, boxes, and bales of crackers, preserved meats, vegetables, and pickles; jellies and sweet-cake; concentrated coffee, and a small apparatus for the manufacture of icecream. In addition to all these, they had patent overcoats and undercoats, patent hats and patent boots, gum-elastic bed-covers, and portable gutta-percha floors for tents; ropes, cords. horse-shoes, bits, saddles and bridles, bags of oats, fancy packs for horses, and locomotive pegs for hanging guns on; besides many other articles commonly deemed useful in foreign countries by gentlemen of the British Islands who go abroad to rough it. This was roughing it with a vengeance! It would surely be rough work They had demijohns of brandy and kegs for me, an uncivilized Californian, to travel in



ENGLISH PARTY AT BEYKJAVIK.

Iceland or any other country under such a dreadful complication of conveniences.

When all these things were unpacked and scattered over the beds and floors of the hotel, nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the whole party-including myself, for I really had seen nothing in the course of my travels half so amusing. As an old stager in the camping business, I was repeatedly appealed to for advice and assistance, which of course I gave with the natural politeness belonging to all Californians-suggesting many additions. Warmingpans for the sheets, pads of eider-down to wear on the saddles, and bathing-tubs to sit in after a hard ride, would, I thought, be an improvement; but as such things were difficult to be had in Reykjavik, the hope of obtaining them was abandoned after some consideration. "In fact," said they, "we are merely roughing it, and, by Jove, a fellow must put up with some inconveniences in a country like this!"

To carry all these burdens, which, when tied up in packs, occupied an extra room, required exactly eighteen horses, inclusive of the riders, and to bargain for eighteen horses was no small job. The last I saw of the Englishmen they were standing in the street surrounded by a large portion of the population of Reykjavik, who had every possible variety of horses to sell—horses shaggy and horses shaved, horses small and horses smaller, into the mouths of which the sagacious travelers were intently peering in search of teeth—occasionally punching the poor creatures on the ribs, probing their backs, pulling them up by the legs, or tickling them under the tail to ascertain if they kicked.

At the appointed hour, 6 A.M., Zöega was ready at the door of the hotel with his shaggy cavalcade—which surely was the most extraordinary spectacle I had ever witnessed. The horned horses of Africa would have been commonplace objects in comparison with these remarkable animals destined to carry me to the Geysers of Iceland. Each one of them looked at me through a stack of mane, containing hair enough to have stuffed half a dozen chairs; and as for their tails, they hung about the poor creatures like huge bunches of wool. Some of them were piebald and had white eyes—others had no eyes at all. Seeing me look at them rather apprehensively, Zöega remarked,

"Oh, Sir, you needn't be afraid. They are perfectly gentle!"

- "Don't they bite?" said I.
- "Oh no, Sir, not at all."
- "Nor kick?"
- "No, Sir, never."
- "Nor lie down on the way?"
- "No, Sir, not at all."
- "Answer me one more question, Zöega, and I'm done." [This I said with great earnestness.] "Do these horses ever eat cats or porcupines, or swallow heavy brooms with crooked handles?"
- "Oh no, Sir!" answered my guide, with a look of some surprise; "they are too well trained for that."

- "Then I suppose they subsist on train oil as well as codfish?"
- "Yes, Sir, when they can get it. They are very fond of oil."

I thought to myself, No wonder they are so poor and small. Horses addicted to the use of oil must expect to be of light construction. But it was time to be off.

A cup of excellent coffee and a few biscuit were amply sufficient to prepare me for the journey. Our pack-horse carried two boxes and a small tent—all we required. Before starting Zöega performed the Icelandic ceremony of tying the horses in a row, each one's head to the tail of the horse in front. This he said was the general practice. If it were not done they would scatter outside of town, and it would probably take two hours to catch them again. I had some fear that if one of the number should tumble over a precipice he would carry several of his comrades with him—or their heads and tails.

It was a gray gloomy morning when we sallied forth from the silent streets of Revkjavik. A chilly fog covered the country, and little more was to be seen than the jagged outline of the lava-hills and the boggy sinks and morasses on either side of the trail. The weird, fire-blasted, and flood-scourged wilderness on all sides was as silent as death—save when we approached some dark lagoon, and startled up the flocks of water-fowl that dwelt in its sedgy borders. Then the air was pierced with wild screams and strange cries, and the rocks resounded to the flapping of many wings. To me there was a peculiar charm in all this. It was different from any thing I had recently experienced. The roughness of the trail, the absence of cultivated fields, the entire exemption from the restraints of civilization were perfectly delightful after a dreary residence of nearly a year in Germany. Here, at least, there were no passport bureaus, no meddlesome police, no conceited and disagreeable habitués of public places with fierce dogs running at their heels, no Verbotener Wegs staring one in the face at every turn. Here all ways possible to be traveled were open to the public; here was plenty of fresh air and no lack of elbow-room; here an unsophisticated American could travel without being persecuted every ten minutes by applications from distinguished officers in livery for six kreutzers; here an honest Californian could chew tobacco when he felt disposed, and relieve his mind by an occasional oath when he considered it essential to a vigorous expression of his thoughts.

It seemed very strange to be traveling in Iceland, actually plodding my way over deserts of lava, and breathing blasts of air fresh from the summit of Mount Hecla! I was at last in the land of the Sagas—the land of fire and brimstone and boiling fountains!—the land which, as a child, I had been accustomed to look upon as the ultima Thule, where men and fish and fire and water were pitted against each other in everlasting strife. How often had the fascinating vision



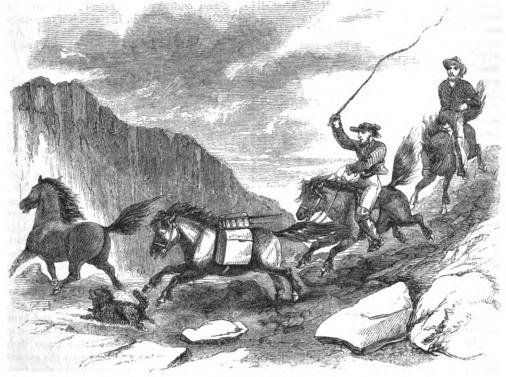
of Icelandic travel crossed my mind; and how | escape would there be? Falling head foremost often had I dismissed it with a sigh as too much happiness to hope for in this world! And now it was all realized. Was I any the happier? Was it what I expected? Well, we won't probe these questions too far. It was a very strange reality at all events.

For the first eight miles the weather was thick and rainy; after that the sun began to dissipate the gloom, and we had a very pleasant journey. Though a little chilly in consequence of the moisture the air was not really cold. As well as I could judge the thermometer ranged about 54° Fahrenheit. It frequently rises to 76° at Thingvalla during the months of July and August; and at the Geysers, and in some of the adjacent valleys, the heat is said to be quite oppressive.

Notwithstanding the roughness of the trail, which in many places passed for miles over rugged fields of lava, full of sharp, jagged points and dangerous fissures, we traveled with considerable speed-seldom slackening from a lope. Zöega untied the horses from each other's tails soon after passing the road to Hafuarfiord, as there was no further danger of their separating; and then, with many flourishes of his whip and strange cries, well understood by our animals, led the way. I must confess that, in spite of some pretty hard experience of bad roads in the coast range of California, there were times during our mad career over the lava-beds when visions of maimed limbs and a mutilated head crossed my mind. Should my horse stumble on

on harrows and rakes would be fun to a fall here, where all the instruments capable of human destruction, from razors, saws, and meataxes down to spike-nails and punches, were duly represented.

In the course of our journey we frequently overtook pack-trains laden with dried fish from the sea-shore. The main dependence of the people throughout the country, during the winter, is upon the fish caught during the summer. When dried it is done up in packs and fastened on each side of the horse, something in the Mexican style; and each train is attended by three or four men, and sometimes by women. About the month of June the farmers and shepherds go down to Re kjavik, or some other convenient fishing-station on the sea-shore, and lay in their supplies of fish and groceries, which they purchase from the traders by exchanges of wool, butter, and other domestic products. After a few days of novelty and excitement they go back to their quiet homes, where they live in an almost dormant state until the next seasonrarely receiving any news from the great outer world, or troubling their heads about the affairs which concern the rest of mankind. Those whom we met had in all probability not seen a stranger for a year. They are an honest, primitive people, decently but very coarsely clad in rough woolen garments, manufactured by themselves and shaped much in the European style. On their feet they wear moccasins made of sheepskin. Whenever we met these pack-trains in a stray spike of lava what possible chance of any convenient place the drivers stopped to have



A BOUGH BOAD.

a talk with Zöega, often riding back a mile or two to enjoy the novelty of his conversation. Being fresh from the capital, he naturally abounded in stirring news about the price of codfish and the value of lard and butter, wool, stockings, mittens, etc., and such other articles of traffic as they felt interested in. He could also give them the latest intelligence by the steamer, which always astonished them, no matter whether it concerned the throwing overboard of three ponies on the last voyage, or the possible resumption of operations on the Icelandic telegraph. In every way Zöega was kind and obliging, and, being well known every where, was highly appreciated as a man pos-

sessed of a remarkable fund of information. At parting they generally stopped to kiss hands and take a pinch of snuff.

The first time I witnessed the favorite ceremony of snuff-taking I was at a loss to understand what it meant. A man with a small horn-flask, which it was reasonable to suppose was filled with powder and only used for loading guns or pistols, drew the plug from it, and, stopping quite still in the middle of the road, threw his head back and applied the tube to his nose. Surely the fellow was not trying to blow his brains out with the powder-flask! Two or three times he repeated this strange proceeding, snorting all the time as if in the agonies of suffocation. The gravity of his countenance was extraordinary. I could not believe my eyes.

"What an absurd way of committing suicide!" I remarked to Zöega.

"Oh, Sir, he is only taking snuff!" was the reply.

"But if he stops up both nostrils how is he going to breathe?" was my natural inquiry.

Zöega kindly explained that when the man's nose was full he would naturally open his mouth, and as the snuff was very fine and strong it would eventually cause him to sneeze. In this way it was quite practicable to blow out the load.

"But don't they ever hang fire and burst their heads?" I asked, with some concern.

"Why no, Sir, I've never heard of a case," answered Zöega, in his usual grave manner; "in this country every body takes snuff, but I never knew it to burst any body's head."



TAKING SNUFF.

It was really refreshing the matter-of-fact manner in which my guide regarded all the affairs of life. He took every thing in a literal sense, and was of so obliging a disposition that he would spend hours in the vain endeavor to satisfy my curiosity on any doubtful point.

"Why, Zöega," said I, "this is a monstrous practice. I never saw any thing like it! Are you quite sure that fellow won't kick when he tries to blow his nose?"

"Yes, Sir, they never kick."

"Tell me, Zöega, are their breeches strong?"

"Oh yes, Sir."

"That's lucky." I was thinking of an accident that once occurred to a young man of my acquaintance. Owing to a defect in the breech of his gun the whole load entered his head and killed him instantaneously.

The gravity of these good people in their forms of politeness is one of the most striking features in their social intercourse. The commonest peasant takes off his cap to another when they meet; and shaking hands and snuff-taking are conducted on the most ceremonious principles. They do not, however, wholly confine themselves to stimulants for the nose. As soon as they get down to Reykjavik and finish their business they are very apt to indulge in what we call in California "a bender." That is to say, they drink a little too much whisky, and hang around the stores and streets for a day or two in a state of intoxication. At other times their habits are temperate; and they pass the greater part of their lives among their flocks, free from excitement and as happy as people can be with



of their lives would of course be painful to a people possessed of more energy and a higher order of intelligence. But the Icelanders are well satisfied if they can keep warm during the dreary winters, and obtain their usual supplies during the summer. Sometimes a plague sets in among their sheep and reduces them to great distress. Fire, pestilence, and famine have from time to time devastated the Island. Still, where their wants are so few, they can bear with great patience the calamities inflicted upon them by an all-wise Providence. ing perhaps to their isolated mode of life, they are a grave and pious people, simple in their manners, superstitious, and credulous. They attend church regularly, and are much devoted to religious books and evening prayers. No family goes to bed without joining in thanksgiving for all the benefits conferred upon them during the day. Living as they do amidst the grandest phenomena of nature, and tinctured with the wild traditions of the old Norsemen, it is not surprising that they should implicitly believe in wandering spirits of fire and flood, and clothe the desolate wastes of lava with a poetic imagery peculiarly their own. Every rock and river and bog is invested with a legend or story to the truth of which they can bear personal witness. Here a ghost was overtaken by the light of the moon and turned to stone; there voices were heard crying for help, and because no help came a farmer's house was burned the next day; here a certain man saw a wild woman, with long hair, who lived in a cave and never came out to seek for food save in the midst of a storm, when she was seen chasing the birds; there a great many sheep disappeared one night, and it was thought they were killed and devoured by a prodigious animal with two heads-and so on, without end. Nothing is too marvelous for their credulity. One of my most pleasant experiences was to talk with these good people, through the aid of my guide, and hear them tell of the wonderful sights they had seen with their own eyes. Nor do I believe that they had the remotest intention of stretching the truth. Doubtless they imagined the reality of whatever they said. It was very strange to one who had lived so long among a sharp and rather incredulous race of men to hear full-grown people talk with the simplicity of little children.

About half way on our journey toward Thingvalla it was necessary to cross a bog, which is never a very agreeable undertaking in Iceland, especially after heavy rains. This was not the worst specimen of its kind though; we afterward passed through others that would be difficult to improve upon without entirely removing the bottom. A considerable portion of Iceland is intersected by these treacherous stretches of land and water, through which the traveler must make his way or relinquish his journey. Often it becomes a much more difficult matter to find the way out than to get in. Along the sea-coast, | ward the bog, and urged him to take the short

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such limited means of comfort. The uniformity | vast bogs are quite impassable without the assistance of a guide thoroughly acquainted with every spot capable of bearing a horse. On the route to the Geysers we generally contrived to avoid the worst places by making a detour around the edges of the hills, but this is not always practicable. In many places the hills themselves abound in boggy ground.

The formation of the Icelandic bog is peculiar. I have seen something similar on the Pacific coast near Cape Mendocino, but by no means so extensive and well-defined. In Iceland it consists of innumerable tufts of earth, from two to three feet high, interwoven with vegetable fibres which render them elastic when pressed by the foot. These tufts stand out in relief from the main ground at intervals of a few feet from each other, and frequently cover a large extent of country. The tops are covered with grass of a very fine texture, furnishing a good pasture for sheep and other stock. So regular and apparently artificial is the appearance of these grassy tufts, that I was at first inclined to think they must be the remains of cultivated fields-probably potato-hills or places where corn had grown in former times. Nor was it altogether unreasonable to suppose that groves of wood might once have covered these singular patches of country, and that they had been uprooted and destroyed by some of those violent convulsions of nature which from time to time have devastated the island. Dr. Dasent produces ample testimony to show that, in old times, not only corn grew in Iceland but wood sufficiently large to be used in building vessels. Now it is with great difficulty that a few potatoes can be raised in some of the warmest spots, and there is not a single tree to be found on the entire island. The largest bushes I saw were only six or eight feet high.

A singular fact connected with the bog-formation is that it is often found in dry places-on the slopes of mountains, for example, in certain localities where the water never settles and where the ground is perpetually dry. I was greatly puzzled by this, and was scarcely satisfied by the explanation given by Zöega, my guide, who said it was caused by the action of the frost. In proof of the fact that they are not of artificial formation, and that the process by which they are developed is always going on, he stated that in many places where they had been leveled down for sheep-corrals or some such purpose, a similar formation of tufted hillocks had grown up in the course of a few years.

I was continually troubled by the circuits made by Züega to avoid certain tracts of this kind which to me did not look at all impracticable. Once I thought it would be a good joke to show him that a Californian could find his way through a strange country even better than a native; and watching a chance when he was not on the look-out-for I suspected what his objection would be—I suddenly turned my horse toto the southward and castward, some of these cut. It was such a capital idea, that of beating

Original from



AN ICELANDIC BOG.

my own guide about two miles in a journey of | than that, which was to dismount from his own little more than half a mile! But, strange to say, the horse was of Zöega's opinion respecting roads through Iceland. He would not budge into the bog till I inflicted some rather strong arguments upon him, and then he went in with great reluctance. Before we had proceeded a dozen yards he sank up to his belly in the mire, and left me perched up on two matted tufts about four feet apart. Any disinterested spectator would have supposed at once that I was attempting to favor my guide with a representation of the colossal statue at Rhodes, or the Natural Bridge in Virginia. Zöega, however, was too warmly interested in my behalf to take it in this way. As soon as he missed me he turned about. and perceiving my critical position, shouted at the top of his voice,

- "Sir, you can't go that way!"
- "No," said I, in rather a desponding tone; "I see I can't."
- "Don't try it, Sir!" cried Zöega; "you'll certainly sink if you do!"
- "I'll promise you that, Zöega," I answered, looking gloomily toward the dry land, toward which my horse was now headed, plunging frantically in a labyrinth of tufts, his head just above the ground.
 - "Sir, it's very dangerous!" shouted Zöega.
 - "Any sharks in it?" I asked.
 - "No, Sir; but I don't see your horse!"
- "Neither do I, Zöega. Just sing out when he blows!"

horse, and jump from tuft to tuft until he got hold of my bridle. With it of course came the poor animal, which by hard pulling my trusty guide soon succeeded in getting on dry land. Meantime I discovered a way of getting out myself by a complicated system of jumps, and presently we all stood in a group-Zöega scraping the mud off the sides of my trembling steed, while I ventured to remark that it was "a little boggy in that direction."

"Yes, Sir," said Zöega; "that was the reason I was going round."

And a very sensible reason it was too, as I now cheerfully admitted. After a medicinal pull at the brandy we once more proceeded on

I mentioned the fact that there are dry bogformations on the sides of some of the hills. It should also be noted that the wet bogs are not always in the lowest places. Frequently they are found on elevated grounds, and even high up in the mountains. Approaching a region of this kind, when the tufts are nearly on a level with the eye, the effect is very peculiar. It looks as if an army of grim old Norsemen, on their march through the wilderness, had suddenly sunk to their necks in the treacherous earth, and still stood in that position with their shaggy heads bared to the tempests. Often the traveler detects something like features, and it would not be at all difficult, of a moonlight night, to mistake them for ghostly warriors struggling to get But the honest Icelander saw a better method out on dry land. Indeed the simple-minded peas-

Original from

ants, with their accustomed fertility of imagination, have invested them with life, and relate many wonderful stories about their pranks of dark and stormy nights, when it is said they are seen plunging about in the water. Hoarse cries are heard through the gusts of the tempest; and solitary travelers on their journey retreat in dismay lest they should be dragged into the treacherous abode of these ghostly old Norsemen. it assumed a parental severity truly impressive. Slowly dismounting from his horse, as if a great duty devolved upon him, he would unlock one of the boxes on the pack-horse, take therefrom a piece of bread, deliberately grease the same with butter, and then holding it forth, more in sorrow than in anger, invite Brusa to refresh himself after his fatiguing chase of the sheep. The struggle between a guilty conscience

Not long after our unpleasant adventure we ascended an eminence or dividing ridge of lava, from which we had a fine view of the Lake of Thingvalla. Descending by a series of narrow defiles, we reached a sandy canon winding for several miles nearly parallel with the shores of the lake. The sides of the hills now began to exhibit a scanty vegetation, and sometimes we crossed a moist patch of pasture covered with a fine grass of most brilliant and beautiful green. A few huts, with sod walls or fences around the arable patches in the vicinity, were to be seen from time to time; but in general the country was very thinly populated. Flocks of sheep, and occasionally a few horses, grazed on the hillsides.

The great trouble of our lives in the neighborhood of these settlements was a little dog belonging to my guide. Brusa was his name, and the management of our loose horses was his legitimate occupation. A bright, lively, officious little fellow was Brusa, very much like a wolf in appearance, and not unlike a human being in certain traits of his character. Montaigne says that great fault was found with him, when he was mayor of his native town, because he was always satisfied to let things go along smoothly; and though the citizens admitted that they had never been so free from trouble, they could not see the use of a mayor who never issued any ordinances or created any public commotions. Our little dog was of precisely the same way of thinking. He could see no use in holding office in our train without doing something, whether necessary or not. So when the horses were going along all right he felt it incumbent upon him to give chase to the sheep. Stealing away quietly, so that Zöega might not see him at the start, he would suddenly dart off after the poor animals, with his shaggy hair all erect, and never stop barking, snapping, and biting at their legs till they were scattered over miles of territory. He was particularly severe upon the cowardly ewes and lambs, actually driving them frantic with terror; but the old rams that stood to make fight he always passed with quiet disdain. It was in vain Zöega would hold up, and utter the most fearful cries and threats of punishment:-"Hur-r-r-! Brusa! B-r-r-usa!! you B-r-rusa!!!" Never a bit could Brusa be stopped once he got fairly under way. Up hill and down hill and over the wild gorges he would fly till entirely out of sight. In about half an hour he generally joined the train again, looking, to say the least of it, very sheepish. I have already spoken of the gravity and dignity of Zöega's manner. On occasions of this kind

ive. Slowly dismounting from his horse, as if a great duty devolved upon him, he would unlock one of the boxes on the pack-horse, take therefrom a piece of bread, deliberately grease the same with butter, and then holding it forth, more in sorrow than in anger, invite Brusa to refresh himself after his fatiguing chase of the sheep. The struggle between a guilty conscience and a sharp appetite would now become painfully perceptible on the countenance of Brusa as well as in the relaxation of his tail. As he approached the tempting morsel nothing could be more abject than his manner-stealing furtive glances at the eyes of his master and trying to conciliate him by wagging the downcast tail between his legs. Alas, poor Brusa! I suspected it from the beginning. What do you think of yourself now? Grabbed by the back of the neck in the powerful hands of Geir Zöega! Not a particle of use for you to whine and yelp and try to beg off. You have been a very bad fellow, and must suffer the consequences. With dreadful deliberation Zöega draws forth his whip, which has been carefully hidden in the folds of his coat all this time, and holding the victim of his displeasure in mid-air, thus, as I take it, apostrophizes him in his native language: "O Brusa! have I not fed thee and cherished thee with parental care? (Whack! yelp! and whack again.) Have I not been to thee tender and true? (Whack! whack! accompanied by heart-rending yelps and cries.) And this is thy gratitude! This is thy return for all my kindness! O how sharper than a serpent's tooth is the sting of ingratitude!



GEIR ZOEGA AND BRUSA.

(Whack.) I warned thee about those sheepthose harmless and tender little lambs! I begged thee with tears in my eyes not to run after them; but thou wert stubborn in thine iniquity; and now what can I do but-(whack)-but punish thee according to my promise. Wilt thou ever do it again? O say, Brusa, wilt thou ever again be guilty of this disreputable conduct? (A melancholy howl.) It pains me to do it (whack), but it is (whack) for thine own good! Now hear and repent, and henceforth let thy ways be the ways of the virtuous and the just!" It was absolutely delightful to witness the joy of Brusa when the whipping was over. Without one word of comment Zöega would throw him the bread, and then gravely mount his horse and ride on. For hours after the victim of his displeasure would run, and jump, and bark, and caper with excess of delight. I really thought it was a kindness to whip him-he enjoyed it so much afterward.

Whenever our loose horses got off the trail or lagged behind the services of our dog were invaluable. Zöega had a particular way of directing his attention to the errant animal. "Hur-r-r-!—(a roll of the tongue)—Hur-r-r-

end with rage, till within a few feet of the horse, when he would commence a series of terrific demonstrations, barking and snapping at the heels of the vagrant. Backing of ears to frighten him, or kicks at his head had no terrors for him; he was altogether too sagacious to be caught within reach of dangerous weapons.

I know of nothing to equal the sagacity of these Icelandic dogs save that of the sheep-dogs of France and Germany. They are often sent out in the pastures to gather up the horses, and will remain by them and keep them within bounds for days at a time. They are also much used in the management of sheep. Unlike the regular shepherd-dog of Europe, however, they are sometimes thievish and treacherous, owing to their wolfish origin. I do not think we could have made ten miles a day without Brusa. In the driving of pack-trains a good dog is indispensable. I always gave the poor fellow something to eat when we stopped in consideration of his

We rode for some time along an elevated plateau of very barren aspect till something like a break in the outline became visible a few hundred vards ahead. I had a kind of feeling that Brusa!" and off Brusa would dash, his hair on | we were approaching a crisis in our journey, but

said nothing. Neither did Zöega, for he was not a man to waste words. He always answered my questions politely, but seldom volunteered a remark. Presently we entered a great gap between two enormous cliffs of lava.

"What's this, Zöega?" I asked.

"Oh, this is the Almannajau!"

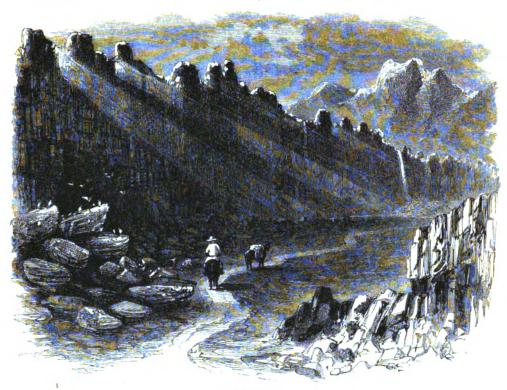
"What! the great Almannajau, where the Icelandic Parliament used to camp!"

"Yes, Sir; you see the exact spot down there below."

And in good truth there it was, some hundreds of feet below, in a beautiful little green valley that lay at the bottom of the gap. Never had my eyes witnessed so strange and wild a sight. A great fissure in the earth nearly a hundred feet deep, walled up with prodigious fragments of lava, dark and perpendicular-the bases strewn with molten



ENTRANCE TO THE ALMANNAJAU.



ALMANNAJAU.

order; a valley of the brightest green, over a hundred feet wide, stretching like a river between the fire-blasted cliffs; the trail winding through it in snake-like undulation - all now silent as death under the grim leaden sky, yet eloquent of terrible convulsions in by-gone centuries and of the voices of men long since mingled with the dust. Upon entering the gorge between the shattered walls of lava on either side, the trail makes a rapid descent of a few hundred yards till it strikes into the valley. I waited till my guide had descended with the horses, and then took a position a little below the entrance so as to command a view out through the gorge and up the entire range of the Almannajau.

The appended sketch, imperfect as it is, will convey some idea of the scene; yet to comprise within the brief compass of a sheet of paper the varied wonders of this terrible gap, the wild disorder of the fragments cast loose over the earth, the utter desolation of the whole place would be simply impossible. No artist has ever yet done justice to the scene, and certainly no mere amateur can hope to attain better success.

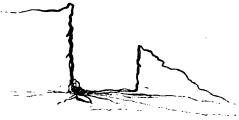
Looking up the range of the great fissure, it resembles an immense walled alley, high on one side and low, broken, and irregular on the other. The main or left side forms a fearful precipice of more than eighty feet, and runs in a direct line toward the mountains, a distance of four or five miles. On the right, toward the plain of Thingvalla, the inferior side forms nearly a parallel line of rifted and irregular masses of lava,

masses, scattered about in the strangest dis- | perpendicular in front and receding behind. The greater wall presents a dark, rugged face, composed of immense pillars and blocks of lava, defined by horizontal and vertical fissures, strangely irregular in detail but showing a dark, compact, and solid front. In places it is not unlike a vast library of books, shaken into the wildest confusion by some resistless power. Whole ranges of ink-colored blocks are wrenched from their places, and scattered about between the ledges. Well may they represent the law-books of the old Icelandic Sagas and judges, who held their councils near this fearful gorge! Corresponding in face, but less regular and of inferior height, is the opposite wall. In its molten state the whole once formed a burning flood, of such vast extent and depth that it is estimated by geologists nearly half a century must have elapsed before it became cool. The bottom of this tremendons crack in the sea of lava is almost a dead level, and forms a valley of about a hundred feet in width, which extends, with occasional breaks and irregularities, entirely up to the base of the mountain. This valley is for the most part covered with a beautiful carpeting of fine green grass; but is sometimes diversified by fragments of lava shivered off and cast down from the walls on either side.

> The gorge by which we entered must have been impracticable for horses in its original state. Huge masses of lava, which doubtless once jammed up the way, must have been hurled over into the gaping fissures at each side; and something like a road-way cleared out from the



chaos of ruin. still visible, where it is more than probable the old Icelanders did many a hard day's work. Eight or nine centuries have not yet obliterated the traces of the hammer and chisel; and there were stones cast a little on one side that still bear the marks of horses' hoofs-the very horses in all probability ridden by the old Sagas and lawgivers. Through this wild gorge they made their way into the sheltered solitudes of the Almannajau, where they pitched their tents and held their feasts previous to their councils on the Lögberg. Here passed the members of the Althing; here the victims of the Lögberg never repassed again.



SKELETON VIEW OF THE ALMANNAJAU.

There are various theories concerning the original formation of this wonderful fissure. It is supposed by some that the flood of lava by which Thingvalla was desolated in times of which history presents no record, must have cooled irregularly, owing to the variation of thickness in different parts of the valley; that at this point, where its depth was great, the contracting mass separated, and the inferior portion gradually settled downward toward the point of greatest depression.

Others, again, hold the theory that there was a liquid drain of the molten lava underneath toward the lake; by means of which a great subterranean cavity was formed as far back as the mountain; that the crust on top being of insufficient strength to bear its own great weight must have fallen in as the whole mass cooled, and thus created this vast crack in the earth.

I incline to the first of these theories myself, as the most conformable to the contractile laws of heat. There is also something like practical evidence to sustain it. A careful examination of the elevations and depressions on each wall of the gap satisfied me that they bear at least a very striking analogy. Points on one side are frequently represented by hollows on the other, and even complicated figures occasionally find a counterpart, the configuration being always rel- were quietly browsing among the rugged de-

Pavements and side-stones are atively convex or concave. This would seem to indicate very clearly that the mass had been forcibly rent asunder, either by the contractile process of heat, or a convulsion of the earth. most difficult point to determine is why the bottom should be so flat and regular, and what kept the great mass on each side so far intact as to form one clearly defined fissure a hundred feet wide and nearly five miles in length? This, however, is not for an unlearned tourist like myself to go into very deeply.

How many centuries have passed away since all this happened the first man who "gazed through the rent of ruin" has failed to leave on record—if he ever knew it. The great walls of the fissure stood grim and black before the old Icelandic Sagas, just as they now stand before the astonished eyes of the tourist. History records no material change in its aspect. It may be older than the Pyramids of Egypt; yet it looks as if the eruption by which it was caused might have happened within a lifetime, so little is there to indicate the progress of ages. I could not but experience the strangest sensations in being carried so far back toward the beginning of the world.

At the distance of about a mile up the "Jau" a river tumbles over the upper wall of lava, and rushes down the main fissure for a few hundred yards, when it suddenly diverges and breaks through a gap in the inferior wall, and comes down the valley on the outside toward the lake.

During my stay at Thingvalla I walked up to this part of the Almannajau, and made a rough sketch of the waterfall.

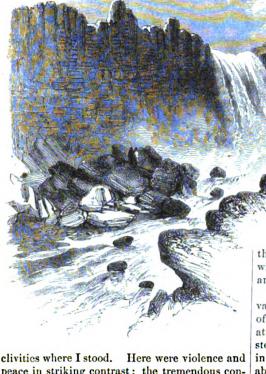
From the point of rocks upon which I stood the effect was peculiar. The course of the river, which lies behind the Jau, on the opposite side, is entirely hidden by the great wall in front, and nothing of it is visible till the whole river bursts over the dark precipice, and tumbles, foaming and roaring, into the tremendous depths below, where it dashes down wildly among the shattered fragments of lava till it reaches the outlet into the main valley. A mist rises up from the falling water, and whirls around the base of the cataract in clouds, forming in the rays of the sun a series of beautiful rainbows. The grim, jagged rocks, blackened and rifted with fire, make a strange contrast with the delicate prismatic colors of the rainbows, and their sharp and rugged outline with the soft, everchanging clouds of spray.

The flocks of the good pastor of Thingvalla



OUTLINE VIEW OF THINGVALLA





clivities where I stood. Here were violence and peace in striking contrast; the tremendous concussion of the falling water; the fearful marks of convulsion on the one hand, and on the other

"The gentle flocks that play upon the green."

As I put away my imperfect sketch, and sauntered back toward the hospitable cabin of the pastor, a figure emerged from the rocks, and I stood face to face with an Icelandic shepherdess.

Well, it is no use to grow poetical over this matter. To be sure, we were alone in a great wilderness, and she was very pretty, and looked uncommonly coquettish with her tasseled cap, neat blue bodice, and short petticoats, to say nothing of a well-turned pair of ankles; but then, you see, I couldn't speak a word of Icelandic, and if I could, what had I, a responsible man, to say to a pretty young shepherdess? At most I could only tell her she was extremely captivating, and looked for all the world like a flower in the desert, born to blush unseen, etc. As she skipped shyly away from me over the rocks I was struck with admiration at the graceful sprightliness of her movements, and wondered why so much beauty should be wasted upon silly sheep, when the world is so full of stout brave young fellows who would fall dead in love with her at the first sight. But I had better drop the subject. There is a young man of my acquaintance already gone up to Norway to look for the post-girl that drove me over the road to Trondhjem; and at least two of my friends are now on the way to Hamburg for the express purpose of witnessing the gyrations of the celebrated wheeling girls. All I hope is, that when

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they meet with those enterprising damsels they will follow my example, and behave with honor and discretion.

FALL OF THE ALMANNAJAU.

Standing upon an eminence overlooking the valley, I was struck with wonder at the vast field of lava outspread before me. Here is an area at least eight miles square, all covered with a stony crust, varying from fifty to a hundred feet in thickness, rent into gaping fissures and tossed about in tremendous fragments; once a burning flood, covering the earth with ruin and desolation wherever it flowed; now a cold, weird desert, whose gloomy monotony is only relieved by stunted patches of brushwood and dark pools of water-all wrapped in a death-like silence. Where could this terrible flood have come from? The mountains in the distance look so peaceful in their snowy robes, so incapable of the rage from which all this desolation must have sprung, that I could scarcely reconcile such terrible results with an origin so apparently inadequate.

I questioned Zöega on this point, but not with much success. How was it possible, I asked, that millions and billions of tons of lava could be vomited forth from the crater of any mountain within sight? Here was a solid bed of lava spread over the valley, and many miles beyond, which, if piled up, shrunken and dried as it was, would of itself make a mountain larger than the Skjaldbraid Jokul, from which it is supposed to have been ejected.

"Now, Zöega," said I, "how do you make it out that this came from the Skjaldbraid Jokul?"

"Well, Sir, I don't know, but I think it came from the inside of the world."

"Why, Zöega, the world is only a shell—a mere egg-shell in Iceland I should fancy—filled with fiery gases."

"Is that possible, Sir?" cried Zöega, in undisguised astonishment.

"Yes, quite possible; a mere egg-shell!"

"Dear me, I didn't know that! It is a wonderful world, Sir."

"Very-especially in Iceland."



"Then, Sir, I don't know how this could have happened unless it was done by spirits that live in the ground. Some people say they are great monsters, and live on burned stones."

"Do you believe in spirits, Zöega?"

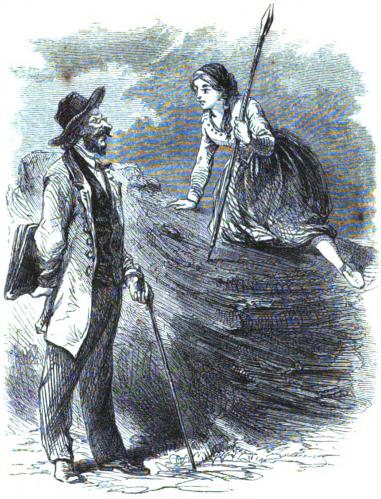
"Oh yes, Sir;and don't you? I've seen them many a time. I once saw a spirit nearly as large as the Skjaldbraid. It came up out of the earth directly before me where I was traveling, and shook its head as if warning me to go back. I was badly frightened, and turned my horse around and went back. Then I heard that my best friend was dying. When he was dead I married his wife. She's a very good woman, Sir; and if you please I'll get her to make you some coffee when we get back to Revkjavik."

So goes the world, thought I, from the Skjaldbraid Jokul to

a cup of coffee! Why bother our heads about ive and imposing. Along the course of the these troublesome questions, which can only result in proving us all equally ignorant. The wisest has learned nothing save his own ignorance. He "meets with darkness in the daytime, and gropes in the noonday as in the night.

The extensive valley called Thingvalla, or the Valley of the "Thing," lies at the head of a lake of the same name, some fifteen miles in length by six or seven in width. The waters of this lake are beautifully clear, and the scenery around it is of the wildest and most picturesque character. Rugged mountains rise from its shores in various directions, and islands reflect their varied outlines in its glassy surface. Cranes, wild ducks, plovers, and occasionally swans, abound in the lagoons that open into it from Thingvalla. The bed of this fine sheet of water corresponds in its configuration with the surrounding country. It is of volcanic formation throughout, and the rifts and fissures in the lava can be traced as far as it is practicable to see through the water.

On passing out of the Almannajau, near the lower fall, where the river breaks out into the main valley, the view toward the lake is extens- | every settlement throughout the whole island.



ICELANDIC SHEPHERD-GIRL.

river is a succession of beautiful little green flats, upon which the horses and cattle of the good pastor graze; and farther down on the left lies the church and farm-house. Still beyond are vast plains of lava, gradually merging into the waters of the lake; and in the far distance mountain upon mountain, till the view is lost in the snowy Jokuls of the far interior.

Descending into this valley we soon crossed the river, which is fordable at this season, and in a few minutes entered a lane between the low stone walls that surround the station.

The church is of modern construction, and, like all I saw in the interior, is made of wood, painted a dark color, and roofed with boards covered with sheets of tarred canvas. It is a very primitive little affair, only one story high, and not more than fifteen by twenty feet in dimensions. From the date on the weather-cock it appears to have been built in 1858.

The congregation is supplied by the few sheepranches in the neighborhood-consisting at most of half a dozen families. These unpretending little churches are to be seen in the vicinity of





CHURCH AT THINGVALLA.

Simple and homely as they are, they speak well for the pious character of the people.

The pastor of Thingvalla and his family reside in a group of sod-covered huts close by the church. These cheerless little hovels are really a curiosity-none of them being over ten or fifteen feet high, and all huddled together without the slightest regard to latitude or longitude-like a parcel of sheep in a storm. Some have windows in the roof, and some have chimneys; grass and weeds grow all over them; and crooked byways and dark alleys run among them and through them. At the base they are walled up with big lumps of lava, and two of them have board fronts, painted black, while the remainder are patched up with turf and rubbish of all sorts, very much in the style of a stork's nest. A low stone wall encircles the premises, but seems to be of little use as a barrier against the encroachments of live stock, being broken up in gaps every few yards. In front of the group some attempt has been made at a pavement, which, however, must have been abandoned soon after the work was commenced. It is now littered all over with old tubs, pots, dish-cloths, and other articles of domestic use.

The interior of this strange abode is even more complicated than one would be led to expect from the exterior. Passing through a dilapidated door-way in one of the smaller cabins, which you would hardly suppose to be the main entrance, you find yourself in a long dark pas-

The sides are ornamented with pegs stuck in the crevices between the stones, upon which hang saddles, bridles, horse-shoes, bunches of herbs, dried fish, and various articles of cast-off clothing, including old shoes and sheepskins. Wide or narrow, straight or crooked, to suit the sinuosities of the different cabins into which it forms the entrance, it seems to have been originally located upon the track of a blind boa-constrictor, though Bishop Hatton denies the existence of snakes in Iceland. The best room, or rather house—for every room is a house—is set apart for the accommodation of travelers. Another cabin is occupied by some members of the pastor's family, who bundle about like a lot of rabbits. The kitchen is also the dog-kennel, and occasionally the sheep-house. A pile of stones in one corner of it, upon which a few twigs or scraps of sheep-manure serve to make the fire, constitute the cooking department. The beams overhead are decorated with pots and kettles, dried fish, stockings, petticoats, and the remains of a pair of boots that probably belonged to the pastor in his younger days. The dark turf walls are pleasantly diversified with bags of oil hung on pegs, scraps of meat, old bottles and jars, and divers rusty-looking instruments for shearing sheep and cleaning their hoofs. The floor consists of the original lava-bed and artificial puddles composed of slops and offal of divers unctuous kinds. Smoke fills all the cavities in the air not already occupied by foul odors, and the sage-way, built of rough stone, and roofed with beams and posts and rickety old bits of furniture wooden rafters and brushwood covered with sod. are dyed to the core with the dense and varie-

gated atmosphere around them. This is a fair | priests of Iceland study the classical languages, specimen of the whole establishment, with the exception of the travelers' room. The beds in these cabins are the chief articles of luxury. Feathers being abundant, they are sewed up in prodigious ticks, which are tumbled topsy-turvy into big boxes on legs that serve for bedsteads, and then covered over with piles of all the loose blankets, petticoats, and cast-off rags possible to be gathered up about the premises. Into these comfortable nests the sleepers dive every night, and, whether in summer or winter, cover themselves up under the odorous mountain of rags, and snooze away till morning. During the long winter nights they spend on an average about sixteen hours out of the twenty-four in this agreeable manner. When it is borne in mind that every crevice in the house is carefully stopped up in order to keep out the cold air, and that whole families frequently occupy a single apartment not over ten by twelve, the idea of being able to cut through the atmosphere with a cleaver seems perfectly preposterous. A night's respiration in such a hole is quite sufficient to saturate the whole family with the substance of all the fish and sheep-skins in the vicinity; and the marvel of it is that they don't come out next day wagging their fins or bleating like sheep. I wonder they ever have any occasion to eat. Absorption must supply them with a large amount of nutriment; but I suppose what is gained in that way is lost in the fattening of certain other members of the household. Warmth seems to be the principal object, and certainly it is no small consideration in a country where fuel is so scarce.

I can not conceive of more wretched abodes for human beings. They are indeed very little better than fox-holes-certainly not much sweeter. Yet in such rude habitations as these the

and perfect themselves in the early literature of their country. Many of them become learned, and devote much of their lives to the pursuits of science. In the northern part of the country the houses are said to be better and more capacious; but the example I have given is a fair average of what I saw.

The passionate devotion of the Icelanders to their homes is almost inconceivable. I have never seen any thing like it. The most favored nations of the earth can not furnish examples of such intense and all-absorbing love of home and country. I traveled with a native of Reykjavik, some weeks after my visit to Thingvalla, and had an opportunity of judging what his impressions were of other countries. He was a very intelligent man, well versed in Icelandic literature, and spoke English remarkably well. Both himself and wife were fellow-passengers on the Arcturus from Reykjavik to Grangemouth. I was curious to know what a well-educated man would think of a civilized country, and watched him very closely. He had never seen a railway, locomotive, or carriage of any kind, not even a tree or a goodsized house. We stopped at Leith, where we took passage by the train to Edinburgh. As soon as the locomotive started he began to laugh heartily, and by the time we reached Edinburgh he and his wife, though naturally grave people, were nearly in convulsions of laughter. I had no idea that the emotion of wonder would be manifested in that way by civilized beings. Of. course I laughed to see them laugh, and altogether it was very funny. We took rooms at the same hotel, opposite to Sir Walter Scott's monument. Now it is needless to say that Edinburgh is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Even Constantinople can scarcely sur-



THE PASTOR'S HOUSE.

pass it in picturesque beauty. The worthy Ice- | Brusa promptly availed himself; and the paslander, be it remembered, had never seen even a town, except Reykjavik, of which I have already attempted a description. It was night when we arrived at Edinburgh, so that I had no opportunity of judging what his impressions would be at that time. Next morning I knocked at his room-door. His wife opened it, looking very sad, as I thought. At the window, gazing out over the magnificent scene, embracing the Monument, the Castle, and many of the finest of the public buildings, stood her husband, the big tears coursing down his face.

"Well," said I, "what do you think of Edinburgh?"

"Oh!" he cried, "oh, I am so home-sick! Oh, my dear, dear native land! Oh, my own beautiful Iceland! Oh that I were back in my beloved Reykjavik! Oh, I shall die in this desert of houses! Oh that I could once more breathe the pure fresh air of my own dear, dear island home!

Such were literally his expressions. Not one word had he to say about the beauties of Edinburgh! To him it was a hideous nightmare. The fishy little huts of Reykjavik, the bleak lava-deserts of the neighborhood, and the raw blasts from the Jokuls, were all he could realize of a Paradise upon earth. Yet he was a highly-cultivated and intelligent man, not destitute of refined tastes. Truly, I thought to myself.

"The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone Boldly proclaims the happiest spot his own."

While I waited outside the pastor's house, enjoying the oddity of the scene, Zöcga busied himself unsaddling the horses. I sat down on a pile of fagots, and, with some trouble and a little assistance from my guide, succeeded in getting off my overalls, which had been thoroughly drenched with rain and saturated with The occasional duckings we had experienced in crossing the rivers did not add to my comfort. I was chilled and wet, and would have given a Danish dollar for the privilege of sitting at a fire. All this time there was no sign of life about the premises save the barking of an ill-favored little dog that was energetically disclaiming any acquaintance with Brusa. regret to say that Brusa lost much of his bravado air in the presence of this insignificant cur, but it was quite natural; the cur was at home and Brusa wasn't. At first our dog seemed disposed to stand his ground, but upon the near approach of the house-dog he dropped his tail between his legs and ingloriously sneaked between the legs of the horses, which of course gave the gentleman of the house a high opinion of his own prowess—so much so, indeed, that the craven spirit of Brusa never before appeared in such a despicable light. He cringed and howled with terror, which so flattered the vanity of the other that a ferocious attack was the immediate consequence. Fortunately a kick from one of the horses laid Brusa's aggressor wardness, and intelligence, as if his life had yelping in the mud, an advantage of which been spent chiefly among sheep and books,

tor's dog would have fared badly in the issue but for the interference of Zöega, who separated the contending parties, and administered a grave rebuke to the party of our part respecting the impropriety of his conduct.

Though it occurred to me that I had seen the retreating figure of a man as we rode up, I was at a loss to understand why nobody appeared to ask us in or bid us welcome, and suggested to Zöega that I thought this rather an unfriendly reception. Now, upon this point of Icelandic hospitality Zöega was peculiarly sensitive. He always maintained that the people, though poor, are very hospitable-so much so that they made no complaint when a certain Englishman, whose name he could mention, stopped with them for days, ate up all their food and drank up all their coffee, and then went off without offering them even a small present. "No wonder," said Zöega, "this man told a great many lies about them, and laughed at them for refusing money, when the truth was he never offered them money or any thing else. It was certainly a very cheap way of traveling."

"But what about the pastor, Zöega? I'm certain I caught a glimpse of him as he darted behind the door."

"Oh, he'll be here directly; he always runs away when strangers come."

"What does he run away for?"

"Why, you see, Sir, he is generally a little dirty, and must go wash himself and put on some decent clothes."

While we were talking the pastor made his appearance, looking somewhat damp about the face and hair, and rather embarrassed about the shape of his coat, which was much too large for him, and hung rather low about his heels. With an awkward shuffling gait he approached us, and having shaken hands with Zöega, looked askant at me, and said something, which my guide interpreted as follows:

"He bids you welcome, Sir, and says his house is at your service. It is a very poor house, but it is the best he has. He wishes to know if you will take some coffee, and asks what part of the world you are from. I tell him you are from California, and he says it is a great way off, clear down on the other side of the world, and may God's blessing be upon you. Walk in, Sir."

Pleased with these kind words, I stepped up to the good pastor and cordially shook him by the hand, at the same time desiring Züega to say that I thanked him very much, and hoped he would make it convenient to call and see me some time or other in California, which, I regret to add, caused him to look both alarmed and embarrassed. A queer, shy man was this pastor-a sort of living mummy, dried up and bleached by Icelandic snows. His manner was singularly bashful. There was something of the recluse in it—a mixture of shyness, awk-





THE PASTOR OF THINGVALLA.

which very likely was the case. All the time I was trying to say something agreeable he was looking about him as if he desired to make his escape into some Icelandic bog, and there hide himself during my stay. I followed him through the passage-way already mentioned into the travelers' room, where he beckoned me to take a seat, and then awkwardly seating himself on the edge of a chair as far away as he could get without backing through the wall, addressed me in Danish. Finding me not very proficient in that tongue, he branched off into Latin, which he spoke as fluently as if it had been his native language. Here again I was at fault. I had gone as far as Quosque tandem when a boy, but the vicissitudes of time and travel had knocked it all out of my head. I tried him on the German, and there, to use a familiar phrase, had the "dead-wood on him." He couldn't understand a word of that euphonious language. However, a slight knowledge of the Spanish, picked up in Mexico and California, enabled me to guess at some of his Latin, and in this way we struggled into something of conversation. The effort, however, was too great for the timid recluse. After several pauses and lapses into long fits of silence, he got up and took his leave. Meantime Zöega was enjoying himself by the fire in the kitchen, surrounded by the female members of the family, who no doubt were eagerly listening to the latest news

came audible I strongly suspected that the ladies were asking whether the steamer had brought any crinoline from Copenhagen.

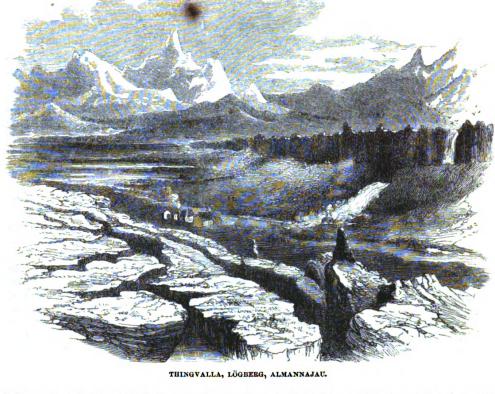
The pastor's family appeared to be composed entirely of females. Like all the Icelandic women I had seen, they do all the work of the establishment, attend to the cows, make the cheese, cut the hay, carry the heavy burdens, and perform the manual labor generally. This I found to be the case at all the farm-houses. Sometimes the men assist, but they prefer riding about the country or lying idle about the doors of their cabins. At Reykjavik, it is true, there is a population of Danish sailors and fishermen, and it would be scarcely fair to form an opinion from the lazy and thriftless habits of the people there. But I think the civilization of Iceland is very much like that of Germany in respect to women. They are not rated very high in the scale of humanity. Still, overworked and degraded as they are, the natural proclivities of the sex are not altogether obliterated. In former times their costume was picturesque and becoming, and some traces of the old style are yet to be seen throughout the pastoral districts; a close body, a jaunty little cap on the head, with a heavy tassel, ornamented with gold or silver bands, silver clasps to their belts, and filigree buttons down the front, give them a very pleasing appearance. Of late years, however, fashion has begun to assert her sway, even in this isolated part of the world, and the native costume is gradually becoming modernized.

The pastor having joined the more congenial circle of which Zöega was the admired centre, I was left alone in the chilly little room allotted to travelers to meditate upon the comforts of Icelandic life. It was rather a gloomy condition of affairs to be wet to the skin, shivering with cold, and not a soul at hand to sympathize with me in my misery. Then the everlasting day—when would it end? Already I had been awake and traveling some fourteen hours, and it was as broad daylight as ever. Nothing could be more wearying than the everlasting daylight that surrounded me—not bright and sunshiny, but dreary and lead-colored, showing scarcely any perceptible difference between morning, noon, and night.

The coffee soon came to my relief, and the pastor followed it to wish me a good appetite and ask if I wanted any thing else. I again renewed the attempt at conversation, but it was too much for his nervous temperament and shrinking modesty. He always managed, after a few words, to slip stealthily away up into the loft or out among the rocks to avoid the appearance of intrusion, or the labor of understanding what I said, or communicating his ideas—I could not tell which.

lapses into long fits of silence, he got up and took his leave. Meantime Zöega was enjoying himself by the fire in the kitchen, surrounded by the female members of the family, who no doubt were eagerly listening to the latest news from Reykjavik. Whenever their voices be-



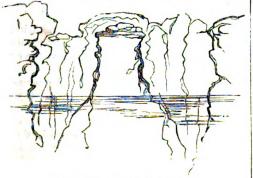


judgments, and executed their stern decrees. On a small plateau of lava, separated from the general mass by a profound abyss on every side, save a narrow neck barely wide enough for a foothold, the famous "Thing" assembled once a year, and, secured from intrusion in their deliberations by the terrible chasm around, passed laws for the weal or woe of the people. It was only necessary to guard the causeway by which they entered; all other sides were well protected by the encircling moat, which varies from thirty to forty feet in width, and is half filled with water. The total depth to the bottom, which is distinctly visible through the crystal pool, must be sixty or seventy feet. Into this yawning abyss the unhappy criminals were cast, with stones around their necks, and many a long day did they lie beneath the water, a ghastly

spectacle for the crowd that peered at them over the precipice.

All was now as silent as the grave. Eight centuries had passed, and yet the strange scenes that had taken place here were vividly before me. I could imagine the gathering crowds, the rising hum of voices; the pause, the shriek, and plunge; the low murmur of horror, and then the stern warning of the lawgivers and the gradual dispersing of the multitude.

The dimensions of the plateau are four or five hundred feet in length by an average of sixty or eighty in width. A diagram, taken from an elevated point beyond, will give some idea of its form. The surface is now covered with a fine coating of sod and grass, and furnishes good pasturage for the sheep belonging to the pastor.



SKELETON VIEW OF THE LÖGBERG



DIAGRAM OF THE LÖGBERG.



DOCTOR HAWLEY.

IN TWO PARTS .- PART I.



THE DOCTOR AND HIS DAUGHTER.

T was one of the brightest May mornings 1 that ever shone upon the trees and gardens which embower and perfume New Haven. Doctor Hawley stood at one of the front windows of his parlor, looking out upon the public square, or Green, and admiring, as if for the first time, the delicate freshness of its turf, the majesty of its ranked elms, and the graceful interlacing of shadows and sunlight which dropped from their branches. A handsome girl of eighteen stole up to him from behind and laid her healthy cheek on his shoulder.

"How you look at the Green!" she said, laughing. "Are you going to buy it, papa? Of course you will do something foolish, now that you are rich. But you sha'n't take that old stucco-sticco State-house, at any money."

"My dear, I wish I could take it and throw it into the bottom of the sea."

am so glad! Nobody ever deserved it better than you."

"I don't know why I deserve it, unless it is because I have an extravagant daughter to support," said the Doctor, caressing the girl's soft curling hair.

"Well, I will be extravagant now : I may be extravagant now. A quarter of a million! Oh, papa, I want a pony this summer, and I want a splendid set of furs next winter, and ever so many things more that you must help me think of .-A quarter of a million! a quarter of a million!" Shelaughed, waltzing about the room. " Oh. papa, stop looking so wise, and let us be foolish to-day. Here comes mamma. My dear Mrs. Hawley, shall I have the honor of polking with you, or must I ask the permission of your husband first? Papa, don't you for-

get that we are to have two hundred dollars to spend in New York to-morrow. As for the college-now don't be too generous to the college -ten thousand dollars is too much for the college. There is the new house, you know. There is my pony, my furs, and hosts of other things, you know."

"How you go on, you little spendthrift!" said the Doctor, turning round and pretending to shake his daughter. "You will have the fortune spent before I get it."

"But you have got it already. A year and a day, you remember. The time is up. If you let the fortune go now, mamma and I will have you put in the lunatic asylum."

"My dear, I am afraid that you will be there before me," smiled the Doctor. "Well, kiss me now, and let me go to walk. Yes, you shall have the pony; yes, and the furs too, though "But you are rich now, ain't you, papa? I not in this warm weather; yes, and the two



hundred dollars shall be ready for to-morrow. The college? Why I must give at least ten thousand to the college. It would be shabby to offer less to my Alma Mater, when I have been blessed so beyond my wants. There, little one [a kiss], I'll be back in an hour."

It was on this same May morning that the young man, Zedekiah Hull, was first observed in New Haven. When discovered by that venerable but alert and ever-watchful individual, the Oldest Inhabitant, he sat upon the marble steps of our brick and plaster State-house, devouring in extreme haste what looked like his luncheon, but might have been his breakfast. Our inquisitive fellow-citizen improved the occasion so far as to discover that this repast, whatever its name might be, consisted of perhaps half a pound of soda crackers, two red herrings, and one red apple. Zedekiah performed wonders of mastication, or rather of deglutition, for it would be an abuse of the public faith to give out the idea that he chewed. Solids went down as if they were fluids-two ravenous snaps sufficed to annihilate the dryest cracker—there was a stretching forward of the head, an anaconda writhing, and the mouthful was in the stomach. The Oldest Inhabitant, native American as he was, had never seen any thing like it in the whole course of his experience.

"I guess the young chap is in a hurry," said he to himself. "I guess he's got to go somewhere or do some errand right away. He keeps looking round as though he expected somebody or something.'

Our worthy neighbor was mistaken, for Zedekiah showed no haste to quit the scene of his gorging exploits, thereby proving that he had eaten thus rapidly, not from necessity, but from hunger or habit. Having finished his dessertfirst a bite of apple and then a bite of herringhe drew a long breath, unbuttoned his vest, picked his teeth with his fingers, surveyed the college and adjacent buildings, and at last, gathering up the fragment of newspaper which had contained his food, commenced reading it. Meantime the Oldest Inhabitant, leaning on his ivory-headed cane and looking over his silverbowed spectacles, took a note of the young man's appearance. At this momentous era of his life Zedekiah was a tall, lean creature of inharmonious proportions, clad in baggy, countryfied raiment of that economical reddish-brown broadcloth which holds so much dirt without showing it. His hat was a beaver, once round, but now many-sided; his boots were foxy, muddy, down at the heels, and out at the toes. His hair was a dry, thick, kinky mop; his mouth was usefully large, but showed his gums too much; his light-gray eyes contrasted unpleasantly with his dark, sun-burnt complexion. To be plain, he was not by any means a comely youth to look upon; and yet our social patriarch was right in surveying him with attention; for without him this story could not have been. And here permit me to remark, such is life, my reader. The Primitive Inhabitant looked after him with a

most unpromising person whom we meet in a day's walk may be the fruitful bough from which we are soon to gather the richest apples of ex-

"Hullo!" exclaimed Zedekiah. that's me!" he repeated, starting up, and glaring at a particular spot in the fragment of newspaper. Glancing around him now, and settling his small eyes upon the Oldest Inhabitant for one inquiring instant, he made a rush down the steps, and approached that ancient pride of our city.

"Haow air ye, mister?" said he. "Hold on a minit. Want to speak to ye."

Our friend did not find much difficulty in holding on, having done little else for the last twenty years, and being, as is well known, of a most sympathetic, not to say inquisitive, disposition. There he stood, bowing over his spectacles, and smiling under them with that blandness for which he is celebrated. He rather hoped, as I have since gathered from him, that Zedekiah was about to show him the bit of newspaper; but the cautious youth folded it up as he came near, and sticking it in his breastpocket, buttoned his coat over it.

"Mister, know a man by the name of Hawley-Alfred Hawley?" he asked.

"Certainly, Sir. Doctor Hawley, you mean, suppose? One of our leading citizens, and a very particular friend of mine, Sir," responded the Inhabitant.

"Is, eh? Ain't rich, is he?" continued Zed-

"He had a large fortune fall to him a year ago, Sir. It came from a cousin whom he hadn't seen for twenty years. One of the most remarkable incidents that I ever knew in the whole course of my experience, and I am an old man, Sir."

"That's the feller, I guess—that must be the very feller," observed Zedekiah, showing his gums with pleasure. "Where's his house, eh? Any wheres in sight?"

"Oh yes, certainly. You are a stranger here, I presume. From the country, perhaps?" inquired our insinuating old friend.

"Waal, like enough," admitted Zedekiah, wryly; for your real rustic hates to have his countryhood guessed. "But I'd be much obleeged if yeou'd show me his house. I'm in an allfired hurry to see him."

"He intends building very soon," observed the Inhabitant, tranquilly. "Of course he would. with that splendid fortune, Sir."

"Jes so," conceded Zedekiah. "But where's he live neow? That's the question."

"Do you see that white wooden house on the corner there, Sir, facing this way? That's the place. You are acquainted with the Doctor, perhaps?"

"Yes-no-much obleeged," hastily responded Zedekiah, turning away with a curt nod, and making direct for the indicated dwelling. The



sigh expressing disappointment, and perhaps | folks," stammered Zedekiah. "Ain't dressed some slight annoyance, but no reproach; for with all his curiosity he is a gentleman. How little did the creamy old soul suspect that he had set upon his good friend that friend's direst and mightiest enemy! Again I beg leave to remark that such is life, at least very often. At every turn of our daily walk, at every word of our conversation, we may do chance harm to some respected friend, or chance good to some hateful enemy.

Zedekiah's eager boots shuffled athwart the Green, roused the dust of the street, and grated on the Doctor's scraper. To gain entrance was a matter of time; for there was no knocker, and the young man had not yet been initiated into the mystery of door-bells. How could mere mother-wit ever guide him to take hold of that shining silver knob and pull it? Perhaps he never would have got in; perhaps he would have worn out his knuckles and his patience together; but just then the Doctor, for his ill-luck, came to the door with the intention of sallying out on his constitutional. There stood our model gentleman face to face with his enemy, neither of them aware that he was of much consequence to the other.

"Mornin'," remarked Zedekiah, scraping a boot and swinging his hands in so doing.

"Good-morning, Sir," answered the mild voice of the Doctor, while his gray uncovered head inclined courteously.

"This ain't Doctor Hawley, is it-Doctor Alfred Hawley?"

"It is, Sir. What can I do for you? Will you walk in?"

"Guess I will," said Zedckiah, as he sidled through the door-way. "Guess yeou want to see me. Advertised for me, didn't ye?"

"What name?" inquired the Doctor, with a quick breath, as he turned short upon the stranger.

"Hull-Zedekiah Hull. Shouldn't wonder if I was yeour nephew, kinder. Didn't you marry my Aunt Huldy, step-daughter to old Lifelet Hull, of Coventry?"

The Doctor's face flushed crimson, and he lifted his hand to his brows, as if that sudden whirl of blood had made him dizzy. The next moment he was just a little paler than his wont, but collected and courteous.

"Is it possible?" said he. "Are you the son of Nathan Hull, of Coventry?"

"Jes so-that's a fact; got the bull by the horns neow."

"Then you are my nephew, in a manner; and I-I am glad to see you," observed the Doctor, shaking hands and looking in Zedekiah's face with a smile that did not show how much effort those words cost him. "Yes, I have been wishing to find you. I have been advertising for you during the whole year past. But come into the parlor. Let me introduce you to your aunt and Cousin Hatty."

for it. Left my good clothes down to-"

He did not finish the sentence, for in fact he had left his good clothes so far off, and so long ago, that it would have been difficult to speak accurately of the circumstance.

"Hain't ye got a private place where we can talk it cout free and easy, Doctor?" he inquired, showing his gums beseechingly.

"Certainly, if you wish it. Come into my study, if you please."

In a moment more Doctor Hawley and his visitor were in the study alone. Zedekiah was urged into accepting the hospitality of a vast moroccolined arm-chair; but his spirit had been awed by a passing glimpse into a tastefully furnished parlor, and he had not the moral courage to fall back at his ease; he sat on the extreme edge of the cushion, his body bent forward, and his bony hands resting on his alto relievo knee-pans. His many-angled beaver had remained on his head thus far, but he now slipped it off, and put it on the floor behind him, where the Doctor could not see it; his feet he drew up close under his chair, to conceal, no doubt, the decayed condition of his boots.

"Yes, I have something of great importance to communicate to you," began the Doctor, suppressing a mild sigh. "But first let me ask you, had you an own uncle?'

"Yes, Uncle Abner—that is, Abner Hull farther's oldest brother. Farther lost a monstrous lot of money by him-two or three thousand dollars. I guess. That's what made farther poor; he never got up from it. Of course he and Uncle Abner always fit after that. Uncle went off to China, or some of them places. Hain't had a letter from him, I hain't, since-Waal, fact is, never did have a letter from him. Farther and he fit awful hard, and I guess uncle feels kinder shamed; oughter-don't yeou think so?-after cheatin' so."

"He is dead," was the Doctor's mild reply.

"Thunder! don't say?" exclaimed Zedekiah. "Waal, all got to die-every body's time comes. S'pose Aunt Huldy feels dreadful, don't she ?"

Evidently the Doctor did not know how to handle this question; for, after a perplexed twist of the lips, he passed it by in silence.

"I take it for granted," said he, "that you are my-my nephew; and I shall tell you my story under that supposition. You will then see how necessary it is for you to prove that you are the son of Nathan Hull, of Coventry."

"Prove! that's a good 'un! Don't I know? Oh, if it's a law case—'tis, eh? Waal, I can prove it. Don't you be skeered. Got the old Bible, with my name in it. Then there's lots o' folks in Coventry that'd know me yit, if I did cut and run from there five year ago. Ain't forgot so easy, I can tell ye."

"Very well. Now, then, to my story," returned the Doctor. "Your Uncle Abner did "No, no, not neow-not before the women not cheat your father; he simply lost money for



him; they were unfortunate together .-They quarreled, as you say. Alas! we are all apt to do that when we are in trouble. Adversity, while it is fresh, tries the temper painfully."

He looked just then as if his own temper were sorely tried, but he quelled it bravely, and did not even smile bitterness.

"Your uncle went to China as a common sailor," he continued; "left his ressel at Canton, and got a clerkship in a large tea-house; he was honest, industrious, capable, and won his employers' confidence. Yes, he was a worthy manas good, at least, as the average of us .-Well, at last he was taken into the partnership; and, to make a long story short, he gained a fortune. When he left Canton for America, a year and a half ago, he was worth

two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"Thunder! Two-hundred-and-fiftythousand-dollars! Good-gracious-glory!" gasped Zedekiah, mentally crushed by this enormity of wealth. Then he added, eagerly, ravenously: "Waal, what 'd he do with 't?"

"He brought it home with him. He hoped to enjoy it here, but it was too late - heart complaint," resumed Doctor Hawley, tenderly. "He only lived a fortnight after he reached New York. I attended him, along with Strothers, and we did what we could to make him comfortable; for it was useless to try to save him. He showed me his will, and appointed me his executor. Having neither wife nor child he was at liberty to repay many times over the loss which he had caused to your father. He was anxious also to make the name of Hull wealthy, as well as-as respectable. In short, he had left to Nathan Hull, of Coventry, and to his rightful heirs, the whole of that immense fortune. There was, indeed, a codicil-"

"O Lord!" groaned Zedekiah, looking white and sick as he fell back in the great morocco chair. "Oh, uncle! I'm dizzy-I'm afraid I'm



UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

glass of sherry, and held it to Zedekiah's lips; but the youth could only gasp at it as he sank into a merciful unconsciousness. Imagination, intellect, emotions, had been overtasked by the astounding intelligence, and he lay there helpless, a swooning heap of good fortune. To the door hurried the compassionate Doctor, and shouted down the hall: "Bridget! Bridget! Mrs. Hawley! Hatty! here, some of you! bring a tumbler of cold water!'

In another instant Mrs. Hawley, Hatty, and Bridget were bending over the senseless Zedekiah, and spilling upon him more or less of three tumblers of cold water. The Doctor directed a portion of the fluid to the ashy forehead, and untied the greasy checkered cravat which encircled the grimy neck.

"What is the matter with him, papa?" asked Hatty. "Was it a tooth? Isn't he ugly?"

"Hush, my child, he is coming to," responded papa, wiping the wet face with a clean towel, which thereby lost a trifle of its whiteness. "Aha! you are better now, Sir. Take a sip of the wine."

Zedekiah swallowed the sherry at a gulp, as he was accustomed to swallow. Then looking The Doctor ran to a cupboard, produced a up at the respectable pug-nosed Bridget, who,



muttering, "Poor crater, to be sure," was glowering at him with evident compassion, he inquired, faintly, "Is this my aunt?"

"His aunt, is it?" cried Bridget. "Blessed Mother, and he's my nephy, thin! Oh, darlint! But sure an' ye've changed wonderfully now."

"No, no, not you, Bridget. He's hardly himself yet. No relation of yours," whispered the Doctor. "You can go now, Bridget."

He closed the door after her and came back slowly, his head a little bent with thought, until, lifting it suddenly, he looked in the eyes of his wife and daughter with an expression which contained something of pain but more of pity.

"Mrs. Hawley, my dear," said he, "this is your nephew, Zedekiah Hull. Hatty, child, this is your cousin."

Perhaps it is very rare that a sober, respectable man sees his wife and daughter turn so pale as Mrs. Hawley and Hatty turned at this endearing announcement. Not a word did either of them utter, and not a hand did they put forth to their so-called relative. If he had been drowning at the instant, I am afraid that he would have gone under for the third time before they could have found presence of mind enough to scream for assistance. Hatty recovered herself first, and gave Zedekiah the tips of her shrinking fingers.

"Glad to see ye," he observed, favoring her with a bony gripe. "S'pose ye didn't know me? Heerd o' my good fortin, though, hain't ye?"

Hatty sent her father an alarmed look, and retreated out of Zedekiah's reach, stammering, "Very happy, I'm sure. Hope you are well?"

"Not quite yit. Feel putty pokerish 'bout the head. Uncle, jest another glassful o' that, will ye? Goes right to the spot. Thank'ee."

Just at this moment Mrs. Hawley advanced two steps, with a stilted, sliding stride, like that of tragic actors and puppet figures, thereby bringing herself directly in front of the interesting convalescent. It was not this worthy and decorous lady's usual manner of locomotion; but she had been half paralyzed by the unexpected advent of her nephew, and, as a consequence, her muscular action was somewhat spasmodic, if not downright jerky. In a voice of sepulchral glumness and solemnity she enunciated these four words:

"How-do-you-do?"

"Comin' reound," returned Zedekiah.—
"That's a prime article, that drink. So yeou're
my Aunt Huldy, then? Waal, haow yeou been?
But I can't talk, that's a fact, 'bout any thing
'cept that fortin. Where's the will, Doctor?
Let's have a sight on't. Any way, I've got the
hull, hain't I? Farther's dead, and mother's
dead, and I'm the only child."

The young brute really seemed to be glad that it was so, for there was a smile on his lips, and his little gray eyes sparkled. "Where's the will, uncle?" he repeated. "I want that the first thing."

The Doctor hesitated, and seemed about to reply, but turned away at last in grave silence. Stepping to a closet he unlocked a safe which stood within it, took out a small iron casket, and brought it to the table at Zedekiah's elbow. "My dear, and Hatty," said he, "perhaps you had better step into the other room. This is business."

The two ladies retired quietly, but not without giving the lord of their creation a glance of intense significance. By this time the sherry had warmed the blood of Zedekiah, and favored him with a delightfully brisk sense of his own opulence. The women folks out of the way, he leaped up and curveted round the room in a shuffling, informal dance, not known to ball-rooms of my acquaintance, slapping his pockets, rubbing his palms, and ending his demonstrations of gladness with a prolonged rooster crow.

"That's the dockyment, is it?" he cried, snatching the paper from the Doctor's hands. "That's old Uncle Ab's will, is it? Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars! Lord, uncle, I shall be the richest man in the State! Won't I roll up the dollars, though? Ain't a-goin' to stop at two hundred and fifty thousand. Make it twice that in five year. Corner lots, water privileges, Western lands! Darned if I don't buy a State!"

"You will observe that there is a codicil to the will," remarked the Doctor, gravely. "I was about to mention it to you when you fainted. It might have been of some importance; but now—"

"Codicil? What's that? Where is't?" interrupted Zedekiah, unfolding the paper.

"There. You will see that the property goes first to Nathan Hull and his heirs; but if they do not appear within a year after the death of the testator, why then—why in that case it goes—to me."

While the Doctor talked the young man read, his face growing longer in proportion as his eyes wandered down the page.

"When did Uncle Ab die?" he asked, with a quick, suffocated utterance.

"On the fifteenth of May, 1847."

"And what day is't to-day?" inquired Zede-kiah, almost voiceless.

"It is the seventeenth of May, 1848," said the Doctor, slowly and almost sadly.

"Then yeou—yeou—yeou git the money?" stammered the youth, as white as ashes once more.

"According to the law," replied Doctor Hawley, coloring up to his gray hair.

Zedekiah dropped the paper, and sank into the arm-chair with a look of utter misery. There was a dead silence of half a minute, during which the features of both men worked painfully.

"Oh! it's a cussed shame," groaned Zedekiah, starting up, and stamping about the room. "Yeou've got it all for yeourself. Darn yeou,



Why didn't yeou find me? Why didn't yeou look for me? Yeou didn't want to. Yeou didn't try to. Oh, yeou mean old sarpent, I wish I dared choke ye! Yeou oughter be choked for cheatin' so."

Incoherent exclamations of despair, sobs, tears, curses followed. The young fellow was almost beside himself with fury and grief at the loss of wealth which he had never possessed. A rich miser is wretched enough; but a miser without a penny!

"Listen to me, listen to me, I beg of you," cried the Doctor, repeatedly.

"I won't, I won't!" screamed Zedekiah. "Cuss ye! cuss ye! cuss ye! old swindler!"

"I order you to stop this, and listen," thundered the Doctor, clutching the arm of the semi-lunatic.

Zedekiah dropped into the chair, and became silent, exhausted with his violence.

"Now, then, hear me," continued Doctor Hawley, sternly. "I did my best to find some one of your family. I had you searched for by police detectives. I advertised for you in more than fifty papers.'

"Yeou might have found me if you'd tried; veou didn't want to," sniveled Zedekiah.

"You shall see whether I wanted to find you or not," said the Doctor, drawing himself up with a noble pride. He stopped a moment, wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, cast one glance heavenward for strength, and then came close to his blubbering companion.

"I give up all my claims," he said, in a low but steady voice; "I demand nothing. The property is yours, if you are the son of Nathan Hull, of Coventry."

Conceive, if you can, the amazement of a thoroughly selfish, vulgar spirit at such an exhibition of sublime generosity and fastidious honor. Zedekiah looked like a galvanized corpse as he rose to his feet with a jerk, his arms straight by his side, his knees bent, and glared upon the Doctor with open mouth, but dry and speechless throat. He gasped and stuttered: he found words at last; he hardly knew what he said; but he accepted.

It was just like our noble Doctor-this astonishing self-sacrifice—and he could not have done otherwise without turning off his own soul and calling in that of some other person. Doubtless he did hope that Zedekiah would not take all; but however that might be he felt bound to surrender all. There, facing his despicable rival, he stood, an impoverished man once more, and an old man to recommence the struggle of life, but rich in a pure conscience and shining honor, young in spirit as the immortal seraphs. Since the day that Adam fell from his primal nobility of nature earth has seen no truer, grander gentleman. And there stood, or rather crouched, Zedekiah Hull, blinking at an honest man as an owl blinks at the sun, scarcely believing yet in

yeou cussed old sneak, yeou've managed it! | gusting gratitude, and accepting the entire quarter of a million without even the grace to be ashamed of himself. Well, let us not berate the groveling lout very angrily for following out the instincts of his contemptible nature. If there were not base-minded people the moral average of humanity would be too high, and some great spiritual equilibrium which we do not comprehend would be lost, to the irretrievable injury of the universe. Zedekiah's soul, perhaps, was made up of those very shortcomings which could not be found in Dr. Hawley's character.

"You will want a lawyer, I suppose?" said the Doctor. "I can introduce you to one."

"No. Sir-ree!" returned the courteous youth. "Set o' cussed cheats. Charge like thunder and lightnin'. Chuse to manage it myself. All I've got to do is to put back to Coventry and git people to swear to me, and then come for the money. But I should like a leetle ready cash, uncle. 'Shamed to say so, but I ha'n't got a red cent. Didn't have much breakfast, nuther. So, if yeou could lend me a few dollars, I'll pay up the very day I git my fortin'."

The Doctor drew out his pocket-book and handed a bill to Zedckiah.

"Twenty dollars!" exclaimed the latter. "Thunder! Much obleeged. Didn't expect more'n five. Waal, yeou jes charge it, and it'll be all right. Good-by!"

This affectionate and grateful farewell was uttered at the gate, under the shadow of the great elm which blessed Dr. Hawley's door-yard. When the good gentleman returned into his house he had to undergo another interview as trying to his feelings, if not as stormy in language, as the one through which he had just struggled. Mrs. Hawley had been transformed into a rock of sulkiness, from which nothing flowed for some time but a copious fountain of tears; and it was evident to her husband that she had permitted her auricles to linger round the study door during his conversation with Zedekiah. He put his hand gently on her arm, and tried to draw her to a place on the sofa beside him; but she jerked away spitefully, and persisted in keeping her legs-if I may be allowed to use such an absurd and indelicate expression concerning an American lady.-Accordingly he seated himself alone and looked at her kindly, pityingly, while his generous heart poured forth its confessions and sentiments.

"My dear, I see that you know what has happened. I have given up this great fortune, which vesterday seemed ours, to the rightful heir of the man who made it."

Loud sniffs, sobs, and a renewed lachrymal gushing shook all the woman in Mrs. Hawley.

"I have always been an honest man, and have tried hard to be an honorable one," pursued the Doctor. "At sixty I am ashamed to commence a different course. The gray head must not conceive a thought that the brown head would have scorned. Zedekiah Hull is the man his good fortune, whimpering forth a mean, dis- whom the dying Abner Hull desired for his heir;





HUSBAND AND WIFE,

the name of Hull is the name that he wished to enrich; with his last breath he recommended that work to me; and, my dear, I promised to do it. It is true the time allotted for the duty is past, but is that the fault of this young man? Ought he to suffer because I fail to fulfill my word within a day or so of the hour agreed upon? Besides, how could I bear the ignominious suspicion that I made no carnest effort to discover him? 'You might have found me if you had tried; you didn't want to.' Did you hear him say that? Would you have the whole world repeating it after him? Now no one can say it. Oh, I should die of shame if I did not surrender this money. My dear, you promised at the altar to honor me as well as love me; do not wish me to do what would lose me your respect and my own."

"It's not his money; it's ours," whimpered the desperate lady. "It was my brother Abner made it, and he was willing I should have it."

"Sarah, you must remember that you are not a blood-relative of this Abner Hull; you are simply the daughter of a widow who became the second wife of Abner Hull's father. Abner and Nathan always loved you, and treated you as a sister, it is true; but you had no claims on

them by law or nature. And then, dear, the money was not left to you; it was left to me. It is to me that the blood-heir and all the world will turn for an account of it. My wife, the laws of honor and the laws of God must change before I can bring myself to keep it."

"You don't keep any thing," moaned Mrs. Hawley. "You don't keep your own money. Three years ago you had thirty thousand dollars, and now you haven't fifteen."

The Doctor writhed and his face worked and his face worked dolorously, but he answered with a tender calmness:— "How could I let my poor brother's name be dishonored? He died in debt to honest, hard-working men, to widows and orphans. How could I let them sufer because of him, when it was in my

power to prevent it? And then the life-annuity which I bought for his widow—you surely would not have had her—starve?"

"I know who'll starve: we shall," was Mrs. Hawley's retort. "Wait till you haven't a cent; then see who'll stand forward for you."

"God," replied Doctor Hawley, reverently bowing his head; "that is, if we be truly His children."

Mrs. Hawley quitted her isolation in the middle of the room and made a sobbing rush to her husband's bosom. A noble, stainless, loving bosom it was, not a whit inferior to Abraham's except in size; and there, if any where, pressed against its kindly throbbings, could the tossed and sorrowful woman find peace.

"Dear one! good wife!" he whispered, putting his arm around her, drawing her close to him and kissing her wet cheeks—"I knew that you would be of my mind. I knew that you would be willing to give up this fortune to the man for whom it was meant."

"Oh, my husband!" she sobbed, looking up pleadingly; "but—but not all. Why should we give up all?"

and Nathan always loved you, and treated you as a sister, it is true; but you had no claims on two hundred and fifty thousandth," said the Doc-



tor. "I must resign every penny; then, if he chooses to divide with me, well; if not, well!"

Alas, poor Doctor! he will have to say all this a great many times, and still he will not effectually convince nor satisfy Mrs. Hawley. I foresee that, to her latest breath, she will never be converted to his views for more than a moment at a time, nor ever cease longer than two consecutive hours to reproach him with having reduced her to beggary. Numerous were the painful labors which she and Hatty took up with him during the rest of that week.

"But oh, my pony and my furs, papa," reasoned Miss Hatty. "I was to have such a love of a pony and such beautiful furs; and now-"

"And now Mr. Hull will have them, I suppose," said the Doctor, smiling a little.

"You are too bad, papa," pouted Hatty.
"You keep making fun when I am ready to cry. Well, there was the college: you were going to give ever so many thousand dollars to the college; and now-'

"And now Mr. Hull will give them, let us hope," responded the incorrigible papa.

"He give them! he-he!" giggled Mrs. Haw-ley, with hysterical irony. "You know he won't, Doctor; you know it as well as I do."

"Just as well," smiled her husband, with the merest dash of kindly satire.

"And he'll take me to New York shopping, I suppose," continued the lady. "He'll give me those two hundred dollars, I suppose. And then there was the new house. I and Hatty had got all the plans made. Oh! I can't talk about it," concluded Mrs. Hawley, who had in fact been able to talk a great deal about it.

"My dear wife, do not let us despair so soon," urged the Doctor. "Mr. Hull may not prove to be the heir; or, if he is, he may divide with us."

"But what if he won't, papa?" supposed Hatty. "I am sure he looks just mean enough to keep every cent. Then how will you live? Fifteen thousand dollars won't support us?"

"No, child; certainly not. Of course I must go to practicing again."

"But you can't practice; you gave up your patients to Dr. Burnham."

"Very true, pussy; but we can leave New Haven. There are sick people in other places."

Leave New Haven! This was the last turn to the rack—the last pinch of the thumb-screw; and both ladies protested-yea, wept and bewailed themselves—as they felt the new twinge. Not live in New Haven, my dear, obstinate husband! my dear, bewildered papa! Mrs. Hawley was unreasonably but unconvertibly of the opinion that New Haven was the only place where people could live-unless, indeed, mere unhappy drawing one's breath might be called life. New York was a great, rich city, of course; but then it was only good for New Haven ladies to shop in. She could not live in New York; and, if not there, certainly not otherwheres. As for Hatty, I am obliged to confess her chief trouble

Forgive her; she was only eighteen; she still believed that students married!

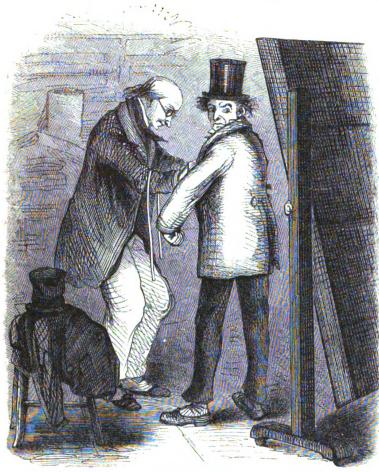
All this time the new turn of the legacy affair was kept as secret as possible, in order to avoid the questions and observations of the neighbors. The Doctor took his diurnal constitutional as usual; smiled as benevolently on humanity as before that selfish Zedekiah stepped between him and fortune; and humored as gently as ever the whimseys of the few old patients who still insisted on his daily presence, and would not put up with his juvenile successor. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance, as he passed you in the street, except the spotless neatness of his unpretending dress and the kindly, urbane dignity of his manner. His hair was very gray, his large blue eyes frank and mild, his cheeks slightly ruddy, his person somewhat stout, and his steps short. When he halted to shake hands with the Oldest Inhabitant, and congratulate that venerable being on his wonderful state of preservation, you observed that his utterance was slow, and indeed a little hesitating, but marked by the friendliest tones and an irreproachable grammar. As he passed on he smiled upon every one he met; and you saw that every one had kept a smile for him. A worthy, worshipful man, who walked amidst the public respect like a priest amidst swinging censers of veneration, but was not uplifted thereby; and ascribed all the praise to Him who maketh his children pure. I must confess that he did once in his life comfort himself with a little tender morsel of vanity. There was a sparkle of grateful pride visible in his eye as he privately told a dear friend that he never had been obliged to incur a debt, nor to offer a note at bank, nor to seek more than six per cent, on his investments. It was the merest, mildest zephyr of a boast; and yet he afterward felt mortified to think that he had let it blow through his spirit.

Returning homeward from one of these walks, and passing the station-house, the Doctor was startled by a rude slap on the shoulder, and the sound of a well-remembered voice, shrill and audacious as the skreel of a bagpipe. "Waal, haow are ye, uncle? And how's Aunt Huldy and Hatty?

"Oh, Mr. Hull! How do you do, Sir? I hope you have been very well," responded the Doctor, shaking hands with his sham kinsman and real enemy.

Zedekiah had not changed in dress since they parted, but he had changed greatly in manner. There was a flash of conceit in his ugly little eyes, an elevation to his pug nose, a sort of crippled strut in his shambling gait, and a swagger in his talk, which were even more disagreeable than his slouching meanness of port when last in New Haven. Altogether he reminded one of a shabby draggle-tailed rooster, who, having succeeded in reaching the top of an uncommonly high fence, feels moved to proclaim lay in thinking how she should miss the college. the fact to the world by ruffling his rusty feath-





IN FULL COSTUME.

ers and blurting forth a series of husky cock-adoodle-doos. A cold chill ran through the Doctor's kind and cheerful heart, as he saw, or thought he saw, that this man had come back triumphant. He longed to ask him outright concerning the results of his journey, for the sake of cutting short the misery of uncertainty; but that course did not exactly seem to him good manners, and so he talked of things that were far enough from interesting him at the moment. Meantime Zedekiah revealed his secret only by his air of boastful enjoyment. A secret is in itself a species of riches, and the sense of monopolizing one is very delicious to certain persons, more especially when the fact of that monopoly is supposed to fret and tantalize some one else. Perhaps no creature in the world has a more exquisite relish for a secret than that inquisitive individual, the country Yankee; for, judging his neighbors by himself, he has an exaggerated idea of their curiosity, and supposes that they are dying to have him open his knowing lips.

"Waal, now I oughter spruce up a little," remarked Zedekiah, halting to take a deliberate survey of his ungainly person. "'Twon't do to be goin' reound in these old clothes. I ain't bear with one another's infirmities. From shop

one of your miserly sort. Guess I'll strike right in somewhere and buy a suit ready made. Uncle, couldn't ye show a feller an honest store, where they don't charge too darnation high?"

"Of course I could. We have plenty of worthy people among our tradesmen."

"Guess yeou ain't mighty sharp, uncle," observed Zedekiah, with a grin of mingled incredulity, pity, and scorn. -"Waal, let's trot."

At the first shop they entered Zedekiah was mightily taken with a suit of black, which he said in a whisper was just the thing, because it would answer for both week-days and Sundays. The price of it, however, was forty dollars, and he swore that he would not give above thirty. After twenty minutes of haggling he beat the trades-

man down to thirty-seven dollars, but, still unsatisfied, he made a pretense of leaving the shop, audibly muttering his profane indignation at the attempted swindle.

"No, no!" whispered the Doctor, catching his arm, "it can not be a swindle. Mr. Smile is a most worthy man; a member of my own church."

"Waal, pitch into him, then!" returned Zedekiah. "Beat him down, can't ye? By thunder, I'd do as much for a dog any day.'

"Mr. Smile, is that the least you can take for the suit?" asked the poor Doctor, crimson with mortification.

"It is, really, I assure you, Sir," replied Mr. Smile respectfully, though with an injured air. In fact he had begun the barter by silently dropping five dollars from the asking price, merely because the gentleman appeared to be a friend of Doctor Hawley.

"Then, old cock, I sha'n't trade," shouted Zedekiah, reddening with rage, and stamping out of the door. The Doctor was violently tempted to quit the despicable boor, but he resisted the temptation, for the thought came across him that we had been commanded to immemorial controversy between buyer and seller. At last, piece by piece, here a garment and there a garment, Zedekiah collected an entire suit, at a price so moderate that it would seem incredible to one who had not witnessed the bearish pertinacity with which he fought down the market. At every shop he took off some portion of his old raiment, and substituted the article which he had just purchased. Behold him now, dressed in a hat of last year's fashion (only \$2 50), a light-green frock-coat with brass buttons, a sky-blue vest of figured silk, black pantaloons, mixed worsted stockings, and stout low shoes. In his arms he carries his cast-off clothes tied up in a huge bundle; for he has not been able to believe that the shop-keepers would honestly send them to him.

"Waal, guess I'd better be flyin' reound for my dinner," he observed, as they came upon the

"Of course you will go home and dine with us," said the poor Doctor, fairly bullied into the invitation by his ideas of courtesy. "My wife and daughter have hardly seen you yet. They will be happy to-to-"

The honest man stopped and choked, for he could not conscientiously say that they would be happy to welcome the creature.

"Can't do it, nohow," responded Zedekiah. "Expect to find some friends to the tavern. Got a lot of business on hand. Good-by.'

A wounded man, whose surgeon addresses to him a few vague words concerning the operation which is shortly to be performed on his suffering person, feels very much as Doctor Hawley did at hearing that allusion to multifarious business. But he walked away with a countenance so courageously cheerful, that one or two of his friends absolutely stopped to compliment him on his healthy and youthful appearance. Such is life, my readers: we look on a man and say, "You have not changed these ten years;" when behold since yesterday the world is a new world to him, either for grief or gladness.

The next morning a rumor got out and ran like a lamplighter through the city, proclaiming that Doctor Hawley had lost his great fortune in consequence of the advent of the blood-heir. The Oldest Inhabitant was ubiquitous that day, whispering in his impressive manner, that it was the most remarkable thing which had occurred in the whole range of his experience, he being an old man at the time of speaking. Not a person received the intelligence who did not respond with a blank, troubled stare, and then say heartily that he was very, very sorry to hear it. And when Doctor Hawley took his customary constitutional that afternoon, he received lower bows and kinder looks than ever before, notwithstanding that for thirty years he had been an exalted mark for his fellow-townsmen's respect and affection. Ah, ye cynics and satirists, this human nature of ours is a most re-

to shop they went, renewing every where the one feel proud of it. It is not perfect; it has its little failings and its great ones; but after all it is the best nature that we have ever seen; it is better than horse nature, monkey nature, or any other that inhabits earth.

One thing which every body said was, that the Doctor had been too magnanimous by just one half, and that he ought to have reserved one hundred and twenty-five thousand of the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for himself. Another universal opinion was, that this blood-heir would be guilty of unspeakable meanness, if he did not share equally with his benefactor, or at least force upon him a comfortable fortune. Certain worthy gentlemen who held these views determined to express them to Mr. Hull, and appointed the Oldest Inhabitant their spokesman. The old man eloquent undertook the mission with that cheerful alacrity which he throws into every enterprise that implies talking; but if he might have attained the age of his great prototype and forerunner, Methuselah, he would not have lived long enough to talk generosity into Zedekiah. The fellow's heart was a stone, a solid boulder of pure skinflint-no precious metal discoverable in it.

"No, Sir-ree!" he declared. "I ain't a going to give away no fifty thousand nor five thousand dollars of my money. I've got to pay him fifteen hundred for playin' executor, and that's enough. I tell yeou that I've known what it is to be poor, and now I mean to know what it is to be rich. I don't keer a leather dam what folks say. As long as I've got the rhino I can git waited on."

Zedekiah had to take a lawyer into his counsels; yes, I am happy to say that he was driven to that expense; but he made out his proofs. He had left Coventry at the full-grown age of eighteen, and he was now only twenty-three, so that he had not changed out of men's memories. Perhaps it would be well to dip a modest penful out of his history. When he was in his eighteenth year his father and mother died within a few weeks of each other, leaving him sole heir to a farm which was immediately devoured before his orphan eyes by three anacondas of mortgages. The next important event in his existence was a thrashing which he administered to the grav-headed schoolmaster of the place, in reprisal for flagellations inflicted, years before, upon his remiss and mulish boyhood. Having thus fulfilled an ancient oath, he left Coventry suddenly, before the sheriff could find him, and made his obscure way to the wildernesses of Eastern Maine, where he hired himself out as a log-cutter. Finding the wood there too hard for him, he migrated to Nova Scotia and set himself up for a schoolmaster. Still mindful of his own educational sorrows, he avenged them anew upon humanity by welting his pupils till their backs were as blue as their noses; and hence at last a coup d'école, struck by the indigspectable composition in the average, and I for | nant mothers of the parish, which resulted in



gogue. It was shortly after this misfortune that he wandered penniless and purposeless into New Haven, and became possessed of the fragment of old newspaper which contained the Doctor's advertisement. During the year that he spent in Nova Scotia he had scarcely seen an American paper, which accounts for his dumb silence amidst all the calls that were made upon him to appear.

Well, at last Zedekiah's witnesses and documents came to a full hearing in Doctor Hawley's life?

the belaborment and flight of the brutal peda- | study, and were adjudged by him and other competent persons to have made out a case which nothing could overthrow. The Doctor listened, read, and then quietly signed the prepared papers of transfer. The two hundred and fifty thousand dollars passed out of hands which did them honor, into the hands of a graceless booby who could not decently use the power contained in one of them. Will the reader forgive me if, before proceeding with my story, I snatch the opportunity to observe once more, that such is

ROMOLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE."



CHAPTER XXVII.

THE YOUNG WIFE.

HILE Tito was hastening across the bridge with the new-bought armor under his mantle, Romola was pacing up and down the old library, thinking of him and longing for his re-

It was but a few fair faces that had not looked forth from windows that day to see the entrance of the French king and his nobles. One of the few was Romola's. She had been present at no festivities since her father had died-died quite suddenly in his chair, three months before.

"Is not Tito coming to write?" he had said, when the bell had long ago sounded the usual hour in the evening. He had not asked before, from dread of a negative; but Romola had seen by his listening face and restless movements that nothing else was in his mind.

cardinal's: you know he is wanted so much by that before their marriage, and even for some

every one," she answered, in a tone of gentle excuse.

"Ah! then perhaps he will bring some positive word about the library; the cardinal promised last week," said Bardo, apparently pacified by this hope.

He was silent a little while; then, suddenly flushing, he said,

"I must go on without him, Romola. Get the pen. He has brought me no new text to comment on; but I must say what I want to say about the New Platonists. I shall die and nothing will have been done. Make haste, my Romola."

"I am ready, father," she said, the next minute, holding the pen in her hand.

But there was silence. Romola took no note of this for a little while, accustomed to pauses in dictation; and when at last she looked round inquiringly there was no change of attitude.

"I am quite ready, father!"

Still Bardo was silent, and his silence was never again broken.

Romola looked back on that hour with some indignation against herself, because even with the first outburst of her sorrow there had mingled the irrepressible thought, "Perhaps my life with Tito will be more perfect now!"

For the dream of a triple life with an undivided sum of happiness had not been quite fulfilled. The rainbow-tinted shower of sweets, to have been perfectly typical, should have had some invisible seeds of bitterness mingled with them; the crowned Ariadne, under the snowing roses, had felt more and more the presence of unexpected thorns. It was not Tito's fault, Romola had continually assured herself. He was still all gentleness to her, and to her father also. But it was in the nature of things-she saw it clearly now-it was in the nature of things that no one but herself could go on month after month, and year after year, fulfilling patiently all her father's monotonous exacting demands. Even she, whose sympathy with her father had made all the passion and religion of her young years, had not always been patient, "No, father, he had to go to a supper at the had been inwardly very rebellious. It was true



time after, Tito had seemed more unwearying her husband. confident readiness, and up to a certain point the growing irksomeness of pressure is tolerable; but at last the desire for relief can no longer be resisted. Romola said to herself that she had been very foolish and ignorant in her girlish time: she was wiser now, and would make no unfair demands on the man to whom she had given her best woman's love and worship. The breath of sadness that still cleaved to her lot while she saw her father month after month sink from elation into new disappointment as Tito gave him less and less of his time, and made bland excuses for not continuing his own share of the joint work—that sadness was no fault of Tito's, she said, but rather of their mevitable destiny. If he staid less and less with her, why, that was because they could hardly ever be alone. His caresses were no less tender: if she pleaded timidly on any one evening that he should stay with her father instead of going to another engagement which was not peremptory, he excused himself with such charming gayety, he seemed to linger about her with such fond playfulness before he could quit her, that she could only feel a little heartache in the midst of her love, and then go to her father and try to soften his vexation and disappointment, while inwardly her imagination was busy trying to see how Tito could be as good as she had thought he was, and yet find it impossible to sacrifice those pleasures of society which were necessarily more vivid to a bright creature like him than to the common run of men. She herself would have liked more gayety, more admiration: it was true, she gave it up willingly for her father's sake-she would have given up much more than that for the sake even of a slight wish on Tito's part. It was clear that their natures differed widely; but perhaps it was no more than the inherent difference between man and woman that made her affections more absorbing. If there were any other difference she tried to persuade herself that the inferiority was on her side. Tito was really kinder than she was, better tempered, less proud and resentful; he had no angry retorts, he met all complaints with perfect sweetness; he only escaped as quietly as he could from things that were unpleasant

It belongs to every large nature, when it is not under the immediate power of some strong unquestioning emotion, to suspect itself, and doubt the truth of its own impressions, conscious of possibilities beyond its own horizon. And Romola was urged to doubt herself the more by the necessity of interpreting her disappointment in her life with Tito so as to satisfy at once her love and her pride. Disappointment? Yes, there was no other milder word that would tell the truth. Perhaps all women had to suffer the disappointment of ignorant hopes, if she only knew their experience. Still, there had been something peculiar in her lot: her relation to her father had claimed unusual sacrifices from

Tito had once thought that his than herself; but then, of course, the effort had love would make those sacrifices easy; his love the ease of novelty. We assume a load with had not been great enough for that. She was not justified in resenting a self-delusion. No! resentment must not rise: all endurance seemed easy to Romola rather than a state of mind in which she would admit to herself that Tito acted unworthily. If she had felt a new heartache, in the solitary hours with her father through the last months of his life, it had been by no inexcusable fault of her husband's; and now-it was a hope that would make its presence felt even in the first moments when her father's place was empty-there was no longer any importunate claim to divide her from Tito; their young lives would flow in one current, and their true marriage would begin.

But the sense of something like guilt toward her father, in a hope that grew out of his death, gave all the more force to the anxiety with which she dwelt on the means of fulfilling his supreme wish. That piety toward his memory was all the atonement she could make now for a thought that seemed akin to joy at his loss. The laborious simple life, pure from vulgar corrupting ambitions, embittered by the frustration of the dearest hopes, imprisoned at last in total darkness-a long seed-time without a harvestwas at an end now, and all that remained of it besides the tablet in Santa Croce and the unfinished manuscript, long rambling commentary on Tito's text, was the collection of manuscripts and antiquities, fruit of half a century's toil and frugality. The fulfillment of her father's lifelong ambition about this library was a sacramental obligation for Romola.

The precious relic was safe from creditors, for when the deficit toward their payment had been ascertained, Bernardo del Nero, though he was far from being among the wealthiest Florentines, had advanced the necessary sum of about a thousand florins—a large sum in those days-accepting a lien on the collection as a security.

"The State will repay me," he had said to Romola, making light of the service which had really cost him some inconvenience. "If the cardinal finds a building, as he seems to say he will, our Signoria may consent to do the rest. I have no children, I can afford the risk."

But within the last ten days all hopes in the Medici had come to an end: and the famous Medicean collections in the Via Larga were themselves in danger of dispersion. French agents had already begun to see that such very fine antique gems as Lorenzo had collected belonged by right to the first nation in Europe; and the Florentine State, which had got possession of the Medicean library, was likely to be glad of a customer for it. With a war to recover Pisa hanging over it, and with the certainty of having to pay large subsidies to the French king, the State was likely to prefer money to manuscripts.

To Romola these grave political changes had gathered their chief interest from their bearing



on the fulfillment of her father's wish. had been brought up in learned seclusion from the interests of actual life, and had been accustomed to think of heroic deeds and great principles as something antithetic to the vulgar present, of the Pnyx and the Forum as something more worthy of attention than the councils of living Florentine men. And now the expulsion of the Medici meant little more for her than the extinction of her best hope about her father's library. The times, she knew, were unpleasant for friends of the Medici, like her godfather and Tito: superstitious shop-keepers, and the stupid rabble, were full of suspicions; but her new keen interest in public events, in the outbreak of war, in the issue of the French king's visit, in the changes that were likely to happen in the State, was kindled solely by the sense of love and duty to her father's memory. Romola's ardor had been concentrated in her affections. Her father's learning had remained for her a pedantry that was tolerable for his sake; and Tito's more airy brilliant faculty had no attraction for her that was not merged in the deeper sympathies that belong to young love and trust. Romola had had contact with no mind that could stir the larger possibilities of her nature; they lay folded and crushed like embryonic wings, making no element in her consciousness beyond an occasional vague uneasiness.

But this new personal interest of hers in public affairs had made her care at last to understand precisely what influence Fra Girolamo's preaching was likely to have on the turn of events. Changes in the form of the State were talked of, and all she could learn from Tito, whose secretaryship and serviceable talents carried him into the heart of public business, made her only the more eager to fill out her lonely day by going to hear for herself what it was that was just now leading all Florence by the ears. This morning, for the first time, she had been to hear one of the Advent sermons in the Duomo. When Tito had left her she had formed a sudden resolution, and after visiting the spot where her father was buried in Santa Croce, had walked on to the Duomo. The memory of that last scene with Dino was still vivid within her whenever she recalled it, but it had receded behind the experience and anxieties of her married life. The new sensibilities and questions which it had half awakened in her were quieted again by that subjection to her husband's mind which is felt by every wife who loves her husband with passionate devotedness and full reliance. She remembered the effect of Fra Girolamo's voice and presence on her as a ground for expecting that his sermon might move her in spite of his being a narrowminded monk. But the sermon did no more than slightly deepen her previous impression, that this fanatical preacher of tribulations was after all a man toward whom it might be possible for her to feel personal regard and reverence. The denunciations and exhortations simply arrested her attention. She felt no terror, no pange

of conscience: it was the roll of distant thunder, that seemed grand, but could not shake her. But when she heard Savonarola invoke martyrdom, she sobbed with the rest: she felt herself penetrated with a new sensation—a strange sympathy with something apart from all the definable interests of her life. It was not altogether unlike the thrill which had accompanied certain rare heroic touches in history and poetry; but the resemblance was as that between the memory of music, and the sense of being possessed by actual vibrating harmonies.

But that transient emotion, strong as it was, seemed to lie quite outside the inner chamber and sanctuary of her life. She was not thinking of Fra Girolamo now; she was listening anxiously for the step of her husband. During these three months of their double solitude she had thought of each day as an epoch in which their union might begin to be more perfect. She was conscious of being sometimes a little too sad or too urgent about what concerned her father's memory—a little too critical or coldly silent when Tito narrated the things that were said and done in the world he frequented—a little too hasty in suggesting that by living quite simply as her father had done, they might become rich enough to pay Bernardo del Nero, and reduce the difficulties about the library. It was not possible that Tito could feel so strongly on this last point as she did, and it was asking a great deal from him to give up luxuries for which he really labored. The next time Tito came home she would be careful to suppress all those promptings that seemed to isolate her from him. Romola was laboring, as every loving woman must, to subdue her nature to her husband's. The great need of her heart compelled her to strangle, with desperate resolution, every rising impulse of suspicion, pride, and resentment; she felt equal to any self-infliction that would save her from ceasing to love. That would have been like the hideous nightmare in which the world had seemed to break away all round her, and leave her feet overhanging the darkness. Romola had never distinctly imagined such a future for herself; she was only beginning to feel the presence of effort in that clinging trust which had once been mere repose.

She waited and listened long, for Tito had not come straight home after leaving Niccolò Caparra, and it was more than two hours after the time when he was crossing the Ponte Rubaconte that Romola heard the great door of the court turning on its hinges, and hastened to the head of the stone steps. There was a lamp hanging over the stairs, and they could see each other distinctly as he ascended. The eighteen months had produced a more definable change in Romola's face than in Tito's: the expression was more subdued, less cold, and more beseeching, and, as the pink flush overspread her face now, in her joy that the long waiting was at an end, she was much lovelier than on the day when Tito had first seen her. On that day any on-looker would have said that Romola's nature was made



to command, and Tito's to bend; yet now Romola's mouth was quivering a little, and there was some timidity in her glance.

He made an effort to smile, as she said,

"My Tito, you are tired; it has been a fatiguing day: is it not true?"

Maso was there, and no more was said until they had crossed the ante-chamber and closed the door of the library behind them. The wood was burning brightly on the great dogs; that was one welcome for Tito, late as he was, and Romola's gentle voice was another.

He just turned and kissed her, when she took off his mantle, then went toward a high-backed chair placed for him near the fire, threw himself into it, and flung away his cap, saying, not peevishly, but in a fatigued tone of remonstrance, as he gave a slight shudder,

"Romola, I wish you would give up sitting in this library. Strely our own rooms are pleasanter in this chill weather."

Romola felt hurt. She had never seen Tito so indifferent in his manner; he was usually full of lively solicitous attention. And she had thought so much of his return to her after the long day's absence! He must be very weary.

"I wonder you have forgotten, Tito," she answered, looking at him, anxiously, as if she wanted to read an excuse for him in the signs of bodily fatigue. "You know I am making the catalogue on the new plan that my father wished for; you have not time to help me, so I must work at it closely."

Tito, instead of meeting Romola's glance, closed his eyes and rubbed his hands over his face and hair. He felt he was behaving unlike himself, but he would make amends to-morrow. The terrible resurrection of secret fears, which, if Romola had known them, would have alienated her from him forever, caused him to feel an alienation already begun between them—caused him to feel a certain repulsion toward a woman from whose mind he was in danger. The feeling had taken hold of him unawares, and he was vexed with himself for behaving in this new cold way to her. He could not suddenly command any affectionate looks or words; he could only exert himself to say what might serve as an excesse.

"I am not well, Romola; you must not be surprised if I am peevish."

"Ah, you have had so much to tire you today," said Romola, kneeling down close to him, and laying her arm on his chest while she put his hair back caressingly.

Suddenly she drew her arm away with a start and a gaze of alarmed inquiry.

"What have you got on under your tunic, Tito? Something as hard as iron."

"It is iron—it is chain armor," he said at once. He was prepared for the surprise and the question, and he spoke quietly, as of something that he was not hurried to explain.

"There was some unexpected danger to-day, then?" said Romola, in a tone of conjecture. "You had it lent to you for the procession?" "No; it is my own. I shall be obliged to wear it constantly for some time."

"What is it that threatens you, my Tito?" said Romola, looking terrified, and clinging to him again.

"Every one is threatened in these times who is not a rabid enemy of the Medici. Don't look distressed, my Romola; this armor will make me safe against covert attacks."

Tito put his hand on her neck and smiled. This little dialogue about the armor had broken through the new crust, and made a channel for the old sweet habit of kindness.

"But my godfather, then," said Romola; "is not he, too, in danger? And he takes no precautions—ought he not? since he must surely be in more danger than you, who have so little influence compared with him."

"It is just because I am less important that I am in more danger," said Tito, readily. "I am suspected constantly of being an envoy. And men like Messer Bernardo are protected by their position and their extended family connections, which spread among all parties, while I am a Greek that nobody would avenge."

"But, Tito, is it a fear of some particular person, or only a vague sense of danger that has made you think of wearing this?" Romola was unable to repel the idea of a degrading fear in Tito which mingled itself with her anxiety.

"I have had special threats," said Tito, "but I must beg you to be silent on the subject, my Romola. I shall consider that you have broken my confidence if you mention it to your godfather."

"Assuredly I will not mention it," said Romola, flushing, "if you wish it to be a secret. But, dearest Tito," she added, after a moment's pause, in a tone of loving anxiety, "it will make you very wretched."

"What will make me wretched?" he said, with a scarcely perceptible movement across his face, as from some darting sensation.

"This fear—this heavy armor. I can't help shuddering as I feel it under my arm. I could fancy it a story of enchantment—that some malignant fiend had changed your sensitive human skin into a hard shell. It seems so unlike my bright, light-hearted Tito!"

"Then you would rather have your husband exposed to danger when he leaves you?" said Tito, smiling. "If you don't mind my being poniarded or shot, why need I mind? I will give up the armor; shall I?"

"No, Tito, no. I am fanciful. Do not heed what I have said. But such crimes are surely not common in Florence? I have always heard my father and godfather say so. Have they become frequent lately?"

"It is not unlikely they will become frequent, with the bitter hatreds that are being bred continually."

Romola was silent a few moments. She shrank from insisting further on the subject of the armor. She tried to shake it off.

"Tell me what has happened to-day," she



said, in a cheerful tone. "Has all gone off well?"

"Excellently well. First of all, the rain came and put an end to Luca Corsini's oration, which nobody wanted to hear, and a ready-tongued personage—some say it was Gaddi, some say it was Melema, but really it was done so quickly no one knows who it was—had the honor of giving the Cristianissimo the briefest possible welcome in bad French."

"Tito, it was you, I know," said Romola, smiling brightly, and kissing him. "How is it you never care about claiming any thing? And after that?"

"Oh! after that there was a show of armor, and jewels, and trappings, such as you saw at the last Florentine giostra, only a great deal more of them. There was strutting, and prancing, and confusion, and scrambling, and the people shouted, and the Cristianissimo smiled from ear to ear. And after that there was a great deal of flattery, and eating, and play. I was at Tornabuoni's. I will tell you about it to-morrow."

"Yes, dearest; never mind now. But is there any more hope that things will end peaceably for Florence—that the Republic will not get into fresh troubles?"

Tito gave a shrug. "Florence will have no peace but what it pays well for; that is clear."

Romola's face saddened, but she checked herself, and said, cheerfully, "You would not guess where I went to-day, Tito. I went to the Duomo to hear Fra Girolamo."

Tito looked startled; he had immediately thought of Baldassarre's entrance into the Duomo. But Romola gave his look another meaning.

"You are surprised, are you not? It was a sudden thought. I want to know all about the public affairs now, and I determined to hear for myself what the Frate promised the people about this French invasion."

"Well, and what did you think of the prophet?"

"He certainly has a very mysterious power, that man. A great deal of his sermon was what I expected; but once I was strangely moved—I sobbed with the rest."

"Take care, Romola," said Tito, playfully, feeling relieved that she had said nothing about Baldassarre; "you have a touch of fanaticism in you. I shall have you seeing visions like your brother."

"No; it was the same with every one else. He carried them all with him; unless it were that gross Dolfo Spini, whom I saw there making grimaces. There was even a wretched-looking man, with a rope round his neck—an escaped prisoner, I should think, who had run in for shelter—a very wild-eyed old man: I saw him with great tears rolling down his cheeks as he looked and listened quite eagerly."

There was a slight pause before Tito spoke.

"I saw the man," he said, "the prisoner. I mand was not peremptory, laying aside a picture was outside the Duomo with Lorenzo Torna- for months; sometimes thrusting it into a corner

"Has all gone off buoni when he ran in. He had escaped from a French soldier. Did you see him when you st of all, the rain came out?"

"No, he went out with our good old Piero di Cosimo. I saw Piero come in and cut off his rope, and take him out of the church. But you want rest, Tito? You feel ill?"

"Yes," said Tito, rising. The horrible sense that he must live in continual dread of what Baldassarre had said or done pressed upon him like a cold weight.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PAINTED RECORD.

Four days later Romola was on her way to the house of Piero di Cosimo, in the Via Gualfonda. Some of the streets though which she had to pass were lined with Frenchmen who were gazing at Florence, and with Florentines who were gazing at the French, and the gaze was not on either side entirely friendly and admiring. The first nation in Europe, of necessity finding itself, when out of its own country, in the presence of general inferiority, naturally assumed an air of conscious pre-eminence; and the Florentines, who had taken such pains to play the host amiably, were getting into the worst humor with their too superior guests.

For after the first smiling compliments and festivities were over-after wondrous Mysteries with unrivaled machinery of floating clouds and angels had been presented in churches-after the royal guest had honored Florentine dames with much of his Most Christian ogling at balls and suppers, and business had begun to be talked of-it appeared that the new Charlemagne regarded Florence as a conquered city, inasmuch as he had entered it with his lance in rest, talked of leaving his viceroy behind him, and had thoughts of bringing back the Medici. Singular logic this appeared to be on the part of an elect instrument of God! since the policy of Piero de' Medici, disowned by the people, had been the only offense of Florence against the majesty of France. And Florence was determined not to submit. The determination was being expressed very strongly in consultations of citizens inside the Old Palace, and it was beginning to show itself on the broad flags of the streets and piazze wherever there was an opportunity of flouting an insolent Frenchman. Under these circumstances the streets were not altogether a pleasant promenade for well-born women; but Romola, shrouded in her black veil and mantle, and with old Maso by her side, felt secure enough from impertinent observation.

And she was impatient to visit Piero di Cosimo. A copy of her father's portrait as Œdipus, which he had long ago undertaken to make for her, was not yet finished; and Piero was so uncertain in his work—sometimes, when the demand was not peremptory, laying aside a picture for mouths: sometimes thrusting it into a corner



or coffer, where it was likely to be utterly for- ing which he held in his hands, he went to place his progress. She was a favorite with the painter, and he was inclined to fulfill any wish of hers, but no general inclination could be trusted as a safeguard against his sudden whims. He had told her the week before that the picture would perhaps be finished by this time; and Romola was nervously anxious to have in her possession a copy of the only portrait existing of her father in the days of his blindness, lest his image should grow dim in her mind. The sense of defect in her devotedness to him made her cling with all the force of compunction as well as affection to the duties of memory. Love does not aim simply at the conscious good of the beloved object; it is not satisfied without perfect loyalty of heart; it aims at its own completeness.

Romola, by special favor, was allowed to intrude on the painter without previous notice. She lifted the iron slide and called Piero in a flute-like tone, as the little maiden with the eggs had done in Tito's presence. Piero was quick in answering, but when he opened the door he accounted for his quickness in a manner that was not complimentary.

"Ah, Madonna Romola, it is you! I thought

my eggs were come; I wanted them."
"I have brought you something better than hard eggs, Piero. Maso has got a little basket full of cakes and confetti for you," said Romola, smiling, as she put back her veil. She took the basket from Maso, and stepping into the house,

"I know you like these things when you can have them without trouble. Confess you do."

"Yes, when they come to me as easily as the light does," said Piero, folding his arms and looking down at the sweetmeats as Romola uncovered them and glanced at him archly. "And they are come along with the light now," he added, lifting his eyes to her face and hair with a painter's admiration, as her hood, dragged by the weight of her veil, fell backward.

"But I know what the sweetmeats are for," he went on: "they are to stop my mouth while you scold me. Well, go on into the next room and you will see I've done something to the picture since you saw it, though it's not finished yet. But I didn't promise, you know: I take care not to promise:

> "'Chi promette e non mantiene L'anima sua non va mai bene.'"

The door opening on the wild garden was closed now, and the painter was at work. Not at Romola's picture, however. That was standing on the floor, propped against the wall, and Piero stooped to lift it, that he might carry it into the proper light. But in lifting away this picture he had disclosed another-the oil-sketch of Tito, to which he had made an important addition within the last few days. It was so much smaller than the other picture that it stood far within it, and Piero, apt to forget where he had placed any thing, was not aware of what he had revealed as, peering at some detail in the paint-

gotten—that she felt it necessary to watch over it on an easel. But Romola exclaimed, flushing with astonishment,

"That is Tito!"

Piero looked round, and gave a silent shrug. He was vexed at his own forgetfulness.

She was still looking at the sketch in astonishment; but presently she turned toward the painter and said, with puzzled alarm,

"What a strange picture! When did you paint it? What does it mean?"

"A mere fancy of mine," said Piero, lifting off his skull-cap, scratching his head, and making the usual grimace by which he avoided the betrayal of any feeling. "I wanted a handsome young face for it, and your husband's was just the thing.

He went forward, stooped down to the picture, and, lifting it away with its back to Romola, pretended to be giving it a passing examination before putting it aside as a thing not good enough to show.

But Romola, who had the fact of the armor in her mind, and was penetrated by this strange coincidence of things which associated Tito with the idea of fear, went to his elbow and said,

"Don't put it away; let me look again. That man with the rope round his neck-I saw him-I saw you come to him in the Duomo. What was it that made you put him into a picture with Tito?"

Piero saw no better resource than to tell part of the truth.

"It was a mere accident. The man was running away-running up the steps, and caught hold of your husband: I suppose he had stumbled. I happened to be there and saw it, and I thought the savage-looking old fellow was a good subject. But it's worth nothing—it's only a freakish daub of mine," Piero ended, contemptuously, moving the sketch away with an air of decision, and putting it on a high shell. "Come and look at the Œdipus."

He had shown a little too much anxiety in putting the sketch out of her sight, and had produced the very impression he had sought to prevent-that there was really something unpleasant, something disadvantageous to Tito, in the circumstances out of which the picture arose. But this impression silenced her: her pride and delicacy shrank from questioning further, where questions might seem to imply that she could entertain even a slight suspicion against her husband. She merely said, in as quiet a tone as she could,

"He was a strange, piteous-looking man, that prisoner. Do you know any thing more of him?"

"No more: I showed him the way to the hospital, that's all. See, now, the face of Œdipus is pretty nearly finished; tell me what you think of it.'

Romola now gave her whole attention to her father's portrait, standing in long silence before

"Ah!" she said at last, "you have done what



I wanted. My good Piero"-she turned toening look. ward him with bright moist eyes-"I am very grateful to you."

"Now that's what I can't bear in you women," said Piero, turning impatiently, and kicking aside the objects that littered the floor-"you are always pouring out feelings where there's no call for them. Why should you be grateful to me for a picture you pay me for, especially when I make you wait for it? And if I paint a picture I suppose it's for my own pleasure and credit to paint it well, eh? Are you to thank a man for not being a rogue or a noodle? It's enough if he himself thanks Messer Domeneddio, who has made him neither the one nor the other. But women think walls are held together with honey."

"You crusty Piero! I forgot how snappish you are. Here, put this nice sweetmeat in your mouth," said Romola, smiling through her tears, and taking something very crisp and sweet from the little basket.

Piero accepted it very much as that proverbial bear that dreams of pears might accept an exceedingly mellow "swan-egg"-really liking the gift, but accustomed to have his pleasures and pains concealed under a shaggy coat.

"It's good, Madonna Antigone," said Piero, putting his fingers in the basket for another. He had eaten nothing but hard eggs for a fortnight. Romola stood opposite him, feeling her new anxiety suspended for a little while by the sight of this naïve enjoyment.

"Good-by, Piero," she said, presently, setting down the basket. "I promise not to thank you if you finish the portrait soon and well. I will tell you, you were bound to do it for your own credit."

"Good," said Piero, curtly, helping her to fold her mantle and veil round her with much deftness.

"I'm glad she asked no more questions about that sketch," he thought, when he had closed the door behind her. "I should be sorry for her to guess that I thought her fine husband a good model for a coward. But I made light of it; she'll not think of it again."

Piero was too sanguine, as open-hearted men are apt to be when they attempt a little clever simulation. The thought of the picture pressed more and more on Romola as she walked homeward. She could not help putting together the two facts of the chain armor and the encounter mentioned by Piero, between her husband and the prisoner, which had happened on the morning of the day when the armor was adopted. That look of terror which the painter had given Tito, had he seen it? What could it all mean?

"It means nothing," she tried to assure herself. "It was a mere coincidence. Shall I ask Tito about it?" Her mind said at last, "No: I will not question him about any thing he did not tell me spontaneously. It is an of-fense against the trust I owe him." Her heart before breakfast. We Florentines count some said, "I dare not ask him." There was a terri- other qualities in a man besides that vulgar

You have given it more of the list- | ble flaw in the trust: she was afraid of any hasty movement, as men are who hold something precious and want to believe that it is not broken.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A MOMENT OF TRIUMPH.

"THE old fellow has vanished; went on toward Arezzo the next morning; not liking the smell of the French, I suppose, after being their prisoner. I went to the hospital to inquire after him; I wanted to know if those brothmaking monks had found out whether he was in his right mind or not. However, they said he showed no signs of madness-only took no notice of questions, and seemed to be planting a vine twenty miles off. He was a mysterious old tiger. I should have liked to know something more about him."

It was in Nello's shop that Piero di Cosimo was speaking, on the twenty-fourth of November, just a week after the entrance of the French. There was a party of six or seven assembled at the rather unusual hour of three in the afternoon; for it was a day on which all Florence was excited by the prospect of some decisive political event. Every lounging-place was full, and every shop-keeper who had no wife or deputy to leave in charge stood at his door with his thumbs in his belt; while the streets were constantly sprinkled with artisans pausing or passing lazily like floating splinters, ready to rush forward impetuously if any object attracted them.

Nello had been thrumming the lute as he half sat on the board against the shop window, and kept an outlook toward the piazza.

"Ah," he said, laying down the lute, with emphasis, "I would not for a gold florin have missed that sight of the French soldiers waddling in their broad shoes after their runaway prisoners! That comes of leaving my shop to shave magnificent chins. It is always so: if ever I quit this navel of the earth something takes the opportunity of happening in my piazza."

"Yes, you ought to have been there," said Piero, in his biting way, "just to see your favorite Greek look as frightened as if Satanasso had laid hold of him. I like to see your ready smiling Messeri caught in a sudden wind and obliged to show their lining in spite of themselves. What color do you think a man's liver is who looks like a bleached deer as soon as a chance stranger lays hold of him suddenly?"

"Piero, keep that vinegar of thine as sauce to thy own eggs! Suffocation! What is it against my bel crudito that he looked startled when he felt a pair of claws upon him and saw an unchained madman at his elbow? Your scholar is not like those beastly Swiss and Germans whose heads are fit for nothing but battering-rams, and who have such large appetites



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stuff called bravery, which is to be got by hiring | dunderheads at so much per dozen. I tell you, as soon as men found out they had more brains than oxen they set the oxen to draw for them; and when we Florentines found out that we had more brains than other men we set them to fight for us."

"Treason, Nello!" a voice called out from the inner sanctum; "that is not the doctrine of the State. Florence is grinding its weapons; and the last well-authenticated vision announced by the Frate was Mars standing on the Palazzo Vecchio with his arm on the shoulder of San Giovanni Battista, who was offering him a piece of honey-comb."

"It is well, Francesco," said Nello. "Florence has a few thicker skulls that may do to bombard Pisa with; there will still be the finer spirits left at home to do the thinking and the shaving. And as for our Piero here, if he makes such a point of valor, let him carry his biggest brush for a weapon and his pallet for a shield, and challenge the widest-mouthed Swiss he can see in the Prate to a single combat."

"Va, Nello," growled Piero, "thy tongue runs on as usual, like a mill when the Arno's full-whether there's grist or not."

"Excellent grist, I tell thee. For it would be as reasonable to expect a grizzled painter like thee to be fond of getting a javelin inside thee as to expect a man whose wits have been sharpened on the classics to like having his handsome face clawed by a wild beast."

"There you go, supposing you'll get people to put their legs into a sack because you call it a pair of hosen," said Piero. "Who said any thing about a wild beast, or about an unarmed man rushing on battle? Fighting is a trade, and it's not my trade. I should be a fool to run after danger, but I could face it if it came to me."

"How is it you're so afraid of the thunder then, my Piero?" said Nello, determined to chase down the accuser. "You ought to be able to understand why one man is shaken by a thing that seems a trifle to others—you who hide yourself with the rats as soon as a storm comes on."

"That is because I have a particular sensibility to loud sounds; it has nothing to do with my courage or my conscience."

"Well, and Tito Melema may have a peculiar sensibility to being laid hold of unexpectedly by prisoners who have run away from French soldiers. Men are born with antipathies; I myself can't abide the smell of mint. Tito was born with an antipathy to old prisoners who stumble and clutch. Ecco!"

There was a general laugh at Nello's defense, and it was clear that Piero's disinclination toward Tito was not shared by the company. The painter, with his undecipherable grimace, took the tow from his scarsella and stuffed his ears, as a sign of indignant contempt, while Nello went on triumphantly:

bel erudito decried; and Florence can't afford it either, with her scholars moulting off her at the early age of forty. Our Phænix Pico just gone straight to Paradise, as the Frate has informed us; and the incomparable Poliziano, not two months since, gone to- Well, well, let us hope he is not gone to the eminent scholars in the Malebolge."

"By-the-way," said Francesco Cei, "have you heard that Camilla Rucellai has outdone the Frate in her prophecies? She prophesied two years ago that Pico would die in the time of lilies. He has died in November. 'Not at all the time of lilies,' said the scorners. 'Go to!' says Camilla; 'it is the lilies of France I meant, and it seems to me they are close enough under your nostrils.' I say, 'Euge, Camilla!' If the Frate can prove that any one of his visions has been as well fulfilled, I'll declare myself a piagnone to-morrow."

"You are something too flippant about the Frate, Francesco," said Pietro Cennini, the scholarly. "We are all indebted to him in these weeks for preaching peace and quietness, and the laving aside of party quarrels. They are men of small discernment who would be glad to see the people slipping the Frate's leash just now. And if the Most Christian King is obstinate about the treaty to-day, and will not sign what is fair and honorable to Florence, Fra Girolamo is the man we must trust in to bring him to reason."

"You speak truth, Messer Pietro," said Nello, "the Frate is one of the firmest nails Florence has to hang on-at least, that is the opinion of the most respectable chins I have the honor of shaving. But young Messer Niccolò was saying here the other morning-and, doubtless, Francesco means the same thing-there is as wonderful a power of stretching in the meaning of visions as in Dido's bull's hide. A dream may mean whatever comes after it, mi pare. As our Franco Sacchetti says, a woman dreams overnight of a serpent biting her, breaks a drinkingcup the next day, and cries out, 'Look you, I thought something would happen-it's plain now what the serpent meant."

"But the Frate's visions are not of that sort," said Cronaca. "He not only says what will happen-that the Church will be scourged and renovated, and the heathers converted—he says it shall happen quickly. He is no slippery pretender who provides loopholes for himself, he is--"

"What is this? what is this?" exclaimed Nello, jumping off the desco, and putting his head out at the door. "Here are people streaming into the piazza, and shouting. Something must have happened in the Via Larga. Aha!' he burst forth with delighted astonishment, stepping out, laughing, and waving his cap.

All the rest of the company hastened to the door. News from the Via Larga was just what they had been waiting for. But if the news had come into the piazza, they were not a little sur-"No, my Piero, I can't afford to have my prised at the form of its advent. Carried above



the shoulders of the people, on a bench apparently snatched up in the street, sat Tito Melema, in smiling amusement at the compulsion he was under. His cap had slipped off his head, and hung by the becchetto which was wound loosely round his neck; and as he saw the group at Nello's door he lifted up his fingers in beckoning recognition. The next minute he had leaped from the bench on to a cart filled with bales that stood in the broad space between the Baptistery and the steps of the Duomo, while the people swarmed round him with the noisy eagerness of poultry expecting to be fed. But there was silence when he began to speak in his clear mellow voice-

"Citizens of Florence! I have no warrant to tell the news except your will. But the news is good, and will harm no man in the telling. The Most Christian King is signing a treaty that is honorable to Florence. But you owe it to one of your citizens, who spoke a word worthy of the ancient Romans—you owe it to Piero Capponi!"

Immediately there was a roar of voices.

"Capponi! Capponi! What said our Piero?" "Ah! he wouldn't stand being sent from Herod to Pilate!" "We knew Piero!" "Orsu! Tell us what did he say?"

When the roar of insistence had subsided a little, Tito began again:

"The Most Christian King demanded a little too much-was obstinate-said at last, 'I shall order my trumpets to sound.' Then Florentine citizens! your Piero Capponi, speaking with the voice of a free city, said, 'If you sound your trumpets, we will ring our bells!' He snatched the copy of the dishonoring conditions from the hands of the secretary, tore it in pieces, and turned to leave the royal presence."

Again there were loud shouts—and again impatient demands for more.

"Then, Florentines, the high majesty of France felt, perhaps for the first time, all the majesty of a free city. And the Most Christian King himself hastened from his place to call Piero Capponi back. The great spirit of your Florentine city did its work by a great word, without need of the great actions that lay ready behind it. And the King has consented to sign the treaty, which preserves the honor, as well as the safety, of Florence. The banner of France will float over every Florentine galley in sign of amity and common privilege, but above that banner will be written the word 'Liberty!'

"That is all the news I have to tell; is it not enough?-since it is for the glory of every one of you, citizens of Florence, that you have a fellow-citizen who knows how to speak your will."

with inward amusement at the various crowd, each of whom was elated with the notion that Piero Capponi had somehow represented himthat he was the mind of which Capponi was the mouth-piece. He enjoyed the humor of the in- the enthusiasm which he had fed contemptuous-

alien and a friend of the Medici, into an orator who tickled the ears of the people blatant for some unknown good which they called liberty. He felt quite glad that he had been laid hold of and hurried along by the crowd as he was coming out of the palace in the Via Larga with a commission to the Signoria. It was very easy, very pleasant, this exercise of speaking to the general satisfaction: a man who knew how to persuade need never be in danger from any party; he could convince each that he was feigning with all the others. The gestures and faces of weavers and dyers were certainly amusing when looked at from above in this way. Tito was beginning to get easier in his armor, and at this moment was quite unconscious of it. He stood with one hand holding his recovered cap, and with the other at his belt, the light of a complacent smile in his long lustrous eyes, as he made a parting reverence to his audience, before springing down from the bales-when suddenly his glance met that of a man who had not at all the amusing aspect of the exulting weavers, dyers, and wool-carders. The face of this man was clean shaven, his hair close-clipped, and he wore a decent felt hat. A single glance would hardly have sufficed to assure any one but Tito that this was the face of the escaped prisoner who had laid hold of him on the steps. But to Tito it came not simply as the face of the escaped prisoner, but as a face with which he had been familiar long, long years before

It seemed all compressed into a second—the sight of Baldassarre looking at him, the sensation shooting through him like a fiery arrow, and the act of leaping from the cart. He would have leaped down in the same instant, whether he had seen Baldassarre or not, for he was in a hurry to be gone to the Palazzo Vecchio: this time he had not betraved himself by look or movement, and he said inwardly that he should not be taken by surprise again; he should be prepared to see this face rise up continually like the intermittent blotch that comes in diseased vision. But this reappearance of Baldassarre so much more in his own likeness tightened the pressure of dread: the idea of his madness lost its likelihood now he was shaven and clad like a decent though poor citizen. Certainly, there was a great change in his face; but how could it be otherwise? And yet, if he were perfectly sane-in possession of all his powers and all his learning-why was he lingering in this way before making known his identity? It must be for the sake of making his scheme of vengeance more complete. But he did linger: that at least gave an opportunity for flight. And Tito began to think that flight was his only resource.

But while he, with his back turned on the As the shouts rose again, Tito looked round Piazza del Duomo, had lost the recollection of the new part he had been playing, and was no longer thinking of the many things which a ready brain and tongue made easy, but of a few things which destiny had somehow made very difficult, cident, which had suddenly transformed him, an ly was creating a scene in that piazza in grand



contrast with the inward drama of self-centred the passionate desire for vengeance that posfear which he had carried away from it.

The crowd, on Tito's disappearance, had begun to turn their faces toward the outlets of the piazza in the direction of the Via Larga, when the sight of Mazzieri, or mace-bearers, entering from the Via de' Martelli, announced the approach of dignitaries. They must be the syndics, or commissioners, charged with the effecting of the treaty; the treaty must be already signed, and they had come away from the royal presence. Piero Capponi was coming-the brave heart that had known how to speak for Florence. The effect on the crowd was remarkable; they parted with softening, dropping voices, subsiding into silence—and the silence became so perfect that the tread of the syndics on the broad pavement, and the rustle of their black silk garments, could be heard, like rain in the night. There were four of them; but it was not the two learned doctors of law, Messer Guidantonio Vespucci and Messer Domenico Bonsi, that the crowd waited for; it was not Francesco Valori, popular as he had become in these late days. The moment belonged to another man, of firm presence, as little inclined to humor the people as to humor any other unreasonable claimants-loving order, like one who by force of fortune had been made a merchant, and by force of nature had become a soldier. It was not till he was seen at the entrance of the piazza that the silence was broken, and then one loud shout of "Capponi, Capponi! Well done, Capponi!" rang through the piazza.

The simple, resolute man looked round him with grave joy. His fellow-citizens gave him a great funeral two years later, when he had died in fight: there were torches carried by all the magistracy, and torches again, and trains of banners. But it is not known that he felt any joy in the oration that was delivered in his praise, as the banners waved over his bier. Let us be glad that he got some thanks and praise while he lived.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE AVENGER'S SECRET.

Ir was the first time that Baldassarre had been in the Piazza del Duomo since his escape. He had a strong desire to hear the remarkable monk preach again, but he had shrunk from reappearing in the same spot where he had been seen half naked, with neglected hair, with a rope round his neck-in the same spot where he had been called a madman. The feeling, in its freshness, was too strong to be overcome by any trust he had in the change he had made in his appearance; for when the words "some madman, surely," had fallen from Tito's lips, it was not their baseness and cruelty only that had made their viper sting-it was Baldassarre's instantaneous bitter consciousness that he might be

sessed him had arisen the keen sense that his power of achieving the vengeance was doubtful. It was as if Tito had been helped by some diabolical prompter, who had whispered Baldassarre's saddest secret in the traitor's ear. He was not mad; for he carried within him that piteous stamp of sanity-the clear consciousness of shattered faculties: he measured his own feebleness. With the first movements of vindictive rage awoke a vague caution, like that of a wild beast that is fierce but feeble-or like that of an insect whose little fragment of earth has given way, and made it pause in a palsy of distrust. It was this distrust, this determination to take no step which might betray any thing concerning himself, that had made Baldassarre reject Piero di Cosimo's friendly advances.

He had been equally cautious at the hospital, only telling, in answer to the questions of the brethren there, that he had been made a prisoner by the French on his way from Genoa. But his age, and the indications in his speech and manner that he was of a different class from the ordinary mendicants and poor travelers who were entertained in the hospital, had induced the monks to offer him extra charity-a coarse woolen tunic to protect him from the cold, a pair of peasant's shoes, and a few danari, smallest of Florentine coins, to help him on his way. He had gone on the road to Arezzo early in the morning; but he had paused at the first little town, and had used a couple of his danari to get himself shaved and to have his circle of hair clipped short, in his former fashion. The barber there had a little hand-mirror of bright steel: it was a long while, it was years, since Baldassarre had looked at himself; and now, as his eyes fell on that hand-mirror, a new thought shot through his mind. "Was he so changed that Tito really did not know him?" The thought was such a sudden arrest of impetuous currents that it was a painful shock to him: his hand shook like a leaf as he put away the barber's arm and asked for the mirror. He wished to see himself before he was shaved. The barber, noticing his tremulousness, held the mirror for him.

No; he was not so changed as that. He himself had known the wrinkles as they had been three years ago; they were only deeper now: there was the same rough, clumsy skin, making little superficial bosses on the brow, like so many cipher marks; the skin was only yellower, only looked more like a lifeless rind. That shaggy white beard—it was no disguise to eyes that had looked closely at him for sixteen years—to eves that ought to have searched for him with the expectation of finding him changed, as men search for the beloved among the bodies cast up by the waters. There was something different in his glance, but it was a difference that should only have made the recognition of him the more startling: for is not a known voice all the more thrilling when it is heard as a cry? But the doubt was folly: he had felt that Tito knew him. He unable to prove the words false. Along with put out his hand and pushed the mirror away.



the energies of hatred and vengeance were active once more.

He went back on the way toward Florence again, but he did not wish to enter the city till dusk; so he turned aside from the high-road. and sat down by a little pool shadowed on one side by alder-bushes still sprinkled with yellow leaves. It was a calm November day, and he no sooner saw the pool than he thought its still surface might be a mirror for him. He wanted to contemplate himself slowly, as he had not dared to do in the presence of the barber. He sat down on the edge of the pool, and bent forward to look earnestly at the image of himself.

Was there something wandering and imbecile in his face-something like what he felt in his mind?

Not now; not when he was examining himself with a look of eager inquiry: on the contrary, there was an intense purpose in his eyes. But at other times? Yes, it must be so: in the long hours when he had the vague aching of an unremembered past within him-when he seemed to sit in dark loneliness, visited by whispers which died out mockingly as he strained his ear after them, and by forms that seemed to approach him and float away as he thrust out his hand to grasp them - in those hours, doubtless, there must be continual frustration and amazement in his glance. And, more horrible still, when the thick cloud parted for a moment, and, as he sprang forward with hope, rolled together again and left him helpless as before, doubtless then there was a blank confusion in his face, as of a man suddenly smitten with blindness.

Could he prove any thing? Could he even begin to allege any thing with the confidence that the links of thought would not break away? Would any believe that he had ever had a mind filled with rare knowledge, busy with close thoughts, ready with various speech? It had all slipped away from him-that laboriouslygathered store. Was it utterly and forever gone from him, like the waters from an urn lost in the wide ocean? Or was it still within him, imprisoned by some obstruction that might one day break asunder?

It might be so; he tried to keep his grasp on that hope. For, since the day when he had first walked feebly from his couch of straw and had felt a new darkness within him under the sunlight, his mind had undergone changes, partly gradual and persistent, partly sudden and fleeting. As he had recovered his strength of body he had recovered his self-command and the energy of his will, he had recovered the memory of all that part of his life which was closely inwrought with his emotions; and he had felt more and more constantly and painfully the uneasy sense of lost knowledge. But more than thatonce or twice, when he had been strongly excited, he had seemed momentarily to be in entire possession of his past self, as old men doze for an instant and get back the consciousness of their vouth: he seemed again to see Greek pages and and along the sea-board of Asia Minor, Baldas-

The strong currents were rushing on again, and | understand them, again to feel his mind moving unbenumbed among familiar ideas. It had been but a flash, and the darkness closing in again seemed the more horrible; but might not the same thing happen again for longer periods? If it would only come and stay long enough for him to achieve a revenge-devise an exquisite suffering, such as a mere right arm could never infliot!

> He raised himself from his stooping attitude, and, folding his arms, attempted to concentrate all his mental force on the plan he must immediately pursue. He had to wait for knowledge and opportunity, and while he waited he must have the means of living without beggary. What he dreaded of all things now was, that any one should think him a foolish, helpless old man. No one must know that half his memory was gone: the lost strength might come again; and if it were only for a little while, that might be enough.

> He knew how to begin to get the information he wanted about Tito. He had repeated the words Bratti Ferravecchj so constantly after they had been uttered to him that they never slipped from him for long together. A man at Genoa, on whose finger he had seen Tito's ring, had told him that he bought that ring at Florence, of a young Greek, well dressed, and with a handsome dark face, in the shop of a rigattiere called Bratti Ferravecchj, in the street also called Ferravecchj. This discovery had caused a violent agitation in Baldassarre. Until then he had clung with all the tenacity of his fervid nature to his faith in Tito, and had not for a moment believed himself to be willfully forsaken. At first he had said, "My bit of parchment has never reached him; that is why I am still toiling at Antioch. But he is searching: he knows where I was lost; he will trace me out, and find me at last." Then, when he was taken to Corinth, he induced his owners, by the assurance that he should be sought out and ransomed, to provide securely against the failure of any inquiries that might be made about him at Antioch; and at Corinth he thought joyfully, "Here, at last, he must find me. Here he is sure to touch, whichever way he goes." But before another year had passed the illness had come from which he had risen with body and mind so shattered that he was worse than worthless to his owners except for the sake of the ransom that did not come. Then, as he sat helpless in the morning sunlight, he began to think, "Tito has been drowned, or they have made him a prisoner too. I shall see him no more. He set out after me, but misfortune overtook him. I shall see his face no more." Sitting in his new feebleness and despair, supporting his head between his hands, with blank eyes and lips that moved uncertainly, he looked so much like a hopelessly imbecile old man, that his owners were contented to be rid of him, and allowed a Genoese merchant, who had compassion on him as an Italian, to take him on board his galley. In a voyage of many months in the Archipelago





COMING HOME.

sarre had recovered his bodily strength, but on landing at Genoa he had so weary a sense of his desolateness that he almost wished he had died of that illness at Corinth. There was just one possibility that hindered the wish from being decided: it was that Tito might not be dead, but living in a state of imprisonment or destitution; and if he lived, there was still a hope for Baldassarre-faint, perhaps, and likely to be long deferred, but still a hope, that he might find his child, his cherished son again; might yet again | parent prosperity at Florence, selling the gem Vol. XXVI.—No. 153.—Y

clasp hands and meet face to face with the one being who remembered him as he had been before his mind was broken.

In this state of feeling he had chanced to meet the stranger who wore Tito's onyx ring, and though Baldassarre would have been unable to describe the ring beforehand, the sight of it stirred the dormant fibres, and he recognized it. That Tito nearly a year after his father had been parted from him should have been living in apwhich he ought not to have sold till the last extremity, was a fact that Baldassarre shrank from trying to account for; he was glad to be stunned and bewildered by it rather than to have any distinct thought; he tried to feel nothing but joy that he should behold Tito again. Perhaps Tito had thought that his father was dead; somehow the mystery would be explained. "But at least I shall meet eyes that will remember me; I am not alone in the world."

And now again Baldassare said, "I am not alone in the world; I shall never be alone, for my revenge is with me."

It was as the instrument of that revenge, as something merely external and subservient to his true life, that he bent down again to examine himself with hard curiosity—not, he thought, because he had any care for a withered, forsaken old man, whom nobody loved, whose soul was like a deserted home, where the ashes were cold upon the hearth, and the walls were bare of all but the marks of what had been. It is in the nature of all human passion, the lowest as well as the highest, that there is a point at which it ceases to be properly egoistic, and is like a fire kindled within our being to which every thing else in us is mere fuel.

He looked at the pale black-browed image in the water till he identified it with that self from which his revenge seemed to be a thing apart; and he felt as if the image too heard the silent language of his thought.

"I was a loving fool-I worshiped a woman once, and believed she could care for me; and then I took a helpless child and fostered him; and I watched him as he grew, to see if he would care for me only a little—care for me over and above the good he got from me. would have torn open my breast to warm him with my life-blood if I could only have seen him care a little for the pain of my wound. I have labored, I have strained to crush out of this hard life one drop of unselfish love. Fool! men love their own delights—there is no delight to be had in me. And vet I watched till I believed I saw what I watched for. When he was a child he lifted soft eyes toward me and held my hand willingly: I thought, this boy will surely love me a little: because I give my life to him and strive that he shall know no sorrow, he will care a little when I am thirsty—the drop he lays on my parched lips will be a joy to him.Curses on him! I wish I may see him lie with those red lips white and dry as ashes, and when he looks for pity I wish he may see my face rejoicing in his pain. It is all a lie-this world is a lie—there is no goodness but in hate. Fool! Not one drop of love came with all your striving—life has not given you one drop. But there are deep draughts in this world for hatred and revenge. I have memory left for that, and there is strength in my arm—there is strength in my will—and if I can do nothing but kill him—"

But Baldassarre's mind rejected the thought of that brief punishment. His whole soul had

been thrilled into immediate unreasoning belief in that eternity of vengeance where he, an undying hate, might clutch forever an undying traitor, and hear that fair smiling hardness cry and moan with anguish. But the primary need and hope was to see a slow revenge under the same sky and on the same earth where he himself had been forsaken and had fainted with despair. And as soon as he tried to concentrate his mind on the means of attaining his end the sense of his weakness pressed upon him like a frosty ache. This despised body, which was to be the instrument of a sublime vengeance, must be nourished and decently clad. If he had to wait he must labor, and his labor must be of a humble sort, for he had no skill. He wondered whether the sight of written characters would so stimulate his faculties that he might venture to try and find work as a copvist: that might win him some credence for his past scholarship. But no! he dared trust neither hand nor brain. He must be content to do the work that was most like that of a beast of burden: in this mercantile city many porters must be wanted, and he could at least carry weights. Thanks to the justice that struggled in this confused world in behalf of vengeance, his limbs had got back some of their old sturdiness. He was stripped of all else that men would give coin for.

But the new urgency of this habitual thought brought a new suggestion. There was something hanging by a cord round his bare neck; something apparently so paltry that the piety of Turks and Frenchmen had spared it—a tiny parchment bag blackened with age. It had hung round his neck as a precious charm when he was a boy, and he had kept it carefully on his breast, not believing that it contained any thing but a tiny seroll of parchment rolled up hard. He might long ago have thrown it away as a relic of his dead mother's superstition; but he had thought of it as a relic of her love, and had kept it. It was part of the piety associated with such brevi, that they should never be opened, and at any previous moment in his life Baldassarre would have said that no sort of thirst would prevail upon him to open this little bag for the chance of finding that it contained, not parchment, but an engraved amulet which would be worth money. But now a thirst had come like that which makes men open their own veins to satisfy it, and the thought of the possible amulet no sooner crossed Baldassarre's mind than with nervous fingers he snatched the breve from his neck. It all rushed through his mind -the long years he had worn it, the far-off sunny balcony at Naples looking toward the blue waters, where he had leaned against his mother's knee: but it made no moment of hesitation: all piety now was transmuted into a just revenge. He bit and tore till the doubles of parchment were laid open, and then-it was a sight that made him pant—there was an amulet. It was very small, but it was as blue as those far-off waters; it was an engraved sapphire, which must be worth some gold ducats. Bal-





than he saw some of them exchanged for a poniard. He did not want to use the poniard yet, but he longed to possess it. If he could grasp its handle and feel its edge, that blank in his mind - that past which fell away continually -would not make him feel so cruelly helpless: the sharp steel that despised talents and eluded strength would be at his side, as the unfailing in all corners of Florence. And in the next

dassarre no sooner saw those possible ducats | triumph under Baldassarre's black eyebrows as he replaced the little sapphire inside the bits of parchment and wound the string tightly round them.

It was nearly dusk now, and he rose to walk back toward Florence. With his danari to buy him some bread, he felt rich: he could lie out in the open air, as he found plenty more doing friend of feeble justice. There was a sparkling few days he had sold his sapphire, had added to his clothing, had bought a bright dagger, and had still a pair of gold florins left. But he meant to hoard that treasure carefully: his lodging was an out-house with a heap of straw in it, in a thinly inhabited part of Oltrarno, and he thought of looking about for work as a porter.

He had bought his dagger at Bratti's. Paying his meditated visit there one evening at dusk, he had found that singular rag-merchant just returned from one of his rounds, emptying out his basketful of broken glass and old iron among his handsome show of heterogeneous second-hand goods. As Baldassarre entered the shop, and looked toward the smart pieces of apparel, the musical instruments, and weapons that were displayed in the broadest light of the window, his eye at once singled out a dagger that hung up high against a red scarf. By buying that dagger he could not only satisfy a strong desire, he could open his original errand in a more indirect manner than by speaking of the onyx ring. In the course of bargaining for the weapon he let drop, with cautious carelessness, that he came from Genoa, and had been directed to Bratti's shop by an acquaintance in that city who had bought a very valuable ring there. Had the respectable trader any more such rings?

Whereupon Bratti had much to say as to the unlikelihood of such rings being within reach of many people, with much vaunting of his own rare connections, due to his known wisdom and honesty. It might be true that he was a peddler; he chose to be a peddler, though he was rich enough to kick his heels in his shop all day. But those who thought they had said all there was to be said about Bratti when they had called him a peddler were a good deal further off the truth than the other side of Pisa. How was it that he could put that ring in a stranger's way? It was because he had a very particular knowledge of a handsome young signor, who did not look quite so fine a feathered bird when Bratti first set eyes on him as he did at the present time. And by a question or two Baldassarre extracted without any trouble such a rough and rambling account of Tito's life as the peddler could give since the time when he had found him sleeping under the Loggia de' Cerchi. It never occurred to Bratti that the decent man (who was rather deaf, apparently, asking him to say many things twice over) had any curiosity about Tito; the curiosity was doubtless about himself, as a truly remarkable

And Baldassarre left Bratti's shop, not only with the dagger at his side, but with a general knowledge of Tito's conduct and position—of his early sale of the jewels, his immediate quiet settlement of himself at Florence, his marriage, and his great prosperity.

"What story had he told about his previous life—about his father?"

That was a question to which it would be difficult for Baldassarre to discover the answer. Meanwhile he wanted to learn all he could about Florence. But he found, to his acute distress,

that of the new details he learned he could only retain a few, and those only by continual repetition; and he began to be afraid of listening to any new discourse lest it should obliterate what he was already striving to remember.

The day he was discerned by Tito in the Piazza del Duomo he had the fresh anguish of this consciousness in his mind, and Tito's ready speech fell upon him like the mockery of a glib, defying demon.

As he went home to his heap of straw, and passed by the booksellers' shops in the Via del Garbo, he paused to look at the volumes spread open. Could he by long gazing at one of those books lay hold of the slippery threads of memory? Could he by striving get a firm grasp somewhere, and lift himself above these waters that flowed over him?

He was tempted, and bought the cheapest Greek book he could see. He carried it home and sat on his heap of straw, looking at the characters by the light of the small window; but no inward light arose on them. Soon the evening darkness came, but it made little difference to Baldassarre. His strained eyes seemed still to see the white pages with the unintelligible black marks upon them.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FRUIT IS SEED.

"My Romola," said Tito the second morning after he had made his speech in the Piazza del Duomo, "I am to receive grand visitors today; the Milanese Count is coming again, and the Seneschal de Beaucaire, the great favorite of the Cristianissimo. I know you don't care to go through smiling ceremonies with these rustling magnates, whom we are not likely to see again; and as they will want to look at the antiquities and the library, perhaps you had better give up your work to-day and go to see your cousin Brigida."

Romola discerned a wish in this intimation, and immediately assented. But presently, coming back in her hood and mantle, she said, "Oh, what a long breath Florence will take when the gates are flung open and the last Frenchman is walking out of them! Even you are getting tired, with all your patience, my Tito; confess it. Ah, your head is hot."

He was leaning over his desk, writing, and she had laid her hand on his head, meaning to give a parting caress. The attitude had been a frequent one, and Tito was accustomed, when he felt her hand there, to raise his head, throw himself a little backward, and look up at her. But he felt now as unable to raise his head as if her hand had been a leaden cowl. He spoke instead, in a light tone, as his pen still ran along:

"The French are as ready to go from Florence as the wasps to leave a ripe pear when they have just fastened on it."

Romola, keenly sensitive to the absence of



said, "I am going, Tito."

"Farewell, my sweet one. I must wait at me. Take Maso with you."

Still Tito did not look up, and Romola went out without saying any more. Very slight things make epochs in married life, and this morning. for the first time, she admitted to herself not only that Tito had changed, but that he had changed toward her. Did the reason lie in herself? She might perhaps have thought so if there had not been the facts of the armor and the picture to suggest some external event which was an entire mystery to her.

But Tito no sooner believed that Romola was out of the house than he laid down his pen and looked up, in delightful security from seeing any thing else than parchment and broken marble. He was rather disgusted with himself that he had not been able to look up at Romola and behave to her just as usual. He would have chosen, if he could, to be even more than usually kind; but he could not, on a sudden, master an involuntary shrinking from her, which, by a subtle relation, depended on those very characteristics in him that made him desire not to fail in his marks of affection. He was about to take a step which he knew would arouse her deep indignation. He would have to encounter much that was unpleasant before he could win her forgiveness. And Tito could never find it easy to face displeasure and anger; his nature was one of those most remote from defiance or impudence, and all his inclinations leaned toward preserving Romola's tenderness. He was not tormented by sentimental scruples which, as he had demonstrated to himself by a very rapid course of argument, had no relation to solid utility; but his freedom from scruples did not release him from the dread of what was disagreeable. Unscrupulousness gets rid of much, but not of toothache, or wounded vanity, or the sense of loneliness, against which, as the world at present stands, there is no security but a thoroughly healthy jaw, and a just, loving soul. And Tito was feeling intensely at this moment that no devices could save him from pain in the impending collision with Romola; no persuasive blandness could cushion him against the shock toward which he was being driven like a timid animal urged to a desperate leap by the terror of the tooth and the claw that are close behind it.

The secret feeling he had previously had that the tenacious adherence to Bardo's wishes about the library had become under existing difficulties a piece of sentimental folly, which deprived himself and Romola of substantial advantages, might perhaps never have wrought itself into action but for the events of the past week, which had brought at once the pressure of a new motive and the outlet of a rare opportunity. Nay, it was not till his dread had been aggravated by the sight of Baldassarre looking more like his sane self, not until he had begun to feel that he might be compelled to flee from Florence, that he had brought himself to resolve on using his

the usual response, took away her hand and | legal right to sell the library before the great opportunity offered by French and Milanese bidders slipped through his fingers. For if he had to leave Florence he did not want to leave it as a destitute wanderer. He had been used to an agreeable existence, and he wished to carry with him all the means at hand for retaining the same agreeable conditions. He wished among other things to carry Romola with him, and not, if possible, to carry any infamy. Success had given him a growing appetite for all the pleasures that depend on an advantageous social position, and at no moment could it look like a temptation to him, but only like a hideous alternative, to decamp under dishonor, even with a bag of diamonds, and incur the life of an adventurer. It was not possible for him to make himself independent even of those Florentines who only greeted him with regard; still less was it possible for him to make himself independent of Romola. She was the wife of his first love-he loved her still; she belonged to that furniture of life which he shrank from parting with. He winced under her judgment, he felt uncertain how far the revulsion of her feeling toward him might go; and all that sense of power over a wife which makes a husband risk betrayals that a lover never ventures on, would not suffice to counteract Tito's uneasiness. This was the leaden weight which had been too strong for his will, and kept him from raising his head to meet her eyes. Their pure light brought too near him the prospect of a coming struggle. But it was not to be helped: if they had to leave Florence they must have money; indeed, Tito could not arrange life at all to his mind without a considerable sum of money. And that problem of arranging life to his mind had been the source of all his misdoing. He would have been equal to any sacrifice that was not unpleasant.

The rustling magnates came and went, the bargains had been concluded, and Romola returned home; but nothing grave was said that night. Tito was only gay and chatty, pouring forth to her, as he had not done before, stories and descriptions of what he had witnessed during the French visit. Romola thought she discerned an effort in his liveliness, and attributing it to the consciousness in him that she had been wounded in the morning, accepted the effort as an act of penitence, inwardly aching a little at that sign of growing distance between themthat there was an offense about which neither of them dared to speak.

The next day Tito remained away from home until late at night. It was a marked day to Romola, for Piero di Cosimo, stimulated to greater industry on her behalf by the fear that he might have been the cause of pain to her in the past week, had sent home her father's portrait. She had propped it against the back of his old chair, and had been looking at it for some time, when the door opened behind her and Bernardo del Nero came in.

"It is you, godfather! How I wish you had



come sooner: it is getting a little dusk," said Romola, going toward him.

"I have just looked in to tell you the good news, for I know Tito is not come yet," said Bernardo. "The French king moves off tomorrow; not before it is high time. There has been another tussle between our people and his soldiers this morning. But there's a chance now of the city getting into order once more and trade going on."

"That is joyful," said Romola. "But it is sudden, is it not? Tito seemed to think yesterday that there was little prospect of the king's

going soon."

"He has been well barked at, that's the reason," said Bernardo, smiling. "His own generals opened their throats pretty well, and at last our Signoria sent the mastiff of the city, Fra Girolamo. The Cristianissimo was frightened at that thunder, and has given the order to move. I'm afraid there'll be small agreement among us when he's gone, but, at any rate, all parties are agreed in being glad not to have Florence stifled with soldiery any longer, and the Frate has barked this time to some purpose. Ah, what is this?" he added, as Romola, clasping him by the arm, led him in front of the picture. "Let us see."

He began to unwind his long scarf while she placed a seat for him.

"Don't you want your spectacles, godfather?" said Romola, in anxiety that he should see just what she saw.

"No, child, no," said Bernardo, uncovering his gray head, as he seated himself with firm erectness. "For seeing at this distance my old eyes are perhaps better than your young ones. Old men's eyes are like old men's memories; they are strongest for things a long way off."

"It is better than having no portrait," said Romola, apologetically, after Bernardo had been silent a little while. "It is less like him now than the image I have in my mind, but then that might fade with the years." She rested her arm on the old man's shoulder as she spoke, drawn toward him strongly by their common interest in the dead.

"I don't know," said Bernardo. "I almost think I see Bardo as he was when he was young, better than that picture shows him to me as he was when he was old. Your father had a great deal of fire in his eyes when he was young. It was what I could never understand, that he, with his fiery spirit, which seemed much more impatient than mine, could hang over the books and live with shadows all his life. However, he had put his heart into that."

Bernardo gave a slight shrug as he spoke the last words, but Romola discerned in his voice a feeling that accorded with her own.

"And he was disappointed to the last," she said, involuntarily. But immediately fearing lest her words should be taken to imply an accusation against Tito, she went on almost hurriedly, "If we could only see his longest, dearest wish fulfilled just to his mind!"

"Well, so we may," said Bernardo, kindly, rising and putting on his cap. "The times are cloudy now, but fish are caught by waiting. Who knows? When the wheel has turned often enough, I may be Gonfaloniere yet before I die; and no creditor can touch these things." He looked round as he spoke. Then, turning to her, and patting her cheek, said, "And you need not be afraid of my dying; my ghost will claim nothing. I've taken care of that in my will."

Romola seized the hand that was against her cheek, and put it to her lips in silence.

"Haven't you been scolding your husband for keeping away from home so much lately? I see him every where but here," said Bernardo, willing to change the subject.

She felt the flush spread over her neck and face as she said, "He has been very much wanted; you know he speaks so well. I am glad to know that his value is understood."

"You are contented, then, Madonna Orgogliosa?" said Bernardo, smiling as he moved to the door.

"Assuredly."

Poor Romola! There was one thing that would have made the pang of disappointment in her husband harder to bear: it was, that any one should know he gave her cause for disappointment. This might be a woman's weakness, but it is closely allied to a woman's nobleness. She who willingly lifts up the veil of her married life has profaned it from a sanctuary into a vulgar place.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A REVELATION.

THE next day Romola, like every other Florentine, was excited about the departure of the French. Besides her other reasons for gladness, she had a dim hope, which she was conscious was half superstitious, that those new anxieties about Tito, having come with the burdensome guests, might perhaps vanish with them. The French had been in Florence hardly eleven days, but in that space she had felt more acute unhappiness than she had known in her life before. Tito had adopted the hateful armor on the day of their arrival, and though she could frame no distinct notion why their departure should remove the cause of his fear-though, when she thought of that cause, the image of the prisoner grasping him, as she had seen it in Piero's sketch, urged itself before her and excluded every other-still, when the French were gone, she would be rid of something that was strongly associated with her pain.

Wrapped in her mantle she waited under the loggia at the top of the house, and watched for the glimpses of the troops and the royal retinue passing the bridges on their way to the Porta San Piero, that looks toward Siena and Rome. She even returned to her station when the gates had been closed, that she might feel herself vi-



brating with the great peal of the bells. It was dusk then, and when at last she descended into the library, she lit her lamp, with the resolution that she would overcome the agitation that had made her idle all day, and sit down to work at her copying of the catalogue. Tito had left home early in the morning, and she did not expect him yet. Before he came she intended to leave the library, and sit in the pretty saloon, with the dancing nymphs and the birds. She had done so every evening since he had objected to the library as chill and gloomy.

To her great surprise, she had not been at work long before Tito entered. Her first thought was, how cheerless he would feel the wide darkness of this great room, with one little oil-lamp burning at the farther end, and the fire nearly out. She almost ran toward him.

"Tito, dearest, I did not know you would come so soon," she said, nervously putting up her white arms to unwind his becchetto.

"I am not welcome then?" he said, with one of his brightest smiles, clasping her, but playfully holding his head back from her.

"Tito!" She uttered the word in a tone of pretty, loving reproach, and then he kissed her fondly, stroked her hair, as his manner was, and seemed not to mind about taking off his mantle yet. Romola quivered with delight. All the emotions of the day had been preparing in her a keener sensitiveness to the return of this habitual manner. "It will come back," she was saying to herself, "the old happiness will perhaps come back. He is like himself again!"

Tito was taking great pains to be like himself: his heart was palpitating with anxiety.

"If I had expected you so soon," said Romola, as she at last helped him to take off his wrappings, "I would have had a little festival prepared to this joyful ringing of the bells. I did not mean to be here in the library when you came home."

"Never mind, sweet," he said, carelessly. "Do not think about the fire. Come—come and sit down."

There was a low stool against Tito's chair, and that was Romola's habitual seat when they were talking together. She rested her arm on his knee, as she used to do on her father's, and looked up at him while he spoke. He had never yet noticed the presence of the portrait, and she had not mentioned it—thinking of it all the more.

"I have been enjoying the clang of the bells for the first time, Tito," she began. "I liked being shaken and deafened by them: I fancied I was something like a Bacchante possessed by a divine rage. Are not the people looking very joyful to-night?"

"Joyful after a sour and pious fashion," said Tito, with a shrug. "But, in truth, those who are left behind in Florence have little cause to be joyful; it seems to me, the most reasonable ground of gladness would be to have got out of Florence."

Tito had sounded the desired key-note with-

out any trouble, or appearance of premeditation. He spoke with no emphasis, but he looked grave enough to make Romola ask, rather anxiously,

"Why, Tito? Are there fresh troubles?"

"No need of fresh ones, my Romola. There are three strong parties in the city, all ready to fly at each other's throats. And if the Frate's party is strong enough to frighten the other two into silence, as seems most likely, life will be as pleasant and amusing as a funeral. They have the plan of a great Council simmering already; and if they get it, the man who sings sacred lauds the loudest will be the most eligible for office. And besides that, the city will be so drained by the payment of this great subsidy to the French king, and by the war to get back Pisa, that the prospect would be dismal enough without the rule of fanatics. On the whole, Florence will be a delightful place for those worthies who entertain themselves in the evening by going into crypts and lashing themselves; but for every thing else the exiles have the best of it. For my own part, I have been thinking seriously that we should be wise to quit Florence, my Romola."

She started. "Tito, how could we leave Florence? Surely you do not think I could leave it—at least, not yet—not for a long while." She had turned cold and trembling, and did not find it quite easy to speak. Tito must know the reasons she had in her mind.

"That is all a fabric of your own imagination, my sweet one. Your secluded life has made you lay such false stress on a few things. You know I used to tell you, before we were married, that I wished we were somewhere else than in Florence. If you had seen more places and more people, you would know what I mean when I say that there is something in the Florentines that reminds me of their cutting spring winds. I like people who take life less eagerly; and it would be good for my Romola, too, to see a new life. I should like to dip her a little in the soft waters of forgetfulness."

He leaned forward and kissed her brow, and laid his hand on her fair hair again; but she felt his caress no more than if he had kissed a mask. She was too much agitated by the sense of the distance between their minds to be conscious that his lips touched her.

"Tito, it is not because I suppose Florence is the pleasantest place in the world that I desire not to quit it. It is because I—because we have to see my father's wish fulfilled. My godfather is old—he is seventy-one—we could not leave it to him."

"It is precisely those superstitions which hang about your mind like bedimming clouds, my Romola, that make one great reason why I could wish we were two hundred leagues from Florence. I am obliged to take care of you in opposition to your own will: if those dear eyes, that look so tender, see falsely, I must see for them, and save my wife from wasting her life in disappointing herself by impracticable dreams."

Romola sat silent and motionless: she could



not blind herself to the direction in which Tito's words pointed: he wanted to persuade her that they might get the library deposited in some monastery, or take some other ready means to rid themselves of a task, and a tie to Florence; and she was determined never to submit her mind to his judgment on this question of duty to her father; she was inwardly prepared to encounter any sort of pain in resistance. But the determination was kept latent in these first moments by the heart-crushing sense that now at last she and Tito must be confessedly divided in their wishes. He was glad of her silence, for, much as he had feared the strength of her feeling, it was impossible for him, shut up in the narrowness that hedges in all merely clever, unimpassioned men, not to overestimate the persuasiveness of his own arguments. His conduct did not look ugly to himself, and his imagination did not suffice to show him exactly how it would look to Romola. He went on in the same gentle, remonstrating tone.

"You know, dearest-your own clear judgment always showed you—that the notion of isolating a collection of books and antiquities, and attaching a single name to them forever, was one that had no valid, substantial good for its object: and yet more, one that was liable to be defeated in a thousand ways. See what has become of the Medici collections! And, for my part, I consider it even blameworthy to entertain those petty views of appropriation: why should any one be reasonably glad that Florence should possess the benefits of learned research and taste more than any other city? I understand your feeling about the wishes of the dead; but wisdom puts a limit to these sentiments, else lives might be continually wasted in that sort of futile devotion-like praising deaf gods forever. You gave your life to your father while he lived; why should you demand more of yourself?"

"Because it was a trust," said Romola, in a low but distinct voice. "He trusted me, he trusted you, Tito. I did not expect you to feel any thing else about it—to feel as I do—but I did expect you to feel that."

"Yes, dearest, of course I should feel it on a point where your father's real welfare or happiness was concerned; but there is no question of that now. If we believed in purgatory, I should be as anxious as you to have masses said; and if I believed it could pain your father to see his library preserved and used in a rather different way from what he had set his mind on. I should share the strictness of your views. But a little philosophy should teach us to rid ourselves of those air-woven fetters that mortals hang round themselves, spending their lives in misery under the mere imagination of weight. Your mind, which seizes ideas so readily, my Romola, is able to discriminate between substantial good and these brain-wrought fantasies. Ask yourself, dearest, what possible good can these books and antiquities do stowed together under your father's name in Florence, more than they would

Nay, is not the very dispersion of such things in hands that know how to value them one means of extending their usefulness? This rivalry of Italian cities is very petty and illiberal. The loss of Constantinople was the gain of the whole civilized world."

Romola was still too thoroughly under the painful pressure of the new revelation Tito was making of himself for her resistance to find any strong vent. As that fluent talk fell on her ears there was a rising contempt within her. which only made her more conscious of her bruised despairing love, her love for the Tito she had married and believed in. Her nature, possessed with the energies of strong emotion, recoiled from this hopelessly shallow readiness which professed to appropriate the widest sympathies and had no pulse for the nearest. She still spoke like one who was restrained from showing all she felt. She had only drawn away her arm from his knee, and sat with her hands clasped before her, cold and motionless as locked waters.

"You talk of substantial good, Tito! Are faithfulness, and love, and sweet grateful memories no good? Is it no good that we should keep our silent promises on which others build because they believe in our love and truth? Is it no good that a just life should be justly honored? Or, is it good that we should harden our hearts against all the wants and hopes of those who have depended on us? What good can belong to men who have such souls? To talk cleverly, perhaps, and find soft couches for themselves, and live and die with their base selves as their best companions."

Her voice had gradually risen till there was a ring of scorn in the last words; she made a slight pause, but he saw there were other words quivering on her lips, and he chose to let them come.

"I know of no good for cities or the world if they are to be made up of such beings. But I am not thinking of other Italian cities and the whole civilized world—I am thinking of my father, and of my love and sorrow for him, and of his just claims on us. I would give up any thing else, Tito—I would leave Florence—what else did I live for but for him and you? But I will not give up that duty. What have I to do with your arguments? It was a yearning of his heart, and therefore it is a yearning of mine."

Her voice, from having been tremulous, had become full and firm. She felt that she had been urged on to say all that it was needful for her to say. She thought, poor thing! there was nothing harder to come than this struggle against Tito's suggestions as against the meaner part of herself.

which seizes ideas so readily, my Romola, is able to discriminate between substantial good and these brain-wrought fantasies. Ask yourself, dearest, what possible good can these books and antiquities do stowed together under your father's name in Florence, more than they would do if they were divided or carried elsewhere?



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courage; and his experience of her affectionateness and unexpected submissiveness, ever since their marriage until now, encouraged him to hope that, at last, she would accommodate herself to what had been his will.

"I am sorry to hear you speak in that spirit of blind persistence, my Romola," he said, quietly, "because it obliges me to give you pain. But I partly foresaw your opposition, and as a prompt decision was necessary, I avoided that obstacle, and decided without consulting you. The very care of a husband for his wife's interest compels him to that separate action sometimes—even when he has such a wife as you, my Romola."

She turned her eyes on him in breathless inquiry.

"I mean," he said, answering her look, "that I have arranged for the transfer, both of the books and antiquities, where they will find the highest use and value. The books have been bought for the Duke of Milan, the marbles and bronzes and the rest are going to France: and both will be protected by the stability of a great Power, instead of remaining in a city which is exposed to ruin."

Before he had finished speaking Romola had started from her seat, and stood up looking down at him, with tightened hands falling before her, and, for the first time in her life, with a flash of fierceness in her scorn and anger.

"You have sold them?" she asked, as if she distrusted her ears.

"I have," said Tito, quailing a little. The scene was unpleasant—the descending scorn already scorched him.

"You are a treacherous man!" she said, with something grating in her voice, as she looked down at him.

She was silent for a minute, and he sat still, feeling that ingenuity was powerless just now. Suddenly she turned away, and said, in an agitated tone, "It may be hindered—I am going to my godfather."

In an instant Tito started up, went to the door, locked it, and took out the key. It was time for all the masculine predominance that was latent in him to show itself. But he was not angry; he only felt that the moment was eminently unpleasant, and that when this scene was at an end he should be glad to keep away from Romola for a little while. But it was absolutely necessary first that she should be reduced to passiveness.

"Try to calm yourself a little, Romola," he said, leaning in the easiest attitude possible against a pedestal under the bust of a grim old Roman. Not that he was inwardly easy; his heart palpitated a little with a moral dread, against which no chain-armor could be found. He had locked in his wife's anger and scorn, but he had been obliged to lock himself in with it; and his blood did not rise with contest—his olive cheek was perceptibly paled.

Romola had paused and turned her eyes on him as she saw him take his stand and lodge the fulfilled. We spoke of it together only yester-

key in his scarsella. Her eyes were flashing, and her whole frame seemed to be possessed by impetuous force that wanted to leap out in some deed. All the crushing pain of disappointment in her husband, which had made the strongest part of her consciousness a few minutes before, was annihilated by the vehemence of her indignation. She could not care in this moment that the man she was despising as he leaned there in his loathsome beauty—she could not care that he was her husband; she could only feel that she despised him. The pride and fierceness of the old Bardi blood had been thoroughly awaked in her for the first time.

"Try at least to understand the fact," said Tito, "and do not seek to take futile steps which may be fatal. It is of no use for you to go to your godfather. Messer Bernardo can not reverse what I have done. Only sit down. You would hardly wish, if you were quite yourself, to make known to any third person what passes between us in private.'

Tito knew that he had touched the right fibre there. But she did not sit down; she was too unconscious of her body voluntarily to change her attitude.

"Why can it not be reversed?" she said, after a pause. "Nothing is moved yet."

"Simply because the sale has been concluded by written agreement; the purchasers have left Florence, and I hold the bonds for the purchase-

"If my father had suspected you of being a faithless man," said Romola, in a tone of bitter scorn, which insisted on darting out before she could say any thing else, "he would have placed the library safely out of your power. But death overtook him too soon, and when you were sure his ear was deaf, and his hand stiff, you robbed him." She paused an instant, and then said, with gathered passion, "Have you robbed somebody else, who is not dead? Is that the reason you wear armor?"

Romola had been driven to utter the words as men are driven to use the lash of the horsewhip. At first Tito felt horribly cowed; it seemed to him that the disgrace he had been dreading would be worse than he had imagined it. But soon there was a reaction: such power of dislike and resistance as there was within him was beginning to rise against a wife whose voice seemed like the herald of a retributive fate. Her, at least, his quick mind told him that he might master.

"It is useless," he said, coolly, "to answer the words of madness, Romola. Your peculiar feeling about your father has made you mad at this moment. Any rational person looking at the case from a due distance will see that I have taken the wisest course. Apart from the influence of your exaggerated feelings on him, I am convinced that Messer Bernardo would be of that opinion."

"He would not!" said Romola. "He lives in the hope of seeing my father's wish exactly



day. He will help me yet. Who are these men to whom you have sold my father's property?"

"There is no reason why you should not be told, except that it signifies little. The Count di San Severino and the Seneschal de Beaucaire are now on their way with the king to Siena."

"They may be overtaken and persuaded to give up their purchase," said Romola, eagerly, her anger beginning to be surmounted by anxious thought.

"No, they may not," said Tito, with cool decision.

" Why?"

"Because I do not choose that they should."

"But if you were paid the money?—we will pay you the money," said Romola. No words could have disclosed more fully her sense of alienation from Tito; but they were spoken with less of bitterness than of anxious pleading. And he felt stronger, for he saw that the first impulse of fury was past.

"No, my Romola. Understand that such thoughts as these are impracticable. You would not, in a reasonable moment, ask your godfather to bury three thousand florins in addition to what he has already paid on the library. I think your pride and delicacy would shrink from that."

She began to tremble and turn cold again with discouragement, and sank down on the carved chest near which she was standing. He went on in a clear voice, under which she shuddered, as if it had been a narrow cold stream coursing over a hot cheek.

"Moreover, it is not my will that Messer Bernardo should advance the money, even if the project were not an utterly wild one. And I beg you to consider, before you take any step or utter any word on the subject, what will be the consequences of your placing yourself in opposition to me, and trying to exhibit your husband in the odious light which your own distempered feelings cast over him. What object will you serve by injuring me with Messer Bernardo? The event is irrevocable, the library is sold, and you are my wife."

Every word was spoken for the sake of a calculated effect, for his intellect was urged into the utmost activity by the danger of the crisis. He knew that Romola's mind would take in rapidly enough all the wide meaning of his speech. He waited and watched her in silence.

She had turned her eyes from him and was looking on the ground, and in that way she sat for several minutes. When she spoke her voice was quite altered—it was quiet and cold.

"I have one thing to ask."

"Ask any thing that I can do without injuring us both, Romola."

"That you will give me that portion of the money which belongs to my godfather, and let me pay him."

"I must have some assurance from you, first, of the attitude you intend to take toward me."

"Do you believe in assurances, Tito?" she said, with a tinge of returning bitterness.

"From you, I do."

"I will do you no harm. I shall disclose nothing. I will say nothing to pain him or you. You say truly, the event is irrevocable."

"Then I will do what you desire to-morrow morning."

"To-night, if possible," said Romola, "that we may not speak of it again."

"It is possible," he said, moving toward the lamp, while she sat still, looking away from him with absent eyes.

Presently he came and bent down over her, to put a piece of paper into her hand. "You will receive something in return, you are aware, my Romola?" he said, gently, not minding so much what had passed, now he was secure; and feeling able to try and propitiate her.

"Yes," she said, taking the paper, without looking at him. "I understand."

"And you will fergive me, my Romola, when you have had time to reflect." He just touched her brow with his lips, but she took no notice, and seemed really unconscious of the act.

She was aware that he unlocked the door and went out. She moved her head and listened. The great door of the court opened and shut again. She started up as if some sudden freedom had come, and going to her father's chair where his picture was propped, fell on her knees before it, and burst into sobs.

PHILIP RAYNOR'S SACRIFICE.

I.

MUST put a stop to this nonsense, positively; it has gone quite far enough." And Mr. Philip Raynor walked on, with a rapid step and cold resolution quite out of kin with the sweet languid air and the flickering light which the moon filtered down upon him through the tall trees. But he was not accustomed to a solitary walk home from the college exercise on Friday night, nor from social exercise on any night. And now his niece, Eulalie, to whom he had been sufficient for ten years, came, at very lingering leisure, just out of sight behind, on the arm of a tall young prig of a college student, who had only departed from his house the evening previous, as he, Mr. Raynor (so he persuaded himself), meant coming in to invite him, sarcastically, to take a bed. Not that he had any thing against this special student, an "aspectable" youth enough, and one who acquitted himself second to no man on the college floor. But a young fellow of twenty-three, preparing to starve at law, is not of great account with thirty-five, whose race is over and won. Such a man would not be apt to place in those unearning hands the best pleasure out of his own life. Lalie Raynor was all that to Uncle Phil, He had accepted her as she came to him in the year of his own great sorrow as the partial recompense possible.

She suited his mood well always. A thor-



ough child, with no eerie precocious penetration to look in and see how he furnished forth his heart. No cool, calculating ways, she never trimmed and tacked to win the favor others found so well worth having. When she thought him "cross old Uncle Phil" she called him so, and found herself disproved, close held in arms both strong and tender.

As she grew from little girlhood she did not fail out of his love, but possibly it was that she added the growths and graces of the years to her old self without obliterating it, and stood at twenty a winsome little woman to such eyes as Chester Greenough's; but "baby-girl" to Uncle Phil, with a better than babyhood or girlhood subtly superadded. He had never thought of her as other than his in all years to come, never added another to their number, or saw them separate. He had filled her life abundantly so far; then why not always? It had given him a bitterness which surprised himself to find her putting off of late one and another kitten freak; growing chary of her voice, whose careless trill announced her whereabouts all hours of the day. Her caresses were no less frequent, but the merry trick of them was lost a little; she leaned her head on his shoulder silently instead of giving him "Scotch kisses" and pulling his hair. Uncle Philip forgot that other lives might have still to experience what, ten years ago, had dropped out of his own, with that sense of loss which made another ask, with bitter, half rebellious surprise-

"So the great joys of the Lord do not last?"

He did not think of it on the way home, but, passing up the garden walk, an old-remembered scent in the still, retentive air stole up and made his heart bound with the appeal we have all felt from such things. He had never met it before since a time long gone. Eulalie had planted mignonnette, unwitting that it was the saddest fragrance that could meet her uncle's sense. Yet it pleaded well for her to-night.

Philip Raynor did not enter his house, but paced up and down the moonlit walks, and remembered now that he was not two years older than Chester Greenough when he had loved with a passion no added years could have excelled in strength; and the reward of possession not being his, there was no day of years since passed in which he had not felt the lack. And was his heart so much unlike the hearts of other men? He knew that, on Lalie's part, this affair had not gone so far but she might very possibly soon forget it. To bless or ban was his entirely, and he had nothing to love but his child.

But the child—the woman rather—how would her life be as years went on and blooms faded, and found her life not broadened and brightened by husband's and child's dear love? Could he fill her heart and hope of a woman? He anew such hearts too well to answer selfishly; he blamed himself for not thinking sooner of what stuff they were made, and fortifying his own for a day he might have seen surely com-

ing. And yet he could not resolve upon it. Was it, after all, so necessary? Lalie was such a childlike little puss, it could not make much difference whether it was Chester Greenough's or Uncle Philip's face which, "Rising duly as the sun, with its 'good-day,' made each day good." Still, if that were so, why had she, possessing already the one needed, to love the other? There was the question. Finally, argument and walk came to a stand. He had lived through a loss ten-fold more bitter; and if this last of his own happiness were required of him to add to the world's stock, it should have it, whether or no he gained, with the German seer, "instead thereof, blessedness."

Lalie had long ago reached her white chamber, her uncle being hidden by the shrubbery down a distant walk as she came home. Feeling, possibly, the declared incompatibility of "love and rest," she slipped out of bed and sat in the moonlight by the window, and presently below, to her utmost surprise, saw her uncle at his unusual vigil. She had felt a little remorseful before, and now trebly so; and when at length he entered she stole down the staircase with bare white feet, and laid her young face, tear-wet, against his grave, handsome one. Each saw how it was with the other; and as he held her on his broad, kind breast, his question was not, as she half dreaded, "Will you give him up for me?" but she felt both consent and benediction in his one sentence of "God bless you, my dear child Lalie!"

П.

And what was the chance which found, at thirty-five, so amply capacitous a life as Philip Raynor's unfilled by kith or kin save this little kitten of a niece? What had made it so happen that there was no hand of all the world's fair daughters his own felt it joy to enfold—no lips he cared at all to kiss?

Let us have the scene the mignonnette in the garden walk revived before him:

He was a banker's clerk, and dimly prospective partner then, in a great city with a quiet second story room for posting books. The window commanded the entrancing prospect, across a five foot alley, of a brick house side with the window opposite his impenetrable to all save imagination, by an opaque shutter always closed. He wasted no imagination on it, though his young man's heart was open, finely enough strung and receptive, for all those influences which come to young men. But he never looked for romance in Stone Street. It held only a ledger for him. The other field was beyond it, always.

Yet one summer day as he sat with the window open there stole in through it the faint, clean smell of mignonnette. What had evolved it among those bricks and stones? He looked down upon the flags half expecting to see some traditional flower-girl; but a tattered young imp, locomotive under a bundle of shavings, alone met his view; and drawing his handsome young head listlessly back, he saw the opposite window



unshuttered, uncurtained, at last, with broad clean panes behind which was a picture.

No human tableau, as you think, but a picture upon an easel; a brush working at it under the motive supplied by a firm white hand. What impelled that hand Philip by no effort could see. The easel was so placed, by intention or otherwise, at its window that no position taken in the other could command more of the artist than the active hand.

Phil satisfied himself of this, and then a little dissatisfiedly proceeded to detail what he could see. The picture was not a master-piece; but it was being done well, gaining a fine careful finish under that smooth hand; a nice one, it occurred to Phil, to lay on a fellow's forehead to exorcise headache or blues. But that, after all, would depend on its owner: he had seen regular witches of Endor with handsome hands; was this one? What did he care: he could see fair ladies complete, any hour, in any parlor in the city; and he went back to his desk, which took him out of sight, with a slight pleasure that if he could not see his neighbor she could not see him.

He did not look out again till he rose to go home to tea; and then the picture was turned face to easel and the hand gone. Forgetting the whole matter till the next afternoon, when the mignonnette stealing in, in fresh fairy visit, he looked out anew with the old result—and the old result always, all the days of that week.

Now no young man can record the transactions of Messrs. Doe and Roe, with entire indifference to all but their interesting detail, when a white hand a few feet off announces that one of the fairest among women may be within winning distance. So Phil added a few minutes daily to his survey at the window.

"Why the mischief can't she look out for just a second? It is aggravating to have so near a neighbor and not know what kind of a being she is." And he fell to studying the hand afresh, and when he had got all its supple curves by heart, looked at its work—the picture—which finally began to develop the most airy resemblance to something or other. It seemed not a picture, but a word-picture of one. Did it stand columnar in prose or deliquesce into rhyme? He could not tell; but on going home he did not forget to run his eye over the book-shelves, and it resting on "Mrs. Browning," he knew what he wanted, and taking down the book found it at once.

"I should not wonder if she is painting from these very words. I mean to take the book down to-morrow and see how they suit." And with this thought he pocketed the book, and producing it next day at his window, he proceeded with animation to divide his eyes between the page-picture and the canvas one, detailing its objects as the poet has placed them, thus:

"On your left the sheep are cropping
The slant grass and daisies pale,
While fine apple-trees stand dropping
Separate badows down the vale.
Over all in choral silence the bells peal you their all hall,

While far out in the distance shining hills on hills arise; Close as brother leans to brother as they press beneath the eyes,

Of some father asking blessings from the gifts of Paradise."

Lo, a little rustle across the way, and instead now of the hand the owning face—in it a commingling of surprise, amusement, yet reticent recognition of circumstance as she said, smiling,

"You have found my copy, Sir, I see!"

The hand replaced the face again, and there was no more to be said. He went back to his desk, for there he could review the momentary vision clearer:—A face, like the hand, young, smooth, and firm of outline; not all white, but richly tinted; a great coil of brown hair at the back of a very noble head. He knew the type of woman at once—One of the world's crown princesses.

"Crown princesses do not flirt across alleyways with unknown bankers' clerks, as this one knew; and so he spent the next day and the one after still more discontentedly than while the face was unseen. But on the third day-O rare, kind chance!-hand and face and figure stood complete before him in Mrs. Willard's parlor, where the chess-playing intellectuals were convened; and there was pronounced in the "Miss Claudia Leferige allow me to present Mr. Philip Raynor," and vice versa, as perfect a warrant, in its province, for all further acquaintance as the marriage service is in its own. It was with a curious sense of privilege and satisfied wish that he found himself face to face with her over a chessboard—the artist-hand, with a wast of mignonnette in it, guiding the pieces with the same calm certainty it had done the brush, or lying quiet with its mate upon the silken lap.

"You admire 'Mrs. Browning," said she at length, smiling, with a flicker of a blush. "You quite electrified me the other day. It half seemed as if the picture had found the soul and speech some artists seem to think they possess."

"Yours might have it, if any, Miss Leferige; it is so exquisite a transcript of the poet's order. But in my ignorance of whether you are most artist or woman, I shall risk your displeasure by telling you I watched your picture for a week, and grew heartily tired of it, because it stood in the place I wanted held by its owner."

Whatever the artist may have felt it was the woman who blushed, and, a little reservedly, changed the subject.

The situation at the studio underwent no change, save that, the picture being finished, a new canvas was substituted, upon which Miss Leferige must have been specially intent, since it was mid afternoon before thoughts of him appeared to the new acquaintance, in the shape of her look from the window and quiet "Good-day, Mr. Raynor." Then ensued some little further talk of the difficulty of getting any day's best down a city alley-way.

"The day's quality doesn't so much matter when human sunshine can be infused into these



dens," said Phil, looking radiant enough for two.

"Yes, but one likes to superadd the other;" and Miss Claudia returned to its canvas representation, and Phil to the Doe and Roe estimates.

So things went on for many days; the talks growing a little more frequent, and the acquaint-ance progressing duly and righteously; till, at old Painter Gilbert's chance invitation, Phil had the pleasure of seeing how his own solitary "den" appeared to the tenant of "the window over the way." But the tenant being the nearer object, he naturally looked more at her, and found that the royal air and outline did not fail on close, open day inspection.

We have an engraving whose day of comment being over has passed into our art treasures, well-approved. We have almost all of us traced a resemblance to one beloved or admired in his rare Evangeline; and there are women who, if not special resemblances, are of her type of woman and spirit. You will know Claudia Leferige best when I tell you it was the Evangeline face which sat upon her wide, full shoulders. It had the same blending of high impulse and calm rule. A great vital life, its every issue guarded well, and by no negative childish purity, but the purity of knowledge, which is power. So she seemed.

A most magnetic presence this for a free young man, as this one readily found it.

With girls like Claudia Leferige there always seems to be a question whether the impatient powers the years are perfecting shall expend themselves in writing books or painting pictures, or in earnest efficience in the world's work. This latter was Claudia's ultimatum, Art being no specialty, but pursued in righteous hours of necessary leisure and recreation, when she wanted to do something which would bring her nearer to the outside natural world's warm pulse than crochet-work, or that canvas Art whose agent is Berlin wool. Thus Claudia found out Master Gilbert, to whom form, color, chiaroscuro, were the worthy objects of life. He did not pretend to teach her: such artists seldom can teach; but it was enough that her easel might stand at his spare window, and her observant eye watch and imitate his processes in whatever order he chose to give them. She had caught spirit and rudiment; and now sat in application of the remaining requisites-skill and patience.

And now, at whiles, as the old painter dreamed and glowed over his work at the far end of the room, young Raynor read aloud to her across the way, secure in brick and stone seclusion. More rarely, and so, perhaps, more preciously, sat at her side and threaded the rhymed analysis of her who had furnished the order for the picture. Finding rare things, such as they and other readers have felt but never thought. Dangerous reading for two young strong spirits, who felt that for their own experience the great joys, no less than drear sorrows, so well described, were pos-

sible. Stone Street was coming to contain more than a ledger. Cold angles began to round up rosily under the halo which has rested every where in some months of all our lives.

Young Raynor came to be a guest in Claudia's home parlor, gaining Madame Leferige's high good graces over the chess-board, as well as, with less mental effort, those of Claudia's little belle cousin, Rosa Leferige, for whom the crochet-hook was altogether sufficient. These three ladies composed the family. A picture on the wall of a manly presence alone showed that Claudia's father had been worthy his orphan.

And so it all came about that the richest gift of Philip Raynor's humanity was laid, fresh and final, of price uncountable, yet suppliant, for Claudia Leferige's acceptance.

There are women, walking even in the crown-princess guise, whose rare eyes—speaking all things to all men—do not even bate the "I love you" till coming to be asked by manly tones. Then lo! what graceful surprise; what serene regret; what a dainty quaver in the voice which bids you go and forget them—as they certainly will you when the next coming man appears.

The shadows of such possibilities lurk grimly on the outskirts of lovers' hopes often; but if Philip Raynor was not wholly free from them, he was indignantly sure they were no less base than miserable here. One certainly never could fail him. In answer to a passion which had shown itself in every form but words, she had given—subtly, indescribably, as a woman may—a recognition which was not refusal.

And yet what man can be sure? If this one had been, those days and weeks would not have slipped away, tinged with the sweet sadness of a hopeful uncertainty, until they brought the news of the death of the brother whose loss completed Lalie's orphanage.

Thus the time in which Philip left the city for a two-months' stay in his native village was not one for love-making.

But the first grief and occupation with his brother's affairs abated, thoughts of Claudia returned with a force doubled by temporary check. He began to feel the most feverish impatience to return to her. In all former days of presence he had not proved her so inexpressibly dear. And so he began the long car-journey back. Lacking nothing of tenderness to the childish figure, sably clad, which nestled, a little sadly yet, but with great content, beside him. But within, crowned and serene, Claudia Leferige sat, queen of the fair, many-colored autumn day, regnant in the clear, star-pricked night.

But as a new day flushed up they neared the city, and there came in at a way-station Alfred Willard, a dawning lawyer, son of the lady who had introduced Claudia. With a glad hand-shake he sat down by him and began to detail the doings of their "set" in Raynor's absence. Finally, the name he waited for came in, and this was its connection.

"And, by-the-way," said Alfred, "of course



you must have heard of Miss Leferige's last flirt- | been, for the rare liberty this man had so freely ation."

"Her last flirtation!"

"Her last, and, by all accounts, her decisive and her final one. The messenger of the insatiate archer comes in the person of a certain Colonel Eugene Darley, who, uniting good looks with the rare addenda of brains, has contrived, I suppose, to convince her that he is earning the snug salary he draws in the service-a fact open to proof nowadays when an officer has nothing to do but keep his buttons in polish."

Raynor listened with the sense of painful dream we all feel at sudden announcement of what every nerve of our hearts cry out shall not be true. Was it indeed then over? He was going right to her with the question on the moment's desperate spur. They had just reached the city and were leaving the cars. Young Willard resumed:

"We're going to have a social evening tonight. All the folks are to be there. Don't you fail us, as you value mother's good graces."

"All the folks" he knew included Claudia; possibly this Colonel Darley. He would go and prove with his own love-sharpened eyes how it was with these two, for on sober second thought he in nowise despaired. If she were a true woman she loved no other man after what had passed between them.

From some accidental detention the evening was half spent before he entered Mrs. Willard's light and company-brilliant house. Socialness was at its height; the numerous guests moved to and fro freely, seeking congenials without restraint. Claudia had found hers in the young officer, as Raynor quickly observedhimself unseen. His jealous pride was up, of course. He would not present himself for the interruption of greeting when she was so absorbingly engaged. For Colonel Darley's head was inclined toward her, talking with continuous earnestness, while she listened, pleased, assenting, evidently. He was talking as men talk who are venting some subject very much at heart, Raynor could have sworn the one which glowed so in his own.

Miss Leferige did not change her seat for what remained of the evening; and did not see Philip for the reason that he, not choosing to be seen, kept from her sight in another parlor, very feignedly gay, of course, with some little flirt, for whom he did not care a fig.

Finally, the party breaking up, he shawled this lady in the ante-room, and was putting her in the carriage when, at a little distance, somewhat in the shadow, he observed Eugene Darley, who, having ended this office for Claudia, arrested her white hand, before it could receive its glove, and pressed it close against his mustached lips, and bowed himself away in the light of her blush and smile.

Philip Raynor's heart nearly burst in the struggle between yearning love and indignant contempt. He had felt that the time had not yet come in their friendship, close as it had destroy.

taken.

What was the inference? Only that Colonel Eugene Darley had taken the one step beyond him which rendered all further of his own needless. He felt as if some great structure had fallen from summit to base and lay around his feet; for staking the truth of all humanity on that of Claudia Leferige, and she failing, where was truth to be found on the earth?

The stung pride blinded the love, as it will at first in men, and he determined to show her the foot with which she had trod on a heart was but of the lightest.

So he stood for the last time at the door of Painter Gilbert's studio, and entering, as the custom was, without a knock, saw at first glance Claudia, most intent upon a picture, which the instant she saw him vanished off the easel and disappeared behind a larger one, face toward the wall; but not before he had discerned the oval shape of a photograph, and had a glimpse of short crisp hair and dark mustache.

She rose to greet him with a real seeming, though faintly embarrassed gladness which changed in the same delicate intangible fashion to a hurt and then indignant surprise at Philip's cool, trifling air and talk, so far different from the reticent yet real passion which glowed silently but most visibly to her woman's eye as they parted last.

We see Philip was showing her the ice-surface, placid and sparkling enough, with which a proud man can crust his heart, no matter how heavily.the surge is moving below. It had nearly broken up wildly when he rose to departfinally, as he knew and she seemed to feel. There was such a fine womanly sadness in this flirt's figure and beautiful half-drooped head. that he could not possibly help the rush of a fierce kind of longing to press her in his arms close, in spite of all. But he only bowed and said, "Good-day, Miss Leferige."

When, after a few days, he resumed officework he found the window, out of which had looked such brightness and bane, once more shutter-darkened, and he felt much at heart as if the one oriel there through which full sunshine ever entered had met some like obscurement.

So the Stone Street romance was over. The glow all lifted, and left bleaker angle and atmosphere there and every where than he had ever known could exist. He did not remain in the city many months more; and during them did not meet her face to face; yet otherwise often enough to keep sore remembrance fresh which he would gladly have foregone. Thus, though not wholly, but largely, for this reason he returned to his native town, and establishing himself there, went seldom to the city, staying briefly when there.

Unconfessedly he was waiting for the marriage announcement of Claudia Leferige to bring the final crumbling shock to the temple of hope, which passion had reared and refused to wholly



Instead thereof he heard, with some surprise, during a day in the city, that she had just sailed for England. Now he found his mind following her over the far waters till time for a voyage was overpast, when he pictured her standing in rare scenes they had talked of together, her eyes alight with the well-remembered light which alone might have made him love her. Fair, false eves.

Then came one of those fateful paragraphs which city papers bring to some. Of the bark Ariadne, long due but uncoming at her English wharf; of a great light seen on the horizon by men in fishing-smacks; of gun-shot notes of distress sharp enough at hand no doubt, but changing to fitting moan as they traveled over hopeless reaches of water, which the fishermen at greatest speed could not pass in time to find more than charted timbers floating in drear memorial of that great store of life quenched now and vanished for all time.

Raynor would not believe it; like hundreds of others refusing to admit the lamentable truth till weeks had run into months, all lacking word or sign of the Ariadne. Then the heart-sickness of hope's long deferment settled into the visible sorrow we feel for the dead. She had been virtually lost to Philip Raynor long ago; but physically dead he could not make her even in thought.

With the unselfishness of real love he grieved now for her sake and not his own. That'so bright a world as her high vital life had made of this should be shut away from her forever under those salt depths was most mournful.

Three months after the ship's loss there came to him a letter and package closely sealed. Glancing at once at the bottom of the former he found the writer to be Claudia's mother.

She wrote, she said, to forward him a package which she had found in Claudia's desk, with the direction that it be sent him if she died abroad. Mrs. Leferige wrote upon the presumption that he had heard of that sad event, and explained that Claudia had originally intended accompanying her cousin Rosa, now Mrs. Eugene Darley, on her wedding tour in the regular line steamship; but being detained to see her mother safely through a slight illness, had taken the fated vessel which bore her only to death.

Rosa Leferige Mrs. Eugene Darley! And Claudia's kindness to the man was mere cousinly friendship! Merciful Heaven! had he ruined his life by his own mistake, and no fault of hers?

He would not believe it; he turned to the package and tore the wrapping from it. It was a Bible in rich dark binding. Why had she sent him that? As the one solace possible in the woe she felt would come.

With numb, mechanical fingers he turned the pages over, and found on one of them a little gold hand, formed to clasp the leaf and indicate certain passages. Upon the pointing finger the tiny gem, emblem of constant fire and fidelity, smouldered redly as it rested upon the second sentence of a verse in the 31st Chapter of Jere- eth time; "what will he do when I am gone?"

miah. The words were marked around, and contained the vindication of one woman's utmost truth in the words, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

Poor Philip! It seemed as if the whole weight of waters which held her down out of his sight were pressing on his own breast. Oh rare true girl! And he, blind fool, to let it take death to prove her so!

He remembered the peerless form out of which this pure soul was rent with a grief past any expression. Day after day he thought of her as she lay, the long brown hair uncoiled in its bright length, and floating far and free in the slow surge which washed with gradual sureness one of the fairest types of humanity forever out of creation and beyond all reproduction. For he knew that Nature, in her inexorable rule of breaking the mould in which she has cast a face irremediably at the day of death, would never produce him another Claudia, though he waited for her on the earth a thousand years.

Love's messenger had been well chosen. Lifted on the wave of sorrow high above the level life of literature and its minor solace, the Bible was the only book he could read. He did not fail to find in it that he had manful share in the world's work and working.

As the years went pain faded out of them, and peace and pleasure came in. Eulalie supplied him the object for immediate and everyday love: for the higher there was no earthly replacement. The even flow of his life was disturbed for the first time by Lalie's affairs as we have related, and he had so included her in the settled plan of his life that it was a very real sacrifice to give her up.

In less than a year from that time all rooms of Uncle Phil's house presented indications which no observant eye can ever mistake, even if the ear fails to catch the voices pitched in that undertone of consultation used only at weddings and funerals. And no funeral baked meats were ever brought to light, like saints "perfect from oven ordeal," with the same cheerful bustle though the defunct united the age of Methuselah with the qualities of Blue Beard and Crossus.

Lalie's own room was whipped to a perfect foam of tulle and tarlatan, and precious freights of talk floated above it. You can generally tell among all young faces seriously gay in these delightful solemnities which is the bride to-be. Across her face will flit flushings and fadings. cast by alternate glows of great near delights and the shadows of griefs to come.

Thus Lalie sat with two "eternally dear" young lady friends—as young lady eternities last. Lalie was going to be married; and the abysmal West, which has engulfed so many bright faces to give them up no more forever, or else with bloom and brightness washed away, waited to receive her.

"Poor uncle!" said she, sighing for the fifti-



"Lalie," said Miss Virginia Pierson, a chief belle in that region, "if I were in your place I should not care one snap. Poor Uncle Phil indeed! Why don't he marry, I should like to know? I think it's right selfish in him to be single when the 'social bell glass' of this town is so crowded with fair asphyxiated subjects longing for love's oxygen. He might take his pick, too, within bounds." And Miss Virginia gave a little toss and mirrorward glance to convince herself and Lalie that there were certain bounds.

"Uncle Phil selfish!" replied Lalie, indignantly. "That is an idea! Why, Ginny Pierson, if he had been a selfish man he would have married long ago. He must know his wife would idolize him; and if he couldn't return her love with interest, do you suppose he would take it and give her nothing? If Uncle Phil weren't the most generous man alive he never would have let me marry Chester and go West, for he loves me dearly." And Lalie, in the closet door, just now gives a little spring which leaves the trailing white silk on the topmost hook with a consecrating tear in its soft folds; while Miss Virginia wondered if somebody could not make Uncle Phil love "with interest." One

And Uncle Phil beheld all this preparation, and saw the high glee and enjoyment of the bevy of young unresponsibles, to whom Lalie's wedding was only a delightful excitement; feeling that he was the sole one who could take, or cared to take, the graver view.

As he watched her little figure, more childly than womanly, earnest in little affairs of work, he thought of David Copperfield's Dora. Lalie, though of course less infantile, was the same type of woman precisely, and he could have wept with sadness as he followed the child-wife's story through all its length, and saw her as she lay at last, with "the little form that never grew" stretching its tiny length beside her cold young breast.

All things culminated finally on one indoor brilliant evening, and Philip Raynor, gravely giving the white-robed bride away to the joyous fellow at her side, gave the best gift it was in his power to bestow on any man.

So she went in her bridal cheer and parting sadness; and the house had that emptiness houses feel when brides go out of them, making the remaining sit closer together as they talk it

Thinking it over alone by silent fire-lights is less heartsome. Philip Raynor found it so as he took up the very single thread of his life to spin out through winter days and evenings.

All physical household things went well, as they were used under the virtuous, elderly automaton who had discharged them of old. But every room in the house missed a presence which had been and was not; the very hall looked empty without the old trail of shawls, and scarfs, and streamers. Uncle Phil wanted back the disor-

small shoes kicked off by the fireside, and forgotten to be taken up stairs; much other miscellany; and sorely young arms about his neck on rainy days, and a head whose very weight was restful on his shoulder.

But he was getting on charmingly, he wrote for her comfort, in reply to long regretful pages, in fast running hand. He would wager-what with Misses Ginny and Georgie Pierson, and the bevy of other consolers, she had left himhe did not miss her half as much as she did Uncle Phil, for all Chester's insane persistence in honey-moon fooleries so long after the allotted time for finding the difference between shavings and sardines.

So Lalie—as of old never looking into shady corners of her uncle's heart for continuing skeletons of past joys-took it for granted none were there; and even had a jealous pang or two that he should get along so well without her.

The months had worn out one year and were making large inroads into another since Lalie's departure. She had not dreamed of being gone so long without seeing Uncle Phil, nor he, indeed. But all those cobweb walls of delay which keep us from distant friends had intervened. Now in one of Lalie's many letters—this one more than commonly full of wishings for his presence-Uncle Phil's eyes saw, though she nowhere wrote it, that the sacred sorrow of womanhood was come upon her. He prepared his journey then at once. He held, as he felt in no vanity, for Lalie the stay of father and mother in one. They could scarcely have felt a more tender anxiety than this which hastened the long winter journey.

In long days and nights of travel, breaking the quiet level of home thought and life, we bring up old experiences with a boldness we did not dare while there was nothing to break their vividness. As the cars surged on and on in the weirdly monotonous fashion of night-journeying, Philip recalled the one which had borne him with such high heart to bitter grief. From thence he glided through all the short sad detail, over which finally stood the one sentence of the Holy Book, which if it did not ray back into the past cast a far-off cheering light ahead.

And as if in fitting conclusion to this resurrection of past things, he met once more the old sweet mignonnette. He had left the cars, and was taking the two remaining miles of the way in a sleigh which carried passengers from the depôt to the town. As they rode rapidly he felt in the wind the waft of a silken veil against his face, and its folds faintly evolved the ancient fragrance. Unconsciously to its owner, who sat in front of him, it touched him again and again; and he felt strangely its soft caress, like the brushing wing of an angel. They rode on in clear cold air, and under the sharp moon, which glittered down upon the chance phenomena of ice-branched trees, one clump of der he had once but half approved. He missed these drawing his own attention, and some faint



exclamation from the lady with the veil, as they stood on a hill-side in defined and broken brilliance against a broad back-ground of hemlocks, like rare jewels darkly cushioned.

He forgot all as they reached the town in the fair face of his darling at the door; and her head was soon in its old place, with such abundance of content that the young husband, pleased for her sake, was half jealous for his own.

"Mr. Raynor," said kind elderly Mrs. Graham, two weeks after his coming, and two hours after a very great event, "would you mind going four doors down the street on the other side for a bottle of arnica? The stupid nurse has just broken it up stairs. I walk so uncertainly in the dark I fear a fall, and Mr. Greenough is taking Dr. Andrews home; and no one can be spared to send."

"Most certainly, Madam," replied Philip, seizing his hat with the cheerful alacrity a man feels in being of use at such a time. And very unlike Mrs. Graham's steps were those which bore him, as he thought, to her door, but in fact two doors below. But the night being late and dark, and this being the only lighted house, he thought of course they were awaiting its mistress there. The idea was confirmed by a servant answering his ring and showing no surprise when, in Mrs. Graham's name, he made known his errand.

Showing him into the parlor she went for the arnica. He sat here for a few moments in a dim half-light, observing through a door ajar a brighter flame of gas, and in this light he saw that which, though the room was apparently private, attracted him beyond resistance.

For there hung, framed in a massive oval, his own picture—himself, and none other; his young self, with a great hope riant in his eyes and face. He had locked away one like it years ago, since it copied nothing now in the world; that expression having vanished out of its original's face. He never knew the picture had a duplicate; and here was one with the exquisite finish of an oil-painting such as only a skillful hand can give to photographs.—And the one which painted that?—There was a sharp flash of coincidence. Good Heavens! he had seen it at its work upon it, and it now lay, fleshless, fathoms under sea.

"Oh Claudia! Claudia!" And with this name for the first time in long years uttered aloud in forgetful bitterness, he flung his arm over the mantle and leaned his head upon it.

Lo! a step in the door broken off short by a great surprise. He raised his head instantly in grave composure. It was no menial figure. In full womanhood's unfaded perfection Claudia Leferige stood there in utmost silence.

And he before her no less quiet, in the still tension of a dream which will not for its own sake bear waking. But he saw that it was so. No single outline had failed out of the form whose old earthly dearness grew upon him mightily. He stretched out his hands to her passionate, suppliant:

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"I wronged you miserably, Claudia. But I loved you so! And the years have atoned—surely the years have atoned!"

She read their whole sad, faithful story in his voice, and coming forward to the aching hand laid her own silently therein.

But as in the old time hand alone did not satisfy, and he held her close over his tumultuous heart, and felt her there in no cold contfast, but with the great returning thrill of an everlasting love.

And now I see you, reader, looking, a little incredulous, for solvement of such high romance. Just as all mysteries show unraveled, it is plain and simple.

Claudia sailed in the Ariadne, as has been said. The ship had met rough weather from the first, and coming down from the deck some unforeseen plunge had caused Claudia to fall, dislocating and slightly fracturing her arm. The surgeon, fearing the effect of the ship's motion, persuaded her to go on shore at St. Johns and await the next regular steamer. She did so; and the Ariadne sped on to her fiery fate.

It was a month before she was again en route for England, which reaching, she found her friends in great alarm at the non-coming of the Ariadne. She wrote instantly for her mother's relief, and her mother receiving the letter in the West, whither she had gone at once to reside with friends, announced to Claudia her wish to make it their permanent home. So she, in due time returning to America, went directly there, and it was not the great sea but the great West which had hidden her from Philip Raynor all these years, and—kinder than the waters—delivered her up to him alive.

And how could he have escaped all knowledge of her continued existence? By no more wonderful a chance than a thousand other such. He had no correspondents in the city, and did not visit it for two years after the loss of the ship. He made no social calls while there; and the few acquaintances he saw, never dreaming that Miss Leferige was any thing to him, did not chance to mention her name among others.

Personally there was naught for her to do. Unwittingly in her life the avowal had reached him, which she meant only death should reveal. Why had he never come to claim the troth? Question of most keen ordeal even to a love which had declared itself eternal; all the more that proud hands made her humble offering, as she held her right royally in the fair Western city.

What need for me, bright fancied reader, to go further into details which you can so much better guess?

Only a minute now I linger with you to think how the blessed promise and analogy was once more carried out by Philip Raynor, in that he, going forth and adding, though it were with tears, precious seed of happiness to the world's stock, should return so surely in due season bringing full sheaves of great joys with him.

A TILT AT THE WOMAN'S QUESTION.

BECAUSE there is war, shall we no more argue the old questions? Because there is virtue, shall there be no cakes and ale? Heaven forbid! I am determined to stir up one of the old grievances, if only to show our Southern brethren that there are still Yankees in the land.

Shall women vote? shall women sell drygoods? shall women till the fields? practice medicine? save murderers from the halter, or their victims from the grave? I am not prepared to say yes or no at once to these questions; but, as a free-trader, I hold that women ought to have a fair chance; and I confess that it is difficult to tell, if old women are to command in the field and prevail in the Cabinet in these times, why they should be chosen all from the male sex. Somebody called this, the other day, the "era of grandmothers;" why not try a few grannies in petticoats?

A fool can ask more questions in an hour than a wise man—or woman—can answer in a lifetime. I am not to be aggravated into answers by any multitude or torrent of fools' questions. So, if you want to know definitely whether women ought to help elect the next President—by their votes at the polls, I mean—you must apply at some other shop than this. Like the famous Irishman, I stick my head out of the window and resolutely cry out, "Not at home!"

It always struck me that those termagant philosophers who, in our grass days, used once or twice a year to debate the Woman's Question—all on one side, unfortunately—neglected one thing. They were ready enough to deliver judgment, but they took no pains to hear testimony. It was as though the jury should go out before the witnesses were examined, and make up their verdict from the statements of the prosecuting attorney. I don't mean to say the verdict was wrong; only it is but fair to hear what the witnesses have to say on both sides, and it adds a kind of respectability to the decision, in the eyes of a stupid world, when it knows that it is-or, at least, seems to befounded on facts.

Let no one accuse me of a vulgar reverence for facts. Facts are not only stubborn things; they are stupid, cross—I think them useless. No; no facts for me. But then, the world will have them; and so, as we are sure that it will not alter the verdict, why not, in trying this old and often referred and re-referred case of Adam vs. Eve, call the witnesses?

That is what I mean to do. Gentlemen of the jury open your ears; and try to keep open your eves also.

Somebody—Mr. Froude, I think—has been for some time white-washing Henry the Eighth of England. This kind of historical revision is the fashion abroad; it has been attempted to prove Bacon an honest man—as though it made any difference, after two centuries, wheth-

er the author of the "Novum Organum" took bribes or not. If the pear is sweet and mellow and sound, need you go pothering about the orchard to see if the tree that bore it is troubled by the Scolytus pyri, or the Conotrachelus nenuphar, or any other thing with six legs and a hideous name? If I did not despise these new readings, I could give you a few little-known facts about Adam which would effectually blackwash that worthy, and make you rather ashamed of claiming descent from him. The fact is, gentlemen of the jury, that the eminently respectable old fellow, who has been plaintiff in this celebrated case for the last five or six thousand years, ought to be in the dock himself; and if Eve had not been the most angelic and longsuffering of women, she would never have tolerated that hag Lilith about her house. There are stories about Adam in the Talmud which would make even Sir Creswell Creswell blush. It is not only that he spent one hundred and thirty years of his married life in company with Lilith and a number of other she-devils, to the great grief of his faithful wife; there are stories about him even worse than that. And does not Rabbi Salomon Jarchi assure us, on his word of honor as a gentleman and a scholar, that Joseph was not so guileless, nor Mrs. Potiphar so guilty, as we have been accustomed to believe-citing in evidence thereof a very circumstantial, and, I am sorry to say, extremely damaging passage in the Gemarra?

If you are weaker than your enemy, attack him. That is what Lee has done; and that has been the course of Adam and all his trowser-wenring descendants toward the daughters of Eve. For instance, she tempted Adam. But what was the gender of the serpent who tempted Eve? Answer me that. However, it is not necessary at this stage of the trial to introduce testimony as to character, and, indeed, I hope to clear the defendant without in any such way begging the question.

And now what is the charge? That women are inferior to men, or, perhaps, only that they are subject to "the nobler sex." "Nature," says a Chinese proverb, "has made women subject to men—but Nature abhors slavery." And what do we, defendants, rejoin? That women are not lower, but different; and not subject, but conal.

The negro is different from the white man, and therefore he ought to be sold to the highest bidder: so argues the Reverend Dr. Palmer, lately of New Orleans; and if his Reverence should chance to be cast away on the coast of Madagascar the same argument would be used by the logical subjects of King Radama to justify his exposure in the market-place. I don't mean to say it is fallacious; it may be sound, but it has its inconveniences. So has the other. Women are different from men, and therefore they are subject. But why? Men are different from women: are men therefore subject? I say men are, or ought to be, subject to women: but not for that pitiful reason.



Women are, as Tennyson says: "Not less, but different."

How do they differ?' Let us see. And here I mean to cite not those points of difference produced by condition-by barbarism or by high civilization, by wealth or poverty, education or ignorance, but, so far as I can collect and present them, those radical and natural differences which circumstances may exaggerate but can not entirely efface. How are women different from men?

Physically, the woman is less in stature than the man; her form is more rounded; her bones are smaller; her muscles are not so hard. Her voice is soft, the man's coarse; her glance modest and diffident, his forward and daring; her motions graceful, his powerful; her step light, his firm. She arrives at maturity sooner than man, and her life is by some years shorter, according to the best tables of mortality. But it is tedious and unprofitable to consider separately the physical and psychological differences, because they can not properly be separated. For instance, man commands and woman persuades; man has, accordingly, the Roman nose, but a woman with that form of nose is avoided by prudent men as carefully as a Roman-nosed horse. A man with a pug nose is a creature despised by gods and his fellow-men; he may be a counter-jumper—he may be a dandy—he will never command in the field or in the council. But a woman with a pug nose—consider: Did you ever know such a one that did not in every thing have her own way? that did not rule her husband, her children, her servants, her house, her shop-keepers, her whole world?

And herein lies one of the evident proofs of the superiority of women to men-they are superior to accidents. A man born into the world I protest I would rather plan a dozen campaigns with a pug nose is at once and forever an abject and contemptible creature: he is a dunce at school; he is a vainglorious peacock in society; his beard is sure to be a failure; and, unless he is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he is the sport of circumstances all his life. Is it so with women? Look at Lady Blessington's nose; it is the most marked of pugs. No; woman is the superior creature. She lives above the influence of those accidents which bind and fetter the lives of men. She rules not by virtue of a Roman nose, but in spite of it; not by permission of an accident, but independently of all accidents.

And this is the being who is pronounced "subject," "inferior," and all that!

Compare closely the natures of man and woman, and you will see "weakness" written in every line of man's character, and "strength" in every mark of woman's. Men claim that they are the more courageous, but women every day look cheerfully in the face the most terrible of sufferings, the most cruel of deaths. Men are venturesome—all fools are; but see how this poor creature, Man, when in the face of the danger he has invited, at once takes to stimu- boy and girl at play. It is not only that the lants. Who smokes tobacco? Men. Who drinks boy is rough and the girl is gentle. The boy's

all the whisky and other pernicious liquors, which afford half the revenues and fill seveneighths of the jails of Christian nations? Men. Their weak natures need such artificial aids. But women—equal to all conditions, to every trial-scorn such helps.

Scarcely one man in twenty millions is fit to command an army: not a hundred men in a million can conduct prosperously a great business. Yet they are trained to it; they are educated for it. . But women command in every house. Ignorant, falsely educated, flattered as inferior beings, young, with their bones scarcely hardened and no more notion of life than can be got out of some man-milliner's foolish novel, they are married, and at once burdened with cares, with responsibilities, the very thought of which makes conscientious men shudder-the slightest glimpse of which makes every man lose his temper. Talk of a campaign against the enemy! The General in the field has his staff; but here is a young creature of twenty, who is not only commander-in-chief, but commissary, and quarter-master, and adjutant-general into the bargain; whose campaigns are not relieved by winter-quarters; whose eyes must be in every part of the field all the time; whose pitched battles, called house-cleanings, are not followed by long periods of inactivity and rest, but are merely notable incidents in the daily and uninterrupted routine of vigilant and fatiguing skirmishes and minor engagements. And yet how few of these young Napoleons fail! How few but manage to beat the enemy! How bravely they lead in the very front of battle! How gallantly they cheer on their forces! How quickly they redeem their blunders! How circumspect; what vigilance, what skill, what genius they display! than devise the breakfasts of a single month in any decent house.

It would not be difficult to show that all the qualities for which men most value men-which are exceptional in the male creature-are natural to and every where found in woman. For instance, the best part of courage is endurance; it is this quality which makes the noblest and most admired soldiers. But the first frail, tender woman you meet in the street has more of that than any dozen men. She will go to the dentist and have half her teeth pulled out and the remainder of them hammered, scraped, and filled, without a murmur. Ask any dentist who makes him the most trouble, and he will tell you the men. When a great steamer was burned on Lake Erie, some years ago, it was a woman who gave up to a man, her husband, the spar which could not float both, and sank, with only a "Good-by!" to her death. The woman who is ready to faint at sight of a spider has courage and presence of mind enough to scare off a tiger with her parasol.

That women are instinctively different from men every mother knows who has watched her



toys are different from the girl's. The boy scorns dolls; the girl finds the drum a tiresome nuisance. The girl develops earlier than the boy, not only physically but mentally; she is "brighter," as we call it; she is arch where the boy is mischievous; more easily moved to tears of sympathy; readier witted-as she ought to be, being the weaker; less violent in temper. She develops at an astonishingly early period the maternal instinct, and fondles and dresses her dolls long before the boy exhibits a desire for a horse or a gun. Girls, I have observed, like flowers at an age when boys care only to pick them to pieces; they have a natural love for ribbons and other finery, which boys have not; and, so far as I have noticed, they care nothing for boots. In this last particular there would seem to be a radical difference between the sexcs. Little girls, too, are more cleanly and neater than boys. They may have the same fondness for mud-pies, but in constructing them they soil their clothes less. A little girl's long locks are generally in better order than her brother's close-cut crop.

I think, too, that it would be difficult to make boys take to the needle and to quiet work, as girls do, without great violence to their natures. They pine for outdoor life, as though their blood required more oxygen. Girls, too, earlier learn the use of language; and I have noticed that they better understand the meaning and place of words than boys of the same age.

Nor can it be said that the love of dolls and like playthings is a result of modern civilization. The little girls of Rome amused themselves with dolls, as do those of New York; in Pompeii the doll is of frequent occurrence; and thousands of years ago, as to-day, the boy acted the soldier, while his sister played with toy-dishes and a baby-house.

Modesty is the distinguishing attribute of woman, as courage is said to be that of man. No traveler among savages has reported seeing women in a state of nudity. The barbarous Australian walks the earth as naked as when he came upon it; but his "gin," whether young or old, is covered.

The love of ornament is another distinctive trait of woman. It is shown in the child, and goes with her to old age. It is an instinct, and not a habit, and an instinct which the man has not, or but in a very small degree. There is here among mankind a curious reversal of the order of nature among the animals. There the male is always the most beautiful. The hen is plain, and almost slovenly; the cock gaudy, proud, and beautiful. This is so among all birds, and, so far as I know, among quadrupeds as well. See, for instance, the lioness, how unobtrusive, how plain, compared with the magnificence of the lion!

The love of ornament is found in women, even in the most savage races. It is the instinct which gives civilization its first hold upon barbarians—and very properly it is given to women, the guardians of civilization. Every where

women wear the hair long: it is their first ornament. In the Pacific Islands the women come down to the beach, wearing flowers in their hair—the men look on and admire. It may be objected that tattooing among these Islanders is confined to men—but tattooing is not by way of ornamentation; it is a mark of rank, the equivalent of the stars and orders of a European noble.

Women are tender-hearted and humane, men savage. The story of Pocahontas is, with variations, repeated a dozen times in the history of our Indian wars in the West; and Mungo Park found women in the heart of Africa as kind and sympathizing as Cook and his companions found them among the cannibals of the Pacific. And here I may remark that no instance of female cannibalism is recorded by travelers. Cook indeed positively records that the women of the man-eating tribes he met were innocent of the practice; and it is known that among the Feejees and New Zealanders human flesh was taboo, or forbidden to the sex. Pork is in like manner taboo in New Zealand.

Finally, it may be said that men admire courage, but women adore it; men love gentleness, but women despise it in the other sex, and scarce do it justice in their own. To the man the greatest reproach is cowardice, to the woman impurity; and rightly, for to her fartherseeing vision, no splendor of achievement, no magnificence of genius, can make up for lack of virtue. Women are conservative, men destructive; men create, women preserve; men kill, women save life; the courage of men leads to enterprise, but the greatest enterprises have been saved from ruin by the quick wit or the courage of a woman. Men temper their pity with judgment; women give theirs for sweet pity's sake alone, neither inquiring nor caring as to the merits of the case. Thus, I have noticed, the unsuccessful villain of a novel has generally the sympathics of the lady-reader-if only his misfortunes are great enough; and in real life your unsuccessful man is mostly found -by some divine law of compensation—the husband of a jewel of a woman, who fondly sees in him all the virtues which Dame Fortune delights in disappointing of reward. Women are quicker witted than men. They jump at a conclusion by instinct, which the man slowly and painfully reasons out. Mr. Buckle, in an admirable lecture on "The Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge," argued that "Women are more deductive than men, because they think quicker than men;" and he remarks that, "when you are in a foreign country, and speaking a foreign language, women will understand you quicker than men will; and for the same reason, if you lose your way in a foreign town, it is always best to apply to a woman, because a man will show less readiness of apprehension." Dr. Currie mentions in one of his letters that "when a laborer and his wife came together to consult him, it was always from the woman he gained the clearest and most precise informa-



Men may have talent, but women have-tact; men accomplish much with great exertion, but women move the world by unseen influence, and by work which neither shows nor exhausts. It is admitted that women are better judges of character than men; and this I conceive is partly owing to the fact, that in their instinctive judgment the question of morality has greater influence on the judgment than with men. A woman can not give you reasons for her decision, but it is generally correct; a man will overwhelm you with reasons in favor of an erroneous conclusion. Women have, all, many of the prominent traits or qualities which make up what we call genius in men; the great poets, the great artists, even the great conquerors, had all the woman's side of their nature strongly developed; and it has been often observed that almost every really great man owed his best points of character, those which made him powerful, to the mother.

Women live by faith; men by works. men believe; men wait for proof. Mary went to the grave to seek the risen Saviour; but Thomas must lay his finger in the wounds before his stubborn doubts gave way. Men take the world by storm; women gain their point by slow and careful approaches. Men are impetuous-women persistent. Men are easily discouraged -- women are patient and tenacious. Men are ready for change; the nomadic nature is strong within them. Women suffer by change; they do not bear transplanting well. Men are like dogs, they have a regard more for persons; women are like cats, who have a stronger affection for places. It would have been a trifle for a man to say to the widowed Naomi what Ruth said; and he who forgets this misses half the noble sublimity of her faithful sacri-

These differences are radical and characteristic. They are not the result of education or training, but inborn. There are others which may be set to the account of woman's physical weakness-and here come in her peculiar vices. Women are cunning, which is the fault of weak men also. They abhor the sight of blood more than men do; though this instinct is strong also in men, and even leads the pirate to force his victims to "walk the plank" in preference to shooting or stabbing them. So the woman bent on murder oftenest uses poison; and the notorious poisoners have been women. learned jurist Hieronimus de Cavallos, caused to be printed in 1664, at Cologne, a work in which he gives a formal catalogue of the vices of women. The misogynist philosopher accuses them of inconstancy, love of scandal, pride, vanity, maliciousness, envy, curiosity, superstition, flattery, falsehood, suspiciousness, subserviency, hypocrisy. The list condemns itself, for there is scarce a vice mentioned, except the love of scandal, which is not common to men and women; and it may be added that women can not be accused of flattery, drunkenness, lascivious-

which the hot blood and grosser nature of the man show themselves.

The crimes of women are in general caused either by love, jealousy, or vanity; those of men by covetousness, ferocity, and recklessness of character. The woman displays more cunning and ingenuity in their commission; the man, inferior animal that he is, works here, as in every thing else, by main strength and stupidness. The woman, with doubtless greater temptations, contributes vastly fewer to the number of criminals than the man; and it has been noticed in England, as well as here, that of reformed criminals the greater number are women—and this in spite of the fact that it is much more difficult for a woman once fallen, than for a man, to recover a place in society. Nor should I omit to notice here the fact, that in many countries acts have been counted criminal in women which were not noticed in men. Thus scandal-mongery, quarrelsomeness, and scolding, were punishable once all over Europe in women; and how many hundreds have suffered for the imaginary crime of witchcraft!

If I have taken pains to set forth in some detail the radical differences between man and woman, it is because I believe they have not received sufficient attention from those who discuss what is called the "Woman's Question;" and they are, after all, the facts on which we must base all reasoning. Nor must I omit to mention two more, which are in truth the most important of all. Women, at least in civilized countries, are not aggressive in their passions-while men are; and women have an instinct, that of mother-hood, which men have not. The one makes women the conservators of virtue and morality, the other inspires them with the spirit of selfsacrifice, and is the corrector of every fault and vice in their character.

If now we ask what influence women have had on civilization, the simple answer is that they have made it—made it, that is to say, what it is. It is their peculiar qualities which make civilization possible; it is their love of ornament which gives employment to at least one half of the human race, and impels inventions and discoveries all over the world; it is their love of home which preserves and improves what at their demand is created; it is their love of virtue and morality which makes society possible. And it seems to me clear that women are influential not as they are like but as they are different from men. Mr. Buckle asserts that the women of Sparta who were educated in common with their brothers, and taught in the same exercises, had more influence than those of Athens, who were confined to the houses. I think it would be more correct to say that they had louder voices. But it is clearly not the women who cry aloud in the market-places who most trenchantly mould the character of society. Else must we give to Lais, Phryne, Aspasia, and Sappho, courtesans one and all, and public women in every sense, a merit above the quiet mothers who moulded the ness, quarrelsomeness, and other of the vices in characters of Plato, Socrates, Demosthenes, and

the women whom their companionship made famous. And who will say that Socrates did not gain more from the ill-conditioned Xantippe than from the most brilliant of the hetæræ? Nor are we to forget that the love of the Greeks was purely physical. Women had no real or elevating part in their civilization. The Greeks mocked at women; "instead of valuing them as companions they looked on them as toys," says Buckle, who goes on to remark that "in modern Europe the influence of women and the spread of civilization have been nearly commensurate, both advancing with almost equal speed." But among the ancient Greeks, "so far from women participating in this movement [the advance of civilization], we find that in the state of society exhibited by Plato and his contemporaries they had evidently lost ground; their influence being less then than it was in the earlier and more barbarous period depicted by Homer."

As to the influence of the loud-mouthed and somewhat dissolute women of Sparta—if I may return to that point for a moment-what was it? In what way did it improve, humanize, civilize those devourers of black broth? Did they ever succeed in improving even the black broth itself?

Women have made modern civilization. Without them society could not endure: without the influence of their pure and correct instincts all would go to wreck. That is the corrective—not the only one, but certainly the most powerful, for all the evils our civilization brings in its train. Woman is the conservative element in modern society. That country which has been called the modern Sodomif to-day it is to be saved, it will be by the few pious women who remain, and whose influence is already, within two or three years, felt as a power—not in their own direct and manifest work, but in the results of their teachings and their prayers, upon the men, their sons, brothers, and husbands, who are beginning to speak, here and there, in corrupt France, in a language strange to many of their countrymen, but nevertheless full of force and bearing the seeds of great results—the hope of a moral regeneration. If this France, from which all moral purity seemed to have departed, is ever converted and purified, it will be saved by the unseen influence of a few good and noble women. In Sodom of old were not found ten righteous men; perhaps if Lot had been told to seek for a hundred pure women he could easily have found them.

But if women have made our civilization, it is worth while to ask what has their creature done for them? How has it rewarded them? There are who believe that it has given but little, and that grudgingly. But consider, for a moment, the places which woman has held from the beginning. Among the lowest savages she is the drudge. Ascending to the next stage of

the other sages, long before these consorted with | children, valued chiefly for the quality of fecundity-to multiply and replenish the earth was the work assigned her. A stage higher, and she became the toy of man's passions and of his leisure. Yet another stage—a half stage rather—and we reach the Middle Ages, when woman was half toy, half idol, worshiped and defiled in the same breath. Then came the great Protestant Reformation; born, as Tetzel was fond of saying, of the wedding of a monk with a nun (Catherine Von Bora, Luther's wife), and assuredly never carried through had it not been for the courage and the wisdom of brave and wise women. From that day the place of woman has been that assigned her by God in Paradise—the companion of man.

And the equal? We can not make equals and superiors; Nature is the truest Democrat. You can not, by any thing you can do, by laws or enactments, make Smith the equal of Jones. You may indeed force them to be equal-but then they cease to be free. Why should women cry out to be equal when they are already superior?

Is this avoiding the question? Drudge, breeder, toy, idol, companion-is there no gain to woman from her work? The mistake which many make is to think that man has given all this to woman; that she is what he chooses to make her; that she accepts what he consents, for his own advantage and from his own goodnature, to give. So women take with bitterness of heart their place in life—and well they may, if they feel themselves beggars, and their life the bone flung to a dog. But the world gives nothing; the ancients pictured Fortune as a woman, partly because her favors are not given but must be conquered. What women are they have made themselves; their place they have achieved; they owe no thanks to men. What they are to be, is for women and not for men to decide. In the Journal of Master Albrecht Dürer (1521) is this passage: "Master Gerhardts, illuminist in Antwerp, has a daughter about eighteen years old; her name is Susannah, and she has illuminated a parchment of a Saviour's head, for which I gave a florin. It is a great marvel that a woman could do so much!" Three centuries later, and Rosa Bonheur hangs her master-pieces in the places of honor in every Exhibition; but no one wonders "that a woman could do so much." Why? because she has done it. I said a while back that the stupid world had a curious reverence for facts; see here a proof. "Shall women be painters?" you ask the world, and it calmly replies, "Yes, if they will paint well." That is all. But if you insist that they shall paint, be it master-pieces or daubs, then the world shrugs its shoulders and says you lack common sense. For a painter, to the world, is a painter, a writer a writer, a worker a worker, and so far as the work goes, the world, which is extremely practical, and looks only to the results, does not want to know any thing about the sex of the producer. Those inhuman development, we find her the breeder of | genious political economists, the bees, give us a



hive are all neuter or sexless.

This is where certain women fall out with the world and exclaim against it. They want to work, not as workers but as women; but when they enter the arena they must lay aside that armor. In the fight of life there must be fair play. The world does not force women to it: if they will enter the lists, it demands that they shall submit to the conditions. They choose to be Marthas-but we remember that profound saying of Jesus, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." But Mary "sat at Jesus' feet and heard his word." There will be Marthas; there will be women, moved of their spirit to take upon themselves the work of the world; and the world accepts their services, and is grateful according to the excellence of what is accomplished. But it is grateful to the worker and not to the woman; and with an instinct as true as truth it still declares that "Mary hath chosen the better part."

What is that better part? Is it to sell drygoods, to lecture, to paint, to plead in court? Is it to plow and hoe, to dig, to write novels? Is it better to be drudge? If I say that the one main advantage which women have gained from that advance in civilization of which they are the moving cause is exemption from the bitter struggle for bread, you will at once reply that in England, in America, in the countries we call most highly civilized, women are not thus exempt. But is this true? Consider for a moment why it is that women do not with us form a regular and constant part of the producing class. Why are they not workers as men are? Ask an engraver why he does not employ women; inquire why there are so few women compositors; why girls are not apprenticed as boys are; why master tradesmen, with the best will, yet refuse, after due trial, to train girls as they do boys to special occupations? All who have tried-and they are more numerous in this country than is suspected-will tell you that it is because when a girl has, with much care, been taught a trade, she marries and is at once lost to the laboring community. I have received this reply in a dozen cases. Does it not prove the truth of my assertion? If you say, women do work-and at less advantage, that their labor is not for the most part skilled labor-I can only reply that they are the exceptions, and that the rule is still that women are exempt, in modern society, from the great struggle for bread and life.

Is it not good that they should be? The single effective argument for an aristocracy, inheriting wealth, exalted position, and political power, is that it perpetuates a class in the state which is placed above the temptations which assail those who can attain these only by their own efforts. An aristocracy is therefore, it is said, conservative of honor and honesty; it stands been the civilizers of the rudest backwoods homes,

curious example here. The workers in the busy | ready to condemn the faults and to check the vices engendered in the struggles of the mass. It is in this sense that women are the conservators of morals and manners in modern society. They do not enter into the fight, but stand aside in the shade; they are not carried away by the heat and turmoil of battle, but sit at home composed, unruffled, ready to wipe the fevered brow, to soothe the fervid blood, to heal the wounds, to send forth their heroes, on the morrow, refreshed, invigorated, calm, and equal to the conflict of the day. They are interested in the result, but not as those who bear arms and meet the enemy face to face; to them temptations come not, as to men who stand in the marketplace. They have time for thought; they have room for aspiration; the solitude of their lives forces them to look upward; and to many a poor tempted, beset, and troubled man the calm and holy face of his wife is a daily saviour from perdition. From her he draws that trust, that faith, that courage to do right, and to avoid wrong, which keep and guide him on his daily way, which preserve his soul from destruction.

It is not good for man to be alone. Never was this truer than now, in these latter days, when the battle of life grows more and more ardent; when business takes up so many daily hours of every man's life; when the passions are excited in the eager race, and the blood boils daily. In this nineteenth century, when woman is more than ever before mistress and creator of the home, it is more than ever before necessary that there should be somewhere, for each one of us who take part in the great struggle for life, a monitor, calm, unmoved by the din and dust of the strife, to guide, to warn, to calm, and to inspire men to holier thoughts and less selfish works.

This is the place which woman has achieved in the nineteenth century. She does not fill it, do you say? So much the worse for her. It is the best she can do—the highest, the most beneficent work she can labor at. And who that has penetrated the life of our people, that knows what has maintained the moral tone, the virtue of the American nation-what true observer of our life, but sees that what is good in us we owe to our women, at whose knees we were taught, whose prayers surrounded our youth and manhood—the fragrance of whose unselfish and quiet virtues has lured us back from the fierce and selfish struggle for wealth-whose patient and pious wisdom has been, from the days of the mother of Washington to the present time, the safeguard and the real conservator of American society?

Foreigners complain that our women are petted and spoiled. But they mistake the deference we pay them for servility; and they do not perceive how important is the share which women have had in our rapid development -how vast the influence the mothers and sisters and wives of America have wielded, more especially in the free States, where they have



they been other or less than they were, American society, in many ways forced to rude and savage expedients, would have been despicable indeed, and free government would have become impossible in our States long ago.

Who raises the church and the school-house around which every new-born Western village is gathered? It is the women of the new settlement. Who has carried the arts and refinements of civilization from the East to the farthest West of far-off Minnesota? Our women. And in this hour of national trial, who has sent our million of men to the field but the women? And at what sacrifices to themselves! where in the world was ever a whole nation's womankind so tenderly cared for as with us; nowhere did women give up so much when they gave up husbands, brothers, and fathers, for their And yet, though merchants groan, country. though politicians cry out, though cowardly male creatures of every kind weep and wail over their woes and their sufferings, we have yet to hear the first word of repining from American women. They have suffered, they are suffering; they have lost not only those they loved best, but with these all that made life easy, endurable to them—and yet their brave hearts do not falter.

While our women are thus true, thus brave, thus wise, thus generous, thus self-sacrificing, let no one say they are spoiled by indulgence. And more, seeing what they have done for this nation, as mothers and wives, let no one think that as artists, in professions, or in the daily drudgery of business life they can do a better work. With us, they have chosen the better part. If there are Marthas still, who would be busy, the world is open, and each day public opinion grows more just to them who care to take part in affairs as workers. But let these not complain if men still give the preference to

THOMAS ELLIOTT'S SPECULA-TIONS.

THOMAS ELLIOTT rang at the front door of Mr. Abijah Grigg, at five o'clock P.M. A livery-stable hostler meanwhile held, hard by, two very correct steeds, duly equipped with saddle and side-saddle. A curiously big, red, fulleyed Irish damsel, very frowzy about the hair, opened the door.

Thomas is an impatient man. As the door opened he said, "Come, Lily! Hurry! Every minute--'

"An' it's not Miss Lily that's in at all," said the Celtic lady, with a grin, and in a harsh, dry, rasping voice, as if her throat was lined with best double-B sand-paper. And there was a queer look in her big, bold, prominent eyes, as she added, "The misthress sez Miss Lily won't this world, and long maintained upon their see yez thin." And therewithal she sedulously premises, one of the most delightful daughters framed in her very solid person into the opening ever known—Lily Grigg. The daughter's grace-

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the teachers of manners as well as morals. Had | word at about this time-no matter what. He, however, speedily showed his self-control by extracting from his pocket a shining half-dollar, which he inserted into the hand of the Princess Margaret-for such, at least with him and Lily, was the lofty style and title of the damsel of the door. And withal he winked. A certain visible mollification might now be seen to pervade the hard face of the Princess Margaret, and she grinned. Then the enterprising Thomas, with barefaced assumption, said, in a loud voice, "Not ready yet? I'll wait in the hall." And thus pretending, he thrust forward in such wise that the Princess was in a manner obliged to make way, and he entered. But with a disagreeable sensation he said to himself, "There's something wrong." And there was.

What may be termed a simultaneous dialogue was in progress at the head of the stairs, executed in duetto by the strident soprano of Mrs. Grigg and the low-pitched, full, clear alto of Miss Lily; both earnest and half audible; in that smothered tone which we use when we are apprehensive that an inappropriate third party may hear us, but when we are too angry to care much if he does.

Tom stood, half-hearing and uncertain, in the pure receptivity of an unexpecting spectator. The Princess Margaret had disappeared to her depths. An angry beauty, in riding-habit and cap and feather, holding up her long skirts, tripped hurriedly down stairs, her face flushed and eyes sparkling and dewy with anger and tears; too exalted in mingled passions to care for forms.

"Come, Tom!" she said, and held out her hand, "I will see you once!"

And she led him into the parlor and shut the door. It is a mortification to be obliged to add that Mrs. Grigg came softly down stairs and listened at the keyhole; but a satisfaction to add further that, in spite of her listening, she could hear nothing at all.

Old Grigg—it would be in vain to deny that he is known in the street as Pig Grigg-is in the general commission business, and worth money; a big man, oldish, fat, with pendulous jowls, heavy of eyelid, bald of head, wigged, thick of neck, florid, full-blooded, as hot as ginger, as obstinate as a pyramid, harsh, vulgar, a greasy eater, uneducated, yet withal of shrewd, energetic, strong, large faculties, and successful in business. Mrs. Grigg shows the frame of a good face and figure; is dry and sharp and thin and pale as cheapest Rheinwein; a sad scold, I'm afraid; penurious and imperious. and her husband are good bad examples of the American social and business life perversions of first-rate natural gifts, physical and mental.

But violets may grow in a barn-yard. These two pernicious elders certainly introduced into of the door. Thomas Elliott is a good young ful baptismal name was, perhaps, the last faint man certainly. But he certainly used a bad floweret of the romance of her poor, dried-up

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mother's departed youth. She is of middle size, plump; with long, abundant, wavy dark-brown hair, having a warm bright gleam in it where the light strikes it, as if it had dreamed of being a clear gold-red. Her skin is thin and fine and clear, and she has plenty of swift warm blood; so that her complexion is rosy, pure, translucent-like melted glass and red roses all mingled. It is a rare complexion. I never saw but two others like it; and one belonged to a Clerk of a Court, and the other to a strongminded female lecturer. How inscrutable is the distribution of things! There never were such red perfect sculptured lips as Lily's—the mouth is most seldom beautiful of American features; nor such clear white pearls of teeth; nor such wonderful large, grand eyes, deep hazel, under eyebrows marked, but not heavy; and arched, but not too much—that indicates shallowness and fickleness; nor such a perfect arm and hand, down even to the minute finish of the finger-tips and the settings of the nails; nor such lithe, easy grace of figure and motion. She has all the perfection of step and form and gesture that belong to a splendid physique, perfect organisms, and strong, rich, pure, full-flowing vitality animating all. How the mischief those obnoxious old parents of hers- Well, never mind! she is their daughter, and that's enough.

But now, after all, it is somewhere here that I must have meant to begin—as thus:

In these present fearful times; in the midst of business troubles, war, taxation, and almost every thing else; in these hard, hard times did Thomas Elliott win, as it were at the same moment, a most lovely wife and eke a most lovely sum of money. For it was done within the year 1862.

Elliott, please to understand, was clerk to Pig Grigg, and a very good clerk was he; with all his employer's business abilities, and a large supply of natural, good-natured politeness besides, and a good salary, and a few thousand dollars of his own by this time, and considerable musical talent, and very correct costume. A tall, good-looking chap is Master Thomas withal, with keen blue eyes and an intelligent look. So, in consideration of all this, and of his consequent convenience as a beau, and certain prepossessions in the bosom of Madam Grigg in favor of Tom's undeniable "good family," and since—as it appeared to the numskulls of parents-he certainly was not in danger of aspiring to the large wealth of the only child of the great commission-merchant!-in consideration of all this, I say, Elliott often escorted the old lady or the young one, or both, to public or private festivities, and sometimes passed an evening at the Griggish mansion.

But Master Tom, who often made Miss Lily laugh, and saw her splendid white teeth gleam between her red lips like a pearls' nest in the cleft of a ruby, notwithstanding all the proprieties, and "against the peace and contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and pro-

become the proprietor of teeth, lips, and Lily altogether; and we hasten to add-for this is far from being a love-story-she was substantially consenting unto the same at this time.

Writing letters is always dangerous. Henry Clay lost the Presidency of the United States thereby; and Talleyrand would always agree to hang you if he could get one line of your handwriting. Thomas Elliott had not sufficiently laid these things to heart that fine morning when he indited that perhaps reprehensibly-enthusiastic note to Lily, which Mrs. Grigg seeing, and knowing the handwriting, could not resist the temptation to open-pleading to herself her duty to her daughter, and impelled by vague suspicions based on many minute signs, for some time past the cause of uneasiness to her and to her lean bosom's fat lord. So this little document, as Tom afterward observed, in what he said was Wall Street slang, "blew every thing higher than Gilderoy flew his kite"-a phrase suggestive of infinite queries about the diversions of that gentleman.

All this time Thomas and Lily are in the parlor, and Mrs. Grigg in a silent "feese" (it's a good word, but not in Webster) outside.

Lily said, softly, "Oh, Tom, you mustn't come any more!"

"What is it?" queried the gentleman.
"They read your note!" exclaimed Lily, coloring high with vexation at her parents, and shame for them too. "They are so angry!"

The young persons were silent for a moment. Lily's tones were fervent and resolute, and Tom was too much of a man to dispute her. And he felt besides that she meant "at present." sides, did not his cunning man's instinct make him know surely that the beautiful girl was his own? Yes, indeed. A man knows the love that is his as surely and as quickly as a woman, and more so. But the passion and the fervid will of a strong man moved him to require and receive-none the less because it was not needed-an outward token before he departed. And he half lifted Lily, who was crying a little now, to a seat, and knelt close by her-and she did not resist at all. And he put his arms about her, and whispered,

"I will go, Lily. But you do not mean that I shall lose you, Lily? Kiss me once. You never gave me a kiss."

So she lifted her face to his, and lightly laid her arms around his neck and kissed him once. Then he rose quickly and departed, riding away with the hostler.

When, next morning—it was April 25, A.D. 1862-Thomas Elliott entered the store of Abijah Grigg his usually bright face wore a somewhat resolved and preoccupied look. The eminent merchant gruffly greeted the obscure clerk. Like a true vulgarian, he did not administer with plain directness the awful and confounding admonition with which he felt himself charged, vided," made up his resolute masculine mind to but transfused his ill-nature into the general



texture of his conduct. He was sour of face | rally heated up into a great rage. and rude of manner. He found fault with the rate of commission which Tom had accepted on that last lot of guano; was inclined to charge upon Tom the non-return of a certain customer of yesterday; quite snarled over various letters; and, after sundry other nagglings, at last squarely charged that it was Tom's fault that the harbor-master had not berthed the Sea Nymph (with salted hides) right in front of the store, but had laid her across the end of a dock two blocks

Upon this Tom, who had answered him not a word, quietly wiped his pen, put up the blotter he had been writing in, turned down the lid of his inkstand, dismounted his Faber No. 2 from its clerkly perch over his right ear and put it on the rack, turned the key in his desk, took off and hung up his venerable office-coat, and put on a very neat "dress-sack," took his hat, and, turning to his respected and rather puzzled employer, said, not without a certain loftiness of manner.

"Mr. Grigg, let's not have any unnecessary difficulty. I have no particular expectation of coming to your house again that I know of."

Here the old merchant looked relieved, but his face clouded again as Tom added,

"I meant to have given you more notice, but things that have happened within a day or two have hurried me. I'm through with my work for you, Mr. Grigg. I'm to see a man at eleven this morning about a partnership. I can recommend William Waters for my place, if you don't think of any better man."

He held out his hand, saying, good-naturedly, "Good-by, Sir! success to you."

Mr. Grigg shook hands without at all meaning to. He was badly upset. He had fully intended to administer a mild but firm reproof, and thought he had been paving the way to it very skillfully; and now he found himself suddenly thrown on the defensive by the manner and the language of the young man. there jumbled about in his mind an incongruous mess of satisfaction at the discontinuance of Tom's visits, dissatisfaction at losing him, irritation at being "talked to," and that pompous, reproving state of mind that he had been nursing. And between the humbug sentiments which he had been meaning to express without feeling them, and these genuine sentiments which he had not expected to feel and did not mean to express, he mumbled and gobbled in his talk quite pitifully. The rich but vulgar New York merchant is seldom a great extempore orator of the feelings.

"Good-morning!" said he; "good-morning, then, Elliott!—Ah hem!—Ah'm!—I'm sorry-I'm glad—I hope that in future you—It's very proper-It's very improper-Well, just as you say—I'm sure—I was intending—Very well very well!"

And with this lucid exposition of the moral bearings of things in general Tom left. After he was gone Pig Grigg very quickly and natu- an eager voice,

Why should he not? He had been caused to look ridiculous-to himself, at least; and in about fifteen minutes he agreed with himself, with more heartiness of determination than accuracy in costume, that he would "sit in that young puppy's skirts. Just as sure," he said, with a ludicrous habitual asseveration of his, which wasn't meant to be true but sometimes was-"just as sure as I'm a goose!"

"Young puppy," he said, and Tom was a well-grown fellow of twenty-four. But he had risen up under the eyes of Pig Grigg for ten years, and we seldom see the growth that goes on before our eyes. The old gentleman had, in fact, never thought of Tom as a man, and had therefore felt toward him as toward an impertinent boy-a false position which had really exposed him to be outflanked, as he actually was in the conversation just recited.

Tom felt the same state of things; indeed he had long felt it. As he left the store he said to himself, "Can't an old man believe any body can be less than fifty years of age and more than fifteen?"

Thomas Elliott, thus cast loose from the social and financial ties of so many years, roamed meditatively along the bustling sidewalk of South Street, gliding with the instinct of the experienced New Yorker through knots, tangles, eddies, whirlpools of hurrying men that would have swamped a countryman, with half-unconscious feet turned up Burling Slip, and by Liberty and Nassau streets rambled into Wall Street—having no particular business before his appointment at eleven, when he was to meet his friend; intending to hold sweet converse with him, if he could; and at any rate to have a good deliberate lunch with him at noon, within the gastronomic retreat of the William Street Delmonico. This friend was one Jaggles, a man of considerable culture, immense business energy and shrewdness, and much good-nature too; a friend of Tom's for some time, and already managing Tom's small means to the joint profit of both. His business, in which Tom was to join, was "General Speculating"-if you know what that The general speculator must have all his money ready at any moment, and some credit; must be ready to say Yes instantaneously, and No ten times quicker; must be ready to buy and sell any thing in the world except his wife and children; and is equally likely, on any given day, to be the exulting owner of a cargo of bananas and oranges, a monkey and barrelorgan, a "job lot" of gilt-edged Bibles, a pile of calicoes "warranted fast colors," a new patent, or of the ordinary commodities of real estate, stock, bonds, scrip, or "good business paper."

As Tom, having turned eastward again, passed deliberately by that curious silent cul-de-sac, or "vermiform process," known as Jauncey Court, he was met by one in extreme haste, who seized him unceremoniously, and whispered, in



"Step in here a moment!"

"Ah! Mr. Wickwire," said Tom, "how goes it?"

But Wickwire—an old fellow in the broking line, a frequent coadjutor of Mr. Grigg in speculations—was in too much haste to be polite. He hauled Tom violently within the quiet precinct of the Court, and hurriedly whispered in his ear the words,

"New Orleans is open! They're past the forts!"

Tom stared. "How do you know?"

"Private dispatch through Pobbles at Richmond, via Baltimore," replied Wickwire. "Fully reliable! City taken yesterday! Be all over town to-morrow perhaps this afternoon! We've just got to-day! See?"

Thomas Elliott thought he did. This dry old broker, with his score of hasty words, set up a great golden image in the young man's brain; whose glow, however, to do justice to him, did by no means obscure the rosy and more celestial light of that other lovelier figure hard by the yellow one! And no matter whether or not it would have been more chivalrous to run straightway back and tell Pig Grigg, as old Wickwire expected. Business is business. Every man for himself! Besides, Master Tom may have thought, "If I make it for Lily—" In fact, he undoubtedly did.

But all this flashed through his mind in one instant.

"I do see!" he cried. "Big thing, Mr. Wickwire!"

And he staid not upon the order of his going, but jumped forth out of Jauncey Court as if he had been shot out, and sped furiously eastward toward the Exchange, leaving old Wickwire to find out for himself why Mr. Grigg should fail to communicate with him. Past the Exchange flew Thomas, short round into Hanover Street, and headlong down into a small, dim, dingy, comfortless little cellar of an office, where wrote like lightning at a dirty desk a high-dried, hungry-faced man, all steel and whalebone.

"Howdo?" he snapped, as Elliott plunged in.

"All right!" replied Tom, as quickly. "Jaggles, I must have every cent! And there's an immense chance! Honor bright now; if you like it go in! Shall it be all on the square between us?"

Jaggles looked at him a moment, and seemed infected with the young man's enthusiasm. His level bushy eyebrows moved a little above his keen steel-gray eyes. He smiled, jumped up, struck his hand into Elliott's, and with the same intense swift utterance said,

"Allonthesquare! honorbright! how'llyou-haveit? Whatis't!"

"In bank—check it all out again. What's the figure?"

The speculator looked into his pocket-memorandum, and answered,

"Eightfivetwentythreenaught."

That is, \$8523—all Elliott was worth.

"You'll go \$15,000 or \$20,000, if worth while, won't you, besides credits?" asked Tom.

Jaggles nodded, and Tom continued,

"Private news, and sure-New Orleans is open!"

Jaggles stared at Tom; but his stare quickly spread into a smile of intense satisfaction.

"I'm your man, Elliott! The Superior is not chartered. I'll secure her instantly. Flour and provisions. She'll carry—never mind; all we want to send. We must work like beavers, though. That cargo must be going in there all night. Grigg—?"

"Left him this morning," said Tom. "Got the news half an hour after."

"He'll be after us in short order," said Jaggles.

"Let him," said Tom.

They briefly conferred upon the character and nature of their respective purchases. That done.

"Jump now, you beggar!" cried Jaggles. "I'll see to the steamer. Come here at five."

Off they went; and a good deal of a stir they made that day among the flour and grocery men.

They met at five, as per agreement.

"All right!" sung out Jaggles. "The breadstuffs are flying into the old Superior as if she had a real appetite. Tell you what! Betwixt buying one day in advance in the New York market, and selling in that empty New Orleans market, it's the neatest thing of the season!"

"Yes," said Tom. "And did you by chance meet Squire Grigg in your travels?"

"Some," answered the slangy speculator. "He has been flying about this burg after the manner of a bee in a tar-bucket." And Mr. Jaggles laughed. "It's unfortunate, but my charter-party was signed about two minutes before he came into the steamer office. He offered me \$5000 for my bargain. I was not at leisure to negotiate. He's got the Sea Dragon, though, he and Wickwire. But she can't finish discharging before to-morrow or next day morning."

"I met him up by the Corn Exchange," quoth Tom, demurely. "He turned so red! I think he can't have heard from Wickwire until one or two o'clock. Says he, 'Elliott, I'll pay you for using that news against me, you ungrateful rascal, as sure as I'm a goose!' I told him I should have stepped round with the information, but I had not time; and he grew too angry to say one other word. Let's go and get some dinner."

And they went.

It was four days later. The news had rung all over the North of that terrible glory of fire and blood through which our brave sailors bore the old Flag in triumph back to its place over New Orleans; and while it thrilled and palpitated in the arteries of New York, the sons of commerce tried with all their might to see the white gleam of dollars through the red glare of

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victory. But Elliott and Jaggles were before Grigg and Wickwire, and they of all the rest of the crowd of shippers to the new port. With triumphant swiftness the barrels and bales and boxes trundled down the wharves, and swung up over the lofty black sides of the Superior and the Sea Dragon, and disappeared in their great dark holds. The incessant labor of day and night gangs rapidly filled up the steamers; and now the time draws nigh for the Superior's clearance to be granted by the scribes of the Customhouse, and Jaggles is writing like lightning, as he always does, in his dreary shrine in Hanover Street. To him enter Thomas Elliott in a blaze of unpleasant excitement, scarce able to keep his feet on the floor for temper; all but dancing with disgust.

"Jag!" he sings out, "they've detained her on suspicion of contraband. Barney says he's sorry; and I believe he is. But he says that, under the information he has, she must discharge cargo. It's ruin, Jaggles! We're played out!'

At Elliott's first words the speculator sat bolt upright and stopped writing. As Tom went on, his broad sallow forehead flushed faintly, his heavy eyebrows gathered doom, his dull eyes grew brighter, and he replied,

"I perceive the hand of Joab in this thing. Grigg and Wickwire have done that." Then he paused a moment, and added, "It certainly hurts us; but we can save discharging, I think."

He hastily explained his plan to Tom. In pursuance of it they both went to work like madmen; procured strong indorsements from three eminent commanders, who were influential politicians, just then in camp near by with their brigades, and knew the Collector. They also procured full lists of each separate purchase for shipment; and a memorandum of the politics and business-standing of every seller. Armed with this formidable mass of documents, they spent parts of a day and a half with good-natured Collector Barney, and at last succeeded in convincing him how unreasonable was the accusation that had wrought them so much woe. The clearance was granted; and, for various reasons, they spent no time in tracing out their slanderer. But when the fasts were cast loose, and the vast bulk of the Superior moved slowly away from the dock, the Sea Dragon had been rushing southward under a full head of steam for about thirty hours. Jaggles insisted on going out as supercargo, and on leaving Tom as his deputy at home.

It was four weeks and more before Tom heard a word about his venture. The letter that Jaggles wrote is too characteristic not to be given in full; besides, it contains certain information about our story not elsewhere to be found:

" NEW ORLEANS, May 30, 1869. "My Boy,-Not to confound figures of speech with figures of arithmetic, see in the first place the sum-totals of the inclosed account-sales, as per which take notice that our | when she comes to see Mrs. Lily Elliott.

speculation is a grand success. I get most; but I'm oldest. You get enough.

"Such larks! as J. Gargery hath it. Also remember the case of the unprincipled gentleman in the Psalm:

" He digged a pit, he digged it deep, He digged it for his brother; But for his sin he tumbled in The pit he made for t'other.'

"Such, my hearer, was the little fate of our brethren, Grigg and Wickwire. All the voyage out I groaned to think of their skimming the cream off that market. When we hauled up to the levee I spied gun-boats, 'darks,' Zouaves, secesh, blue uniforms, all sorts of things except Sea Dragons. It can't be possible, said I, that she's discharged and gone! But not a bit of it. We were first cargo. And if it hadn't been for that excessive tenderheartedness of mine, I really don't know but I should have sold the goods for their weight in specie. All the while I was gathering in the money I was saying, What's become of the Sea Dragon? for my kind heart was stirred within me. Well, after almost a week she came crawling along. She caught some heavy weather; and besides, gayest of all! she ran aground in one of those blessed keys up in the West Indies somewhere (overhaul your Atlas, and, when found, make a note of), and staid in that delightful and salubrious spot (to which I mean to make a pilgrimage when I have time, with boiled pease in my shoes, secundum artem). One Week! I was so tickled, and am yet, that I want you to run up at once and kiss Grigg, and Wickwire too, and charge same to my account. "Well, it's all right. Every thing comes out right, if

you only wait long enough! Another thing. I'm carning other moneys under the clause in the charter-party about keeping the steamer six months, etc. I shall stay and JAGGLES. come back in her. Yours truly,

When, a few days after the receipt of this letter, Thomas Elliott called upon Pig Grigg, that worthy gentleman received him with considerable stiffness. But business is business; and Tom had some business propositions to make. Besides, it is a fact that if Abijah had realized that Tom was a man he would have been far less uncivil. It required this squall of disagreement to clear up the atmosphere of their relations to each other; and Tom's absence had proved his value, and his successful speculation had shown him well able to "paddle his own canoe." Neither of them raked up any past offenses, and the junior gentleman first exhibited to the senior the state of his bank account, and then proposed himself to him for a junior partnership. It is a fact that both interlocutors thought of another proposition, involving a young lady; but they spoke not of it. Mr. Grigg opened his eyes at Tom's cash account; said he would think of the partnership plan; did think of it; agreed

After all, Pig Grigg has a good deal of kindness in his old pecuniary heart—to a successful business man. For he never said one word at home about the matters in hand until one night, when it was all arranged, he took Tom home, hauled him into the parlor, bawling out, with pretended gruffness,

"Here, mother! here, Lil! here's that impertinent Elliott again!" and heartily enjoying the prim, cold, sour phiz of his spouse, and the blushing perplexity of Lily. So did that mischievous Tom himself.

For all that Mrs. Grigg is a capital motherin-law, because Tom keeps her in good order

Original from

GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS.

MONG the many faithful and useful, but A unrecognized and unhonored servants of the public, the reporter for the press is especially distinguished. Next to the ubiquitous but anonymous policeman, he is at once the best and the least known public character of our acquaintance. Hundreds of thousands of persons read his articles in the newspapers, day after day, without ever being aware of his existence. Beyond a small professional circle he is almost wholly unknown; for, unlike most writers, he has not the privilege of attaching his name to his published productions. Copies of the Acta Diurna, those embryo newspapers of Rome spoken of by Seneca and quoted by Tacitus, have come down to us containing reports of cases of assault, of fires on Mount Cœlius, of brawls at the Hog-in-Armor tavern, of arrests for giving light weight, of the proceedings in the Senate, and of the pleadings at the courts-reports which show us that the ancient Romans were really men and women, and not such stately oratorical burlesques of humanity as some dramatists and novelists would have us believe: but the reporters who collected these news items and indited the Acta Diurna are lost forever in oblivion. A library at Florence is enriched by several volumes of the Venetian Gazette, the first newspaper issued in the world; but the reporters of the Gazette have shared the fate of their Roman predecessors. A few of the names of those English reporters, who, from 1622 until 1826, labored devotedly to give the English press existence, freedom, respectability, and position have been fortunately preserved to us; but the majority of them were long since forgotten. A single number of the first newspaper printed in America, and published at Boston, in 1690, is deposited in the State Paper Office at London, and our own libraries contain specimens of the first paper regularly issued here, called the Boston News Letter, and printed, in 1704, by John Allan, Pudding Lane; but we have no record of the reporters for these early sheets. Obscurity and oblivion are, therefore, the legitimate inheritance of our modern reporters. With verv few exceptions they enjoy their inheritance undisturbed. The credit and fame to which they are justly entitled are divided between the newspapers for which and the editors for whom they write. Readers of newspapers remark: "The Herald says so-and-so, this morning;" or else: "Mr. Greeley has a fine article in to-day's Tribune." In the former case, the identity of the reporter is completely lost in that of the newspaper. In the latter case, the avowed editor is presumed to write every article in his journal, even though he may be absent in California or Europe; just as General Jackson, though dead, is supposed by certain rare old Democrats to be a candidate at every presidential election. In both cases the fact that there is such a person as the reporter is practically ignored. He lives to

moment, and in his best possible style. He dies unknown and unregretted by those for whom he has written every day for years: or rather he never dies; for a new reporter rises, Phœnix-like, from his ashes and continues his unhonored labors. He makes other men famous, but is himself unnoticed. He is, as Macaulay says, the historian of the times; but his own achievements are unrecorded. Every one profits by his work; but all are ignorant of or do not appreciate his labors. Like the sun, he is a universal, indispensable, but commonly unnoticed benefactor.

The organization of the literary-and, indeed, of every other-department of a first-class daily paper, like the Times of London, or the Herald, Tribune, or Times of New York, is as varied and complex as that of an army. The chief editor, who is usually the proprietor or one of the proprietors, has the general direction of the whole journal and the especial control of the editorial columns. The chief editor is rarely accessible to the public, and is seldom seen by the majority of his subordinates. In England his very name is never officially known even to the employés of his establishment. One of the best reporters of the London Times, while on a professional visit to this country, stated that he had never seen the chief editor of that paper, and addressed all his letters to "The Editor of the London Times," and not to Charles Delane, Esq., the chief of the editorial staff. In this country, however, no such reserve is attempted, and Messrs. Bennett, Greeley, Raymond, and others publicly announce themselves as the editors and proprietors of their respective journals; although Mr. Raymond has a partner or two in the Times, and the Tribute is the property of an Association. Next in rank to the chief editor is the managing or business editor, who receives and transacts business with the public; opens and reads all letters and communications addressed to the paper; decides what is, and what is not, to be published; arranges and assigns the daily duties of the reportorial staff; carefully revises, corrects, or amends, the proofs or manuscripts of all articles intended for publication; gives all important reports proper and attractive headings; and, in short, embrates in his multifarious duties a complete supervision of the entire establishment.

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not allowed, therefore, to claim the credit or discredit of their authorship. On the London Times, if an editorial writer publicly acknowledges that he has written an editorial he is immediately discharged. Two of the assistant editors have special duties: one being the financial editor, with charge of the money articles, and the other, the dramatic and musical critic. sub-editors, who are practically the assistants of the managing editor, are next in order, and comprise the night editor, who receives and arranges the latest telegraphic and other reports, and has charge of the paper after about eleven o'clock P.M.; the news (or scissors) editor, who looks over the domestic exchanges, marks important articles for the notice of the chief editor, and clips all interesting news items either for publication or for his carefully-indexed scrap books; the foreign news editor, who goes through the same routine with the foreign exchanges; the ship-news editor, who collects and arranges the marine reports; the military and naval editors, who attend to the miscellaneous matters of their respective departments, and revise all articles connected with the army and navy; the commercial editor, who writes up the city commercial and market reports; the city editor, who collects city items and is properly the head of the reporters' corps; the translators, who inspect the French, Spanish, German, South American, and other foreign papers, and translate all noticeable articles; and, lastly, the biographical editor, who keeps the sketches of the lives of all distinguished contemporaries in readiness for instant use in case an obituary is hastily demanded, or some new success makes the biography of a hero or statesman of interest to the public.

The remainder of the literary attachés of a newspaper are included under the generic name of reporters for the press; but are usually divided into foreign, domestic, and special correspondents and local reporters. The regular foreign correspondents are stationed at the capitals of foreign countries, and are generally hangers-on of the legations, sometimes with, but oftener without, an official position. The domestic correspondents are regularly appointed to the home capitals and larger cities. The Washington, Albany, Boston, and Philadelphia correspondents of the New York papers are examples of this class of reporters, as are also the Liverpool and Manchester correspondents of the London journals. Besides these there are occasional correspondents in every city and town in the country, who write when they have any thing of interest to transmit, and are paid accordingly. The special correspondents are not stationary, but are liable to be sent off at any time to any place at an hour's notice. travel with and report the doings of any distinguished personages, as the Prince of Wales, President Lincoln, or the Japanese Princes. They report important trials in distant courts, or describe processions, parades, or remarkable funerals in other cities. At present the special reporters of the American papers are all at the

wars, and are called war correspondents. corps has also been largely but not permanently increased, and our leading papers have one or more representatives at every important military post, and with every division of our numerous armies. The reperters with special departments rank after the special reporters, and are the law, the day and night police, the fire and the common council reporters, whose titles sufficiently indicate the work they have to perform. Last of all are the local reporters, whose province embraces every thing of interest about the city and its suburbs, from a public meeting to a dog-fight. Certain of these local reporters are detailed for Jersey City, Williamsburg, Brooklyn, etc., when connected with New York papers, and are employed as special correspondents when necessary. Besides all these there are the telegraphic correspondents of the Associated Press-an association of seven New York papers; the Herald, Tribune, Times, World, Journal of Commerce, Sun, and Express-which has its agents in every part of this country and Canada in telegraphic communication with New York city; and also at St. Johns, Newfoundland, Cape Race, and Father Point, where they intercept and obtain the latest news from foreign steamers. If the reader will take up any of our leading journals he can at once trace the labors of every one of these species of journalists, from the chief editor down to the local reporter. He will see the distinction between the telegrams from regular or special correspondents and those of the Associated Press; the letters from foreign and our national and State capitals; the clippings of the sub-editors; the work of the translators and biographers; the money, commercial, market, fire, musical, police, law, local, dramatic, short-hand and common council report; the editorial articles, inspired by the chief and written by the assistant editors, and the evident marks of the combination and arrangement of the managing editor throughout all, and giving consistency to all these varied departments. He can thus understand, at once and without difficulty, the complicated but necessary organization of a daily newspaper, as far as the literary department is concerned; and we can assure him that the business and mechanical departments are equally systematized, and their work as thoroughly classified, subdivided, and regulated.

A history of the newspaper press and of those who originated and established it is not within the province of this article. Those interested in that subject will find almost all the accessible information concerning it in Hunt's "Fourth Estate: A Contribution to the History of Newspapers," or in Andrew's later, more complete and authentic, and better-arranged "History of the British Press"—books which can be obtained at any of our public libraries. We propose to treat only of the modern reporter for the press, who is almost peculiar to England and America. In France the editors of newspapers are universally regarded as gentlemen, and have



a better recognized social position than in any other country. This arises partly from the fact that the French press is a recognized Government organ, and its editors share its official character; and partly from the fact that the French newspaper writers are not anonymous, but each prints his name at the end of his articles, and is ready to account for his statements in any manner the aggrieved person may prefer, from a suit at the courts of law to a duel in the Bois de Boulogne. The French papers have no reporters of any note, however. Their local news is very brief, and its publication very much delayed. Just as Washington is ignorant of its own doings until it reads the New York journals, so Paris generally receives its first information upon local topics from the London papers. Reports of fires, murders, robberies, and other interesting items, so dear to our reporters, reach the French papers through the police authorities, and are published whenever and in whatever form the police authorities choose. The proceedings of the Corps Legislatif are furnished to the press by an official Government reporter. The speeches and addresses of distinguished orators are printed from the manuscripts. In a word, France has a rigorous Government censorship of the press, and enterprising and original reporters are therefore impossible; for, during the present war, our own experience has demonstrated the fact that perfect freedom of the press is absolutely necessary to accurate, reliable, and complete reports. In other European countries the same state of affairs exists as in France; although in Russia and Germany there are a few excellent newspapers and admirable reporters.

Only in England and America, where the press is regarded as the safeguard of liberty, the organ of the people, the terror of evil-doers, the praise of them that do well, the mirror of the age and times, and the familiar history of the countrydoes the newspaper reporter fully develop his peculiar characteristics. In this country especially the reporter is in his element, and displays his greatest powers. The differences between an English and an American reporter are, in brief, the differences between England and America, or between the New York Herald and the London Times. The English reporters are better paid than our reporters, do much less work, and, when employed on the leading dailies of London, receive pensions when incapacitated for further service either by age or by injuries received in the discharge of their duties. Our own reporters are generally much younger men than the English; for, as they grow old, they either rise to editorial dignities, or relinquish the note-book and pencil for more lucrative avocations. The English reporters are usually men of more finished education and greater literary ability than those of the American press. No regular American reporter ever made such a splendid reputation as Russell brought with him to this country, or as Woods won by his Crimean letters, his description of the Agamemnon in a storm, and

This superior literary merit of the English reporters is aided by (and in part accounts for) the superior standing and influence of the first-class English papers. Most of the best literary men of both countries have been newspaper writers; but in America these gentlemen have contributed mainly to the editorial or miscellaneous departments, while in England such authors as Dickens and Thackeray have enlisted as reporters, and taken their places in the gallery at Parliament or their desks at the police courts. consequence is, that in America these talented but occasional literary journalists are known and receive the credit of their work; in England this credit is added to the reputation of the newspaper.

We dwell long upon this literary superiority, because in every thing else the English reporters are surpassed by the American. Especially is this the case in regard to the celerity with which news is obtained, transmitted, and published. The English reports are well written, but tardy. The American reports are often bad specimens of composition, but they always place the news before the public speedily. The English reporters use the telegraph seldom, and but for very brief dispatches. The American reporters always employ the telegraph when it is accessible, and transmit column after column of reports daily. The London Times sent Mr. Woods to America, at an enormous expense, to report the progress of the Prince of Wales. Mr. Woods's reports were nicely written, though often inaccurate, but few of them were ever published in the Times except as historical records; for their news was regularly anticipated by the telegraphic dispatches of the New York papers, which often reached England weeks in advance of Woods's letters.

But the reporter for the press not only represents the characteristics of the country but also those of the newspaper to which he belongs. At least three-fourths of the reporters for the New York press are Englishmen and Irishmen, and yet their reports are very different from those which they would write for the London or Dublin papers. Indeed so marked are the distinctive peculiarities of different newspapers, and so strongly are they reflected in the style and deportment of the employés, that no professional journalist would confound a reporter for the Herald with a reporter for the Tribune; nor could he, in most instances, fail to identify a report written for one of these journals, even though it should happen by some accident to be printed in the other. Thus the reporters of one paper are remarkable for audacity, enterprise, and independence; those of another paper for eccentricity of dress, style, and opinion; those of a third paper for their gentlemanly and reserved deportment, their industry, and the fairness of their articles.

tion as Russell brought with him to this country, or as Woods won by his Crimean letters, his description of the Agamemnon in a storm, and his report of the Heenan and Sayers prize-fight.



At Niagara Falls an incident ocmaintained. curred during the Prince's stay, which illustrates some of the peculiarities of reporters, and which has been frequently, but never correctly, related by the English papers as a proof of American enterprise. The special reporter of a New York journal had ordered the telegraph line to be kept open, one Sunday evening, when the offices were usually closed, and had engaged to pay the operators liberally for their extra work. Before he had finished telegraphing his usual reports along came the reporter of another New York journal, who, having obtained some exclusive news, and finding the line in fine working order, asserted his right to have his dispatches transmitted to New York also. Reporter the first resisted. Reporter the second insisted. Reporter the first appealed to the telegraph operators, and after a great deal of conversation between the Niagara and Rochester offices, the operators decided that both reports must be telegraphed. Reporter the second was calmly triumphant and coolly prepared his notes. Reporter the first attempted to bribe the operators, and finding them incorruptible, began a long and desultory argument over the wires in order to kill time and crowd out his opponent. Reporter the second thereupon obtained an interview with the Hon. John Rose, the Premier of Canada, who sent down a message to the operators that he was or had been President, Vice-President, or a Director-he really could not tell which-of the Telegraph Company, and that by virtue of this authority he ordered both dispatches to be telegraphed immediately. This order added fuel to the fire of indignation which glowed in the bosom of Reporter the first. A Canadian official dictate to an American reporter? Never! Meanwhile the moments slipped hurriedly away, and the hour was approaching when it would be useless to attempt to send a dispatch to New York in time for publication in the morning papers. Observing this, Reporter the first suddenly recovered his self-control and referred all the parties concerned to the standard rule of the Telegraph Company that "dispatches must be sent in the order in which they were received, and that one dispatch must be finished before another could be transmitted." This rule was acknowledged to be telegraphic law. Reporter the first then claimed priority for his report. This point was also conceded. The reporter then briefly but eloquently informed the bystanders that they might as well go to bed as his report could never be concluded while a chance of a dispatch reaching New York that night remained to his competitor. Immediately he set to work to telegraph against time. His original report having been dispatched he jotted down every item worth sending, and ransacked his brain for any little incident of the Prince's doings which might possibly have been forgotten. His pencil flew over the paper like lightning. Click-click-the operator hurried off

could indite them. Reporter the second stalked gloomily up and down the office, despairing but unconquered. To him the minute-hand of the clock moved with terrible swiftness. To Reporter the first the moments seemed shod with lead. Every item being exhausted, a description of Niagara Falls, carefully reserved to be sent by mail, was handed to the operator and flashed over the line at a cost of six or eight cents a word. This done, there was a moment's pause. Reporter the first reflected. Reporter the second breathed more freely, and even ventured to smile hopefully and nervously finger his detained dispatches. Alas! Reporter the first again writes—this time a note to the Rochester operator: "Which would you prefer to telegraph, a chapter of the Bible or a chapter of Claude Duval the highwayman? These are the only two books I can find in the hotel." The lightning dashes off with the query and returns with the answer: "It is quite immaterial which you send." The Reporter seizes the Bible; transcribes the first chapter of Matthew, with all its hard, genealogical names; adds this to his previous dispatches; tacks portions of the twenty-first chapter of Revelation -- describing the various precious stones—to the incongruous report: hands it all to the operator: sends his blessing and an injunction to be careful of the spelling to the Rochester office, and gleefully awaits the result with his eyes on the clock. Before this Scriptural news is fully transmitted the hour arrived when no more telegrams could be sent. Reporter the first retired in glory; but although his telegrams reached New York safely, the Biblical portions were unfortunately never published. Reporter the second telegraphed his news and his indignation the next morning, and then good-naturedly acknowledged his defeat.

Until very recently a strong prejudice existed + against reporters for the press. The early English newspaper men endured a martyrdom of arrests, fines, and imprisonments before they succeeded in forcing the Government to allow them to report the proceedings of public bodies. At first they were not granted admittance to either House of Parliament, a noble lord declaring that if the proceedings of Parliament were reported that body would be looked upon as one of the most contemptible on the face of the earth. Guthrie and Doctor Johnson, the first Parliamentary reporters, used to pick up the leading ideas of the debates by hearsay, and then write out the speeches in their own words for the Gentleman's Magazine. The accuracy of these reports may be judged from the fact that Doctor Johnson once remarked of them: "You may be sure that I took care that the Whig dogs should never have the best of the argument." This mode of reporting Parliament was continued for years; but during the greater part of the time publishers of newspapers and magazines were forbidden, under heavy penalties, to print the names of the speakers, and therefore page after page almost as rapidly as the reporter invented all sorts of classical and fanciful titles



by which to describe and distinguish the different members. The introduction of short-hand made Doctor Johnson's style of reporting obsolete, and in 1826 reporters were at last permitted in Parliament 2021 in Parliament. Still, they were obliged to sit or stand with the rest of the unofficial spectators of the proceedings, no accommodations whatever being provided for the press. While Pitt was Premier all the reporters consulted together, and agreed that, upon a certain day, they would omit to notice the Premier's speech. The day came; Pitt delivered a great and important oration; the next morning's papers contained no record of his remarks. Highly incensed, the Premier sent for the editors, and demanded the reason of this remarkable omission. The editors referred him to the reporters. The reporters represented that they were so crowded and inconvenienced, and at such a distance from the speakers, that it was almost impossible to hear. much less to report, the speeches. The result of this novel protest was the order of the Premier that benches should be reserved for the reporters; and afterward a portion of the gallery was railed in for them, with a lattice-work in front, so that they could see and hear, but be unseen by the members. Thus the reporters, by a thoroughly British fiction, were present in, but not actually in the presence of, Parliament, and were therefore allowed to remain in spite of the old rule against them. As recently as 1849 Daniel O'Connell attempted to revive this rule, because of a pique against the London Times; but the effort signally failed, and usage -that chief law of England-now protects the reporters in their privileges, which are so essential to public welfare.

In this country the attendance of the reporter is cordially invited at all meetings of public bodies, and the best places are uniformly reserved for him. When the New York press first began publishing reports of the religious anniversaries in New York city, however, it had to contend with the same prejudice as that encountered by the English press, and every possible effort was made to exclude the reporters from anniversary meetings. Many of our public men also objected to the publication of reports of their speeches; some urging that they intended to deliver the same speech over and over again in different places, but were prevented by the reporters; and others resenting the reports as personal insults, because the too-faithful chroniclers recorded the speeches just as they were spoken, and not as they were intended to be uttered, before the bon vivant got the better of the orator, and wine transformed wisdom into nonsense, and wit into buffoonery. Both these classes of objectors have long since disappeared -although some public lecturers still request that no report shall be made of their discourses -and newspaper reports are now so accurate that they are introduced into courts of law as evidence; and only a short time ago the proceedings against a noted Philadelphia politician, upon the grave charge of treason, were first instances of telegraphing reports for long

based upon a phonographic report of his speech published in a morning journal.

For a long while, however, the American reporters followed the example of Doctor Johnson, and reported no speech which they did not adorn or spoil. Daniel Webster complained bitterly of this habit, and frequently demanded that his speeches should be reported as delivered or not at all. Of all reporters, Mr. Henry J. Raymond, then connected with the Courier and now the chief editor of the New York Times, pleased Daniel Webster most. The classical quotations in which Webster indulged were always remarkably apropos, and he felt considerable pride in having them reported correctly. Mr. Raymond, with an equal pride in his profession, never depended upon his notes or his memory for these quotations, but took the trouble of looking them out in the books and copying them verbatim et literatim. In those days it was a great feat to report and publish a long speech. Upon one occasion, Webster delivered an address at Washington, and Mr. Raymond was among the reporters present. Webster concluded his remarks but a few moments before the mail closed, and the reporters were therefore unable to write out their notes for transmission to the New York papers before the next day. Mr. Raymond, however, being an exceedingly rapid writer, had taken down the speech in long hand, with only a few simple abbreviations, and observing the perplexity of the other reporters, he determined to send off his notes as they were, and trust to the compositors to decipher them. This plan was successful; the Courier received and published the speech in advance of its contemporaries, and its reputation for enterprise was measurably increased. The first long speech ever telegraphed in full was one delivered by Senator Calhoun, whose speeches seemed always prepared and intended for the telegraph. He was, indeed, the telegraphic orator of his day. His sentences were brief, compressed, epigrammatic, contained no superfluous words, and were so knit and welded together that not one could be omitted without destroying the entire oration. Nowadaya we read-or rather we see but do not read-full reports by telegraph of all the important speeches delivered in Congress; but until 1840 the proceedings of Congress were never regularly reported for the newspapers, and were but briefly referred to in the letters of Washington correspondents. During 1840 Mr. Bennett, of the Herald, organized a corps of Congressional reporters for his paper, and the other journals, one after another, were gradually adopting the same system, when the introduction of telegraphic reports, in 1848, forced them all into the arrangement. The proceedings of Congress are now reported by the Associated Press: but the Herald, Tribune, and other leading papers still maintain their separate Congressional corps. Mr. Sutton, now the chief of the official reporters for the Congressional Globe, was also the chief of the original Herald corps. One of the

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distances occurred at the delivery of Clay's great | able sensation among the ladies in the gallery.] speech, at Lexington, Kentucky. This speech was taken down by the Herald reporters, expressed by relays of horses to Cincinnati, and from thence telegraphed to New York. The report was not verbatim, however. The greatest reportorial feat of ante-telegraphic journalism was performed by Mr. Attree, of the Herald. Daniel Webster delivered a speech one afternoon at Patchogue, Long Island, some fifty or sixty miles from New York. Mr. Attree went down to Patchogue, took full notes of the speech, rode the entire distance to New York on relays of horses, wrote out his report, and published it complete in the next morning's Herald. For reportorial skill and physical endurance combined this achievement is unsurpassed.

The greatest recent reportorial enterprises have been the reports of the visit of the Japanese Princes, of the tour of the Prince of Wales. and of the journey of President Lincoln from Springfield to Washington. The custom of sending reporters to accompany distinguished personages was introduced by the Herald, in 1837, when President Van Buren's tour was fully chronicled; and this was afterward followed; up by reports of President Polk's trip through the Atlantic States from North Carolina to Maine. During this latter affair a most remarkable speech was delivered by an army officer, at Trenton, New Jersey. Major S-, U.S.A., the hero referred to, had been stationed for a long time on the Western frontiers, and had and simplicity, the habit of speaking his mind freely, regardless of circumstances. The Major was one of President Polk's suite, and had participated in all the festivities of the tour. some reason or other the ladies of Portland, Maine, had eclipsed all the other ladies of all the other cities in the estimation of the honest Major, whether because their white dresses were whiter, their gay ribbons gaver, and their bright eyes brighter than those of the other damsels, could never be satisfactorily determined. Arrived at Trenton, the Presidential party proceeded in procession to the State House, and sat down to a bountiful repast, the ladies looking upon the diners from the galleries around the hall. Dinner over, toasts and speeches were in order, and at last Major S-was called upon to respond to the ever-welcome and standard benison, "The ladies, God bless them!" The Major would rather have faced a flaming battery than made a speech, but in the presence of his Commander-in-Chief he considered it his duty to comply. "Gentlemen and ladies," said he, looking around the table and up at the galleries, "I have felt since I've been on this trip as if I had been drawn through two long lines of beautiful women. [Applause.] I never had an idea that there were so many angels in this wicked world. [Applause.] But I think the women of one city are more beautiful than any of the rest, and I wonder that justice has never been

I mean, my friends, the ladies of Portland, Maine, the handsomest women I ever saw. Gentlemen, I give you the health of the ladies of Portland, Maine!" The excitement, confusion, and roars of laughter which followed this unexpected conclusion of the Major's remarks must be left to the imagination of the reader.

Returning to our muttons, we notice that these early trips were reported exclusively by letter, while in the modern instances the telegraph played a most conspicuous part. The Prince of Wales was met at St. Johns, Newfoundland, by a Herald reporter, and a full account of his arrival and the attendant festivities was immediately telegraphed to New York. The reporters of the other papers awaited the Prince at Halifax, and from the time of his arrival there until he left the continent at Portland, he was always accompanied by representatives of the New York press. The Tribune reports were chiefly by mail, and those of the Herald and Times by both mail and telegraph. The Herald reports especially were unrivaled specimens of telegraphic correspondence. Every incident of travel, every speech delivered, every feature of the scenery, the decorations and details of every ball, reception, and levee were telegraphed regardless of expense. The other papers, however, kept up a generous and well-sustained rivalry, and published voluminous telegrams and letters daily, during the three months of the Prince's visit. It would be impossible for us to refer at present there acquired, in addition to his natural candor to any of the numerous instances of individual enterprise during this trip; but when the cost, duration, extent, and completeness of the labors of the reporters during this tour are considered, certainly the report of the Prince's visit must be admitted as unequaled in the history of the press. The Japanese Princes were met at Panama, and accompanied through the country and back to China by New York reporters. One of the Herald corps journeyed to Kansas with Secretary Seward, reporting all his speeches in brief by telegraph. Another Herald reporter rode across the plains to San Francisco in the first stage dispatched by the Overland Route. The journey of President Lincoln from Springfield to the national capital, with all the incidents, processions, and speeches, was reported for and regularly telegraphed to New York papers. In a few years more, if designs now nearly perfected can be practically carried out, the leading journals of this country will altogether discard the mails and the expresses, and receive all their news, foreign and domestic, by telegraph alone. Then will a new era of journalism dawn upon the world. The line of direct communication just completed between New York and San Francisco, and the numerous overland and submarine telegraphs in progress, or in contemplation throughout the Old World, are but means to this The trans-oceanic telegraph will follow end. soon. The first Atlantic cable was an experiment; the next will be a success. This age has not done to them. [Applause, and a decidedly agree- | completed, but has only just begun its miracles.



of this article; but we have space left for only a mere mention of the connection of the reporters of the press with the present war. The New York Herald initiated the present style of war reporting during the campaign in Mexico. The London Times' famous report of the battle of Waterloo, received in advance of the Government dispatches, was but intelligence of the result of the battle and not a description of the combat. Our newspapers frequently rivaled this feat during the Mexican war, and, only a few months ago, the telegrams via New York informed the President and the War Department of the battle at Shiloh a day before the receipt of the Government reports. The news from Mexico, during Taylor and Scott's campaign, was conveyed by boat across the Gulf from Vera Cruz to New Orleans; from thence by mail to Mobile; thence by horse express to Montgomery, Alabama: thence by mail to Wilmington, Delaware; and thence by telegraph to the Herald office at New York. The whole journey by this route occupied about eight or ten days, and the news thus transmitted was received two days in advance of that by the through mail from New Orleans. The Herald had its regular correspondents with the armies in Mexico, and for some time maintained this costly line of communication exclusively; but the other papers afterward shared the expense and the news. The London papers had reporters at the Crimea during the war with Russia, but no paper ventured to send more than one representative. Several of the American journals had correspondents in the Crimea also; and during the Italian war the New York Times had two reporters with the French army, and established its reputation for enterprise by its admirable accounts of the great battles of that campaign.

All former war reports, however, are insignificant when compared with those published by the New York papers during this rebellion. The Associated Press does most of the telegraphic reporting; but all of our leading journals have correspondents with every division of the army and navy, East, West, and South. These reporters share the perils of the fight, and the fatigues and hardships of the march, the bivouac, or the voyage, with our soldiers and seamen. Most of them have had numerous hairbreadth escapes, and know by experience the dangers of the imminent, deadly breach. Many of them have entered the army and navy, and have shown that they can handle the sword as well as the more powerful pen; and quite a number of military and naval officers have resigned their positions and joined the reportorial corps. To these war correspondents the public is most deeply indebted. They describe every battle; faithfully chronicle every skirmish, scout, and siege; report the incidents of every march and camp; send on the names of the killed, wounded, and missing; draw and forward reliable maps of the scenes of conflict; and, in short,

We have by no means exhausted the subject | chance, hap and mishap, fortune and misfortune, success and defeat, during the war. In spite of the restrictions of the Government censor, their criticism is generally free and just, and has done much good by exposing abuses and ridding the service of incompetent or corrupt officers. Their praise of skill, courage, and good conduct has rewarded many a hero unnoticed in official reports, encouraged the brave, stimulated the indifferent, inspired the discouraged, and brought tears of joyful pride to many a mother's eye and many a father's. Those who have husbands, sons, brothers, relatives, or friends at the wars-and who of us has not?-can not be too grateful to the press correspondents who lift the cloud of painful uncertainty from every battlefield, and reveal to them their loved ones gloriously safe or gloriously dead, wounded, or in prison. Besides their published reports these correspondents regularly supply their chief editors with facts, which prudence or the censorship withholds from the public, but upon which are based important editorial predictions of future events or censures of past or present errors. Thus the war reporters are writing the history of this war as it occurs, and supplying the materials for intelligent commentary and criticism upon contemporaneous events. Their usefulness can not be overestimated, nor can any praise be too great for their deserts.

JUMPING JACK'S DAUGHTER.

T was the morning of a bright cloudless day I in June, and the soft fresh air was full of song and perfume, when Fanny Berrian, a fair and delicate girl of sixteen years, the only daughter of the Rev. Francis Berrian, the clergyman of Chester, was returning from her morning walk, and as she passed the head of Brier Lane, it looked so cool, and green, and shady, that a sudden whim prompted her to turn into it.

Brier Lane was, as its name would indicate, rather a lonely and unfrequented road; the only dwelling it could boast being a large and substantial, but rather dilapidated, old stone farmhouse which stood some distance back from the street, and was nearly hidden by a high fence and the tall neglected trees which surrounded The old house had been so long without a tenant that common report in the village said that it was haunted, although by whom or by what seemed rather an unsettled question, even among the most zealous propagandists of the report; but Fanny Berrian was no believer in ghosts, at least not in broad daylight, and she tripped merrily along the almost untrodden pathway without fear or misgiving.

But as Fanny reached the fence which separated what had once been a garden from the roadside, a loud, shrill "whoop," something between a bind-call and an Indian war-whoop, startled her; she looked round but saw no one; a loud burst of laughter succeeded, and fully inform the people of every chance and mis- then a merry young voice called out, "Hullo!"



but still Fanny failed to discover the speak- | pitcher, and comforted her up, and told her

"Hullo, I say; look up!" cried the voice, and looking up, Fanny saw a young girl, apparently some years younger than herself, standing perfectly erect, without any visible means of support, upon the horizontal branch of a tree far above her head. She was a girl of slight, graceful figure, with oval face, and delicate, finelycut features; her dark olive complexion, clear and brilliant, being relieved by heavy braids of glossy dark hair, a small scarlet mouth, and eyes and teeth which glittered like cut steel. "Hullo, I say!" she repeated again, with a familiar nod, when she saw she had gained Fanny's attention.

"Are you speaking to me?" asked Fanny, in some surprise at the unusual style of the ad-

"To be sure I am—who else? I want to see you; hold on a minute, can't you? I'll come down," and suiting the action to the word, she began to descend; skipping from bough to bough, and swinging herself from branch to branch in sailor fashion, hand over hand, in what seemed, in the eyes of gentle, quiet Fanhy a frightful temerity (reckless and fool-hardy in itself, and wholly unbefitting a young lady), lowering herself thus, rapidly, to the fence, where she alighted, roosting upon the top rail, where she balanced herself in a sitting attitude so decidedly birdlike that Fanny felt as if her feet must have been claws to make her to maintain her strange

"Well!" she said, when she had settled herself-"How de do?-you're Fanny Minister, ain't you?"

is what you mean;" said Fanny, who could not help laughing.

"Oh well, all right—that's it; means the same, I suppose, or pretty near it.'

"And what did you want of me?" asked

"Well, I thought I'd like to be acquainted with you."

"Oh!" said Fanny, rather doubtful on her part of the eligibility of such a singular acquaintance.

"Well, yes! I don't know any body round here; it's a dismal, dull hole, and I thought I should like to know you; I met you once down at the store, and I took a fancy to you then."

"I do not remember meeting you," said Fanny.

"Well, maybe not; I don't suppose you do. I don't know as you saw me; I rather guess you didn't; but I saw you: don't you know that day when that little Irish gal came in and tripped on the step and fell, and broke her milk jug, and cut her arm and cried? Oh my soul and body, how she did howl! Why, don't you remember that?"

"Yes," said Fanny, "I do remember that." "Well, I was there, if you didn't see me. You picked her up, and bought her another soft eyes filling with tears as she spoke; "I'm

you'd go home with her; and I thought it was real kind in you, for she was a hateful, dirty little thing-just as dirty as a little pig. I couldn't have touched her, but I liked it in you; and I thought-if you didn't mind-I'd like to be friends with you."

"Thank you," said Fanny, smiling at this frankly proffered friendship. "But I should like to know something about you. You forget I do not even know your name."

"Well, that's easy told, and it won't be a long job either-it's Beatrice."

"Beatrice! that's a pretty name-Beatrice

what?" "Well, I guess there ain't any more of it; if there is, I never heard of it."

"But what is the name of your parents?" asked Fanny.

"Haven't got any."

"What, neither father nor mother?"

"Neither! I guess my mother died when I was born, and I don't know any thing about my father; s'pose I had one once, because it's customary, I believe; but I don't know whatever became of him. I s'pose he's dead, long ago. He must be, or he'd have come to light before now, wouldn't he?"

"And don't you even know his name?"

"No! I suppose my grandmother does, but if she does she won't tell me; but she always says he was a 'foreign Jumping Jack,' so I guess he was a dancing master: but I never heard so."

"Poor child!" said Fanny, compassionately.

"Poor child, indeed!" repeated the young girl, sadly. "I guess you'd say so if you knew "I am the minister's daughter Fanny, if that | all; for that ain't the worst of it, I can tell you."

"And do you live here, Beatrice?"

"Yes; I live here," said the girl, her expressive features wrinkling up as she spoke with a look of ineffable disgust; "ain't it a jolly place? As cheerful as a rat hole, only not quite so sociable."

"And who do you live with?" asked Fanny, taking no notice of the expressive look, though she could not fail to observe it.

"Oh! with my grandmother-Grandmother Gray—but not 'without tooth or tongue,' as the old song used to say. I wish to the Lord she was; but she has got both, and awful long ones too, I tell you; and don't she know how to use 'em? 'specially the latter."

"Beatrice! Beatrice!" said the gentle listener, who was shocked at this irreverence for an older person; "who are you speaking of? Not your own grandmother!'

"Yes I am," said the girl, bitterly; "and good enough for her: I hate her!"

"Hate your grandmother? Oh! Beatrice, I'm afraid you are not a good girl then."

"Yes I am too; but I guess you don't know. Maybe if you had a grandmother you'd hate her too.

"No, indeed, I should not," said Fanny, her



sure I shouldn't; I did have a grandmother much bigger than you (well, maybe a little once, and I loved her dearly, dearly; but she is dead."

"Well, mine ain't," said Beatrice; "I wish she was, that's all; I'd like to change with you; come, how'll you swap? My grandmother is always sick, and says she's going to die, but I guess there's no hopes of it—I've heard it too der did they grow there, really, truly; do you often. I only wish she would."

"Oh, don't say so," said Fanny. "It's wicked, I'm sure it is; and you will be sorry enough when she is dead and gone."

"Not a bit of it; don't you believe any such nonsense; I'll be a deal better off."

"You silly child! why, what would you do?" "Do? I'd know what to do quick enough. I'd leave this horrid, lonely old place and go back to New York. I'd go now; I'd run away only I haven't got a cent, and I couldn't walk there, you know; and I suppose if I did go off she'd come after me like vengeance and scold like sixty. Don't you suppose she would?"

"Go to New York?" repeated Fanny, to whose rustic ears that city had always sounded like a mighty Babel. "Why, you poor child! what would you do in New York? have you any friends there?"

"No," said Beatrice, slightly shifting her rather trying position on the fence; "I haven't got any friends there or any where else that I know of."

"Then what would become of you in New York-what would you do?"

"Oh! I guess I'd know what to do fast enough. Did you ever go to the circus?"

"No," said Fanny, smiling; "never!"

"Well, I did once, and it's just heavenly!"

"And how came you to go to such a place?" asked Fanny.

"Such a place, indeed! You don't know any thing about it; if you never went there, how could you? and you're the more to be pitied, for it's splendid! Well, grandmother she was sick (sicker than usual, I mean), and poor Janey she had her hands full tending her, for she's a real dragon when she's sick, I can tell you, and wears Janey off her legs tending her; Janey says sometimes she guesses she'll have to get a tinker to patch up her patience for her, for she says it's 'most worn to rags! And so, while Janey was busy, I ran down to Mr. Smith's the grocer's (it was when we lived in New York), and he and his children were all going, and he said he'd take me with 'em, he was a real good sort of a man and kind, and so I went, but when grandmother found it out wasn't she mad? But she couldn't take it away from me then, you know; and if I didn't have a splendid time I don't know! Didn't you ever go to a circus-never, any one?"

Fanny shook her head.

"Oh, what a pity! And you never saw Zamperlinda? Oh, that's too bad! Well, I must tell you about her. In the first place, you see, she's the most beautiful creature, Zamperlinda of roses, as big as a cart-wheel, hanging up, and is, that you ever laid your eyes on. She is not she stood up on the back of a horse and rode

taller), and she is jest as white as a lily, and her cheeks as red as roses! Yes, and she had her hair done up full of flowers and feathers, and beautiful shining things hanging down behind; and oh! she had such beautiful little wings, just like a butterfly, shining like silver. I wonsuppose they did?"

"Oh! no; I guess not," said Fanny, laugh-

"Oh! well, no; they couldn't, could they? Pshaw! no, I don't suppose they did, but they looked jest as natural as natural could be! And then her dress-oh! I must tell you about that, it was so splendid! beautiful white lacylooking stuff, all ruffles, and covered with little shiny things, just for all the world like dew. Why, it was just delightful to look at her. And she sung, but I didn't think much of her singing; to tell the truth that was rather squeaky. But then she danced-oh, so splendidly! see hereshe did this way."

And springing from her roosting-place on the fence into the street Beatrice performed an exaggerated pirouette, which, though exceedingly graceful and artistic, and well-calculated to "bring down the house" on the boards of a circus, was so remarkably out of keeping with the present time, place, and audience that meek little Fanny looked at her in shuddering horror.

"Oh! don't, don't, don't, Beatrice-for mercy sake don't do so," she said, imploringly; "and right out in the street too. Oh, Beatrice, only think-what if somebody should come by and see you?"

"Well, and what if they should?" said Beatrice, stopping suddenly in the midst of her swift gyrations, and standing poised on the tips of her toes, in true ballet style, while a look of sublime contempt for Fanny's unappreciative ignorance passed across her handsome features. "What if they should? See me? I expect folks to see me-I want them to see me-I hope they will come, hundreds and thousands, from miles and miles to see me when I'm at the circus, just as they did Zamperlinda. And you must come very often, Fanny; I'll give you a free ticket

"Thank you," said Fanny, not so much elated by this prospective generosity as she should have been. "But, Beatrice, what do you mean by when you are at the circus? Surely your grandmother will never let you go onto the stage!"

"Just as if I should ask her," said Beatrice, twirling round on her toes again; "I'm not such a fool as to expect she would. But if she ever should die, and she must some time or other, you know, won't I go in less than no time? Oh, it must be such a gay, easy life, all light, and flowers, and music, and dancing! Why, I have been practicing for it ever since that night. Zamperlinda had a great wreath



round full gallop; and every time she came to the ring of flowers she'd jump right through and come down on the horse's back again just as nice! I can't quite come it. I got a great hoop and put it up in the barn, and I hadn't any horse, you know, but I just run round full speed, and when I come to the hoop I'd try to jump through; well, sometimes I did, and sometimes I missed. But then you see petticoats are so in the way; I guess if I had a short light dress like Zamperlinda's I could get to do it first-rate! And then she walked on the tight-rope, but that's easy enough; I got Jim to put me up a rope and cut me a balance-pole, and I could do that tip-top in less than no time—that's nothing! But grandmother found it out, and it was all my own fault too; I forgot (great goose as I was!) to wipe the chalk off my shoes, and so she told Jim to lock the barn-door and keep it locked just to keep me out; spiteful, wasn't it? But where there's a will there's a way; and it's ten times more fun to climb into the barn-window than it was to march in at the door; so I worked her that time, didn't I?"

"Beatrice," said Fanny, "you said your grandmother was sick; is she very sick?"

- "Well, I don't know. Yes, I guess so."
- "And does she have the doctor?"
- "Oh! no; she never does."
- "But does she keep her room?" inquired
- "Keep her room? why, she's kept her bed for a week or more."
- "And have any of the neighbors been in to see her?"
- "Well, no; not lately. They did come when we first lived here; but grandmother wouldn't see them, nor ask them to come again; so nobody comes now, and I shouldn't think they would."
- "Do you think she would like to see my father if he should call?"
- "I don't know, I'm sure. I expect it would be just as the whim took her.'
- "Well, you know he is the minister here, and as she is a stranger and sick, I will ask him to call upon her."
- "Do, do," said Beatrice, clapping her hands in glee; "that will be prime. You ask him to call and talk brimstone at her, will you? I guess it will do her good."
- "Oh! Beatrice, I am ashamed of you; how can you talk so of the only friend you have in the world? You ought to love her."
- "She isn't my friend," said Beatrice, passionately: "Janey is my friend; I do love her, for she is kind to me."
 - "And who is Janey?" asked Fanny.
- "Well, she's the woman that does for us; she washes, and cooks, and makes the beds, and tends grandmother, and is good to me. Dear, old Janey! she's just as good as pie. Oh! if it wasn't for her I think I'd just hang myself. No, I don't know as I would either; for I don't suppose it would be very pleasant, and I can use a rope to better purpose. But I wouldn't stay | concerned, the mere matters of chance. They

here another day; I would go and complain to the overseers, and get them to put me into the work-house. I'm sure it would be lively and sociable there, compared to this old rat hole!"

"Why, I think it's a rather pretty place," said Fanny, looking round. "At least, I think it might be."

- "Do you? I should have liked to have had you try it last winter. Why the horrid snow was over the gate, banked up for six weeks, and grandmother wouldn't let Jim dig a path. Oh. my soul and body! if you could hear the windows shake, and the old blinds rattle, and the rats and mice tramping round, squeaking and fighting, I guess you'd think it was rayther pretty!
- "Well," said Fanny, "I must go now, if my father is willing I will come again and see you.' "Do, oh! do," said Beatrice, with an earnest kiss. "And let it be soon, that's a dear."

"Oh yes, if I can. So good-by, Beatrice."

"Well, good-by, Fanny; and be sure you come again very soon." And the two young girls separated; but when Fanny had nearly reached the end of the lane, a loud "Ship-ahoy!" made her turn round, and she saw Beatrice kissing her hand to her from the very top of a cherrytree.

Parting from her strange little companion, Fanny Berrian hastened homeward, impatient to relate to her father the adventure of the morning, and ask his sympathy and interest for Grandmother Gray and the strange, wild, but interesting little girl. But we will avail ourselves of our privilege of ubiquity and invisibility, and hasten on to precede her and give the reader some knowledge of the home and the father to whom her steps are tending.

The Reverend Francis Berrian was the only surviving child of a gay and fashionable pair, whose career through life had been neither vicions nor unlawful, but simply selfish, worldlyminded, and superficial. Good-tempered and amiable where self-love did not interfere, living wholly upon the surface of things, floating upon the current of events and rocked by the tide, they had swept along with no more of purpose or intention than the drift-wood which floats by the shore. Living wholly in the Present, gaining no experience from the Past, forming no plans for the Future.

"What Nature made them for, or God designed, They never knew, and never sought to find.'

Francis, the only one of their many children who struggled through the perils of childhood, was a bright, loving, and handsome boy; and was, of course, as near to his parents' hearts as any thing had ever been, but that was not very near. Having no plans and purposes for themselves, it was not be wondered at that they formed none for him. Responsibilities they always shook off; and thus the character and acquirements of the boy were, as far at least as they were



clothed and fed him, and sent him to school—because all boys are clothed and fed and schooled. And when the boy, who really had some taste for study, grew older, and expressed a wish to go to college, they did not object—other boys went to college; why shouldn't he? But they never asked themselves or him for what purpose he was acquiring an education.

So Francis Berrian, going to college simply because other boys went, naturally did as other boys did, and committed those boyish indiscretions which seem such gallant exploits to young men, and such ridiculous folly to older ones; and for one of these—thoughtless in the act, but graver in its consequences—he was rusticated, and sent into the family of a country clergyman, to bide his three months' disgrace and exile.

Here his destiny met him in the form of the parson's daughter-a fair, fragile, girl, with soft blue eyes, willowy curls, and a character of much insipid sweetness. Francis, of course, fell madly in love, and of course it was reciprocated, and a hasty engagement formed. young man could not be expected to look forward to consequences; he had never been taught to do so; it was not the habit of his family. The news was transmitted to his parents, who were, to say the least, not pleased. They wrote a letter of disapproval and remonstrance; and it had all the effect which might have been expected. The young couple were married at once, to put a stop to all interference; and Francis made choice of his father-in-law's profession, and settled down to study under him.

He was a young man of fair talents, and a clever student; and when his mental powers were turned to one point, and no longer suffered to fritter themselves away over all sciences and all pursuits, he made rapid progress, and by the time his studies were over a good parish was awaiting him.

But long before that time came he had become aware of the grand mistake he had made. and saw too plainly the utter desolation of his "land of promise." The grave nature of his studies had matured and elevated his mind; his growing knowledge of human nature had revealed to him his own sad folly; and he saw clearly that, like too many men of his profession, he had married too early in life—before he understood the requirements of his own nature. His poor Mary was gentle and loving; but she was weak and inefficient physically and mentally. She had no sort of faculty, and no energy; and a great amount of both are requisite in the wife of a country clergyman, who is never a sinecurist. She always had a young baby, a sore mouth, a weak back, and poor help; and surely one half of that dreary catalogue might be sufficient to make up the sum of female infelicity! What wonder was it if the light faded from her eyes, the gloss dropped from her hair, the smile fled from her lips, and the sweetness departed, leaving only the insipidity behind? She was never ungentle; but she became nervous,

honor be it said, that though his own eyes were opened he never opened hers - never pointed out to her the mistake they had made. He bore bravely and in silence the lot he had so unwisely incurred. He soothed and sympathized, pitied and aided, and took upon himself the cares to which she was unequal; he made a nursery of his study, and turned from his writing-table to answer household demands, and lived on in patient discomfort. Fortunately poverty was not added to his other burdens; he was a fine writer and an eloquent preacher, and had a wealthy and appreciative parish. But few of those who listened to his earnest and forcible sermons, rich in thought and polished in diction, guessed that they were elaborated while he sat in a darkened chamber, soothing the irritability of his sickly wife, or paced the night away, with weary steps, beneath the burden of a teething baby.

But this could not last forever. Poor Mary lingered on until she had neither soul nor body enough to live any longer, and then the attenuated thread of life broke, and Mr. Berrian was left a widower with one daughter and two little boys. Three children!—the usual number. We have sometimes been led to wonder why it is that widowers are commonly left with three children! Is there any philosophical explanation of this remarkable fact in natural history? We know of none; but we could count up, of our own personal acquaintance, scores of widowers left with the inevitable three.

Mrs. Berrian had now been dead about four years, and affairs were a little more comfortable. Not that there was any more order in the house, but things had got into a dead-lock of disorder; and that was rather better than when poor Mary's spasmodic and ineffectual attempts at reformation had riled the whole household into chaos, which usually subsided without producing any good results.

Upon the day in which we have chosen to introduce him to the reader Mr. Berrian was sitting in a large chamber which, though not exclusively study, bedchamber, or sitting-room, partook of the characteristics of all three; the room was at the back of the house, the windows overlooking the yard, from which the dull flap of a wet sheet or table-cloth hanging on the lines, and the chatter of two women over their wash-tubs, came distinctly to his ear, and told him it was washing-day. To be sure it was Wednesday; and "Job's birth-day" is usually held to fall due on Monday; but the family at the Parsonage had long been independent of system, and their washes rarely began before the middle of the week, or ended before Saturday night.

surely one half of that dreary catalogue might be sufficient to make up the sum of female infelicity! What wonder was it if the light faded from her eyes, the gloss dropped from her hair, the smile fled from her lips, and the sweetness departed, leaving only the insipidity behind? She was never ungentle; but she became nervous, exacting, and querulous. To her husband's seems, like Noah's ark, to have brought to the



shores of the New World a specimen of all that there was in the old one. This table was heaped with a mass of incongruous things—books, papers, boots and shoes, children's toys, hats, caps, gloves, and shaving things; the extinguished candle of the night before, bending like the tower of Pisa under the weight of the extinguisher; a cup and saucer, with the cold remains of some unhappy-looking coffee; and a bowl of paste with a kitchen spoon in it—very iron-rusty round the spoon and very blue-mouldy on the top.

The minister himself was robed in a dressing-gown which had once been handsome; but it had seen long, hard service; it was faded, and stained, and out at the elbows; and from its many rents the white wool of the wadding had protruded, and suggested the idea that the shepherd had sheared his flock rather extensively. Still, under and notwithstanding these absurd disadvantages, the Rev. Francis Berrian looked what he was—a gentleman and a scholar.

He was busily writing at a rickety old portable desk, so crowded with sermons that its hinges had given way to the rush of knowledge, after a vain attempt to retain all committed to its keeping; and sermons, new and old, finished and unfinished, were bulging and tumbling from its folds, while a dire accumulation of ink and dust spoke negligence in the past and hopelessness in the future of any attempt at cleaning.

Still the worthy man, so long used to all this discomfort as not to know how uncomfortable he was, wrote on. He had encountered and successfully demolished some knotty theological difficulty, and he was trying to find fitting words to convey to other minds the light which opened so clearly to his own. Half a dozen times had his retirement been invaded. The cook had flashed in, like a fiery comet, to tell him the potatoes were out; he had been called down to hold a consultation with the butcher; Eddie had brought him a cut finger for surgical aid; the grocer's bill had been thrust between his paper and his eyes; the washer-woman made a demand for starch; and two parishioners had called upon church matters. Meekly had Mr. Berrian met these various demands upon his time and patience, although each time he left his writing he felt that

The chain of pearls which he just had strung."

And now Fanny flung open the door, and, tossing her hat on to the half-made bed, advanced with eager steps and a "Well, papa!" upon her lips.

But Mr. Berrian raised his left hand slightly in warning deprecation, and continued to write on, while a pleasant smile hovered about the quiet mouth; and Fanny, who was well used to his ways, stood waiting his leisure in loving patience, thoughtlessly amusing herself by picking the horse-hair out of the rents in the old easy-chair in which her father sat.

A few moments' silence; and then, when the fugitive thought was caught and secured, Mr. companion was; but the child's whole manner Berrian flung down the pen, and turned to his was so subdued and gentle, her bearing so quiet

shores of the New World a specimen of all that daughter with a pleasant "Now, then, my darthere was in the old one. This table was heaped with a mass of incongruous things—books, pa- of his chair, began her little narrative.

"Well, papa, I went to Mrs. Adams's, and she was very much obliged to you indeed; and John is better; and she thinks he won't have a fever, after all. And Mrs. Jones says we can have the butter; but you must send for it. And I met Mary Symms, and she wants to see you -something about the pulpit-cushion, I don't know what. And Mrs. Briggs says if you will let her have the buttons and twist to-day she can finish Eddie's suit by to-morrow night. And Judge Williams sent you this book; there's something in it he thought you'd like to readhere, this is it, where he turned down the leaf. Oh! and I got you two letters from the postoffice; but please, papa, don't read them now, I've got something to tell you. And Mrs. James Carr called me in to say if it makes no odds to you she don't want the baby christened next Sunday, because it's got the rash. And oh! papa, don't you know that old stone house in Brier Lane? Did you know any body lived there, and had lived there for a year nearly? No? There, I thought not! Well, there does; and it is a Mrs. Gray and her grand-daughtersuch a queer, funny little girl! And her grandmother is very sick, papa; and I told her (the little girl, I mean) that I'd ask you to call and see them." And here Fanny related the little adventure of the morning, concluding with, "Won't you go and see them, papa? The little girl seemed so lonely; and she is so pretty and so droll-will you go?"

"Certainly, my dear; I will go this afternoon, when I take my walk. I did not know that house was occupied. I seldom go through Brier Lane."

"Oh! thank you, papa; and may I go with you?"

"I think not, my dear; as you saw the little girl only this morning it does not seem necessary; and from what you tell me the young lady is not all one could choose as a companion, I am afraid."

"Well, no, papa, I don't suppose she is; but she is so pretty and so interesting I want to see her again."

True to his word, the afternoon saw Mr. Berrian on his way to Brier Lane. As he entered the neglected little front yard the utter desolation and forlornness of the place would have been evident to almost any one else; but the good paster was too much used to discomfort and neglect at home to notice them. He only thought, as the gate swinging open on a broken hinge pinched his fingers, that perhaps it would be better not to shut it at all.

Walking up the green, untrimmed pathway, something touched his arm, and turning, he found Beatrice by his side. Fanny's description of her rather remarkable person had been too accurate to admit of a doubt as to who his companion was; but the child's whole manner was so subdued and gentle, her bearing so quiet



and self-possessed, that he felt Fanny must have you remember Jane Mathews, who lived with exaggerated the morning's interview.

"If you please, Sir," she said, in low, sweet tones, but with a hurried tremble in her breath, are you Fanny minister's father?"

- "Yes, my dear," said Mr. Berrian, "I am the minister; and it was my daughter Fanny who was here this morning."
 - "And you've come to see my grandmother?"
 - "Yes, if she would like to see me."
 - "Did Fanny tell you I wanted you to come?"
- "Yes, I understood her to say so. Do you think your grandmother will be able to see me this afternoon?"
- "I don't know, Sir; I hope so; but if she should, please not to say I asked you to comeplease don't; grandmother might be angry with me."
- "Oh no, my child," said Mr. Berrian, kindly; "I will be very careful, do not fear."
- "Thank you, Sir; that's all." And even as it seemed to Mr. Berrian while she was speaking, she had disappeared.

The minister's summons at the door was answered by a neat-looking woman, middle-aged, short, stout, and cheery-looking in face and manner.

- "Is Mrs. Gray well enough to see me?" asked the gentleman.
- "I guess not, Sir," was the ready answer. "She's ill in bed and does not see any one, unless," she added, with an inquiring look, "your business is very important."
- "Oh no," said Mr. Berrian; "I only called from a wish to be of use. I am the clergyman of this place, and hearing to-day she was here, ill, and a stranger, I called to see if I could do any thing for her. Had you not better take up my name and say I am here to offer my services in any way?"
- "Oh yes, Sir, I will if you wish; but I doubt if she will see you. Who shall I say?"
- "Say, if you please, that Mr. Francis Berrian, the minister of this place, has just heard of her illness, and has called to ask if he can be of service to her in any way.'

But the woman didn't move. Slowly ejaculating the words, "For the pity's sake!" she stood gazing at him, with open mouth and wide eyes, as if incapable of motion.

"Had you not better take up my name to Mrs. Gray?" mildly suggested the parson.

- "My soul and body! goodness gracious!" said the woman, still earnestly regarding him. "Well, and if that don't beat all! I do declare! Who-who did you say?"
 - "The Reverend Francis Berrian."
- "Well there I want to know I never! Why, Francis Berrian! My soul and body! Don't you know me?"
- "No!" said Mr. Berrian, regarding her more attentively, "I do not think I do; there is something familiar in your face, too, but I can not recall your name. When, and where, did I ever meet vou?"
 - "Sakes alive! Why, Francis Berrian! don't look."

your pa and ma, when you was a boy, and tended you in that typhus fever you had?"

"Jane Mathews? Yes, indeed! to be sure I do; I've thought of you many and many a time; I wonder I did not know you," said Mr. Berrian, warmly returning her cordial shake of the hand. "But that was a good while ago, Jane!"

- "Yes," said Mrs. Mathews, "it's nigh upon thirty years, I guess. But you do look kind'er nat'ral after all. You see, I kep' a looking and a looking at you, and I sez to myself, How much he does look like somebody or other! and, sure enough, it was yourself you looked like. Why, I declare! now I look at you, knowing it's you. Why, you look jest as nat'ral as all outdoors!"
- "And I think you look very natural too, Jane; considering how many years have gone by.'
- "Me? oh laws yes; I look jest as nat'ral as a nat'ral fool, don't I? I always did. But do walk in. And so you're the Minister here. I declare and vow, if I'd have knowed it, I'd have contrived to come and hear you preach just for the fun of it! My soul! Why, Master Frank (there, excuse me, I couldn't help it, calling you so, for it's as good as a dinner to see you), do you remember that day you drank up all the tamerine water at once, and Dr. White, how he scolded me for it?'
- "Oh no! I do not remember about the tamarinds, Jane; but I do remember how kind and patient you were, and how you used to sing to me 'Young Johnny the Miller' and 'The sun sets at night, and the stars shun the day." .-
- "So I did, so I did; I declare I had forgot all about them old songs. I must try to come down to your house I guess, and see all your folks, and have a good talk, all about old times, only I don't know how to get away from here, really."
 - "Why, is Mrs. Gray so very ill?"
- "Well, I guess she'll never be any better; that's my opinion; and I guess it's hers."
 - "What does the Doctor say of her case?"
- "Don't have any-never does-won't! I wish to the mercy she would, for I feel awful oneasy to be here, with only a dying woman and a little gal; it ain't what I hired for. But she won't send for any body else, and I hain't the heart to go off, and leave her with ony poor little Beatrice, poor child!"
 - "What sort of a girl is this little Beatrice?"
- "As good a gal as ever lived if folks ony knew how to treat her right. But her grandmother don't; she's always grabbing at her, and hectoring her; the poor thing leads the life of a toad under a harrow. I believe she and her grandmother hate each other."
- "This is very terrible, Jane. What is the cause of it?"
- "Well, it's easy enough to see why Beatie hates her; she'd be an angel if she didn't; for she never gives her a pleasant word or kind



Does Beatrice "But what is the reason? provoke her in any way?"

"Not a bit! She never gives her a saucy answer; I wonder she don't sometimes. I don't see how she can stand it; but she keeps out of her way as much as she can, and is cutting round outdoors most of the time, poor little soul! You see, Sir, as near as I can make it out, Beatrice's mother was Mrs. Gray's only child, and married against her will; and so she was mad with the man for marrying her daughter, and mad with her daughter for being married, and maddest of all with poor Beatie, for being born; jest as if it was her fault, poor little soul! I dare say she didn't want to be born more'n the rest of us. I didn't want to be born; you didn't want to be born; folks don't have their choice in that matter as ever I heard of; and I'm sure if Beatie had known what a more'n dog's life she was coming to, she'd never have undertook it. But there! I'm keeping you standing listening to my gabble. You jest sit down, won't you, and I'll see if the old lady will see you? I doubt if she will though."

In a few moments Mrs. Mathews returned, in evident surprise, to say Mrs. Gray would see Mr. Berrian; and following her up stairs the Pastor entered a large chamber, scrupulously neat indeed, but hare and desolate looking. It was not the mere want of comfort which struck the visitor; that would scarcely have been felt by him-he was used to that. It was the utter cheerlessness, the sense of gloom and desolation which seemed to haunt the very air, and crept round him, and enveloped him like a fog-and that he was not used to. His home, ever full of sunshine, and the glad voices of happy, loving children, was always cheerful, if disorderly.

He found Mrs. Gray-a tall, gaunt, stern-featured woman, with wildly-flashing, hollow eyes, and sallow complexion—sitting erect and stiff in bed; a dark blanket-shawl being put over her head and pinned closely beneath the chin, like a hood, from whence its ample folds fell around her, enveloping her whole person, except the bony and emaciated hands which were clasped about her knees.

There was something so repellent and forbidding in the whole air and aspect of the woman that for one moment Mr. Berrian almost regretted his intrusion. But stepping quietly to the bedside, he briefly informed her he had recently learned that Brier Lane had an occupant, and hearing of her illness, he had called to offer his services. Mrs. Gray's replies were curt and almost repulsive at first, but Mr. Berrian was a true gentleman and a Christian. His naturally kind heart, and his knowledge of the weaknesses and infirmities of human nature, had given him tact, and in his frequent visits among the sick and suffering he had gained a useful experience. He asked about her health, and learned she was the victim of a cureless disease, rapidly gaining upon her. He expressed interest and sympathy, and his gentle manner and soothing words had resemblance was a daily curse to me." an influence beyond his expectations. It is Then she said that, not knowing if the man

often the case that reserved persons, when they do cast aside their reserve and become confidential at all, are more open and communicative than those of a more genial character; and Mrs. Gray, long unused to the language of kindness, and who had for months past held communication with no being but her attendant and unloved grandchild, could not resist his persuasive voice and gentle manner. Gradually and imperceptibly to herself, led on rather by her own deep need of human sympathy than by any inquiries on his part, she told him the history of her life.

She told him of her motherless and neglected childhood; of the disappointment of her early and unhappy marriage; of her husband's alienation and unkindness; of his heartless desertion, when her only child was six months old; how her heart had then become bound up in her child, her idol, her all; how beautiful her Alice was, how lovely, how loving, and how good; how she had determined to save her from sorrows like her own; and remembering her own sad, unloved childhood, she had lavished every endearment upon her child, gratifying every wish, denying her nothing; that she had decided Alice should never marry, to be, like her, the slave of a tyrant husband; and how for years they had lived thus, mother and child, all in all to each other; and then (and here the trembling, husky voice, grew fierce and high)a hateful foreigner, "an Italian Jumping Jack" -she used the very word little Beatrice had repeated-stole her child's heart away from her. How she had wept, and prayed, and counseled, and warned, and threatened Alice, in vain; and how, when she refused to listen to their mad folly, Alice fled from her, "and left her for the stranger;" and then how, in the rage of her great grief, she had spurned her child and cursed her son-in-law.

And then she told him that a year after this ill-omened marriage Alice's husband was called home by his mother's death; and when Beatrice was born, during his absence, Alice had sent to ask her mother to come to her, and she in her indignant scorn had refused her. And then, when she heard of Alice's danger, her mother's heart gave way, and she went-alas! top late! too late! Alice had only lived to see her child baptized into the faith of its father, and had named it Beatrice for his mother. "And then," she said, "I was mad-mad with remorse and rage. I determined to pay back to him the bitter wrong he had done to me: he had stolen my child; I would steal his. A poor exchange, his miserable, wailing baby, for my beautiful and loving girl! I collected together all I was worth; I took the child and fled, and hid myself, my wrongs, and my revenge, in the heart of a great city. But what then? I had bereft him of his child-that was something. But what had I gained? His child bore no look of my lost Alice. She was all father; and the hated



she so hated was in this country or not, she had | upon this one point, she was penitent and refeared that Beatrice, who was fast outgrowing her control, might, from her resemblance to her father and her Italian name, be discovered by some of her father's friends; and she had removed to the country, to keep her still in retirement. But her own life was failing fast-she wanted some legal adviser; could Mr. Berrian recommend some one to her?

This Mr. Berrian readily promised; and then, feeling her time was indeed short, he spoke to her, kindly but plainly, pointing out to her the deep sin of her life, and urging upon her repentance and reparation, so far as it was now in her power to effect. Then he asked if there was any thing against the character of Bentrice's father?

Mrs. Gray paused a while before replying to this question. She had so hated the man-so long regarded him as an enemy-that it was hard to bear a fair testimony in regard to him. But though blinded by passion she was truthful, and acknowledged it was jealous love for her child which had prejudiced her so much against

After a long and earnest conversation, in which Mr. Berrian had the satisfaction of finding her feelings much less vehement than at first, he rose to leave her, promising to call the next day.

"But you have not told me yet the name of little Beatrice's father," he said, as he bade her good-by; "have you any objection to my knowing it?"

"Only that I hate to speak it," she said. "It has not passed my lips for years. His name was Orsini; he called himself a Count, but all foreigners do that, I believe-don't they?"

"Count Orsini! What! Not Count Leopold Orsini?" said Mr. Berrian.

"Yes; that is what he called himself."

"Is it possible? Why, I knew him well. He was my early friend and class-mate, and a better man or a truer gentleman I never knew! Is it possible that Beatrice is my old friend's child? But I have made you a long call, and I fear a fatiguing one. Good-by; I will call again, if you would like to see me; and I will send a lawyer to you to-morrow."

For nearly two weeks Mr. Berrian and Fanny were almost daily visitors at Brier Lane, where, by Mr. Berrian's active kindness, a good nurse and physician were now in attendance, and the worthy clergyman had the deep satisfaction of knowing that under his gentle ministrations, as Mrs. Gray's life ebbed away, the fierce vindictive rancor of her resentment subsided. She even, at his request, allowed him to write a letter to the once hated Orsini, to be given to him after her death, in which she asked and accorded forgiveness for their mutual wrong-doing; for no argument of her friendly adviser could convince her he had not wronged her as much in marrying her child as she had him in kidnapping his. But, though stubbornly obtuse saw a Christian minister in low-cut shoes and

signed, and Mr. Berrian felt that the close of her life was far more peaceful and more hopeful than could have been expected from the first interview.

When the last sad scene was over Mr. Berrian found she had left a will, giving all the little property she had to Beatrice, and naming him as executor and guardian; and he took her at once to his own house till her father should be found and summoned. Thither Jane Mathews accompanied her, as she expressed a wish to be near Beatrice until she found her father. "For though she's a real good child," she said, "and don't mean the least mite of harm, yet she has queer ways, and ain't a bit like other gals. And I'd like to hang round till her father comes; and I guess I can contrive to make myself useful in your family. I can 'most always work my passage, in one way or another, while I've got my ten fingers."

And useful, indeed, Mrs. Mathews did make herself in the minister's disorderly house; always cheerful and pleasant-tempered, her quiet energy was daily spent in bringing order out of confusion, and neatness out of topsy-turvyness.

Beatrice, under her training, had already acquired habits of neatness which would last her a lifetime. And poor, motherless Fanny only needed example and stimulus to make her a clever little housekeeper; while, in return, her quiet, gentle ways were fast subduing the hoydenish rudeness of Beatrice. Day by day, without annoyance or encroachment, the house began to wear a new aspect; and while Jane stood between the master and his servants and tradespeople, she saved him from the wastefulness of the one and the peculations of the others, and frugal, but orderly, well-served meals took the place of coarse profusion. At last the ambition of the zealous and affectionate reformer reached even to the person of the minister himself (and not before it was needed).

"Fanny, dear," she said, one day, as he came from his room equipped for his walk, and looking even more forlorn and shabby than usual-"Fanny, dear, you ain't going to let your pa go down the street such a figure as he is, be you?"

"Figure!" said Fanny, looking up in consternation, with partial eyes which could see nothing wrong in the father she loved and venerated.

"Figure!" said the impulsive Beatrice, jumping up. "Why, Janey! what do you mean? I'm sure he's the handsomest man in town, and the best."

"What is the matter with me, Jane?" said the amused parson, turning from the admiring girls to the friendly critic. "What is amiss?"

"Well, excuse me, Sir, but you do look like the very old Scrantum, begging your pardon! Why, your coat is all dusty, and it's real threadbare all round the collar and cuffs; and it's lost two buttons, and one button-hole is all tore out -see here! And who under the canopy ever



blue yarn stockings before? I'm sure I never did in all my days. And I don't really think, Sir, you've shaved to-day, or yesterday either, have you?"

"No," said Mr. Berrian, rubbing his chin, "I haven't. It is some trouble to have the water brought up, and I don't shave every day."

"Trouble!" said Mrs. Mathews; "no it ain't; no trouble in the world; not a mite of trouble. I'll see to that. But really I wonder how your people have any respect for you if you go among them looking so. Why, your collar looks as though you'd slept in it. Fanny, dear, hain't your pa got a better suit?"

"Oh yes," said Mr. Berrian, "I have; but I thought this would do."

"Do to work in the garden with, but not to walk out in. Fanny, dear, you jest git out his best suit, and I'll brush 'um. I guess he can afford to dress like a gentleman, your pa can. And here, Beatie, your fingers can go like a steam-engine, you jest sew up the rips in these old black gloves, won't you? Now, Mr. Berrian, if you'll step up stairs I'll bring up the water, and you jest shave, and spruce up a bit, while Joe brushes your shoes. And Fanny, hain't he got any black stockings? You jest get him out a pair, won't you?"

When Mrs. Mathews took up the water she stopped to lay out fresh linen, and such an array of ragged, buttonless garments rarely graced the domestic museum of any man, bachelor or benedict.

"My soul and body!" soliloquized the zealous little woman as she shook them out one after another, and laid them aside in a hopeless state of raggedness. "Why goodness o' man! it's enough to make a body's hair stand on end to see such a set of raggified ruins! I wonder how he ever got into 'um. There ain't one fit for a chimney-sweeper to put on. I guess he had to turn the corner sudden when he see the ragman coming. I declare a sewing-machine that would run itself and find its own thread wouldn't more'n meet the wants of this family!"

But thinking this, she only said. "I guess you want some new shirts, Mr. Berrian; if you'll give me the money I'll go to the store and get the linen, and I and these gals can make you a set jest as well as not while I'm here; and I'll bet they'll wear as long agen as these boughten store things."

By the time Mr. Berrian, shaved, combed, and brushed, and in his better suit, came down from his chamber, Jane handed him a pair of nicelypolished shoes "There!" she said; "them look something like! Why, they was as red as a copper. Now, Fanny, get him a clean hand-kerchief. Lord, child! not a red one, for the pity's sake! Do get a white one, dear!"

"He hasn't got any others," said Fanny, laughing; "he never has."

"Why, Fanny Berrian! you don't mean to say your pa takes one of them red silk things to church with him, and lays it on the pulpit cushions close to the Holy Bible, do you?"

- "I guess he does," said Fanny.
- "Why, is it very wicked, Jane?" asked the amused object of her cares.
- "Well, I should think so, Sir," said Jane, gravely. "Warn't the old Levites in the Bible times forbid to serve in the Temple without clean white linen? You ought to know best; but I should think you might be as nice as one of them old Jews any how!"

"It would seem so," said the minister, meekly, although he could not help smiling at the quaint authority.

"Fanny dear, you jest run and get him one of your handkerchiefs jest for to-day, won't you? I suppose you don't carry red ones, though I don't know as it would be a bit worse if you did! And if you please, Sir, I'll get you a dozen when I get the linen."

"Very well, Jane, get just what you think best, and thank you, too; only don't make quite a beau of me in my old age."

"Oh, don't he look a picture!" cried Beatrice, impulsively, as the really handsome parson, in trim attire and much improved by his careful toilet, walked forth almost like a new creation. "Is not he a beauty, and the best man in the world too! Oh, Fanny! if you'll sell me half your right in him I'll give you all my grandmother has left, and think I'd made a blessed good bargain too. Oh, if my new father would only be like him I wouldn't say a word against him."

"Say a word against him!" said Mrs. Mathews; "I should think not, indeed! Why, Beatie, most girls would be wild with delight to find a father."

"Well, I am not," said Beatrice, frankly. "I suppose it is because I am not used to having fathers, and it comes awkward to me; and it is rather hard on me—now you must both allow that—just as I have got rid of my grandmother."

"Beatrice, Beatrice!" said Fanny, reproachfully.

"Well, I know, I did not mean to, Fanny. I won't. I mean just as I thought I was going to be my own mistress, and have my own way, and do what I choose, and be just as happy as a duck in a mud-puddle, I am told I've got this unnecessary father knocking about the world somewhere; and of course he'll come and put a stop to every thing. Now what need is there of my having a father at this late day? I did without so long I guess I could worry through alone. And then, when he does come, what a fussy time that will be! I sha'n't know what to say or do. I shall appear like a fool, I know I shall. I've tried half a dozen times to make up a speech, and I can't. What must I say? 1 can't get beyond 'Oh, my beloved father!'-and that's a fib!"

"Nonsense, child!" said Mrs. Mathews. "Don't bother your silly little head in that way. He won't want a speech from you, I'll bet."

"But what must I say and do? Do tell me!"



"Don't say or do nothing. Wait and see what he says and does. He is the one to say and do, not you."

"Well, now," said Beatrice, "is he? There's some sense in that. Janey, you are a darling; you always come to my relief. I never thought of that before; it's quite an idea. And so he is to be the chief actor then, is he? I thought it must be me. Heigh-ho! I do wish it was over, it makes me fidgety."

At this moment Mr. Berrian re-entered the room, and behind him came, with hasty steps, a tall, dignified, handsome man.

"Beatrice, my dear child, your father!" he said.

Taken wholly by surprise, poor Beatrice clung, blushing and trembling, to Fanny, with her dark, gazelle-like eyes fixed with a beseeching gaze upon the advancing stranger with an air like that of a startled fawn, half fear half confidence, and the rich color mantling her cheeks. Never had she looked more beautiful. But as he silently opened his arms to her Nature asserted her claim. The intended speech was forgotten; not even "Oh, my beloved father!" came from the trembling red lips, as, springing forward, she was clasped to the heart of the parent who had so long and so vainly sought for his lost child.

"There, now; you see I was right after all," said Mrs. Mathews, confidentially to Fanny, half an hour afterward. "You see there wasn't no need of speechifying, and I knowed there wouldn't be. Laws, no! words ain't nothing at sich times. There wasn't a word spoke between 'um; and I'll wage they are both just as well satisfied as if each of 'un had delivered a Fourth of July oration at the other."

THE RAREY METHOD.

I.

MONG the many attentive spectators of A Mr. Rarey's performances none was more conspicuous than Mrs. Moody. Indeed, she looked and listened with so rapt an interest that you might have supposed her about to try in person the business of horse-taming, and bent on acquiring the secret. The truth was, however, that she had a very unmanageable partner to deal with at home; and during the accounts of Cruiser's former viciousness, of the way in which he had defied all laws of stable and saddle, bitten and trampled his grooms, and rendered himself a terror to all who had to do with him, she drew certain parallels in her own mind. This fiendish courser now walked about the stage docile as a kitten; he obeyed each look and tone of the master-spirit without resistance or delay. Might not the treatment which had answered so well in the one case prove efficacious also in the other? She must bend all her powers to the task, and find out how to do it.

As the result of her attention two things impressed themselves on her mind as needful to success, and these were Firmness and Gentleness.

Firmness—that part was easy enough; any ed upon the scene, did not tend to attach or rec-

woman bent on having her own way would find no difficulty there. But Gentleness—persevering gentleness—there was the trial! How could you be gentle when some one else was a perfect bear? Her spirit rose at the very thought. Yet Cruiser had formerly trampled, bitten, and torn, and gentleness had brought him down and kept him down. Well, it was worth trying. She would make the attempt, at any rate.

Some fifteen years before Sophia Jenkins had become Mrs. Moody. She was then a lively, rather pretty girl, with a quick temper and a kind heart, easily ruffled, speedily reconciled. Mr. Moody's character, on the contrary, was considerably in accordance with his name. He dwelt a long time on any real or fancied injury, adding to its heinousness by the continued meditation, so that the thing which was a slight on Tuesday grew into a positive insult by Tuesday week. Sophia was generous to a fault. Mr. Moody prudent almost to the verge of parsimony. She delighted in sociability—a friend to spend the day, company to tea, callers of an evening, an occasional party or ball. Mr. Moody's idea of comfort was a good fire, dressing-gown and slippers, the newspaper and nobody around to "bother." He saw people enough all day down town. What he wanted at home was rest and quiet—to be let alone, and not obliged to think of entertaining any body.

Neither had married quite in ignorance of the other's faults, though, seen through the enchanted medium of love, they had doubtless looked much less formidable than the prosaic daylight of wedded life revealed them. Mr. Moody promised himself that he should readily overlook Sophia's occasional petulance in consideration of her numerous excellent qualities; she felt certain that she should control her temper and give him no cause to harbor resentment against her. She flattered herself that she should grow very domestic in order to please him; he intended to make great sacrifices in the way of accompanying her into society. Through the honey-moon and a few weeks later this pleasant state of affairs continued. But one morning Sophia awoke with a headache, and was cross; Mr. Moody was indisposed to patience, and responded harshly. Sophia's temper rose; her husband grew surly; and that worst of storms, the first quarrel, came on. Of course there was a great deal of subsequent repentance and self-accusation, ending with a tender reconcilement; but the ice once broken it was not long before the second quarrel ensued. Repentance this time was slower and less thorough; and it came to pass that after a series of disagreements the afterpiece of reconciliation was entirely omitted. Harsh reproaches and cutting retorts alternated with long periods of coolness. Sophia went more and more into society; her husband remained determinedly at home. Her extravagance grew intolerable, said Mr. Moody. His parsimony was really despicable, thought Sophia. The children, which at intervals appearoncile their parents. Ambitious for herself, the mother became doubly so for them, while their father felt acutely the increasing drain upon his quarrels were few, or conducted in discreet Caudle seclusion, to avoid scandal with the children; but there was a spirit of settled hostility-determined aggression on the wife's part, just as obstinate resistance on the husband's.

Meanwhile Mr. Moody's business flourished, and all to which he put his hand prospered mightily. His wife was well aware of the fact, and it stimulated her ambition. What had she done to deserve of fate that it should bury her on the east side of the town, when half her acquaintances could date their notes from the most select localities? True, the house was spacious and comfortable, not very far from Broadway, either, and in a most respectable neighborhood; still it was east, and Mrs. Moody felt a high-bred scorn of the slightest taint of Orientalism. Why should she be doomed to wear away life in a dwelling of brick, and only three stories at that, while Semantha White was perked up in a brown-stone mansion with every modern improvement? All the world knew who Henry White was; he began with nothing, and they lived, goodness knows how long, in that little house in Amity Seet. As for Semantha, why her people were really quite poor, kept only one servant, and Semantha used to help with the baking and fine ironing. Sophia had often been sorry for her, when they were girls together, for being at such disadvantage in the way of dress and living. And now look at them! Madison Avenue and no end of horses and carriages and servants in livery. She might ride in omnibuses all her days, or go on foot, for all that Mr. Moody would care. It wasn't as if they were poor and couldn't afford it; her husband could buy out Henry White any day. And there was Louise, growing so tall and really such a very pretty girl; was it not a mother's duty to give that dear child all the benefits of an elegant home and refined associations? Again and again did she attack Mr. Moody on the subject; again and again was she repulsed with ignominy. Still she kept the purpose fresh in her heart, and looked over the paper sedulously for advertisements of sales. They were always there to tantalize or encourage her; brown stone, rosewood doors, walnut staircases, all that her soul longed after; always, too, to be had at such bargains, and the "terms made easy to suit the purchaser."

Mr. Rarey's exhibition, she felt with inward assurance, had given her a clew. She slept but little that night, revolving in her mind schemes of struggle and conquest.

Among Mr. Moody's whims was one in favor of early rising: he was never weary of quoting Poor Richard on that head, and prophesying ruin to all who did not follow his advice. Sophia detested Poor Richard, regarding him as the avatar of the rather niggardly thriftiness which of the grand movement toward final triumph.

was the bane of her life. Indeed, she often declared that next to "Young's Night Thoughts" she hated that book of maxims. It had long purse. At the date of which we write open been Mr. Moody's wont to rise at six of the clock, partake of a solitary and often ill-cooked breakfast, and be off down town before the wife of his bosom made her appearance below stairs. On the morning which followed Mr. Rarey's performance he entered the breakfast-room expecting to behold, as usual, the soiled table-cloth put on askew, the two or three plates and dingy tin coffee-pot which contained his needful nourishment. Snowy damask and glittering china, smoking dishes and steaming urn awaited him instead. And behind that urn sat a female whom he scarcely recognized, so different was her appearance from that of the wife who on rare occasions had shared his morning banquet. He could recall with great distinctness the delaine wrapper which had formerly figured at these repasts; a shapeless garment, worn without collar or cuffs, and with no visible accompaniment save a pair of old slippers. Hebe herself would have looked a fright in it. The lady who sat there awaiting him as if it were the most common occurrence in the world was very differently got up. Her well-fitting morning-dress was relieved at throat and wrists by narrow bands of glossy linen, while the skirt flowed away over the prettiest combination of tucks and embroidery; her dark hair was brushed smoothly from her temples and crowned with a coquettish little breakfast-cap. With her bright cheeks. good teeth, and smiling eyes she was an attractive woman still, spite of the thirty-five years that had passed over her head, and for one moment Mr. Moody's heart quite warmed to her as he gazed. Only one moment, however, the next the demon of suspicion entered his soul.

"Well, Sophia, what is it you want?" he asked, seating himself. "Speak up-don't be bashful."

"A bit of the steak, if you please," she replied. "Oh, nonsense. You know very well what I mean. Of course I don't suppose all this display of china and dry-goods was got out for nothing. Is it for yourself or the children-and how much do you want?"

For three seconds Mrs. Moody was speechless with indignation; in the fourth she recovered herself. This was the beginning of the ordeal, and she must not fail. What if Mr. Rarey had become enraged at the first show of Cruiser's viciousness? Where, then, would have been his mastery over that terrific steed? "Fear and anger," she recalled, "should be equally unknown to the true horseman." So with a superhuman effort she conquered every demonstration, and replied as amiably as possible,

"You are quite mistaken, Robert; I want nothing except that we should take our breakfast comfortably together."

It was a good-natured answer, and on the whole a true one, since she had no especial article in mind at the time. This was only a part



to her liege lord's rudeness, unless he might fancy that her persistent chattiness was intended as a cover to any awkward feeling on his part. She gave him liberally of cream and sugar, insisted on filling his cup a third time, and studiously refrained from saying "My dear." Mr. Moody began to feel pretty thoroughly ashamed of himself before half his steak had disappeared; but of course he did not admit any thing of the kind. That would have been going against nature.

"Excellent coffee!" he at last prevailed upon himself to say. "Very different from the slop Bridget usually favors me with."

"Yes," responded his wife; "I made it myself, or at least showed Bridget how to do it. With a little oversight she will soon learn to have it just as good as this."

The opportunity was too tempting to be resisted. "If you were more in the habit of giving such 'oversight,'" said Mr. Moody, "the meals in this house would oftener be fit to eat."

Sophia turned pale. "Brute!" she inwardly ejaculated. But an instant afterward she replied, meekly, "I dare say you are right. Bridget is quite teachable, and with a little looking-to will make a very fair cook, I think. At any rate, I shall try."

"I shall be glad to have you do so," commented her husband; but from his tone it was quite impossible to guess whether he meant to say, "It's a very sensible proceeding, my dear wife, and one which I thoroughly admire and approve in you;" or whether it implied, "It is high time you were about it; you have neglected your husband and your home quite long enough." Sophia did not puzzle herself to study out the hidden meaning; she bade Mr. Moody a cheerful good-morning in the upper hall, and betook herself to considering other details of the campaign.

"Louise," said she, a few hours after, as her eldest daughter, a girl of fourteen, was going diligently through page after page of intricate variations, "can't you play any tunes?"

"Tunes, mamma?" asked the young lady. quite bewildered. "I don't know what you mean."

"I will show you;" and plunging into the music-rack she brought forth an ancient volume, with "Sophia Jenkins" in gilt letters on the cover. It contained her own early "pieces," and as she turned the leaves familiar titles met her eye. The Wrecker's Daughter Quickstep, The Ocean Wave ditto, Jenny Lind and Carlotta Grisi Polkas, and hosts of kindred gems. At the end of the work was a collection of "popular" airs-Campbells are Coming, Hail to the Chief, Patrick's Day, and the like.

"Here, Louise," said she, "I want you to put by your lesson and practice these a while."

'Oh, mamma!" groaned the girl; "those horrid things! "hat should I learn them for?" "Not at all horrid; very pretty pieces, and

The meal went on. Sophia paid no attention | It's on your father's account that I want you to do it. He does not care for fashionable music, but he likes these old tunes very much, and would be delighted to hear you play them now and then. Just run them over a little, and be very careful of the time: he is so particular about that." So Louise spent an hour or two, to her great amusement, over that funny old book. To think of mamma sitting regularly down in company to play such things!"

> Mr. Moody's key turned in the door that evening at least half an hour before the usual time.

> "How you surprised me!" said his wife, coming into the hall. "I had no idea that you would be home so early."

> Mr. Moody had ridden up town in an uncommonly pleasant frame of mind, but this remark somehow grated on his feelings.

> "Not too early for your convenience, I trust," he answered. A pause. "If it is, I can go out again."

> "What an unhappy temper!" thought Sophia, in the virtuous consciousness of being able to control her own. Then, aloud: "Oh no; we are very glad to see you, I am sure, only dinner isn't quite ready yet, and I meant to have it prompt to the minute of your return. Louise, run and get your father's slippers, and hang his dressing-gown before the fire, so that he can put it on as soon as we have dined; and light the gas in the back-parlor-or stay, I'll do it myself. Now, Robert," she continued, poking the coals in the grate to a vigorous glow, "just sit down and be as comfortable as you can for fifteen minutes, and dinner will be on the table."

> The promise was made good, and the meal gave evidence of Mrs. Moody's supervision. Every thing was well cooked and hot, while Jane (chamber-maid and waiter) attended to the wants of the family with quietness and dispatch. Louise, her father's favorite, looked very pretty and womanly; the younger children, well washed and brushed, behaved themselves to perfection. Under such circumstances it is no wonder that Mr. Moody's austerity relaxed, and he became almost genial.

> "You were out last night, Sophia," he observed. "What was it?—the opera? a party?"

> "No, it was Mr. Rarey's lecture; really a delightful thing! I am sure you would enjoy it. We must go together if he gives another.'

> "Oh, mamma, take me too!" cried Master Augustus, a youth of seven, with the usual boypassion for "horse."

> "That must be as papa says;" and she proceeded to narrate, with much spirit and at considerable length, the various incidents of the evening.

> "Singular knack some of these people have," remarked Mr. Moody. "I have known some wonderful instances, quite like witchcraft."

"Then you don't think it is a power that can be communicated?" asked his wife. "Mr. Rarey talked as if it were a method that could used to be greatly admired when I was young. | be imparted like any other lesson."



"Not a bit of it! It's a natural gift, like bone-setting or an ear for music. When I was a boy on the farm at home we had a neighbor who possessed the faculty in perfection. All the vicious horses for miles around were brought to him, and he would return them in a week or two gentle as kittens."

"How did he do it?" queried Master Augustus.

"More than I can tell you, my boy. He did nothing at all that any one could see, but he just managed them completely. He told me once, when I asked him about it, that he 'whispered to them.' It's a gift, as I said; nobody could teach it, though good treatment, resolution, and all that, are very well in their way, no doubt."

"It is a curious faculty," observed Sophia.

"Very. I never knew this man to fail but once. Your grandfathen, Gussy, had a gray mare, the prettiest creature that could be.

It may be remarked, en passant, that Mrs. Moody didn't usually display much eagerness for her husband's early reminiscences. She considered "the farm" as rather objectionable, and was not anxious to hear allusions to it. But she felt a little natural interest on the subject of the gray mare.

"Yes," continued Mr. Moody, "the prettiest animal I ever saw; and, in an ordinary way, the gentlest. But there was one thing about her; if she didn't want a man on her back she wouldn't have him-that was positive. She didn't throw you, but just got away from you quick as a flash. One hot day, when my father was riding her, he took off his hat and waved it, just to cool his face a little, and the next instant he found himself sitting in the middle of the road, and saw Bell off by the fence nibbling the grass as quietly as if nothing had happened.

"Bully for her!" exclaimed Master Augustus. "Hush, dear!" said his mother; "that is a very vulgar expression."

"She went from under him so neatly that he sat down in the dust just as he had been sitting in the saddle."

"Was that the only bad thing she did?" asked Gus.

"Yes, that was her only trick, but it was quite enough. When a man is riding he wants to be tolerably sure of staying on his horse's back till he gets to the end of his journey. It isn't pleasant to be set down so unceremoniously, you know."
But couldn't any body break her?" inquired

Gus with interest.

"A great many tried and failed. At last an Englishman came along who had been ridingmaster in a military school and was really a very thorough horseman, full of bluster and braggadocia besides. Bell was brought round, and let him mount quietly enough. 'Ah, my beauty!' said he, 'I'll soon let you know that you've found your master!' The words were hardly out of his mouth when he was lying among a pile of rails by the roadside."

"Bully for-" again began Augustus; but a look from his mother checked him. "What then, papa?" he said.

"Well, after that my father took her to the man I told you of and left her there for 'summer board.' For the first week or two all went well, and he told us that he could discover no fault in the animal, and wondered that we had any trouble with her. 'Wait a little.' said my father; and sure enough at the end of a month he brought her back and advised us to shoot her or sell her, whichever we preferred, for she was past his management entirely."

"Which did you do?" inquired Augustus.

"We sold her to go on the canal—the fate of all hard cases among her race."

The lesson of the gray mare sank into Sophia's heart. Here, she thought, was her example. A will quiet and accommodating enough so long as all was in harmony with it, but asserting itself when once aroused, and defying every attempt at subjugation.

Mr. Moody's agreeable frame continued after they went up stairs, "Who wants to go to the hat-stand," he asked, "and search my over-coat pockets?"

"I," cried Gus. "And I too," said little Mary, darting from the room. The results of the raid were picture-books for the younger children and a package of bonbons from Maillard's for Louise, who dispensed them freely. Mr. Moody accepted a chocolate-cream or two, and kept on talking instead of betaking himself at once to the newspaper according to custom.

"Louise, dear!" said Sophia, presently; "can't you open the piano and play something for us?"

"If it is any thing sensible," said Mr. Moody. "I don't want to be deafened with any of your opera trash, all hop, skip, and bang."

The young lady rather pouted at this insult to her performances, but Mrs. Moody gently interposed-

"Give us some of the pieces I heard you going over this morning. I think papa will find some of his old favorites among them."

So Louise went dutifully through the oldfashioned waltzes and quicksteps, while Mr. Moody listened with delight, beating time with his foot and calling for one after another of his ancient pieces.

"How well Louise plays," he remarked, aside to his wife. "Really I had no idea of it."

"I thought you hardly did justice to her progress," said Sophia.

"Well, you see I couldn't judge from that jumble she is in the habit of doing. I don't know what other people find in it, but for my own part I had as lief hear scales and exercises; there's neither time nor tune to me. Come to plain sailing, I can tell as well as any body.

It appeared to Sophia that this was a favorable moment to broach a subject which had been unsuccessfully presented on divers previous occasions.

"Do you think she keeps good time, Robert?" was the next inquiry.



"Capital; it's a wonder too. Half your fine to feel that housekeeping properly attended to performers that spend their lives over Thalberg's variations can't go creditably through the Fisher's Hornpipe; but I've no fault to find with Louise."

"I'm delighted to hear you say so! I can't trust my own ear; but yours, I know, is so very accurate. Don't you think, Robert, that she ought to be having lessons from some one of our best masters? Miss Charraud is very well, but she can't give Weiss's style, for instance; and I really think Louise has learned about all she can from her."

Mr. Moody winced a little, for it was a tender topic. "But Weiss is awfully extravagant in his prices, isn't he?"

"Why, yes-I suppose he is rather high; but haven't you often told me that a good thing must be paid for, and that it was no economy to get a poor article because it was cheap? Now Weiss will certainly give you a good article for your money, and Louise's talent really hasn't justice done it with Miss Charraud. Just play the Marsellaise, without the variations," she whispered to her daughter.

The sounds took Mr. Moody back to those summer evenings in the country, years agone, when the rustic amateurs of "the band" met for practice, and he-a boy of twelve or so-was proud to play the triangle. He saw again the new moon hanging her golden rim in the west, and smelled the spicy breath of the honeysuckles. In fine, he yielded; and Louise was informed, to her great content, that as soon as her present quarter was over she might begin with Weiss.

"But I shall expect you to practice faithfully and improve your advantages. It's the only way there is of getting back my money."

"Don't be uneasy on that score," said Sophia. "I always have to restrain her rather than urge her forward."

The evening ended harmoniously as it had begun. Mr. Moody's heart was so miraculously softened that he said, as they went up stairs, "I believe I was a brute to you this morning, Sophy."

"I think you were, just a little," she answered, laughing. "But no matter about that, you made up for it afterward." And she fell asleep well satisfied with the day's campaign.

The Rarey method thus happily initiated was pursued with signal success. Sophia often found it a trial to rise at the early hour which she had fixed upon; the pillow was so downy, the halfdreamy, half-waking state was so delicious; but the greatness of her object upheld and strengthened her. Faithfully did she preside over every breakfast; faithfully did she lay aside novel or fancy-work, and at stated periods descend to the regions below, conferring with cook over the sacred mysteries of the kitchen. This new course speedily made itself apparent in the increasing comfort of the menage. Sophia began improvement and elegance, only sold because Digitized by GOOSIE No. 153.—B B

is not half the burden of housekeeping neglected and shirked. The servants became punctual, industrious, and attentive; Bridget, profiting by instruction, grew daily more competent to her place, and bade fair to go on, ere long, with very little supervision. But the greatest change was in Mr. Moody. His fits of bearishness occurred not oftener than once a week, and were greatly softened even then by the resolute amiability with which his wife encountered The order to search his pockets had them. been more than once repeated to the satisfaction of all concerned; now it was a bracelet for Louise, and again the loveliest lace set for her mother. Several times Mrs. Moody had wiled him from his evening domesticity to share her gayeties. They went to Mr. Rarey's exhibition, taking all the children, and the paterfamilias viewed the performances, delighting in his boy's delight, and all unconscious that he was beholding the key to his own destiny. So we poor mortals sit while Fate weaves her web before us, and guess not the design nor see the hand that throws the shuttle!

Once, indeed, he carried his complaisance so far as to accompany his wife to the Opera, and could not but notice what a very stylish woman he escorted. People looked at her a good deal, he saw, and he didn't wonder at it. He began to feel some of the pride of old days in her appearance, and to be flattered that so attractive a person liked to have him go out with her.

Meanwhile visitors at the house noticed certain improvements. The old six-octave piano, which had served Louise so long, gave place to a magnificent Steinway; as handsome a tea-set as Ball and Black could furnish ousted those small and insignificant pieces of plated ware. Sophia determined that every purchase she made should be of the best; something that should not disgrace the new house, if ever she got into it. Now it was a fine engraving—anon a lovely vase or statuette.

The great blow of all, the final coup, she still held in reserve. Mr. Moody bore up wonderfully under her repeated demands, but she would be discreet; "festina lente" should be her motto. She remembered that Mr. Rarey advised a slow and cautious approach to the animal you have it in your mind to subdue. Walk gently up to him, accustom him to your presence; after a time delicately caress him, stroke his neck, pat his head, accompany these acts with gentle and familiar expressions: "So my beauty!" "Ho, my nice fellow!" etc. He never advised a rush into the stable and a spring on the horse's back. So she waited week after week, and prudently felt her way.

Alas that so much caution should be defeated in an evil hour! Mrs. Moody took up the paper one morning, and her eye fell on an advertisement that seemed to be printed expressly for her. Just the neighborhood she coveted, brown stone house built by day's work, every modern

Original from

to be had at the most tremendous bargain. Here was an opportunity such as might not occur again for months; and the pear, she thought, was ripe enough to pluck. She went about all day with nothing else on her mind, and determined to attack her husband on the subject at the carliest feasible moment.

Unhappily for her plan Mr. Moody came home in one of the worst possible humors. He had put on a pair of tight boots that morning and suffered agonies with them all day. Then business had been so brisk that he could only snatch a hasty lunch that had lain like lead in his system ever since. Added to which, he had had a terrible outbreak with an insolent bookkeeper, who had dared in the course of it to call him-his employer Mr. Moody-a paltry fellow, and had sarcastically requested him to select half a dime out of his half million of dollars and he would find that his soul could dance on it, and have plenty of room to spare. Then the omnibus was crowded coming up, and people trod on his toes, and altogether he was in a desperate frame of mind. The feverish excitement engendered by continued dwelling on a single theme must be Sophia's excuse for not observing the unpromising condition of the atmosphere. She hardly noticed his alternations of silence and gruffness throughout dinner, and no sooner were they quietly established for the evening than she opened the attack.

Oh what a storm then burst on her devoted head! She was asked what she supposed a man was made of; if every hair of his head and every drop of his blood were to be turned into money, to supply her selfishness and extravagance? If he was to have heart, brain, and bones for no other purpose than to pour out money, money, money, forever? What would she have? What fool's whim hadn't she been indulged in already? She had wheedled him out of hundreds and hundreds within a month. Look at that piano! Miserable bundle of jingling wires, with tones that a brass kettle ought to blush for! That picture across the room, wretched daub that some half-starved impostor had swindled her ignorance into buying. Sophia here interposed a feeble attempt at justification, but it availed not. The pent-up waters of his grief poured forth. Every fault that Mrs. Moody ever had she heard of now; peccadilloes of years ago were brought up to confound her. Rage lent eloquence to his tongue, and his wrongs were depicted with all the burning energy of a Demosthenes.

For the first few minutes Sophia was overwhelmed with humiliation. This, then, was the result of her long and patient strategy! Her weeks! Oh these men! they were brutes! And she nearly burst into tears. Another moment and her agile mind had grasped the situation-Richard was himself again!

the owner was about to leave the country, and | inwardly exclaimed; "it is time now for Firmness to do its work!"

> Mr. Moody was in the midst of his most violent philippic. Sophia rose.

> "If you have no regard for my feelings," she said, with freezing dignity, "do at least respect yourself before your children!" And so swept from the room.

> Once alone she matured her plan. Firmness that was what she needed. So far she had carried all before her, and a temporary check, however severe, should not dishearten her.

> She stepped into the kitchen. "Jane," she asked, "where is Bridget?"

> "Indeed, ma'am, and she'll not be home the night. She's with her sister across the river."

> "True, I had forgotten. Well, Jane, you'll have to see to breakfast then. We'll not give you much trouble. You may make coffee and broil a mackerel-nothing more. It will answer for once."

"Very well, ma'am."

"And, Jane, I am not well to-night, and I dare say I shall not be up to-morrow as early as Mr. Moody will want his breakfast. In that case I sha'n't want to be disturbed to get out the keys, so you must just set the table with any thing you can find.'

"Yes, ma'am," again responded the obedient

Mr. Moody awoke in a much better temper than he had retired in; his wrongs looked not half as heinous by daylight as they had done the night before, and he thought almost remorsefully of the harshness of his objurgations. "Poor Sophia!" he thought, looking at his apparently sleeping spouse, "I did give her rather hard measure, I must confess; but no matter, she's a good creature, and we'll make it all up at breakfast." For Mr. Moody, like most husbands, did not consider it at all needful to go through the ceremony of apologizing to his wife. He would show by his behavior that he was appeased, and she, of course, would be glad enough to come around.

In truth, had Sophia weakly yielded to feeling she would have done so; she had tasted the sweets of peace and harmony, and was loth to resign them even for a time. But a great principle was at stake. This day must decide whether she were to mount and ride her steed, guiding him henceforth as she listed with bit and bridle, or whether she were to descend again to the coaxing and experimenting of the last few months. So she resisted the impulse to get up, and remained perfectly quiet.

Mr. Moody entered the breakfast-mom expecting to find his wife, as usual, behind the feelings, too, were wounded; what a sequel to urn; a different sight awaited him. A cloth, the kind and pleasant intercourse of all these garnished with patches of yolk of egg and fruitstains, was stretched over a portion of the table -two or three plates of different patterns were placed upon it. An old glass salt-cellar without a spoon, and a japanned pepper-box, im-"I have tried Gentleness long enough," she ported from the kitchen, held the condiments.



The edibles consisted of a mackerel, boiled or broiled, it was impossible to discover which, and three very "soggy" rolls. An immense tin coffee-pot, brown with age and lack of scouring, held a small portion of lukewarm fluid swimming with grounds. Two or three fragments of butter were gently liquefying on an adjacent plate.

Mr. Moody took a survey of this inviting repast, and his heart alternately swelled with anger and sank with disgust. He rang-Jane entered. "Where is Mrs. Moody?" he inquired.

"She wasn't well, Sir, and she'll not be down, she told me."

Hardly knowing what he did, the unhappy man seated himself at the table, selected the dryest corner of the mackerel, spread a bit of roll with the least soupcon of butter, swallowed three tea-spoonfuls of coffee, and rushed down

Mrs. Moody arose so soon as she heard the hall-door bang after him, and had an excellent meal a little later with the children.

How interminable seemed the hours ere she could observe the effect of her moves and renew the attack! But ere long arrived a token which cheered her spirit—oysters, a fine turkey, and a basket of oranges. Mr. Moody, then, was intending to solace himself for his wretched breakfast by a comfortable dinner-well, she must see to that!

"Bridget," said she, going into the kitchen as that worthy was about to put fresh coal in the range, "be careful not to have your oven too hot.

"Yes, ma'am; but I'm rather late with stuffing the turkey, and the fire is low."

"Not low at all; you must cook it slowly and thoroughly. It won't help the matter to have it burned on the outside and raw within. No-no more coal at present-not a single lump," she added, as the cook seemed about to persist in her attempt.

Bridget yielded with a very bad grace, and Mrs. Moody lingered on one pretense and another long enough to insure a dull fire for the remainder of the afternoon. In vain did Bridget exert herself as soon as the mistress had disappeared—a cold oven and a half-cooked turkey were the inevitable result. Later in the day Mrs. Moody descended to see to the oysters; she had decided on a soup, and was determined to make it herself. To no purpose did the cook fidget about and beg to have every thing left to her. Mrs. Moody was tranquil but immovable.

"Oh, ma'am, what iver will I do with this?" exclaimed Bridget, heart-brokenly, as she peeped into the oven for the twentieth time, vainly striving to reassure herself. "Niver the sign of roast about this bird and the clock on the stroke of six!"

"Oh, never mind about it; it's such a great fowl I'm sure some portion of it must be done. And there's Mr. Moody now"-hearing his step above. "Dish up, Bridget, as soon as possible." hands to her temples with an expression of acute

"And oh, ma'am, you've burned the milk!" cried poor Bridget, in despair; "and the soup will be spoilt intirely!"

"Ah, yes, I believe I have," said the lady. serenely. "But don't fret about it; a little scorch more or less will do us no harm. Have it all on the table as soon as you can." And she left cook in her distress.

Mr. Moody had returned in an April humor -he was ready to storm or shine as the case might be. He felt that he owed some amends for the explosion of the previous evening, and was willing to swallow that horrid breakfast as such, if nothing more were demanded of him. A good dinner, a little cheerful chat, would have dissipated all clouds and caused him to beam forth benignly.

When he came down at the first stroke of the bell Mrs. Moody was already seated. She wore that superannuated delaine wrapper; her hair was pushed behind her ears, and a bandage wet with camphor surrounded her temples. paid no heed whatever to his entrance.

"Come, children, sit down," she said, languidly. "Augustus, do be quiet; your noise goes through and through my head.'

A solemn silence reigned till the soup was served and tasted. Mr. Moody sternly exclaimed,

"This soup is burnt!"

Not a word of excuse or explanation from his

"It is not fit to set before a beggar!" No reply.

"Jane," said Mr. Moody, in a transport, "take this stuff and throw it in the street!"

Sophia remained entirely quiescent.

The turkey came on. Mr. Moody was an accomplished carver, and prided himself on his skill in that portion of table-duty. But long and painfully did he now saw at leg and wing

"A tough fowl, it seems," said Sophia.

This was a little too much for flesh and blood. "A raw fowl, if you like, ma'am!" cried Mr. Moody, fiercely-"a fowl that has been ruined in the cooking; but don't slander as fine a turkey as I could find in the market."

Sophia was provokingly silent.

"Where are the giblets?" he inquired, a moment after.

"The giblets?" said Sophia, with a languid effort of memory. "Oh yes, I remember; I gave them to the cat."

This was the climax. Mr. Moody doted on giblets, and his wife knew it; moreover, he knew that she knew it. Insult was added to injury: his cup ran over.

"Mrs. Moody," said he, folding his arms and regarding her with a gaze of concentrated ire, "I should like to know the meaning of this conduct! Am I to send home the best that can be bought and then be set down to such an insufferable mess as this?" and he brought down his closed fist on the table with energy

"Oh, Mr. Moody!" said Sophia, putting her



misery, "do have a little mercy on my poor She went up stairs immediately.

Mr. Moody remained at table with the children, fruitlessly endeavoring to make out a meal. In the next five minutes he had snubbed Louise, thereby causing her to burst into tears, whereupon little Mary, who was very fond of her sister, began to cry explosively.

Mr. Moody gave the table a push that nearly upset it, dashed up stairs, flung on his hat, and rushed frantically to Delmonico's, where he made an excellent dinner, and a very handsome bill. The first was exactly to his taste; the second not at all so.

Alternate wrath and A week passed by. sulkiness on Mr. Moody's part; utter nonchalance on Sophia's. The house was left to manage itself; Mr. Moody's breakfasts were solitary; the parlors, lately so cheerful, were melancholy and deserted. Mrs. Moody was out; or if at home, spent the evening in her own room with a novel for company.

Her husband felt the change exceedingly. He did not know, till they were withdrawn, how much he had enjoyed the bright faces of his wife and children. He did not know how pleasant was that morning meal with Sophia, dressed so becomingly for his eyes alone; how heart-warming all those little interchanges of kindness and courtesy now entirely wanting. As the days passed on he became ready for almost any sacrifice that should restore them.

Sophia, on her part, was by no means as indifferent as she appeared. Her nature was affectionate, and she had been very happy in the late period of kindness and good-feeling. It cost her many a pang to pursue this cruel course when its opposite had been so pleasant; but she felt that a crisis was come, and that "to be weak was to be miserable." Yet she, too, as time went on, relented. On the afternoon of the eighth day she laid aside the faithful wrapper, and invested her well-shaped person with a more becoming garb, resolved to betake herself once more to that "patient waiting" which is said to be "no loss" in the end.

But victory was nearer than she dreamed! Mr. Moody came in early, and instead of waiting for his wife to join him below stairs, went directly to her room.

"Sophy!" he said, as he entered. She gave a little start of pleased surprise. He never so addressed her except in his kindest humor.

"Sophy," said he, again, "I have a question | Encrowned by the sunset's diadem! to ask you.'

"Well, Robert, ask on," she answered, in her gentlest tones.

"Are you so much attached to this house that you could not bear to leave it?"

Light began to dawn upon her. "It is a very comfortable home for us," she said, smilingly. "I shouldn't like to give it up, unless I I trace the promise every eve more bright: were sure of another as good.'

Moody, "that I've been looking into the affair of that house you named to me the other night, and I find there's not a bit of humbug about it. Every thing just as represented. So now the matter rests with you-take it or leave it, just as you like."

"Oh, Robert!" cried Sophia.

"It's an immense establishment, and will be a great care for you; but I believe women like such care."

"Oh, Robert!" she said again, hiding her face on his shoulder.

Let us drop the curtain upon this affecting scene.....

The brown stone house and its inmates flourish. Louise is growing up astonishingly pretty; her mother gets stouter and handsomer year by year. Mr. Moody is becoming quite a ladies' man, and may be seen at cloak-openings and other assemblies of a similar nature, assisting his wife to choose among the various and conflicting beauties that which will most effectively adorn her own. She never forgets to whom she owes this rise to empire, and her photograph book contains an admirable carte de visite of Mr. Rarey.

UP TO THE HILLS.

P to the hills I lift my longing eyes-Unto the hills aglow with sunset light. There purpling amethyst and ruby dyes Half veil the golden glory on the height. It is a pictured gleam of Paradise, Where saints might walk in robes of dazzling white.

Down in the valley, where the vapors cling, Full redly shines the sun through lurid mist-A Samson, shrinking evermore to fling The soft Delilah who his brows had kissed, And with her flower-scented breath of spring Had shorn him of his strength before he wist.

Deep-rifted rocks are there, and denser shades, Where scarlet cardinals uprear their cloven bells; And aromatic fragrance 'mid the glades, Deep-strewn with last year's leaves, forever dwells. There violets live and die-the wind-flower fades, Soft-tinted with the flush of sea-shore shells.

Too cool, too dense, with sweet decay too rife-Too full of memories, of fond regret .-They who toil upward toward the goal of life Each lower, lesser purpose must forget: He who would be a victor in the strife Must early brush the tears from eyelids wet.

Oh, far-off hill-top, in the crimson west, Methinks the clouds around thy swelling crest Might be the fringes on the curtain's hem; Beyond which doth the true Shekinah rest, In the New Temple at Jerusalem.

And thus I turn my longing eyes to thee, Thou fair Evangel! in whose glowing light-Faint image of the glory yet to be-One day I shall the greater glory see, "The long and the short of it is," said Mr. And walk with Jesus clad in spotless white.



THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.



CHAPTER XIII.

A VISIT TO GUESTWICK.

S the party from Allington rode up the narrow High Street of Guestwick, and across the market square toward the small, respectable, but very dull row of new houses in which Mrs. Eames lived, the people of Guestwick were all aware that Miss Lily Dale was escorted by her future husband. The opinion that she had been a very fortunate girl was certainly general among the Guestwickians, though it was not always expressed in open or generous terms. "It was a great match for her," some said, but shook their heads at the same time, hinting that Mr. Crosbie's life in London was not all that it should be, and suggesting that she might have been more safe had she been content to bestow herself upon some country neighbor of less dangerous pretensions. Others declared that it was no such great match after all. They knew his income to a penny, and believed that the young people would find it very difficult to keep a house in London unless the old squire intended to assist them. But, nevertheless, Lily was envied as she rode through the town with her handsome lover by her side.

And she was very happy. I will not deny that she had some feeling of triumphant satisfaction in the knowledge that she was envied. Such a feeling on her part was natural, and is natural to all men and women who are conscious that they have done well in the adjustment of their own affairs. As she herself had the product of such capacity as she had in her, on which she was to live, and, if possible, to thrive during the remainder of her life. Lily fully recognized the importance of the thing she was doing, and, in soberest guise, had thought much of this matter of marriage. But the more she thought of it the more satisfied she was that she was doing well. And yet she knew that there was a risk. He who was now every thing to her might die; nay, it was possible that he might be other than she thought him to be; that he might neglect her, desert her, or misuse her. But she had resolved to trust in every thing, and having so trusted she would not provide for herself any possibility of retreat. Her ship should go out into the middle ocean, beyond all ken of the secure port from which it had sailed; her army should fight its battle with no hope of other safety than that which victory gives. All the world might know that she loved him if all the world chose to inquire about the matter. She triumphed in her lover, and did not deny even to herself that she was triumphant.

Mrs. Eames was delighted to see them. It was so good in Mr. Crosbie to come over and call upon such a poor, forlorn woman as her, and so good in Captain Dale; so good also in the dear girls, who, at the present moment, had so much to make them happy at home at Allington! Little things, accounted as bare civilities by others, were esteemed as great favors by Mrs. Eames.

"And dear Mrs. Dale? I hope she was not fatigued when we kept her up the other night so unconscionably late?" Bell and Lily both assured her that their mother was none the worse for what she had gone through; and then Mrs. Eames got up and left the room, with the declared purpose of looking for John and Mary, but bent, in truth, on the production of some cake and sweet wine which she kept under lock and key in the little parlor.

"Don't let's stay here very long," whispered Crosbie.

"No, not very long," said Lily. "But when you come to see my friends you mustn't be in a hurry, Mr. Crosbie."

"He had his turn with Lady Julia," said Bell, "and we must have ours now."

"At any rate, Mrs. Eames won't tell us to do our duty and to beware of being too beautiful," said Lilv.

Mary and John came into the room before their mother returned; then came Mrs. Eames, and a few minutes afterward the cake and wine arrived. It certainly was rather dull, as none of the party seemed to be at their ease. The grandeur of Mr. Crosbie was too great for Mrs. said, he was her bird, the spoil of her own gun, Eames and her daughter, and John was almost



silenced by the misery of his position. He had not yet answered Miss Roper's letter, nor had he even made up his mind whether he would answer it or no. And then the sight of Lily's happiness did not fill him with all that friendly joy which he should perhaps have felt as the friend of her childhood. To tell the truth, he hated Crosbie, and so he had told himself; and had so told his sister also very frequently since the day of the party.

"I tell you what it is, Molly," he had said, "if there was any way of doing it, I'd fight that man."

"What! and make Lily wretched?"

"She'll never be happy with him. I'm sure she won't. I don't want to do her any harm, but yet I'd like to fight that man-if I only knew how to manage it." And then he bethought himself that if they could both be slaughtered in such an encounter it would be the only fitting termination to the present state of things. In that way, too, there would be an escape from Amelia, and, at the present moment, he saw none other.

When he entered the room he shook hands with all the party from Allington, but, as he told his sister afterward, his flesh crept when he touched Crosbie. Crosbie, as he contemplated the Eames family sitting stiff and ill at ease in their own drawing-room chairs, made up his mind that it would be well that his wife should see as little of John Eames as might be when she came to London-not that he was in any way jealous of her lover. He had learned every thing from Lily-all, at least, that Lily knewand regarded the matter rather as a good joke. "Don't see him too often," he had said to her, "for fear he should make an ass of himself." Lily had told him every thing-all that she could tell; but yet he did not in the least comprehend that Lily had, in truth, a warm affection for the young man whom he despised.

"Thank you, no," said Crosbie. "I never do take wine in the middle of the day."

"But a bit of cake?" And Mrs. Eames by her look implored him to do her so much honor. She implored Captain Dale also, but they were both inexorable. I do not know that the two girls were at all more inclined to eat and drink than the two men; but they understood that Mrs. Eames would be broken-hearted if no one partook of her delicacies. The little sacrifices of society are all made by women, as are also the great sacrifices of life. A man who is good for any thing is always ready for his duty, and so is a good woman always ready for a sacrifice.

"We really must go now," said Bell, "because of the horses." And under this excuse they got away. "You will come over before you go back to London, John?" said Lily, as he came out with the intention of helping her mount, from which purpose, however, he was forced to recede by the iron will of Mr. Crosbie.

"Yes, I'll come over again—before I go. Good-by."

Eames," said Captain Dale. Crosbie, as he seated himself in the saddle, made the very slightest sign of recognition, to which his rival would not condescend to pay any attention. "I'll manage to have a fight with him in some way," said Eames to himself as he walked back through the passage of his mother's house. And Crosbie, as he settled his feet in the stirrups, felt that he disliked the young man more and more. It would be monstrous to suppose that there could be aught of jealousy in the feeling; and yet he did dislike him very strongly, and felt almost angry with Lily for asking him to come again to Allington. "I must put an end to all that," he said to himself as he rode silently out of town.

"You must not snub my friends, Sir," said Lily, smiling as she spoke, but yet with something of earnestness in her voice. They were out of the town by this time, and Crosbie had hardly uttered a word since they had left Mrs. Eames's door. They were now on the high-road, and Bell and Bernard Dale were somewhat in advance of them.

"I never snub any body," said Crosbie, petulantly; "that is, unless they have absolutely deserved snubbing."

"And have I deserved it? Because I seem to have got it," said Lily.

"Nonsense, Lily. I never snubbed you yet, and I don't think it likely that I shall begin. But you ought not to accuse me of not being civil to your friends. In the first place, I am as civil to them as my nature will allow me to be. And, in the second place-"

"Well; in the second place-?"

"I am not quite sure that you are very wise to encourage that young man's-friendship just at present.'

"That means, I suppose, that I am very wrong to do so?"

"No, dearest, it does not mean that. If I meant so I would tell you so honestly. I mean just what I say. There can, I suppose, be no doubt that he has filled himself with some kind of romantic attachment for you, a foolish kind of love which I don't suppose he ever expected to gratify, but the idea of which lends a sort of grace to his life. When he meets some young woman fit to be his wife he will forget all about it, but till then he will go about fancying himself a despairing lover. And then such a young man as John Eames is very apt to talk of his fancies."

"I don't believe for a moment that he would mention my name to any one."

"But, Lily, perhaps I may know more of young men than you do."

"Yes, of course you do."

"And I can assure you that they are generally too well inclined to make free with the names of girls whom they think that they like. You must not be surprised if I am unwilling that any man should make free with your name."

After this Lily was silent for a minute or two. "Good-by, John," said Bell. "Good-by, She felt that an injustice was being done to her,



and she was not inclined to put up with it, but she could not quite see where the injustice lay. A great deal was owing from her to Crosbie. In very much she was bound to yield to him, and she was anxious to do on his behalf even more than her duty. But yet she had a strong conviction that it would not be well that she should give way to him in every thing. She wished to think as he thought as far as possible, but she could not say that she agreed with him when she knew that she differed from him. John Eames was an old friend whom she could not abandon, and so much at the present time she felt herself obliged to say.

"But, Adolphus-"

"Well, dearest?"

"You would not wish me to be unkind to so very old a friend as John Eames? I have known him all my life, and we have all of us had a very great regard for the whole family. His father was my uncle's most particular friend."

"I think, Lily, you must understand what I mean. I don't want you to quarrel with any of them, or to be what you call unkind. But you need not give special and pressing invitations to this young man to come and see you before he goes back to London, and then to come and see you directly you get to London. You tell me that he has some kind of romantic idea of being in love with you; of being in despair because you are not in love with him. It's all great nonsense, no doubt; but it seems to me that, under such circumstances, you'd betterjust leave him alone."

Again Lily was silent. These were her three last days, in which it was her intention to be especially happy, but, above all things, to make him especially happy. On no account would she say to him sharp words, or encourage in her own heart a feeling of animosity against him, and yet she believed him to be wrong; and, so believing, could hardly bring herself to bear the injury. Such was her nature, as a Dale. And let it be remembered that very many who can devote themselves for great sacrifices, can not bring themselves to the endurance of little injuries. Lily could have given up any gratification for her lover, but she could not allow herself to have been in the wrong, believing herself to have been in the right.

"I have asked him now, and he must come," she said.

"But do not press him to come any more."

"Certainly not, after what you have said, Adolphus. If he comes over to Allington, he will see me in mamma's house, to which he has always been made welcome by her. Of course, I understand perfectly—"

"You understand what, Lily?"

But she had stopped herself, fearing that she might say that which would be offensive to him, if she continued.

"What is it you understand, Lily?"

far as I can, I will do all that you want me to

"You meant to say that when you find yourself an inmate of my house, as a matter of course you could not ask your own friends to. come and see you. Was that gracious?"

"Whatever I may have meant to say, I did not say that. Nor, in truth, did I mean it. Pray don't go on about it now. These are to be our last days, you know, and we shouldn't waste them by talking of things that are unpleasant. After all, poor Johnny Eames is nothing to me; nothing, nothing. How can any one be any thing to me when I think of you?"

But even this did not bring Crosbie back at once into a pleasant humor. Had Lily yielded to him, and confessed that he was right, he would have made himself at once as pleasant as the sun in May. But this she had not done. She had simply abstained from her argument because she did not choose to be vexed, and had declared her continued purpose of seeing Eames on his promised visit. Crosbie would have had her acknowledge herself wrong, and would have delighted in the privilege of forgiving her. But Lily Dale was one who did not greatly relish forgiveness, or any necessity of being forgiven. So they rode on, if not in silence, without much joy in their conversation. It was now late on the Monday afternoon, and Crosbie was to go early on the Wednesday morning. What if these three last days should come to be marred with such terrible drawbacks as these!

Bernard Dale had not spoken a word to his cousin of his suit since they had been interrupted by Crosbie and Lily as they were lying on the bank by the ha-ha. He had danced with her again and again at Mrs. Dale's party, and had seemed to revert to his old modes of conversation without difficulty. Bell, therefore, had believed the matter to be over, and was thankful to her cousin, declaring within her own bosom that the whole matter should be treated by her as though it had never happened. To no one-not even to her mother-would she tell it. To such reticence she bound herself for his sake, feeling that he would be best pleased that it should be so. But now, as they rode on together, far in advance of the other couple, he again returned to the subject.

"Bell," said he, "am I to have any hope?"

"Anythope as to what, Bernard?"

"I hardly know whether a man is bound to take a single answer on such a subject. But this I know, that, if a man's heart is concerned, he is not very willing to do so."

"When that answer has been given honestly and truly-"

"Oh, no doubt. I don't at all suppose that you were dishonest or false when you refused to allow me to speak to you."

"But, Bernard, I did not refuse to allow you to speak to me."

"Something very like it. But, however, I have no doubt you were true enough. But, "Do not press me to go on, Adolphus. As Bell, why should it be so? If you were in love with any one else I could understand it."

"I am not in love with any one else."



- "Exactly. And there are so many reasons why you and I should join our fortunes together."
 - "It can not be a question of fortune, Bernard."
- "Do listen to me. Do let me speak, at any rate. I presume I may at least suppose that you do not dislike me."
 - "Oh no."
- "And though you might not be willing to accept any man's hand merely on a question of fortune, surely the fact that our marriage would be in every way suitable as regards money should not set you against it. Of my own love for you I will not speak farther, as I do not doubt that you believe what I say; but should you not question your own feelings very closely before you determine to oppose the wishes of all those who are nearest to you?"
 - "Do you mean mamma, Bernard?"
- "Not her especially, though I can not but think she would like a marriage that would keep all the family together, and would give you an equal claim to the property to that which I have."
- "That would not have a feather's-weight with mamma."
 - "Have you asked her?"
- "No, I have mentioned the matter to no
- "Then you can not know. And as to my unche, I have the means of knowing that it is the great desire of his life. I must say that I think some consideration for him should induce you to pause before you give a final answer, even though no consideration for me should have any weight with you."
- "I would do more for you than for himmuch more."
- "Then do this for me. Allow me to think that I have not yet had an answer to my proposal; give me to this day month, to Christmas; till any time that you like to name, so that I may think that it is not yet settled, and may tell Uncle Christopher that such is the case."
 - "Bernard, it would be useless."
- "It would at any rate show him that you are willing to think of it."
- "But I am not willing to think of it; not in that way. I do know my own mind thoroughly, and I should be very wrong if I were to deceive you."
- "And you wish me to give that as your only answer to my uncle?"
- "To tell the truth, Bernard, I do not much care what you may say to my uncle in this matter. He can have no right to interfere in the disposal of my hand, and therefore I need not regard his wishes on the subject. I will explain to you in one word what my feelings are about it. I would accept no man in opposition to mamma's wishes; but not even for her could I accept any man in opposition to my own. But as concerns my uncle, I do not feel myself called on to consult him in any way on such a matter."

- "And yet he is the head of our family."
- "I don't care any thing about the family—not in that way."
 - "And he has been very generous to you all."
- "That I deny. He has not been generous to mamma. He is very hard and ungenerous to mamma. He lets her have that house because he is anxious that the Dales should seem to be respectable before the world; and she lives in it, because she thinks it better for us that she should do so. If I had my way, she should leave it to-morrow—or, at any rate, as soon as Lily is married. I would much sooner go into Guestwick, and live as the Eames do."
 - "I think you are ungrateful, Bell."
- "No; I am not ungrateful. And as to consulting, Bernard, I should be much more inclined to consult you than him about my marriage. If you would let me look on you altogether as a brother, I should think little of promising to marry no one whom you did not approve."

But such an agreement between them would by no means have suited Bernard's views. He had thought, some four or five weeks back, that he was not personally very anxious for this match. He had declared to himself that he liked his cousin well enough; that it would be a good thing for him to settle himself; that his uncle was reasonable in his wishes and sufficiently liberal in his offers; and that, therefore, he would marry. It had hardly occurred to him as probable that his cousin would reject so eligible an offer, and had certainly never occurred to him that he would have to suffer any thing from such rejection. He had entertained none of that feeling of which lovers speak when they declare that they are staking their all upon the hazard of a die. It had not seemed to him that he was staking any thing as he gently told his tale of languid love, lying on the turf by the ha-ha. He had not regarded the possibility of disappointment, of sorrow, and of a deeply vexed mind. He would have felt but little triumph if accepted, and had not thought that he could be humiliated by any rejection. In this frame of mind he had gone to his work; but now he found, to his own surprise, that this girl's answer had made him absolutely unhappy. Having expressed a wish for this thing, the very expression of the wish made him long to possess it. He found, as he rode along silently by her side, that he was capable of more earnestness of desire than he had known himself to possess. He was at this moment unhappy, disappointed, anxious, distrustful of the future, and more intent on one special toy than he had ever been before, even as a boy. He was vexed, and felt himself to be sore at heart. He looked round at her, as she sat silent, quiet, and somewhat sad upon her pony, and declared to himself that she was very beautiful—that she was a thing to be gained if still there might be the possibility of gaining her. He felt that he really loved her, and yet he was almost angry with himself for so feeling. Why had he subjected



himself to this numbing weakness? His love! had never given him any pleasure. Indeed he had never hitherto acknowledged it; but now he was driven to do so on finding it to be the source of trouble and pain. I think it is open to us to doubt whether, even yet, Bernard Dale was in love with his cousin; whether he was not rather in love with his own desire. But against himself he found a verdict that he was in love, and was angry with himself and with all the world.

"Ah, Bell!" he said, coming close up to her, "I wish you could understand how I love you." And, as he spoke, his cousin unconsciously recognized more of affection in his tone, and less of that spirit of bargaining which had seemed to pervade all his former pleas, than she had ever found before.

"And do I not love you? Have I not offered to be to you in all respects as a sister?"

"That is nothing. Such an offer to me now is simply laughing at me. Bell, I tell you what
—I will not give you up. The fact is, you do not know me yet-not know me as you must know any man before you choose him for your husband. You and Lily are not alike in this. You are cautious, doubtful of yourself, and perhaps, also, somewhat doubtful of others. My heart is set upon this, and I shall still try to succeed."

"Ah, Bernard, do not say that! Believe me, when I tell you that it can never be."

"No: I will not believe you. I will not allow myself to be made utterly wretched. I tell you fairly that I will not believe you. I may surely hope if I choose to hope. No, Bell, I will never give you up-unless, indeed, I should see you become another man's wife."

As he said this they all turned in through the squire's gate, and rode up to the yard in which it was their habit to dismount from their horses.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOHN EAMES TAKES A WALK.

JOHN EAMES watched the party of cavaliers as they rode away from his mother's door, and then started upon a solitary walk, as soon as the noise of the horses' hoofs had passed away out of the street. He was by no means happy in his mind as he did so. Indeed, he was overwhelmed with care and trouble, and as he went along very gloomy thoughts passed through his mind. Had he not better go to Australia, or Vancouver's Island, or -? I will not name the places which the poor fellow suggested to himself as possible terminations of the long journeys which he might not improbably be called upon to take. That very day, just before the Dales had come in, he had received a second letter from his darling Amelia, written very closely upon the heels of the first. Why had he not answered her? Was he ill? Was he untrue? No; she would no disgrace and not much trouble. But, above not believe that, and therefore fell back upon the

rush down to see him. Nothing on earth should keep her from the bedside of her betrothed. If she did not get an answer from her beloved John by return of post, she would be down with him at Guestwick by the express train. Here was a position for such a young man as John Eames! And of Amelia Roper we may say that she was a young woman who would not give up her game as long as the least chance remained of her winning it. "I must go somewhere," John said to himself, as he put on his slouched hat and wandered forth through the back streets of Guestwick. What would his mother say when she heard of Amelia Roper? What would she say when she saw her?

He walked away toward the Manor, so that he might roam about the Guestwick woods in solitude. There was a path with a stile, leading off from the high-road, about half a mile beyond the lodges through which the Dales had ridden up to the house, and by this path John Eames turned in, and went away till he had left the Manor-house behind him, and was in the centre of the Guestwick woods. He knew the whole ground well, having roamed there ever since he was first allowed to go forth upon his walks alone. He had thought of Lily Dale by the hour together, as he had lost himself among the oak-trees; but in those former days he had thought of her with some pleasure. Now he could only think of her as of one gone from him forever; and then he had also to think of her whom he had taken to himself in Lily's place.

Young men, very young men-men so young that it may be almost a question whether or no they have as yet reached their manhood—are more inclined to be earnest and thoughtful when alone than they ever are when with others, even though those others be their elders. I fancy that, as we grow old ourselves, we are apt to forget that it was so with us; and, forgetting it, we do not believe that it is so with our children. We constantly talk of the thoughtlessness of youth. I do not know whether we might not more appropriately speak of its thoughtfulness. It is, however, no doubt, true that thought will not at once produce wisdom. It may almost be a question whether such wisdom as many of us have in our mature years has not come from the dying out of the power of temptation, rather than as the results of thought and resolution. Men, full fledged and at their work, are, for the most part, too busy for much thought; but lads, on whom the work of the world has not yet fallen with all its pressure—they have time for think-

And thus John Eames was thoughtful. They who knew him best accounted him to be a gay, good-hearted, somewhat reckless young man, open to temptation, but also open to good impressions; as to whom no great success could be predicated, but of whom his friends might fairly hope that he might so live as to bring upon them all things, they would have called him thoughtprobability of his illness. If it was so, she would less. In so calling him, they judged him wrong.



He was ever thinking—thinking much of the world as it appeared to him, and of himself as he appeared to the world; and thinking, also, of things beyond the world. What was to be his fate here and hereafter? Lily Dale was gone from him, and Amelia Roper was hanging round his neck like a millstone! What, under such circumstances, was to be his fate here and hereafter?

We may say that the difficulties in his way were not as yet very great. As to Lily, indeed, he had no room for hope; but, then, his love for Lily had, perhaps, been a sentiment rather than a passion. Most young men have to go through that disappointment, and are enabled to bear it without much injury to their prospects or happiness. And in after-life the remembrance of such love is a blessing rather than a curse, enabling the possessor of it to feel that in those early days there was something within him of which he had no cause to be ashamed. I do not pity John Eames much in regard to Lily Dale. And then, as to Amelia Roper-had he achieved but a tithe of that lady's experience in the world, or possessed a quarter of her audacity, surely such a difficulty as that need not have stood much in his way! What could Amelia do to him if he fairly told her that he was not minded to marry her? In very truth he had never promised to do so. He was in no way bound to her, not even by honor. Honor, indeed, with such as her! But men are cowards before women until they become tyrants; and are easy dupes, till of a sudden they recognize the fact that it is pleasanter to be the victimizer than the victim-and as easy. There are men, indeed, who never learn the latter lesson.

But though the cause for fear was so slight, poor John Eames was thoroughly afraid. Little things which, in connection with so deep a sorrow as his, it is almost ridiculous to mention. added to his embarrassments, and made an escape from them seem to him to be impossible. He could not return to London without going to Burton Crescent, because his clothes were there, and because he owed to Mrs. Roper some small sum of money which on his return to London he would not have immediately in his pocket. He must therefore meet Amelia, and he knew that he had not the courage to tell a girl, face to face, that he did not love her, after he had once been induced to say that he did do so. His boldest conception did not go beyond the writing of a letter in which he would renounce her, and removing himself altogether from that quarter of the town in which Burton Crescent was situated. But then about his clothes, and that debt of his? And what if Amelia should in the mean time come down to Guestwick and claim him? Could he in his mother's presence declare that she had no right to make such claim? The difficulties, in truth, were not very great, but they were too heavy for that poor young clerk from the Income-tax Office.

You will declare that he must have been a fool and a coward. Yet he could read and under- his dream without waking him; but when it was

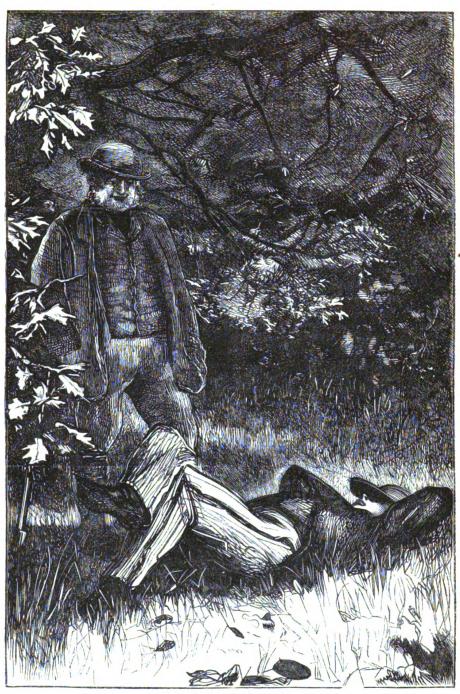
stand Shakspeare. He knew much—by far too much-of Byron's poetry by heart. He was a deep critic, often writing down his criticisms in a lengthy journal which he kept. He could write quickly, and with understanding; and I may declare that men at his office had already ascertained that he was no fool. He knew his business, and could do it - as many men failed to do who were much less foolish before the world. And as to that matter of cowardice, he would have thought it the greatest blessing in the world to be shut up in a room with Crosbie, having permission to fight with him till one of them should have been brought by stress of battle to give up his claim to Lily Dale. Eames was no coward. He feared no man on earth. But he was terribly afraid of Amelia Roper.

He wandered about through the old Manor woods very ill at ease. The post from Guestwick went out at seven, and he must at once make up his mind whether or no he would write to Amelia on that day. He must also make up his mind as to what he would say to her. He felt that he should at least answer her letter, let his answer be what it might. Should he promise to marry her-say in ten or twelve years' time? Should he tell her that he was a blighted being, unfit for love, and with humility entreat of her that he might be excused? Or should he write to her mother, telling her that Burton Crescent would not suit him any longer, promising her to send the balance on receipt of his next payment, and asking her to send his clothes in a bundle to the Income-tax Office? Or should he go home to his own mother and boldly tell it all to her?

He at last resolved that he must write the letter, and as he composed it in his mind he sat himself down beneath an old tree which stood on a spot at which many of the forest tracks met and crossed each other. The letter, as he framed it here, was not a bad letter, if only he could have got it written and posted. Every word of it he chose with precision, and in his mind he emphasized every expression which told his mind clearly and justified his purpose. "He acknowledged himself to have been wrong in misleading his correspondent, and allowing her to imagine that she possessed his heart. He had not a heart at her disposal. He had been weak not to write to her before, having been deterred from doing so by the fear of giving her pain; but now he felt that he was bound in honor to tell her the truth. Having so told her, he would not return to Burton Crescent if it would pain her to see him there. He would always have a deep regard for her"-oh, Johnny!-"and would hope anxiously that her welfare in life might be complete." That was the letter as he wrote it on the tablets of his mind under the tree; but the getting it put on to paper was a task, as he knew, of greater difficulty. Then, as he repeated it to himself, he fell asleep.

"Young man," said a voice in his ears as he slept. At first the voice spoke as a voice from





"WHY, IT'S YOUNG EAMES!"

repeated he sat up and saw that a stout gentle- up so that he was now sitting, instead of lying, man was standing over him. For a moment he did not know where he was or how he had come there; nor could he recollect, as he saw the trees about him, how long he had been in the wood. But he knew the stout gentleman well enough, though he had not seen him for more than two years. "Young man," said the voice, "if you want to catch rheumatism that's the way to do it. Why, it's young Eames, isn't it?"

"Yes, my lord," said Johnny, raising himself | Only in October, you know-"

as he looked up into the earl's rosy face.

"I knew your father, and a very good man he was, only he shouldn't have taken to farming. People think they can farm without learning the trade, but that's a very great mistake. I can farm, because I've learned it. Don't you think you'd better get up?" Whereupon John-ny raised himself to his feet. "Not but what you're very welcome to lie there if you like it.



"I'm afraid I'm trespassing, my lord," said Eames. "I came in off the path, and—"

"You're welcome; you're very welcome. If you'll come up to the house I'll give you some luncheon." This hospitable offer, however, Johnny declined, alleging that it was late, and that he was going home to dinner.

"Come along," said the earl. "You can't go any shorter way than by the house. Dear, dear, how well I remember your father! He was a much cleverer man than I am—very much; but he didn't know how to send a beast to market any better than a child. By-the-by, they have put you into a public office, haven't they?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And a very good thing, too—a very good thing, indeed. But why were you asleep in the wood? It isn't warm, you know. I call it rather cold." And the earl stopped, and looked at him, scrutinizing him, as though resolved to inquire into so deep a mystery.

"I was taking a walk, and thinking of some-

thing, I sat down."

"Leave of absence, I suppose?"

"Yes, my lord."

- "Have you got into trouble? You look as though you were in trouble. Your poor father used to be in trouble."
- "I haven't taken to farming," said Johnny, with an attempt at a smile.
- "Ha, ha, ha—quite right. No, don't take to farming. Unless you learn it, you know, you might just as well take to shoemaking; just the same. You haven't got into trouble, then; eh?"

"No, my lord, not particularly."

"Not particularly! I know very well that young men do get into trouble when they get up to London. If you want any—any advice, or that sort of thing, you may come to me; for I knew your father well. Do you like shooting?"

"I never did shoot any thing."

"Well, perhaps better not. To tell the truth, I'm not very fond of young men who take to shooting without having any thing to shoot at. By-the-by, now I think of it, I'll send your mother some game." It may, however, here be fair to mention that game very often came from Guestwick Manor to Mrs. Eames. "And look here, cold pheasant for breakfast is the best thing I know of. Pheasants at dinner are rubbish—mere rubbish. Here we are at the house. Will you come in and have a glass of wine?"

But this John Eames declined, pleasing the earl better by doing so than he would have done by accepting it. Not that the lord was inhospitable or insincere in his offer, but he preferred that such a one as John Eames should receive his proffered familiarity without too much immediate assurance. He felt that Eames was a little in awe of his companion's rank, and he liked him the better for it. He liked him the better for it, and was a man apt to remember his likings. "If you won't come in, good-by," and he gave Johnny his hand.

- "Good-evening, my lord," said Johnny.
- "And remember this; it is the deuce of a thing to have rheumatism in your loins. I wouldn't go to sleep under a tree if I were you—not in October. But you're always welcome to go any where about the place."

"Thank you, my lord."

"And if you should take to shooting—but I dare say you won't; and if you come to trouble, and want advice, or that sort of thing, write to me. I knew your, father well." And so they parted, Eames returning on his road toward Guestwick.

For some reason, which he could not define, he felt better after his interview with the earl. There had been something about the fat, goodnatured, sensible old man which had cheered him, in spite of his sorrow. "Pheasants for dinner are rubbish—mere rubbish," he said to himself, over and over again as he went along the road; and they were the first words which he spoke to his mother after entering the house.

"I wish we had some of that sort of rubbish,"

"So you will, to-morrow;" and then he described to her his interview.

"The earl was, at any rate, quite right about lying upon the ground. I wonder you can be so foolish. And he is right about your poor father too. But you have got to change your boots; and we shall be ready for dinner almost immediately."

But Johnny Eames, before he sat down to dinner, did write his letter to Amelia, and did go out to post it with his own hands—much to his mother's annoyance. But the letter would not get itself written in that strong and appropriate language which had come to him as he was roaming through the woods. It was a bald letter, and somewhat cowardly withal.

"Dear Amelia" (the letter ran)—"I have received both of yours; and did not answer the first because I felt that there was a difficulty in expressing what I wish to say; and now it will be better that you should allow the subject to stand over till I am back in town. I shall be there in ten days from this. I have been quite well, and am so; but of course am much obliged by your inquiries. I know you will think this very cold; but when I tell you every thing you will agree with me that it is best. If I were to marry, I know that we should be unhappy, because we should have nothing to live on. If I have ever said any thing to deceive you, I beg your pardon with all my heart; but perhaps it will be better to let the subject remain till we shall meet again in London.

"Believe me to be your most sincere friend, and I may say admirer"—[Oh, John Eames!] JOHN EAMES."

CHAPTER XV.

THE LAST DAY.

Last days are wretched days; and so are last moments wretched moments. It is not the fact that the parting is coming which makes these days and moments so wretched, but the feeling that something special is expected from them, which something they always fail to produce. Spasmodic periods of pleasure, of affection, or



even of study, seldom fail of disappointment | he spoke of these things, Lily remaining for the when premeditated. When last days are coming, they should be allowed to come and to glide away without special notice or mention. And as for last moments, there should be none such. Let them ever be ended, even before their presence has been acknowledged.

But Lily Dale had not yet been taught these lessons by her world's experience, and she expected that this sweetest cup of which she had ever drank should go on being sweet-sweeter and still sweeter-as long as she could press it to her lips. How the dregs had come to mix themselves with the last drops we have already seen; and on that same day-on the Monday evening - the bitter task still remained; for Crosbie, as they walked about through the gardens in the evening, found other subjects on which he thought it necessary to give her sundry hints, intended for her edification, which came to her with much of the savor of a lecture. girl, when she is thoroughly in love, as surely was the case with Lily, likes to receive hints as to her future life from the man to whom she is devoted; but she would, I think, prefer that such hints should be short, and that the lesson should be implied rather than declared—that they should, in fact, be hints and not lectures. Crosbie, who was a man of tact, who understood the world and had been dealing with women for many years, no doubt understood all this as well as we do. But he had come to entertain a notion that he was an injured man, that he was giving very much more than was to be given to him, and that therefore he was entitled to take liberties which might not fairly be within the reach of another lover. My reader will say that in all this he was ungenerous. Well; he was ungenerous. I do not know that I have ever said that much generosity was to be expected from him. He had some principles of right and wrong, under the guidance of which it may perhaps be hoped that he will not go utterly astray; but his past life had not been of a nature to make him unselfish. He was ungenerous, and Lily felt it, though she would not acknowledge it even to herself. She had been very open with him-acknowledging the depth of her love for him; telling him that he was now all in all to her; that life without his love would be impossible to her: and in a certain way he took advantage of these strong avowals, treating her as though she were a creature utterly in his power; as indeed she was.

On that evening he said no more of Johnny Eames, but said much of the difficulty of a man establishing himself with a wife in London, who had nothing but his own moderate income on which to rely. He did not in so many words tell her that if her friends could make up for her two or three thousand pounds-that being much less than he had expected when he first made his offer—this terrible difficulty would be removed; but he said enough to make her understand that the world would call him vey imprudent in taking a girl who had nothing. And as

most part silent as he did so, it occurred to him that he might talk to her freely of his past lifemore freely than he would have done had he feared that he might lose her by any such disclosures. He had no fear of losing her. Alas! might it not be possible that he had some such hope!

He told her that his past life had been expensive; that, though he was not in debt, he had lived up to every shilling that he had, and that he had contracted habits of expenditure which it would be almost impossible for him to lay aside at a day's notice. Then he spoke of entanglements, meaning, as he did so, to explain more fully what were their nature, but not daring to do so when he found that Lily was altogether in the dark as to what he meant. No: he was not a generous man-a very ungenerous man. And yet, during all this time, he thought that he was guided by principle. "It will be best that I should be honest with her," he said to himself. And then he told himself, scores of times, that when making his offer he had expected, and had a right to expect, that she would not be penniless. Under those circumstances he had done the best he could for her -offering her his heart honestly, with a quick readiness to make her his own at the earliest day that she might think possible. Had he been more cautious, he need not have fallen into this cruel mistake; but she, at any rate, could not quarrel with him for his imprudence. And still he was determined to stand by his engagement, and willing to marry her, although, as he the more thought of it, he felt the more strongly that he would thereby ruin his prospects, and thrust beyond his own reach all those good things which he had hoped to win. As he continued to talk to her, he gave himself special credit for his generosity, and felt that he was only doing his duty by her in pointing out to her all the difficulties which lay in the way of their marriage.

At first Lily said some words intended to convev an assurance that she would be the most economical wife that man ever had, but she soon ceased from such promises as these. Her perceptions were keen, and she discovered that the difficulties of which he was afraid were those which he must overcome before his marriage, not any which might be expected to overwhelm him after it. "A cheap and nasty ménage would be my aversion," he said to her. "It is that which I want to avoid—chiefly for your sake." Then she promised him that she would wait patiently for his time-"even though it should be for seven years," she said, looking up into his face, and trying to find there some sign of approbation. "That's nonsense," he said. "People are not patriarchs nowadays. I suppose we shall have to wait two years. And that's a deuce of a bore-a terrible bore." And there was that in the tone of his voice which grated on her feelings, and made her wretched for the mement.

As he parted with her for the night on her



own side of the little bridge which led from one garden to the other, he put his arm round her to embrace her and kiss her, as he had often done at that spot. It had become a habit with them to say their evening farewells there, and the secluded little nook among the shrubs was inexpressibly dear to Lily. But on the present occasion she made an effort to avoid his caress. She turned from him-very slightly, but it was enough, and he felt it. "Are you angry with me?" he said. "Oh no, Adolphus; how can I be angry with you?" And then she turned to him, and gave him her face to kiss almost before he had again asked for it. "He shall not, at any rate, think that I am unkind to him-and it will not matter now," she said to herself, as she walked slowly across the lawn, in the dark, up to her mother's drawing-room window.

"Well, dearest," said Mrs. Dale, who was there alone, "did the beards wag merry in the Great Hall this evening?" That was a joke with them, for neither Crosbie nor Bernard Dale used a razor at his toilet.

"Not specially merry. And I think it was my fault, for I have a headache. Mamma, I believe I will go at once to bed."

"My darling, is there any thing wrong?"

"Nothing, mamma. But we had such a long ride; and then Adolphus is going, and of course we have so much to say. To-morrow will be the last day, for I shall only just see him on Wednesday morning; and as I want to be well, if possible, I'll go to bed." And so she took her candle and went.

When Bell came up Lily was still awake, but she begged her sister not to disturb her. "Don't talk to me, Bell," she said. "I'm trying to make myself quiet, and I half feel that I should get childish if I went on talking. I have almost more to think of than I know how to manage." And she strove, not altogether unsuccessfully, to speak with a cheery tone, as though the cares which weighed upon her were not unpleasant in their nature. Then her sister kissed her and left her to her thoughts.

And she had great matter for thinking; so great that many hours sounded in her ears from the clock on the stairs before she brought her thoughts to a shape that satisfied herself. She did so bring them at last, and then she slept. She did so bring them, toiling over her work with tears that made her pillow wet, with heart-burning and almost with heart-breaking, with much doubting, and many anxious, eager inquiries within her own bosom as to that which she ought to do, and that which she could endure to do. But at last her resolve was taken, and then she slept.

It had been agreed between them that Crosbie should come down to the Small House on the next day after breakfast, and remain there till the time came for riding. But Lily determined to alter this arrangement, and accordingly put on her hat immediately after breakfast, and posted herself at the bridge, so as to intercept her lover as he came. He soon appeared with

his friend Dale, and she at once told him her purpose.

"I want to have a talk with you, Adolphus, before you go in to mamma; so come with me into the field."

"All right," said he.

"And Bernard can finish his cigar on the lawn. Mamma and Bell will join him there."

"All right," said Bernard. So they separated; and Crosbie went away with Lily into the field where they had first learned to know each other in those hay-making days.

She did not say much till they were well away from the house, but answered what words he chose to speak, not knowing very well of what he spoke. But when she considered that they had reached the proper spot, she began very abruptly:

"Adolphus," she said, "I have something to say to you—something to which you must listen very carefully." Then he looked at her, and at once knew that she was in earnest.

"This is the last day on which I could say it," she continued, "and I am very glad that I have not let the last day go by without saying it. I should not have known how to put it in a letter."

"What is it. Lilv?"

"And I do not know that I can say it properly; but I hope that you will not be hard upon me. Adolphus, if you wish that all this between us should be over, I will consent."

"Lily!"

"I mean what I say. If you wish it, I will consent; and when I have said so, proposing it myself, you may be quite sure that I shall never blame you if you take me at my word."

"Are you tired of me, Lily?"

"No. I shall never be tired of you—never weary with loving you. I did not wish to say so now; but I will answer your question boldly. Tired of you! I fancy that a girl can never grow tired of her lover. But I would sooner die in the struggle than be the cause of your ruin. It would be better—in every way better."

"I have said nothing of being ruined."

"But listen to me. I should not die if you left me—not be utterly broken-hearted. Nothing on earth can I ever love as I have loved you. But I have a God and a Saviour that will be enough for me. I can turn to them with content if it be well that you should leave me. I have gone to them, and—" But at this moment she could utter no more words. She had broken down in her effort, losing her voice through the strength of her emotion. As she did not choose that he should see her overcome, she turned from him and walked away across the grass.

Of course he followed her; but he was not so quick after her but that time had been given to her to recover herself. "It is true," she said. "I have the strength of which I tell you. Though I have given myself to you as your wife, I can bear to be divorced from you now—now. And, my love, though it may sound



heartless, I would sooner be so divorced from you than cling to you as a log that must drag you down under the water, and drown you in trouble and care. I would—indeed I would. If you go, of course that kind of thing is over for me. But the world has more than that—much more; and I would make myself happy—yes, my love, I would be happy. You need not fear that."

"But, Lily, why is all this said to me here to-day?"

"Because it is my duty to say it. I understand all your position now, though it is only now. It never flashed on me till yesterday. When you proposed to me you thought that I—that I had some fortune."

"Never mind that now, Lily."

"But you did. I see it all now. I ought perhaps to have told you that it was not so. There has been the mistake, and we are both sufferers. But we need not make the suffering deeper than needs be. My love, you are free—from this moment. And even my heart shall not blame you for accepting your freedom."

"And are you afraid of poverty?" he asked her.

"I am afraid of poverty for you. You and I have lived differently. Luxuries, of which I know nothing, have been your daily comforts. I tell you I can bear to part with you, but I can not bear to become the source of your unhappiness. Yes, I will bear it; and none shall dare in my hearing to speak against you. I have brought you here to say the word; nay, more than that, to advise you to say it."

He stood silent for a moment, during which he held her by the hand. She was looking into his face, but he was looking away into the clouds, striving to appear as though he was the master of the occasion. But during those moments his mind was wracked with doubt. What if he should take her at her word? Some few would say bitter things against him, but such bitter things had been said against many another man without harming him. Would it not be well for both if he should take her at her word? She would recover and love again, as other girls had done; and as for him, he would thus escape from the ruin at which he had been gazing for the last week past. For it was ruin, utter ruin. He did love her; so he declared to himself. But was he a man who ought to throw the world away for love? Such men there were; but was he one of them? Could he be happy in that small house, somewhere near the New Road, with five children and horrid misgivings as to the baker's bill? Of all men living, was not he the last that should have allowed himself to fall into such a trap? All this passed through his mind as he turned his face up to the clouds with a look that was intended to be grand and noble.

"Speak to me, Adolphus, and say that it shall be so."

Then his heart misgave him, and he lacked the courage to extricate himself from his trouble; or, as he afterward said to himself, he had not

the heart to do it. "If I understand you rightly, Lily, all this comes from no want of love on your own part?"

"Want of love on my part? But you should not ask me that."

"Until you tell me that there is such a want I will agree to no parting." Then he took her hand and put it within his arm. "No, Lily; whatever may be our cares and troubles we are bound together, indissolubly."

"Are we?" said she; and as she spoke her voice trembled, and her hand shook.

"Much too firmly for any such divorce as that. No, Lily, I claim the right to tell you all my troubles; but I shall not let you go."

"But, Adolphus—" and the hand on his arm was beginning to cling to it again.

"Adolphus," said he, "has got nothing more to say on that subject. He exercises the right which he believes to be his own, and chooses to retain the prize which he has won."

She was now clinging to him in very truth. "Oh, my love!" she said. "I do not know how to say it again. It is of you that I am thinking; of you, of you!"

"I know you are; but you have misunderstood me a little; that's all."

"Have I? Then listen to me again, once more, my heart's own darling, my love, my husband, my lord! If I can not be to you at once like Ruth, and never cease from coming after you, my thoughts to you shall be like those of Ruth: if aught but death part thee and me, may God do so to me and more also." Then she fell upon his breast and wept.

He still hardly understood the depth of her character. He was not himself deep enough to comprehend it all. But yet he was awed by her great love, and exalted to a certain solemnity of feeling which for the time made him rejoice in his late decision. For a few hours he was minded to throw the world behind him, and wear this woman, as such a woman should be worn—as a comforter to him in all things, and a strong shield against great troubles. "Lily," he said, "my own Lily!"

"Yes, your own, to take when you please, and leave untaken while you please; and as much your own in one way as in the other." Then she looked up again, and essayed to laugh as she did so. "You will think I am frantic, but I am so happy. I don't care about your going now; indeed I don't. There; you may go now, this minute, if you like it." And she withdrew her hand from him. "I feel so differently from what I have done for the last few days. I am so glad you have spoken to me as you did. Of course I ought to bear all those things with you. But I can not be unhappy about it now. I wonder if I went to work and made a lot of things whether that would help?"

"A set of shirts for me, for instance?"

"I could do that, at any rate."

"It may come to that yet, some of these days."

"I pray God that it may." Then again she



was serious, and the tears came once more into her eyes. "I pray God that it may. To be of use to you, to work for you, to do something for you that may have in it some sober, earnest purport of usefulness; that is what I want above all things. I want to be with you at once that I may be of service to you. Would that you and I were alone together, that I might do every thing for you. I sometimes think that a very poor man's wife is the happiest, because she does do every thing."

"You shall do every thing very soon," said he; and then they sauntered along pleasantly through the morning hours, and when they again appeared at Mrs. Dale's table Mrs. Dale and Bell were astonished at Lily's brightness. All her old ways had seemed to return to her, and she made her little saucy speeches to Mr. Crosbie as she had used to do when he was first becoming fascinated by her sweetness. "You know that you'll be such a swell when you get to that countess's house that you'll forget all about Allington."

"Of course I shall," said he.

"And the paper you write upon will be all over coronets-that is, if ever you do write. Perhaps you will to Bernard some day, just to show that you are staying at a castle."

"You certainly don't deserve that he should write to you," said Mrs. Dale.

"I don't expect it for a moment—not till he gets back to London and finds that he has nothing else to do at his office. But I should so like to see how you and Lady Julia get on together. It was quite clear that she regarded you as an ogre; didn't she, Bell?"

"So many people are ogres to Lady Julia," said Bell.

"I believe Lady Julia to be a very good woman," said Mrs. Dale, "and I won't have her abused.'

"Particularly before poor Bernard, who is her pet nephew," said Lily. "I dare say Adolphus will become a pet too when she has been a week with him at Courcy Castle. Do try and cut Bernard out."

From all which Mrs. Dale learned that some care which had sat heavy on Lily's heart was now lightened, if not altogether removed. She had asked no questions of her daughter, but she had perceived during the past few days that Lily was in trouble, and she knew that such trouble had arisen from her engagement. She had asked no questions, but of course she had been told what was Mr. Crosbie's income, and had been made to understand that it was not to be considered as amply sufficient for all the wants of matrimony. There was little difficulty in guessing what was the source of Lily's care, and as little in now perceiving that something had been said between them by which that care had been relieved.

After that they all rode, and the afternoon went by pleasantly. It was the last day indeed, but Lily had determined that she would not be sad. She had told him that he might go now, adage which says, that two are company, but

and that she would not be discontented at his going. She knew that the morrow would be very blank to her; but she struggled to live up to the spirit of her promise, and she succeeded. They all dined at the Great House, even Mrs. Dale doing so upon this occasion. When they had come in from the garden in the evening, Crosbie talked more to Mrs. Dale than he did even to Lily, while Lily sat a little distant, listening with all her ears, sometimes saying a lowtoned word, and happy beyond expression in the feeling that her mother and her lover should understand each other. And it must be understood that Crosbie at this time was fully determined to conquer the difficulties of which he had thought so much, and to fix the earliest day which might be possible for his marriage. The solemnity of that meeting in the field still hung about him, and gave to his present feelings a manliness and a truth of purpose which were too generally wanting to them. If only those feelings would last! But now he talked to Mrs. Dale about her daughter, and about their future prospects, in a tone which he could not have used had not his mind for the time been true to her. He had never spoken so freely to Lily's mother, and at no time had Mrs. Dale felt for him so much of a mother's love. He apologized for the necessity of some delay, arguing that he could not endure to see his young wife without the comfort of a home of her own, and that he was now, as he always had been, afraid of incurring debt. Mrs. Dale disliked waiting engagements—as do all mothers—but she could not answer unkindly to such pleading as this.

"Lily is so very young," she said, "that she may well wait for a year or so."

"For seven years," said Lily, jumping up and whispering into her mother's ear. "I shall hardly be six-and-twenty then, which is not at all too old."

And so the evening passed away very pleasantly.

"God bless you, Adolphus!" Mrs. Dale said to him, as she parted with him at her own door. It was the first time that she had called him by his Christian name. "I hope you understand how much we are trusting to you."

"I do-I do!" said he, as he pressed her hand. Then as he walked back alone he swore to himself, binding himself to the oath with all his heart, that he would be true to those women -both to the daughter and to the mother; for the solemnity of the morning was still upon him.

He was to start the next morning before eight, Bernard having undertaken to drive him over to the railway at Guestwick. The breakfast was on the table shortly after seven, and just as the two men had come down Lily entered the room with her hat and shawl. "I said I would be in to pour out your tea," said she; and then she sat herself down over against the tea-pot.

It was a silent meal, for people do not know what to say in those last minutes. And Bernard, too, was there; proving how true is the



that three are not. I think that Lily was wrong to come up on that last morning; but she would not hear of letting him start without seeing him, when her lover had begged her not to put herself to so much trouble. Trouble! Would she not have sat up all night to see even the last of the top of his hat?

Then Bernard, muttering something about the horse, went away. "I have only one minute to speak to you," said she, jumping up, "and I have been thinking all night of what I had to say. It is so easy to think, and so hard to speak."

"My darling, I understand it all."

"But you must understand this, that I will never distrust you. I will never ask you to give me up again, or say that I could be happy without you. I could not live without you; that is, without the knowledge that you are mine. But I will never be impatient, never. Pray, pray believe me! Nothing shall make me distrust you."

"Dearest Lily, I will endeavor to give you

no cause."

"I know you will not; but I specially wanted to tell you that. And you will write—very soon?"

"Directly I get there."

"And as often as you can. But I won't bother you; only your letters will make me so happy. I shall be so proud when they come to me. I shall be afraid of writing too much to you, for fear I should tire you."

"You will never do that."

"Shall I not? But you must write first, you know. If you could only understand how I shall live upon your letters! And now goodby. There are the wheels. God bless you, my own, my own!" And she gave herself up into his arms, as she had given herself up into his heart.

She stood at the door as the two men got into the gig, and, as it passed down through the gate, she hurried out upon the terrace, from whence she could see it for a few yards down the lane. Then she ran from the terrace to the gate, and, hurrying through the gate, made her way into the church-yard, from the farther corner of which she could see the heads of the two men till they had made the turn into the main road beyond the parsonage. There she remained till the very sound of the wheels no longer reached her ears, stretching her eyes in the direction they had taken. Then she turned round slowly and made her way out at the church-yard gate, which opened on to the road close to the front door of the Small House.

"I should like to punch his head," said Hopkins, the gardener, to himself, as he saw the gig driven away, and saw Lily trip after it, that she might see the last of him whom it carried. "And I wouldn't think nothing of doing it; no more I wouldn't," Hopkins added in his soliloquy. It was generally thought about the place that Miss Lily was Hopkins's favorite, though he showed it chiefly by snubbing her more frequently than he snubbed her sister.

Lily had evidently intended to return home

through the front door; but she changed her purpose before she reached the house, and made her way slowly back through the church-yard, and by the gate of the Great House, and by the garden at the back of it, till she crossed the little bridge. But on the bridge she rested a while, leaning against the railing as she had often leaned with him, and thinking of all that had passed since that July day on which she had first met him. On no spot had he so often told her of his love as on this, and nowhere had she so eagerly sworn to him that she would be his own dutiful loving wife.

"And by God's help so I will," she said to herself, as she walked firmly up to the house. "He has gone, mamma," she said, as she entered the breakfast-room. "And now we'll go back to our work-a-day ways; it has been all Sunday for me for the last six weeks."

THE GUN-BOAT ESSEX.

MONG the strange and startling incidents A which will hereafter clothe this war with the lights and shadows of romance, the gallant little Essex and her achievements in the Western waters will always find a prominent place. A certain curious feeling is inspired by the name of a ship that has "done and suffered great things," different from the feeling with which we look on or read about any other work of human hands. Every timber in "the old Constitution" was sacred. Each plank in her oakribbed sides uttered a voice which has come down to us from the far-off waves, and which will be transmitted to the latest hour of time. When Nelson fell upon the deck of the Victory, that proud palace of the British navy became a shrine where valor could worship forever. The Monitor, the Cumberland, and the Essex have already taken their permanent places in history. The career of the Essex, however, being far less familiar to most readers, we shall offer some account of her deeds, and the heroic conduct of her commander and crew.

The name of Porter has for sixty years been known wherever the ensign of the republic has floated. Nearly every vessel in our older fleets has felt the tread of a Porter on her deck. Commodore William D. Porter had been in the naval service of the United States thirty-eight years when the rebellion broke out. Born in New Orleans—a son of Commodore David Porter—educated and domiciled in Pennsylvania, and ever after rocked on the sea, he was (September 27, 1861) ordered to the Western Department, to take command of the gun-boat Essex, under Commodore Foote, to operate upon the Mississippi.

When the Essex was bought by the Government she was a St. Louis ferry-boat, plying on the river at that city. How she was made into a gun-boat, capable of such enormous power of resistance and attack, will best appear from Commodore Porter's own words, which are sufficiently amusing. He says:

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"The commander-in-chief (flag-officer A. H. Foote) gave me only eighteen days to get her together. So in that time I had her off the docks, and in three days was steaming down the Mississippi River. Of course there was much to be done in that time, and no place to do it. I therefore set up on my own hook; seized three large coal scows, and converted them into a locomotive navyyard. Of one I made a blacksmith's shop and iron-working establishment in general. Another is my boat-shed and carpenter's establishment; and another my coal dépôt. When I move up stream I tow them all with me; if down stream, they follow. I sometimes go into action fighting at one end, while carpenters, calkers, blacksmiths, and painters are working at the other. You see, therefore, that the Essex has been built about in spots. I have my crew divided off into gangs-wood-choppers, coalmen, carpenters, calkers, etc.—and we are a perfect work-shop in

As the Essex was originally built her tonnage was, and still is, about 500 tons. She fought the first naval battle on the Mississippi at Lucas's Bend, in which she whipped three of the hostile gun-boats that were on their way to attack Cairo, and drove them under the batteries of Columbus, with considerable damage. Her bow alone was iron-clad at that time, but all hands on board were making the spiteful little craft stronger every hour; and she acted all through her perilous crusade as if conscious that she carried officers and men worthy to sail her.

Her armament, though not large, was powerful and admirably chosen. She had three 9-inch Dahlgren shell guns, one 10-inch ditto. two 50-pound rifled Dahlgrens, one long 32pounder, and one 24-pound boat howitzer. Her management, however, added a hundred-fold to her strength when she started down the river; and there was a cool but desperate determination on the part of officers and men that she should sweep the Mississippi to New Orleans, or send her last plank floating into the Gulf.

Having driven Miller, the commander of the rebel gun-boat Grampus, back at least a dozen times, Porter-who likes fair play and an open field-sent him a challenge to come out and meet him. The challenge was accepted, on paper; but the Confederate commander took good care not to make his appearance; and the Essex went to Paducah, whence she steamed up the Tennessee, on the 3d of February, upon the memorable expedition against Fort Henry, accompanied by the gun-boats Saint Louis and Cincinnati. The Essex opened fire on the fort at a distance of a mile and a half, which was returned heavily; a 24-pound rifled cannon was brought to bear on the Essex, which held herself steady at her working post. The first rifled shot struck close; the second grazed the ship; the third went straight through Porter's cabin, on the poop-deck. Warm work was coming. Meantime the Carondelet had transferred the troops from Pine Bluffs to the shore of the river, where the fleet lay. It was a moment for counsel and vigorous preparation.

It was a splendid night, and our camp-fires were all burning, for there was no necessity for concealment or ruse de guerre now. For more than a mile each little fire blazed out on the cool night sky, all illumined by the moon-tide tained at Fort Henry had been serious, and re-

of silver light pouring its waves over camps of friend and foe, and tinging the lines of our gun-

Orders had been received from flag-officer Foote to be ready for action on the morning of the 6th. At the time appointed, and 1000 yards from the fort, Foote's flag-ship, the Cincinnati, with the Essex by her side, opened fire simultancously, planting their shot and shell with splendid precision. The engagement had been carried on for about half an hour, the Essex having dismounted five of the enemy's guns during that time, and continued her advance slowly toward the fort—to which her close proximity, although the post of honor, proved also the post of danger-when a round 32-pounder shot from the fort entered her bow-port, passed into one of the boilers, scalding, by the sudden escapement of steam, Porter and thirty-two of his brave men.

Porter was blown senseless on the deck, and remained utterly unconscious till, in falling out of one of the ports, some of the crew picked him up. Many even of the scalded men in a few minutes returned to their guns, and, with flesh actually dropping and peeling from their limbs, continued the action until the fort surrendered. One poor fellow, dreadfully scalded, who had continued at his post, on hearing of the surrender, ran on deck, cheered, and fell dead: excitement had stimulated until victory was won. This action was hot, though it lasted but an hour, during which period, notwithstanding the destruction of her boiler and consequent temporary confusion, the Essex had fired seventy-five rounds from two forward 9-inch guns alone.

The next day the Essex dropped down the Tennessee and the Ohio rivers to Cairo, carrying the news of the victory. On arrival there the steamer John Ives came alongside and took away the brave fellows who had died or become disabled on the vessel. In passing the fleet at Cairo all flags were at half-mast. On the 15th flag-officer Foote came to Cairo from the Fort Donelson victory. He was, he thought, only slightly wounded in the foot; but that gallant officer knew little what he was to suffer in consequence of that slight wound, much less how deeply he was to have the cup of domestic bereavement pressed to his lips.

Now came also a weary period of suffering for the gallant commander of the Essex. Porter's wounds were far more severe than was at first anticipated. For weeks he was deprived of sight, and at one period fears were entertained that the loss would be permanent. Kindness, care, and the devoted attention of valued friends, added to a good constitution, eventually triumphed; and health and strength were again restored to enable him more earnestly than ever to devote himself to his country in her time of trial.

The Essex, up to this period, had been only a partially iron-clad boat. The damage sus-



quired extensive repair; and for that purpose she was ordered to St. Louis, Porter, although blind, remaining on her, desirous, though unable to see, yet to mentally direct her being prepared for a grander and harder struggle. Her reconstruction, it may be called, was ably and energetically carried on by that gallant and competent officer, Mr. R. K. Riley, at that time executive officer of the Essex.

Though unable, in consequence of wounds received himself, and repairs necessary for his vessel, to participate in the naval operations on the Mississippi through the months of March, April, May, and June, 1862, yet, during this period, Porter's active mind could not be kept passive. Besides the thoughtful supervision necessary for the reconstruction of the Essex, he designed and commenced building, for the War Department, two gun-boats, the Fort Henry and Choctaw, which, had his original designs been followed after his leaving St. Louis, would unquestionably have proved the most formidable vessels on the Western waters. Much is it to be regretted that any deviation from his plans should have been allowed, as from the peculiarity of their intended construction, and defensive as offensive power, those ships would be more effective to open the navigation of the Mississippi than the balance of our iron-clad navy on that river.

On the 27th June the Essex was considered ready for service, and made her trial trip, which was perfectly satisfactory. True it was that minor details were required for defense, but Vicksburg was then being attacked by Admiral Farragut's fleet, assisted by D. D. Porter's mortar fleet below, as well as Commodore Davis's vessels above that city, and Porter was impatient to share in the enterprise, and test the power of his almost newly-built vessel.

The Essex is certainly far too squatty and broad for beauty. Her casemates are much higher than those of any other gun-boat on the Western waters, and her hull is entirely buried in the water. Her wheels are set in a recess at the stern, and on the front part of her chimneys, near the top, are the letters S. X., one letter on each. The pilot-house is very low, conical in shape, and admirably protected. Since her engagement at Fort Henry she has been lengthened forty feet, had her boilers and machinery placed below water-line, and her casemates raised from 61 to 171 feet in height. She received entirely new boilers, and was generally reconstructed. Altogether her cost to the government amounted to \$91,000, which is considerably less than that of any other of the gunboats built in the West. The armament on board is as follows: Three 9-inch Dahlgren guns, one 10-inch Dahlgren shell gun, two 50pound rifled Dahlgren guns, one long 82-pounder, and one 24-pound howitzer. Her forward casemate is of wood, 30 inches thick, plated with India-rubber 1 inch thick, and 11 inch iron; side casemates of wood, 16 inches thick, plated with 1 inch India-rubber and 4 inch iron.

wood, 18 inches thick, plated with 1 inch Indiarubber, and 11 inch iron. With false sides, no steam ram could attack her effectively. She has 42 water-tight compartments, which would render her proof against sinking. She is 205 feet in length, and 60 feet in width. Her hold is 5½ feet in depth, and draws 6½ feet of water. She is provided with two engines, with cylinders 23 inches in diameter, with 6 feet stroke. has three boilers, 26 feet long and 42 inches in diameter, working two wheels 26 feet in diameter and 8 feet bucket, and has excellent and extensive accommodations for the comfort of officers and crew. The following is a list of officers, with and according to rank: Captain W. D. Porter, Commander; Robert R. K. Riley, First Master and Executive Officer; D. P. Rosenmiller, J. Harry Wyatt, Matt. Snyder, Spenser Kellogg, Acting Masters; Jos. H. Lewis, Paymaster; Thomas Rice, Surgeon; Joseph Heep, Chief Engineer; J. Sterns, First Assistant Engineer; J. Wetzell, Second Assistant Engineer; Thomas Fletcher, Third Assistant Engineer; C. W. Long, Gunner; J. H. Mammon, Boatswain's Mate; E. H. Eagle, Boatswain's Mate; Thomas Steele, Carpenter. Officers and crew number 146, all told.

Orders were received in St. Louis on the 5th July for the Essex to join the fleet under Commodore Davis above Vicksburg, and on the 6th she left the wharf of that city, arriving at Cairo on the 7th, and immediately commenced taking in her ammunition and stores, which having completed on the 9th, she on the evening of that day left, and, steaming down the Mississippi, arrived at the anchorage ground of Davis's fleet, above Vicksburg, on the 13th July. Unfortunately, on her passage down the river, her port boiler burned out, and the fires had to be extinguished for repairs.

Our Union forces were found to be on the alert to learn the whereabouts of the Confederate ram Arkansas, which had caused some degree of anxiety, for it was well known that all that skill or money could command had been exhausted in building and fitting out the most powerful and destructive naval vessel that had ever been launched. When Memphis fell into our hands it was ascertained that she had, a few days previously, been towed down the Missisippi, and, as was supposed, to the Yazoo River, which, though narrow, is a deep stream, and admirably fitted for the security of boats, where also means for her completion by the enemy were easily accessible.

The Yazoo runs into the Mississippi River from the east a few miles above the city of Vicksburg; and it was between the mouth of this river and Vicksburg that our iron-clad Western squadron, including Colonel Ellet's steam-rams, lay at anchor; several of Admiral Farragut's ships, that had passed the forts some time previously from New Orleans, also were anchored there.

plated with 1 inch India-rubber and 1 inch iron. On the evening of the 14th, accompanied by The roof is bomb-proof. The pilot-house is of one of his officers, Porter went ashore on the



point immediately opposite Vicksburg, to reconnoitre the batteries of that city. On this reconnoissance he took two of the enemy prisoners, who gave intimation that the ram was up the Yazoo, and intended her advent to the Mississippi on the morrow. These prisoners were sent to the Commander of the squadron on board the flag-ship Benton. This information confirmed the Commander-in-chief in the previous supposition that the ram lay up the Yazoo, and induced him, at dawn on the 15th, to send the gun-boats Tyler and Carondelet up that river to reconnoitre. At about 7 A.M. heavy firing was heard in that direction, and half an hour after the Tyler hove in sight, followed closely by the Arkansas. The Carondelet had grounded and been disabled by the enemy up the Yazoo. The Arkansas continued her way through the fleet, very deliberately firing her guns, moving at moderate speed, and apparently impregnable to the fire of the guns from the Federal ships. She especially selected for her fire one of Colonel Ellet's vessels-the ram Lancaster-which in a few minutes she disabled by the explosion of the boiler. The flag-ship Benton did not escape; and heavy damage was received by several ships in the fleet. The Tyler and Carondelet were severely crippled, and obliged to return to Cairo for repairs. The ram had passed unscathed the broadsides of Farragut's fleet and the fire of over twenty vessels. Shot and shell struck her, but they fell as harmless from her sides and deck as hail from the walls of a fortress. She politely sent some rifled shot at the Essex, but with little effect, which compliment was as courteously returned by a 32-pounder steel plug, which struck her stack, and a 10-inch shell, which exploded on her quarter, with some damage, it was supposed. But the Essex could not follow, her boiler being under repair, which prevented getting up steam.

An attack was made on the Arkansas on the evening of the same day by the combined fleets under Admiral Farragut and Commodore Davis, the ships belonging to the fleet from New Orleans which had previously passed Vicksburg repassing the enemy's forts to their anchorage below that city, where lay the remaining portion of it, with Commander D. D. Porter's mortarboats.

Desultory attacks were kept up from day to day on the enemy's defenses at Vicksburg by our fleets, as also the mortars above and below the city, but without apparent effect, the enemy's strength in battery increasing rather than diminishing. The Arkansas during this period lay alongside the wharf, either repairing or adding to her defenses, and taking in munitions and stores.

On the 21st July, in consultation with Flagofficers Farragut and Davis, Porter offered to attack the Arkansas at close quarters as she lay under the batteries at Vicksburg. This propo- some time she sustained this terrific fire, expectsition was acceded to, with the understanding ing the fleets both above and below to engage that Commodore Davis's fleet was to attack the the forts. The smoke prevented seeing whether upper and Admiral Farragut's fleet the lower assistance was near or not; and as to hearing,

forts, to take from the Essex the otherwise too heavy fire of the enemy, if concentrated on her alone.

Accordingly, the next morning, the 22d, at 4 o'clock, Porter lifted anchor and steamed slowly down the river, passing Davis's fleet, which had previously weighed, before rounding the point above Vicksburg. Turning the bend of the river which this point creates, he came within range of the enemy's upper batteries, which immediately opened on the Essex at about 1200 yards, pouring on her a fire which would in ten minutes have sunk any other gun-boat on the Western waters.

The moment had now arrived when the little Essex must sink or swim, and she had but a short time to have her fate decided. While shot and shell were striking, glancing, and exploding over her she steamed right up toward the water-batteries on the Mississippi shore, under which the Arkansas lay moored, reserving the fire of her own guns for still closer quarters.

To the spectator her approach toward her antagonist must have appeared fearful and desperate. Battery after battery opened on her as she advanced and made straight for the Arkansas, upon whom she opened her forward battery of 9-inch guns, at about 10 yards distance, the fire of which until then had been reserved, and attempted to run her down; but just at that moment the Arkansas let go her bow line, and the river current drifting her stem on, the Essex only grazed her side, and running with considerable force into the river-bank her engines stopped.

For several minutes she sustained in this position a terrific fire from the water-batteries, mounting heavy siege guns. Several pieces of field artillery were also lending their aid to sink the ship that had the temerity to attack so closely. The Essex, however, now floated just where her fire would do execution, and for some time it was a duel of interest such as few have ever witnessed. The fire of the enemy's shore-batteries slackened, so close were the two vessels together-the Arkansas with her 68-pounder rifles, the Essex with her 9-inch smooth-bore. Within six vards of the ram the Essex got her 9-inch battery to bear on her antagonist, and almost simultaneously was the fire of those guns delivered, raking her enemy and forcing up her iron plating as if it had been only so much pine lumber. Above the deafening roar of the guns a yell of distress from the crew of the Confederate ship told the anguish and confusion which the fire of the Essex had caused.

Dropping down with the current she again became exposed to the concentrated cannonade of the enemy's forts, both upper and lower-water and bluff batteries. Field artillery added their force to the attack, and musketry missiles were literally poured on the devoted ship. For



that was out of the question. Presuming, however, from the concentrated fire on his ship, that as yet the fleets had not arrived, Porter drifted down the river, hugging the Mississippi shore to avoid the fire of the bluff batteries, which could not then depress their guns in angle to bear on the brave cruiser of the Father of Waters. It was thus ascertained that the ships below had not moved from their anchorage, and that the upper fleet was not in sight.

To remain unassisted under the fire of those batteries would have been suicidal, and after waiting as long as prudence would allow, Porter determined to run the gauntlet of the lower forts, although this act compelled his ship to exposure for over two miles from the enemy's fire. Reluctantly indeed was the order given to steam down stream while our daring enemy the Arkansas remained above water. But there was no help for it. The Arkansas was a far superior vessel, and, besides, he had to contend with over 100 siege guns that could and were then playing on his ship. He had then been over an hour under fire from not less than 120 guns of heavy calibre, which were belching forth on the gallant Essex every conceivable missile known in the art of modern warfare, either by land or sea. Yet she bore it bravely. The lower forts were successively encountered, and though fearfully battered the Essex passed down the river safely. Arriving at the anchorage ground of the lower fleet, shouts of congratulation arose from the various crews of the ships lying there to welcome the dashing steamer which had run the blockade. They appreciated, for they were eye-witnesses of the desperate struggle although distant.

But the Essex had yet her chief work to do. The plan was for the fleet below and the fleet above to assail the Vicksburg forts while Porter with his Essex was to grapple with the ram; but for reasons not explained this was not done, and the Essex had to shirk for herself.

So completely had Porter fitted his craft for her hard work, that, with only two exceptions, no projectile leveled at her did material damage. One, a shell, exploded in her side, tearing away her timbers, killing one and wounding several of her crew; while the other, a rifled cannon conical shot of 68 pounds, struck the port-quarter aft, penetrating and passing through her iron casing, the executive officer's cabin, where it demolished every thing, the ward-room, and wheel-house, and finally lodged in the starboard side under the iron plating. The wheel-house and smoke stacks were riddled with grape-shot, and shell explosions and indentations of cannonshot of every calibre were visible on the iron plating all over the vessel.

Vicksburg at this time was occupied by 16,000 cemetery attached to the Penitentiary at the Confederates under Van Dorn, and had over 100 siege guns in battery, commanding the river for more than three miles. In fact, defenses had daily increased during the whole time of bombardment, notwithstanding the heavy fire constantly kept up on the city from upper and lower fleet and the mortars. At the end of May, the

time of the first attack by the Federal forces, the enemy had not twenty siege guns in position. In fact, on the approach of Farragut's ships the town was abandoned by its inhabitants, and the military authorities were on the point of surrendering the city, and would have done so, had a demand to that effect been made. The occupation of Vicksburg at that time would have secured the uninterrupted Federal navigation of the Mississippi, and one of the main objects of this fearful war would have been accomplished. Now the prevailing sickness (malarial fever) had so prostrated our troops under General Williams that there remained scarcely one-third of the original number of the expedition that could be relied on for duty—a force totally inadequate to storm, or even hold the place if taken by the naval forces. Hence it was determined to raise the siege; and on the 23d and 24th the land forces of this abortive expedition embarked and left for Baton Rouge; and Admiral Farragut's fleet for New Orleans.

Porter, separated from the upper fleet to which the Essex belonged, she being the only vessel of that squadron save the Sumter, a twogun iron-clad steamer, below Vicksburg, hearing of the intended abandonment of the object of the expedition on the 23d, wrote Commodore Davis, and in reply thereto received on the 24th orders to the effect, that as all communication with him was cut off, to cruise between Vicksburg and Baton Rouge, giving discretionary power to extend the cruising ground to New Orleans, provided necessary supplies could not be obtained at the latter place, and to make that city his head-quarters. On the evening of the same day, General Williams's forces having all embarked, the transports proceeded down the Mississippi, followed by the mortar fleet and Admiral Farragut's war ships; the Essex by desire bringing up and guarding the rear against the anticipated attack from the Arkansas, at about four miles' distance. This plan was carried out until the arrival off Baton Rouge on the 26th July.

Some little time was now used for getting the battered ship ready for her grand business—to meet the Arkansas and "sink something."

On the 5th of August, at half past 3 A.M., the Essex, from her anchorage above the arsenal, heard firing in the direction of the outposts of our army at Baton Rouge. At six o'clock on the same morning an aid-de-camp from the commanding officer hailed the Essex, reporting General Williams killed, and our left wing falling back on the town, unable to hold the ground, and begging Porter to open his large guns on the advancing enemy, who already occupied the cemetery attached to the Penitentiary at the head of the town, with some of the buildings. Porter's guns opened in a few minutes, and the enemy's position was, by half past 10 o'clock, rendered untenable, and he retreated just as he was on the point of laying Baton Rouge in ashes. But while the Essex was thus closing this little



up the river gave Porter notice of the approach of his old antagonist. The ram was coming down to "sink the Essex" and "blow the Yankees out of New Orleans."

On the night of the 5th the Essex kept a bright look-out. Breckinridge had demanded the surrender of Baton Rouge at 6 o'clock, and although the ram had not yet come in sight she was doubtless awaiting the result of that demand before coming nearer.

About daylight, the ram not having come in sight, Porter determined to find her. He started his vessel up the river at 8 o'clock A.M. Rounding Nigger Point an hour and a half after, and when within a short distance of her, the ram opened with her heaviest guns. The shot just cleared the Essex aft. Porter steamed up a quarter of a mile further, when he opened his 9-inch bow-guns. After about ten minutes' fire a shell from the Essex entered her after-starboard port, and another shot struck her rudder and disabled her manœuvring power. The Essex, wanting closer work, steamed up, firing rapidly from her bow-guns till within a quarter of a mile, when every shot struck with dead certainty. Suddenly the ram made for the shore. As the smoke of the Essex cleared away Porter saw that the terrible Arkansas was on fire, and on reaching shoal water her crew were escaping for their lives. Porter's shells were too well aimed, they were irresistible—they had put the vessel into an inextinguishable blaze. The desperate crew-all picked men from the desperate cohorts of the Southern Confederacy—could not put that fire out, and they worked at it till the last moment with the energy of despair. But the flames would not be quenched. The most daring lingered on the deck, or around the sides of the splendid stronghold crusader of the Confederacy of the South, till they had to plunge into the water to escape the fiery vengeance of a swifter and more terrible destruction.

The abandoned floating castle of secession, upon which all the wealth and genius of modern naval warfare had been exhausted, slowly swung from her mud anchorage and drifted out into that irresistible tide which gathers its tributes of a million streams from the frozen and temperate sones, to empty them into the torrid bosom of the grand continental gulf. No living soul was on her iron-clad deck-no heart, even in dying, palpitated inside of her iron walls. Down on the bosom of that continent-piercing river the dark form of the rebel ram Arkansas floated as helpless as a child. As she lit up her desperate passage to destruction the officers and crew of the sturdy and victorious Essex counted numerous shot-holes in her. About four miles above Baton Rouge the fire, kindled by the shells of the Essex, reached her magazine of 18,000 pounds of powder, and she blew up with an explosion which sent the news of her destruction far and wide over the great Valley of the Mississippi. The Essex turned down stream and sailed over her wreck. Such was the fate of the ill-starred Arkansas.

Baton Rouge with its army of occupation was safe, and New Orleans breathed freely again. All glory to the Essex and her brave crew and commander!

As near a description as can be obtained we give of this Confederate gun-boat, and as far as can at present be ascertained a correct one:

Her length over all is 180 feet, and she has 60 feet breadth of beam. Her model is a combination of the flat-bottomed boats of the West and the keel-built steamers designed for navigation in the ocean or deep inland waters. Her bow is made sharp, like that of the Plymouth Rock or Commonwealth, and her stern tapers so as to permit the waters to close readily behind her. In the centre of her hull she is broad and of great capacity, and for nearly 80 feet along the middle she is almost flat-bottomed, like an ordinary freight or passenger boat on the Western waters.

The engines of the Arkansas are low-pressure and of 900 horse-power, all placed below the water-line, and well protected from injury by hostile missiles. Her cylinders are said to be 24 inches diameter and 7 feet stroke. She is provided with two propellers, working in the stern and acting independently. These propellers are 7 feet in diameter, and are each provided with 4 wings, or flanges, and are capable of making 90 revolutions to the minute. In consequence of the independent action of the engines, one propeller can be revolved forward while the other is reversed, thus permitting the boat to be turned in little more than her own length. A net-work of iron rods an inch in diameter, and with meshes more than a foot across, extends around the upper part of the propellers, to protect them from injury by floating logs and drift-wood. When under full steam, it is claimed that the Arkansas can make 22 miles an hour down the current of the Mississippi.

The draught of the boat, with her machinery, armament, and plating, is upward of 9 feet. Her sides are covered partly with railroad iron of the T pattern, dove-tailed together and firmly bolted. Along her after-works, and around her stern, she is clad with 2-inch plate iron, the whole extending 13 inches below the water-line, and fastened in the best manner possible.

Forward she carries an enormous beak of cast iron, which is so made that the entire bow of the boat fits into it like a wedge into a piece of timber. The supporting sides of this beak are perforated in numerous places to admit huge bolts that pass completely through the bow, and are riveted at either end. The entire beak weighs 18,000 pounds, and is of sufficient strength to penetrate the hull of any war vessel on the river. The sides of the boat are of 18 inches solid timber, and, with their mail covering of railroad and plate iron, are proof against any but the heaviest projectiles.

There has been much misapprehension as to this naval duel. Reports were circulated that the whole Federal fleet off Baton Rouge attacked the Arkansas. This was not so. On the morning of the 6th August Breckinridge with 15,000 Confederates were about 5 miles from that city, ready to attack our land, on the Arkansas engaging the naval force, which she was well able to cope with from her vast superiority over the Federal ships. The fleet off the city consisted of the Essex, Cayuga, Kineo, Katahdin, and Sumter; the Cayuga was ordered, by Porter, to assist in the attack and keep close up, which she complied with until the Arkansas opened fire on the Essex, immediately on which she put her helm up and run back, leaving the Essex alone. The Kineo and Katahdin, wooden gun-boats, had been left at Baton Rouge by Admiral Farragut on account of the machinery of these vessels being unfit for sea-service; for this reason they could not be relied on to attack an iron-clad



ship like the Arkansas, even if their absence from before Baton Rouge could have been allowed. They were more valuable off that city as stationary batteries, and, with the Sumter, were left to act in concert with our army in repelling the force under Breckinridge which had so nearly defeated our troops the day previously.

It is worthy of remark that Porter had previously urged on the General commanding at Baton Rouge; as also the Department of the Gulf, the necessity of immediate fortification of that city, as also the probability of a near attack: his representations, however, were not considered, and the very idea of Confederate attack on our forces ignored. This attack had convinced the military authorities, however, of the truth of Porter's suggestion, and, though late, the proposed fortifications were commenced to protect the city and intrench our land forces.

The Essex having received necessary repairs and taken on board the stores she could obtain at Baton Rouge, she steamed up the river, on the 9th August, to procure coal at Bayon Sara-a town on the Mississippi about thirty miles above-arriving off that place on the morning of the 10th. The presence of the Essex caused some commotion among the inhabitants, as considerable supplies of subsistence stores, just brought across the river from West Louisiana, were on the levee awaiting transportation to the Confederate forces in the interior under Generals Ruggles and Breckinridge. This town is the terminus of a railroad running from the State of Mississippi and Northeastern Louisiana, and prior to the war carried on a very important trade with the interior. The Mayor was sent for, who came on board, and an arrangement was made that personal safety of the inhabitants should be guaranteed and personal property respected as long as there was reciprocity toward Federals observed; that coal lying at the wharf at the Bayou must be supplied to the Essex, being contraband of war and not private property; and the immediate delivery to the Essex of all Federal prisoners held by the municipal authorities. had been ascertained that some Union men had been imprisoned in the town who were demanded, and an officer being sent on shore they were delivered to him and taken on board the Essex. Coal, as contraband of war, was taken possession of by Porter, and notice given the Mayor that he would be held responsible if its destruction were allowed. The Essex remained off this town until the 14th, when she was joined by the Sumter, United States steam-ram, and on the 15th the Essex returned to Baton Rouge.

The gun-boat Sumter was left anchored off the town of Bayou Sara to protect the captured stores, for which as yet transportation could not be procured. This protection was necessary, as there were indications of desire on the part of the municipal authorities to break the amicable arrangement made with the Mayor. Threats against the lives of Union men had been made, which led to Porter's writing strongly, expostulating with them, and insisting on rigid faith

being kept. Considerable excitement existed at this time among the inhabitants of towns on the Lower Mississippi, in consequence of outrages constantly being committed by the troops in occupation of Baton Rouge on the Confederate population. Porter's return to Baton Rouge on the 15th had for its object conference with the commandant of that post, and to enter his protest against the continuance of such irregularities.

The gun-boat Sumter, left at Bayou Sara on the 14th, had unfortunately grounded, and, fearing attack from the enemy, been abandoned by her officers and crew. The Essex hastily returned to that place on the 16th, but too late to prevent the destruction of the Sumter, which had been fired by the citizens. They had also, contrary to agreement, shot at and wounded Union men residing there, and grossly maltreated all politically opposed to them, of whatever sex. The stores also which the Sumter had been left to protect had been destroyed.

Information had been communicated to Porter of the intended abandonment by the Federal troops of the city of Baton Rouge, and also of the intention of the Confederates to fortify Port Hudson, situated about 140 miles above New Orleans. He at once communicated with Colonel Paine, then in command at Baton Rouge, urging him to delay his intended evacuation of that city, as also to the commander at New Orleans, earnestly asking for gun-boats to prevent the erection of batteries at Port Hudson, and enable him to cut off the supplies sent from Texas and the Valley of the Red River to the enemy on the east side of the Mississippi.

Porter again brought the Essex to Baton Rouge to personally urge this request; but notwithstanding his entreaty the evacuation was continued, and no result came in the shape of additional gun-boats, or at the present moment the country would not have the conviction forced on it that there existed on the Mississippi a stronger fort than Vicksburg, which, to give free navigation to that glorious river, can be gained only by fearful sacrifice of life and treasure. A gun-boat stationed at Port Hudson would have effectually prevented the erection of the present formidable batteries. The same urgent attention was called to this point by Porter, from the Navy Department, under date 20th August, 1862, on which day was completed the entire abandonment of Baton Rouge by our troops, leaving that city in undisputed possession of the guerrilla bands that infested the whole of the district-enemies alike to Federal or Confederate. Few indeed of the inhabitants of that unfortunate city waited the advent of those pests of humanity, who assert the "black flag" as their flag, and "plunder and murder" for their motto.

the municipal authorities to break the amicable arrangement made with the Mayor. Threats against the lives of Union men had been made, which led to Porter's writing strongly, expostulating with them, and insisting on rigid faith. But on arrival there it was found that



the greater portion of it had been burned, contrary to express stipulation with the Mayor of that town. On the morning of the 24th a boat's crew was sent ashore to see if any fuel could be saved, as also to ascertain if any of the inhabitants remained-which seemed doubtful from the apparently deserted appearance of the place. Deserted of its peaceful people truly it was, but not so by the ubiquitous guerrillas. A heavy musketry fire was poured on the officers and men from the Essex as they advanced toward the centre of the town from the buildings which were turned into places of concealment, compelling the boat's crew to retreat toward the shore under cover of the guns of their vessel which opened on the enemy with shell, and soon led to the abandonment of their position. avoid repetition of attack the houses on the levee, near which there was fuel, were burned to prevent such being used for cover by the enemy while the Essex's men were removing the coal. A large number of the enemy had concentrated at Saint Francisville, a suburb of Bayou Sara, who were shelled and dispersed. This place appeared the centre of a body of gnerrillas that constantly sent their bands through the woods, which at this place ran down to the river bank, to fire at any person they could see on the deck of the Essex, keeping the worn-out crew ever anxiously alert.

The Essex steamed down stream on the 26th, and came to anchor off Port Hudson to reconnoitre reported batteries in progress. No effectual reconnoissance could be made, as the small number of men left on board for duty prevented hazarding a force on shore for such a purpose, A company of soldiers to act in that capacity would have proved invaluable. Earth-works were seen which brought on them the fire of the Essex and their consequent destruction, but no guns could be discovered. Unfortunately in cannonading these earth-works the 10-inch pivotgun of the Essex burst. She remained off this port keeping up a desultory fire on the position supposed to have masked batteries, and shelling the woods, until the 28th, when she again returned to Bayou Sara for the small amount of coal left at that place.

At dawn on the morning of the 29th an armed boat's crew was sent to bring off this fuel, when it was again attacked by the guerrillas from the Market-house and buildings remaining. The officer in charge returned the attack, drove the enemy out of the Market-house, which he burnt, as well as what buildings were left of the town. The fuel left uninjured was brought on board, and leaving the site of this treacherous town, the Essex weighed anchor and steamed up stream for the mouth of the Red River.

Porter intended going up this tributary of the Mississippi, but was unable to do so, the low stage of water at its mouth preventing the Essex passing the bar. A boat was sent up, however, a short distance, and information confirmed that large supplies of cattle, salt, cotton, etc., were being constantly brought down for the enemy

east of the Mississippi River. Intelligence was also obtained that two transports laden with these commodities, and convoyed by a Confederate gun-boat, had the day previously steamed up for Natchez.

Losing no time, the Essex at once started in pursuit, and arriving off the city of Natchez anchored on the 1st September. The enemy had anticipated her untiring antagonist, however, for transports and gun-boat had cleared outwithout doubt seeking protection under the guns at Vicksburg. Fuel was all but exhausted, but fortunately there was found a good supply at Vidalia, a town situated on the west bank of the Mississippi, immediately opposite Natchez. The Mayor was apprised that, as being contraband of war, the coal would be confiscated for the use of United States vessels. Exception was taken to this confiscation on the ground that it was the property of private individuals; but this could not be proved, and hence not allowed. It was absolutely necessary to have fuel, and sufficient for the wants of the Essex was at once taken possession of.

Having completed coaling by 2 P.M. on the 2d September, prior to leaving Porter sent ashore to procure ice for his sick and wounded men, which were many; and also a letter to be delivered to the Mayor. Up to this time courtesy had existed between the citizens of Natchez and the Federals of the gun-boat. The men sent from the Essex having obtained the ice required, and on the point of returning to their boat, which lav alongside the wharf, were suddenly attacked by over two hundred citizens armed with muskets. One seaman was instantly killed; and the officer in charge, with five seamen, wounded. No provocation had been given, nor had any thing occurred to lead to the supposition of intended attack. The outrage was wanton. The wounded crew hastened to their boat, while the Essex opened her guns without delay on the treacherous city, and continued the bombardment for an hour and twenty minutes—a severe retribution, though richly deserved. Throughout this bombardment a heavy musketry fire was kept up by the enemy, which literally swept the decks of the Essex.

Some have condemned the bombardment of this city, on the ground that time was not allowed for the helpless to leave the place; but the responsibility rests with the attacking party. Porter could not see his men murdered and have preventive power in his hands. The attack was evidently premeditated, as was proved by the number of armed men who kept constant fire on his vessel. The Mayor, by raising a flag of truce, could have stopped the fire of the guns of the Essex at any moment. If, therefore, the weaker inhabitants suffered by the bombardment, the odium and cruelty rests on the authorities; and punishment for injuries done should be visited on those who murderously attacked the boat's crew of the Essex.

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the explosion of one of her 9-inch forward

Porter was anxious to push on up the river; so, leaving the arrangement of peace or more extended punishment for Natchez to a future visit, he steamed toward Vicksburg to find, if possible, the supply transports and gun-boat which were supposed to have taken refuge there. The Essex arrived about five miles below that city on the morning of the 5th, and discovered the Confederate vessels lying snugly under the batteries and alongside the wharf. Steaming on toward our old fighting-ground, it was soon found that, since leaving on the 24th July, great additions had been made to the defenses of that strong-hold. At that part of the river, where, in July, Farragut's fleet had rested quietly at anchor, two batteries abreast and one to her rear opened on the Essex. The ridge that extends from the southern extremity of Vicksburg, parallel to and distant from the Mississippi about 1000 yards, may be called one continual battery, which will sweep the whole of the river of any ships advancing from the south for over five miles. Though not seen by Porter, yet information received led him to believe the upper or northern defenses were strengthened in equal ratio by our indefatigable enemy.

It had been ascertained that Commodore Davis's fleet had left the vicinity of Vicksburg, and was then either at Helena or Memphis; and to attempt to run the gauntlet of those forts, up stream, when no friendly fleet was near to assist in the event of being disabled, was thought imprudent. One officer and thirty men were all that could be mustered for duty. For some time previously "contrabands," left destitute by their masters and taken on board, had been trained to work the guns to take place of a number of the crew disabled or prostrated by The armament of the Essex was sickness. weakened through the bursting of two of the heaviest guns, provisions had been exhausted for a week, and a daily forage on shore was requisite for our necessities; added to this was the important fact that ammunition was short.

Under such circumstances Porter determined to exercise the discretionary power given by the commander of the Western flotilla to go to New Orleans to obtain ammunition, ship stores, and have general renovation. He had also left that important point, Port Hudson, for some days, and was desirous of obtaining better knowledge of its reputed strength. After two hours' desultory fight with the batteries below Vicksburg from her rifled 50-pounders, which scarcity of ammunition prevented liberality with, the Essex was put head down stream, and arrived off Natchez on the morning of the 6th September.

A letter was immediately dispatched to the Mayor, calling for the instant surrender of the city. Shortly after, three citizens, appointed by the municipal authorities to treat on the subject, were sent on board, and an arrangement was agreed on to the effect:

the United States naval force now before it, and that in future all citizens of Natchez will hold the flag of the United States sacred from attack, they promising protection to all Federal citizens, soldiers, or sailors who may land, with freedom for traffic and intercourse. 2. That all the coal now at Vidalia (a town on the opposite bank of the river to Natchez) be considered property belonging to the Government of the United States, to be, by the authorities of the city of Natchez, preserved for the use of United States vessels. 3. Should this second clause be deviated from, the city to be levied on for the value of the coal. 4. These conditions being observed inviolate by the city of Natchez, all property and persons of that city to always have the protection of the United States forces.

Leaving Natchez the Essex continued her way down the river, clearing ship for action at 3.30 A.M. on the 7th September, on her approach to Port Hudson, where an attack from the enemy was expected. At 4.15 A.M. the Essex, then about 1500 yards from the town, came within range of the enemy's first or upper battery, the guns of which opened on the gallant vessel with tremendous vigor, sending their 10, 9, and 8 inch shot, some of which were from rifled cannon, with great precision. Hard and sharp the Essex returned the fire, advancing nearer and nearer to this first fort, when a second, and almost immediately after a third, battery opened on the devoted ship. Battery No. 2, or the central, as it may be termed, is situated in the extreme bend of the river, which there is scarcely in width 500 yards across, and the channel running close to the bank compelled the Essex to run within 30 yards of the battery, at the same time having to receive the cross-fire from the two other batteries. Steadily, however, she went on, the shot crashing against her sides, and shell exploding in every direction, and vigorously pouring on the Confederate forts the fire of her forward and aft guns, damaging at every shot, until the second battery was partially destroyed. The firing of the enemy was good-far better than at Vicksburg. A 10 and 9 inch, as also a 32-pounder solid shot, struck the Essex within a square of 10 feet almost simultaneously, the concussion sending in the 24-inch wood-work as if it were of the most fragile character, shattering the iron and rubber, though no shot penetrated the ship's side. For an hour and twenty-five minutes the brave little craft continued this fight against from thirty-five to forty guns, until her ammunition, previously low, was exhausted. She then dropped down the river slowly out of range, and continued under way to New Orleans, off which city she arrived and anchored on the evening of the 7th September.

Port Hudson is a small village on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, about fifty miles below the mouth of the Red River. The bluffs rise full 60 feet above the high-water level of the 1. That the city of Natchez surrenders to river, and command either approach to the nar-



New Orleans. These bluffs are fortified, having 120-pounder, 68-pounder, and other siege guns in battery, while the plateau at the base, and either approach to these heights, have heavy batteries with siege guns of similar calibre. The river is here so narrow that the sinking of an ordinary vessel, such as usually navigates the Western waters, would effectually block the channel. The rear of these batteries is well protected, and a land force would find serious impediment to approach, in the numberless creeks, bayous, and swamps that protect the position. Indeed no point could have been chosen on the Mississippi that has such great natural advantages for defense on the land or water side, and for offense against shipping navigating the river; it is a fort more formidable than Vicksburg. It is also a considerable dépôt for the reception of cattle from Texas, sugar from West Louisiana, and now of salt from the Red River; supplies of which are sent by the railroad from thence to the Amite River, and then transported to the interior of the States of Mississippi and Alabama. Camp Moore, the great rendezvous of the Confederates for military instruction, receives most of its supplies from this point. The Confederates holding Vicksburg north, and Port Hudson south, on the Mississippi, thus secure for themselves the free navigation of the river between those points, as also the valley of the Red River entirely. This is the most fertile part of the great Southwest; and its products have given food, vigor, and articles of commerce to the Southern States, creating means for continuing the present fearful contest far longer than is generally supposed.

The Essex was severely damaged in the Port Hudson fight, and heavy repairs were found necessary. Her scalded, battered, and sick crew wanted rest. Two months' exposure to an almost tropical sun, and the heated atmosphere that can not be avoided on a close ironclad gun-boat, had effectually shown its prostrating power. Out of a crew of one hundred and forty-six, that on the 6th of July left St. Louis in health, there remained but thirty-four for duty on the 7th of September.

The officers and crew of the Essex behaved so gallantly through all that crusade of unsleeping vigils and desperate struggles, by night and day, for months together, that they can never be praised enough. It will be enough for them to say, hereafter, in "the piping times of peace" which are sure to come after the sovereignty and glory of our vindicated republic are fully acknowledged, that "I was with Porter on the Essex." It would be wrong, however, to omit one name here; for he was an Englishman then Acting-Master, a complete officer through all that crusade, who was always at the right place at the right time, and by his great skill and heroism earned no small share of the glory with which the Essex has covered herself forever. The writer refers, without the knowledge of any other person, to Mr. Harry Wyatt, who, with his impatient little feet, which were as red as

rowest part of the stream from Vicksburg to | his heart in our cause, has generously given, as a volunteer, nearly two of the best years of his life to sustain the supremacy of our republic. He may well say, that, after pointing the guns of the Essex which sunk the ram Arkansas, he has not lived in vain.

> Porter, on his arrival at New Orleans, found that the government had recognized his brave acts, notwithstanding the unfair action of a naval advisory Board, which had omitted his name for promotion, and that the President had ordered him, for distinguished service, to be promoted to the rank of Commodore-a compliment as graciously and generously awarded as highly deserved.

THE POLICEMAN'S CHRISTMAS TRAMP.

THERE was once a little boy, and there still is a large city.

In one of the streets, not the brightest or fairest where many were fair, he stood looking in at a window wherein a great store of toys and marvelous fruits and flowers, where many jewels, the like of which has not been since Aladdin came out of the garden, lay awaiting a purchaser; eagerly and longingly the lad's round hungry eyes gazed at all things which were so near to him and yet were so far off, for the coins which men jingle carelessly enough in their pockets were strange to the little beggar's palm. I dare say, though I am no soothsayer, that he had passed this particular window hundreds of times in the course of the year, yet never had seen so much glory in it as upon this night, for in and out of its hospitable doors went thronging multitudes, with joyous faces at the thoughts which had possession of their hearts at this kindly season of the year. Santa Claus was at hand and here he held his court, and single-hearted courtiers came and gladly laid down their hard-earned shillings for the trinkets which should make their dear home blossoms bloom brighter and fairer for a time.

It was not the nicest street in the city by any means. The houses were rickety, and old, and tumble-down; when fires were lighted in their rooms of an evening you could see its flashes illuminate the gaunt bare walls, the spotted plastering, and the ancient pattern of the paper. Nor were they, the houses, always friendly and social together; in too many instances they shrank from contact with each other, and permitted great gaps of waste land to come between them, where goats played and boys made fires; and their dormer-windows were the shoals where many a hapless kite had wrecked its glory and its flowing tail, and had gone down to paper rags, with only its wooden skeleton and its feebly flapping fragments to boast of out of its pristine grandeur. Yet in the main they were comfortable enough, and peopled full upon this night with happy hearts.

All this time the hungry boy stood stamping



squeezed his little mendicant hands. Now and again out of their small stores the passers threw him a cent, which he took without much cere-

I would that I might say with truth that Joe had been well born; that his parents were great, from whom he had been stolen away; but the fact of the matter is that Joe had been an outcast and a social outlaw from his birth. The street was his mother, and it alone. The winds and the rain opposed him and beat upon him; and so every chance and circumstance of his life was harsh and hard.

Now when Joe had stood so long at the window, his feet became cold, and the wind made his eyes water. So he took the few cents which kind hearts had given him, and bought cakes, and sat him down in the corner of a door and munched, and after munching yawned, thrust both hands to the elbow in his ragged sleeves, and curled his red feet up under him. Presently the shock-head nodded, the dirty little face settled its features, and Joe, bumping over against the door, went straightway to sleep. Round him the only lullaby was the one which the Christmas wind sang, and over him the only watchers the Christmas stars and the loving God; under and about Joe the hard stones and man's charity.

Policeman John Martin, No. 999, passing upon his beat, shrugged his municipal shoulders, wagged the metropolitan beard, or rather the irreverent wind did, which is no respecter of beards, metropolitan or otherwise; it searched John Martin through, and made him vigilant and active, so that when he reached the street-corner he responded to the signal of the sergeant upon the ringing pavement, then vigorously departed over his post. John was a lonely man in the world. Never had he married, because long ago, upon a Christmas night, he had watched and waited for them who bear away mortals to Christ's dear home.

So John Martin, rough and seared by the service and hard knocks, went on his way alone. There had been a twin-sister once, who cheered his solitary life; but she had married, and gone out into life with an unkind husband, who had first ill-treated, and finally deserted her entirely. For poor Mary Martin that had been there were few Christmas eves in this world. It was her brother's study to seek her out and aid her for many a year, and he had used all his leisure and his opportunities to discover her, but without avail, her husband's name being so common that it was a hopeless task; for when John deemed that at last he was on the right track, the person proved some one else, and he despaired. So this night, upon his duty, he passed up and down. As he walked, the sky became overcast, and the air chilly; the stars winked drowsily, and finally went to sleep behind the clouds, which spread themselves over the city. Slowly and timidly, at first, the flakes of snow came; faster and faster at length, until they

the dove's when she landed upon Ararat, and had purified the narrow street, and made a white causeway between heaven and earth, on whose misty track, all bright and beautiful, gifts came down from heaven to man. It fell upon Joe, on his hard door-step, and tucked him in with a coverlet of down, so that John Martin, passing again that way, noticed the dark heap in the corner, and, going up, took it by its rags, and dragged it out. At which Joe, finding himself in the hands of an officer, whimpered and whined.

"What are yer up to here?" said 999. "Why ain't you to home?"

"You lemme be!" said Joe, vainly struggling to escape. "I ain't done nothing to you. You lemme be!"

Something in the pitiful aspect of Joe, as he stood there in his sorry plight with his shock head and bedraggled clothes, or rather ragssomething in the homeless, wobegone look of the lad's eye, touched a tender spot in the honest heart of John, so that he said more gently, "Ain't you got no home, boy? has yer folks turned yer out?"

"No I ain't," replied Joe; "I lives where I can; and you lemme be."

"Come along with me, and I'll give yer a place in the station-house for to-night any how." So he took him off, Joe following quietly, for that was what he delighted in. The warmth of the place and its shelter was enough, and the light on Christmas night was to him, O son of Dives! what your annual budget is to you. Arriving, the officer thrust his charge into the room, and went forth again upon his duty.

The hours of duty having elapsed, and the officer having been relieved, he went to the station-house, and there sat down upon a chair, ruminating. One by one his comrades departed and left him alone; now that he was at leisure, he ran over in his mind the chances and probabilities of discovering his sister Mary. And so silence reigned, the ticking of the clock made it seem audible. The snow rattled softly against the window, and lay outside in white rolls like wool; and the great bell in the fire-tower boomed with clanging strokes, which vibrated long through the air, the hour of twelve.

"Poor Mary!" said John, "if I but knew where you are you should never suffer more, and I should be happy. I fear you are dead, and that I am alone. Curse that Fisher that he took my happy girl from the home I had made for her and dragged her down! Oh, that few Christmas eves will be his lot is my wish. Mrs. Fisher! That's a pretty name to tack on to sweet Mary's, who was the light of my life."

John cared little for any that might have heard him; nevertheless, he looked furtively about for any chance listeners that he might unburden his mind to. His glance encountered Joe, who had sneaked out of his proper bounds and come into the room.

"What do you want here, you scamp?" he said, going up to him. "Get out of here!"

"What's you cussin'?" says Joe, unheeding



the menace. "You's cussin' Mrs. Fisher. There mustn't nobody cuss her to me. She's good to me, she is."

John almost had a hope again, but, remembering former disappointments, lost heart directly. However, he said more quietly to Joe:

"What about Mrs. Fisher? Do yer know any one o' that name, boy?"

"Indeed do I," says Joe, with his street slang. "She gimme a feed more'n once when I was hungry."

John took heart again. Here was a trait that seemed to imply that this was the right track.

"Where does she live, boy?" says John, persuasively. "Tell us where she lives and I'll give you this." And he showed him a quarter.

"No, yer don't," says Joe, his eye like a stone again. "Can't come that load. She hain't done nothin'. What do you want along o' her?"

"She's my sister," says John, anxiously.

"No, she ain't no sister o' yourn neither. ain't fly to that game!" and he became imperturbable again. In vain did John entreat and beseech Joe. He still refused; and at length denied that he ever knew any such person. In his mind officers only knew people to drag them to confinement. Poor Joe! he had been hunted many and many a time. At last John took a pair of hand-cuffs and put them on Joe, at the same time threatening the lock-up if he did not instantly point the way. So out into the dark night they went together; for Joe, terrified at last, promised to do what was required, though with a very ill grace.

They threaded many streets and lanes; they went by low houses, where red curtains hung in the windows, and where the noise of clinking cans and glasses was audible; where the occupants glided stealthily about and looked over their shoulders furtively, and made dark tracks in the white snow, as they made dark tracks on every white morality and truth they came in daily contact with. John Martin and Joe passed groceries which had tin signs in the windows announcing hot drinks, and where lazy men lounged against the walls; these were tenanted this night by persons in red shirts and glazed caps. playing dominoes and drinking beer, they kept Christmas also. The hours waxed and waned, and Christmas eve passed into the early Christmas morn; and Joe and John yet went on-one sullenly and the other hopefully. At last they passed even the poor vestiges of habitation which I have spoken of, and came into a darker, narrower class of houses than any yet.

Where none kept Christmas, or mayhap knew of it; where was neither evergreen nor deciduous foliage; where the only things that broke the blackness of the sky were the outlines of the dilapidated roofs and chimneys; the only lights in all the place were those of late toilers, who turned day into night and night to day with ceaseless labor; the only sign of fire ascending the smouldering sparks where boys had burned from their feet, and went out through the snow straw a few hours since; yet even there was rejoicing upon that Christmas morning.

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purity, for the Christmas snow had softly descended and covered all things. Now and again some prowling dog glided through the shadows, and sought refuge under the carts which lined the street. At last John Martin stopped.

"Where you going to, boy? What do you come this way for? Does Mrs. Fisher live here?"

"No, she don't," said Joe.

"What do you come here for then?"

"Told yer I didn't know no such 'oman," Joe said, sulkily.

Then John saw where his persistence had led him, and he retraced his steps. He struck the handcuffs from Joe's wrist, and the lad darted away without word or look but one to see if he was pursued. John, downcast and sad, plodded through the snow, and looked neither to the right nor the left. He walked half an hour, then rested a while on the step of a door. He dozed with fatigue, for his eyes were heavy. Something light as a feather in the air shuffled through the snow, and gave a tap on the cellar door close to him; his senses were alert, but his body quiet. He heard a voice within challenge, and the one without answer "Joe;" and his heart leaped, and so did his feet. As Joe entered, he also entered; and as Joe fell down with race and grief at being outwitted, John stood up in thankfulness, for he saw Mary wan and pallid, but Mary still, lying at his feet, while he, down at the bedside, poured forth all his sorrow and his joy together. Then his sister told him that her husband had become a better man, and had gone to the war, and that were it not for Joe, who had brought her food in her trouble, she should have starved outright. And the boy, when he found that Mary was neither apprehended nor afraid of the officer, broke out into a long explanation and apology, which was a relief to himself, else I doubt not that he would have burst.

And now that the storm had spent itself, and the night had gone, was heard far over the tops of houses, and prevailing through the murky air, the organ peals and chiming bells with which men in towers saluted the morn. The organist in the chapel opened the throat of his wondrous instrument, and rolled the harmony forth like a flood. The song was of God's goodwill to men, and peace on earth. It seemed as though a heavenly choir inspired the player, for he bent with fervor and played divinely. John and Mary heard it in the dim and dirty street; all the people in those dark and squalid abodes heard it. The song of the Christmas organ told of lost happiness and faded youth-of joys vanished forever to some; but to you, O son of Dives! warm and comfortable, it says: "Humanity stark and sore lies waiting and in want; out of thy bounty give to them, and out of thy overflowing let their cup be also full."

So John took Mary's hand, and, gathering up the wonder-eyed child who pulled at its mother's dress, they shook off the dust of the cellar

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

UR Record closes on the 10th of January. The events of the month have been of the gravest

importance. At the close of our last Record the Army of the Potomac, under command of General Burnside, was lying on the north bank of the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg, while the enemy were strongly posted on the opposite side of the river upon two ranges of hills which command the slope at the foot of which Fredericksburg is situated. Our long delay, which gave the enemy time to concentrate his forces and complete his intrenchments, was owing to the failure in the arrival of the pontoons necessary for crossing the river. The crossing was effected, without serious opposition, on the 12th of December, and our troops took possession of Fredericksburg, which was abandoned by the enemy, who fell back to their strong position upon the hills about a mile from the town. The next day, December 13, a vigorous attempt was made to carry these intrenchments. Skirmishing commenced at an early hour, but the dense fog at first shut each army from the view of the other. The serious attack began at about nine, reached its height at noon, and was urged with desperate courage until dark, but wholly without success. The position of the enemy was so well chosen and so bravely defended that no serious impression could be made upon it. Only once a portion of his troops, under General Hill, left their intrenchments and made an attack upon Franklin's division, but were repalsed, losing many in killed and wounded, and some 700 prisoners. At every other point our loss greatly exceeded theirs. The fight ended at dark, our men resting on the field. It was not renewed on the following day, the enemy not choosing to leave their intrenchments to assault us, and we not venturing to renew the hopeless attack. On the night of the 15th General Burnside withdrew his troops to the other side of the Rappahannock. The movement was effected under cover of darkness, without loss. The blame of this disastrous repulse was at first laid upon the Administration, who, it was said, peremptorily ordered General Burnside, against his judgment, to cross the river and attack the enemy in his chosen position. General Burnside, however, assumes the whole responsibility of the movement, and in his report to the Commander-in-Chief gives his reasons for crossing the river sooner than was anticipated by the Administration or General Halleck, and at a point different from the one which he had himself proposed. He says that during the preparations for crossing the river at the place which he had selected, he discovered that the enemy had thrown a large portion of his force down the river and elsewhere, thus weakening his defenses in front, apparently not anticipating a crossing at Fredericksburg. Burnside therefore hoped that by throwing his whole command over at this point he could separate the force of the enemy, and win the crest behind the town, which point gained the position would not be tenable; but fog and unexpected delay in building the bridge gave the enemy a whole day to concentrate his forces, and the assault was unsuccessful, and after waiting two days the river was recrossed. General Burnside gives due praise to the gallantry displayed by his troops, and adds: "The fact that I decided to move from Warrenton

President, the Secretary of War, and yourself, and that you left the whole movement in my hands, without giving me orders, makes me responsible.' Our killed in this action amount to 1152, our wounded to about 7000; our loss in prisoners was about 700, who were paroled, and exchanged for about the same number taken by us. The loss of the enemy is not known; General Lee, writing from the field of battle, estimates it at only 1800, but later statements place it considerably higher. It was, however, far less than our own. Since this battle our army of the Potomac has been entirely quiet, and with the exception of some unimportant cavalry expeditions that of the enemy has made no movement.

On the same day when the Rappahannock was crossed General Foster made an advance from Newbern, North Carolina, toward Goldsborough, and on the 13th, the day of the battle of Fredericksburg, came up with about 6000 of the enemy at Kinston, who were driven off after a sharp fight, losing 400 prisoners, 11 cannon, and a large amount of stores. Foster advanced upon Goldsborough, taking the town. The special object of the expedition was to break up the railroad at this place, which was done, and the force returned to Newbern.

There has been severe fighting in the Department of the Southwest. The action at Prairie Grove, near Fayetteville, Arkansas, noted in our last Record, was of more importance than the first reports indicated. The loss of the enemy was more than 2000 in killed and wounded, which were left in our hands. In their precipitate retreat across the Boston Mountains they left behind a large amount of small-arms and munitions. Our loss was only 700. The credit of this action belongs to General Blunt, of Kansas, whose previous services have been of the highest

A severe battle, lasting during three days, terminating finally in a decided Union victory, has been fought near Murfreesboro, in Tennessee, between the National forces under Rosecrans and the Confederates under Bragg. On the 26th of December Rosecrans marched from Nashville toward Murfreesboro, about thirty miles distant, where the enemy was gathered in force. After sharp skirmishing on the intermediate days, during which the enemy fell back, and we advanced to within three miles of Murfreesboro, the action opened on the morning of the 31st by a sudden attack from the enemy in force upon our right wing, commanded by General M'Cook. The morning was foggy, veiling the movements of the enemy, and our forces were taken by surprise. With the enemy in force close before us, we were not prepared to receive them; the alarm of the pickets had hardly reached our camp when the enemy were upon it. The right wing was forced back in confusion, and General Bragg telegraphed to Richmond that he had driven us from every position except our extreme left, capturing 4000 prisoners, taking 30 pieces of artillery, and 200 wagons and teams. Our centre, however, repulsed the enemy repeatedly, and gained some ground, while the left was retained so as to support the right until it should rally and take a new position. Bragg now telegraphed that we had yielded our strong point, were falling back, and he should follow. God had granted the Confederates a happy New Year. On the 2d there was skirmishing along the line, until 3 o'clock, when the enemy advanced, but were driven back in conon to this line, rather against the opinion of the fusion, with heavy loss. Bragg now telegraphed,

less confidently, that he had driven our left flank from its position, but an attacking party returned, with considerable loss to both sides. Our left wing occupied the battle-ground that night, our lines being completed at 4 o'clock the ensuing morning. The 3d of January was occupied in bringing up arms and ammunition. The foregoing facts were telegraphed by General Rosecrans on the 3d, leaving the impression that he had, on the whole, been worsted, and exciting the gravest apprehensions for the issue of the struggle. These were dispelled by a dispatch of the 4th, announcing that the enemy were in full retreat, that Murfreesboro would be occupied, and the pursuit commenced on the next day. Our loss was estimated at 1000 killed, and 5500 wounded, besides the prisoners captured on the 31st. Bragg's dispatch of the 5th says that, unable to dislodge us from our intrenchments, and hearing of reinforcements coming to us, he withdrew from our front on the night of the 3d.

A brilliant raid was made into East Tennessee by 1000 of our cavalry, under General Carter, the object being to cut the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad. The expedition left London, Kentucky, on the 21st of December, and returned in about ten days, having accomplished its object. They destroyed two important bridges, tore up the rails for a distance of nine miles, killed and captured 550 of the enemy, and seized a large amount of stores, losing but ten men. The Richmond papers say that it will take several weeks to repair the damages, and this at a time when the road is taxed to its utmost capacity. It is supposed that the destruction of this track prevented reinforcements from reaching Bragg at Murfreesboro, which might have turned the fortune of the battles there.

We have also reports of a battle near Lexington, Kentucky, between our troops, under General Sullivan, and the Confederates, under Forrest, in which we were successful; but no reliable account of the respective losses has been received.

Almost simultaneously with the advance upon Murfreesboro, an attempt to capture Vicksburg was made by our forces under General Sherman. Our forces were disembarked on the left bank of the Yazoo, ten miles above its mouth, and marched upon Vicksburg. Severe fighting took place for some days up to December 28, when we had made our way to within two miles of the city. On the 29th the action was renewed, and it appears that the enemy, who were largely reinforced, repulsed us with considerable loss, driving us back to our first line. Since then no accounts of operations have been received, except a dispatch sent to the Confederate capital from General Pemberton, to the effect that our forces finding it impossible to make any impression upon the enemy's lines had re-embarked on the 2d of January, leaving their intrenching tools behind, and apparently abandoning the enterprise. We must await further information respecting this movement. It appears clear, however, that the gun-boats from below, which were expected to cooperate in the attack upon Vicksburg, were not present. The inference is that they were unable to pass the strong works which the enemy have recently erected at Port Hudson, 300 miles below.

The Banks's expedition, which sailed from New York early in December, was destined for New Orleans, where General Banks was ordered to superseds General Butler, the special duty assigned to him being that of opening the Mississippi. General

command on the 15th of December. ler, who has been accused at home and abroad of unnecessary severity in the exercise of his duties, issued an address to the people of New Orleans in which he explains the principles upon which he had acted in his administration. He has, he says, treated the enemies of the country with severity. Rebellion is treason, and treason is punishable with death; all short of that is clear gain to the offender, owing to the clemency of the Government. He, however, contrasts his procedure with that of the English in China and India, and the French in Algeria. We quote his account of what he has actually done for the people of New Orleans. He says:

"I found you trembling at the terrors of servile insur-rection. All danger of this I have prevented by so treat-ing the slave that he had no cause to rebel.
"I found the dungeon, the chain, and the lash your only means of enforcing obedience in your servants. I leave them peaceful, laborious, controlled by the laws of kindness and justice.

"I have demonstrated that the pestilence can be kept

from your borders,
"I have added a million of dollars to your wealth in the form of new land from the batture of the Mississippi.

"I have cleaned and improved your streets, canals, and public squares, and opened new avenues to unoccupied land.

"I have given you freedom of elections greater than you have ever enjoyed before.

"I have caused justice to be administered so impartially that your own advocates have unanimously complimented the judges of my appointment.

"You have seen, therefore, the benefit of the laws and justice of the Government against which you have re-

"Why, then, will you not all return to your allegiance to that Government-not with lip service, but with the

General Butler goes on to declare that slavery is the only thing that stands between the people of New Orleans and the Government. He had come there inclined to sustain the domestic laws of the State if it could be done consistently with the safety of the Union. He had been forced to the conviction that this was impossible. He had hoped that the institution might be gradually abolished, but it was far better to eradicate it at once than that it should longer vitiate the social, political, and family relations of the country. - General Banks, immediately upon assuming the command, took possession of Baton Rouge, which had been abandoned, making it the basis of his operations upon the river. Of his measures to carry out his special object, the reopening of the Mississippi, we are yet to learn.

The Confederate steamer Alabama, of whose depredations upon our commerce we have already spoken, still continues her work of destruction. She ran into the port of Martinique, off which was our steamer the San Jacinto; but the Alabama, favored, it is said, by the French authorities, made her escape in the night, and was next seen off the coast of Cuba on the look-out for our California steamers. On the 7th of December she discovered the steamer Ariel, from New York to Aspinwall, with a large number of passengers, including 120 United States marines. The Alabama being superior both in speed and force, captured the Ariel. Captain Semmes, having no means of providing for his prisoners on board his own vessel, at first proposed to put them ashore on a desert island, and burn his prize; but after three days' detention, in consideration of the large number of women and children, he released the steamer, upon receiving a bond for payment of her value and that of her cargo, and pledging the marines not to serve the United States. The Banks having reached New Orleans, assumed the Ariel then made her way to Aspinwall, whence she



returned to New York, leaving the treasure behind which was ready for her return trip.

The Monitor, the pioneer of our iron-clad navy, foundered off Cape Hatteras on the 31st of December. She left Fortress Monroe on the 29th, having on board 63 persons, in tow of the steamer Rhode Island. A violent storm soon sprung up; the vessel, heavily strained, began to leak, and the pumps were inadequate to keep the water under, and she went down. Four of her officers and twelve men were lost, being either swept overboard or carried down with her; the remainder were saved.

A portion of the Sioux Indians, 38 in number, convicted of participating in the late massacres in Minnesota, were executed by hanging at Mankato, Minnesota, on the 26th of December. They were all hanged at once upon a single gallows. The cutting of the rope which upheld the platform was given to a man half of whose family had been murdered. So intense was the feeling against the criminals that there were several competitors for the office.

At a caucus of the Republican members of the Senate resolutions were passed urging upon the President to reconstruct his Cabinet. quence Messrs. Seward and Chase offered their resignations on the 18th of December, which the President declined to accept, and the Secretaries were induced to retain their posts. --- The general debates in Congress have been characterized by the severe denunciation from a portion of the members of the general policy of the Administration. The especial points of attack have been the suspension of the habeas corpus, arrests of persons charged with political offenses, and the Emancipation Proclamation of the President. The most important measure actually passed is that establishing the new State of Western Virginia, which, having passed the Senate at the late session, was carried in the House, December 10, by a vote of 96 to 55.—The Committee of Ways and Means reported a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow from time to time a sum not exceeding nine hundred millions of dollars, issuing therefor bonds payable after twenty years, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent., payable semiannually in coin; also authorizing the Secretary to issue three hundred millions of dollars in Treasury notes, bearing interest at the rate of 5 47½-100 per cent., being one and a half cent per day for each hundred dollars, these notes to be receivable for all dues except duties upon imports; also authorizing the Secretary to issue legal tender notes not bearing interest, payable on demand, to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars: the whole amount of these issues, however, not to exceed the sum of nine hundred millions of dollars. The bill also provides for a tax of one per cent, upon the circulation of notes issued by banks beyond a certain per-centage of their capital. Banks with a capital of \$100,000 are taxed for all over 90 per cent.; those of \$300,000, 60 per cent.; those over \$2,000,000, 25 per cent.; and in similar proportion for intermediate capitals. The chairman of the Committee, however, proposes a different bill.

Of still higher importance than even the military operations of the month is the President's emancipation proclamation, issued, according to notice, on the 1st of January, the principle embodied in it having been sanctioned by the House of Representatives, who, by a vote of 94 to 45, laid on the table a resolution condemning it. After citing the former Proclamation of September 22, declaring it to be the purpose of the President to issue a proclamation emanciation.

pating the slaves in such States or parts of States as should be in insurrection on the 1st of January, 1863, the Proclamation proceeds:

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the United States, in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do publicly proclaimed for the full period of one hundred days from the day of the first above-mentioned order, and designate as the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States the following, to wit: Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana—except the parishes of St. Bernard, Placquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin, and Orleans, including the city of New Orleans—Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia—except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Ann, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, and which excepted parts are, for the present, left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

And by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held us slaves within asid designated States and arets of States are are

And by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are and henceforward shall be free; and that the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary selfdefense; and I recommend to them that in all cases, when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages. And I further declare and make known that such per-

And I further declare and make known that such persons, of suitable condition, will be received into the armed service of the United States, to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necestry, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

The number of slaves declared free by this Proclamation is about 3,120,000; the number excepted by it is about 830,000.

Partly by way of anticipating this Proclamation of President Lincoln, Mr. Davis, as President of the Confederate States, issued a proclamation on the 22d of December, in which, after giving his version of the case of William B. Mumford, who was exccuted at New Orleans by order of General Butler for having pulled down the flag of the United States, an act which he pronounces to have been deliberate murder, he orders that General Butler be considered a felon and outlaw, who shall be at once hung in case he is captured; and until this is done no com-missioned officer of the United States who may be taken prisoner shall be released on parole before being exchanged; and also all the commissioned officers serving under General Butler are to be considered worthy of death, and, when captured, to be reserved for execution; but non-commissioned officers and private soldiers are to be treated in the manner usual with prisoners of war. Negro slaves captured in arms are to be delivered over to the authorities of the States to which they belong, to be dealt with according to the laws of these States; and all commissioned officers of the United States, when found serving in company with insurgent slaves, are to be treated in the same manner. As the laws of all the slave-holding States punish by death insurgent slaves and those who aid them, this order is equivalent to threatening capital punishment to all slaves in arms and the white officers



Mr. Seymour, the newly-chosen Governor of New York, was inaugurated on the 1st of January. As he was chosen by the party opposed to the Administration, that part of his Message relating to national affairs is of special interest. The arbitrary arrests made for alleged political offenses are sharply condemned. The rebellion, says the Governor, can not suspend a single right of the citizens of loyal States. In respect to the war, he says, by way of conclusion: "Under no circumstances can the division of the Union be conceded. We will put forth every exertion of power; we will use every policy of conciliation; we will hold out every inducement to the people of the South to return to their allegiance consistent with honor; we will guarantee them every right, every consideration demanded by the Constitution, and by that fraternal regard which must prevail in a common country; but we can never voluntarily consent to the breaking up of the Union of these States or the destruction of the Constitution."

The distress among the English operatives has awakened a lively sympathy in this country. Committees to raise funds for their aid have been organized, and the first installment was sent on the 9th of December, on the ship George Griswold, which had on board 11,236 barrels of flour, 200 boxes of bacon, 50 barrels of pork, 500 bushels of corn, and 500 barrels of bread. Besides contributions in kind, the International Relief Committee have received \$109,000 for this object.

EUROPE.

European interest still connects itself more and more with American affairs. Reports of intervention and the recognition of the Southern Confederacy are still rife; but they are based upon no official action on the part of any of the great Powers.

The distress among the English operatives, especially in the manufacturing district of Lancashire, is elaborately exhibited in the Monthly Report of the Committee of the Central Relief Fund, at Manchester, presented on the 15th of December, from which we make a few extracts:

"The Central Executive Committee regret to report that, since the last meeting, the want of work, and consequent indigence of the population, have rapidly increased throughout the cottod districts. Every week manufactories have been closed, and, besides the workmen thus thrown out of employment, many others, who, while their savings and other resources were undergoing exhaustion, had been unwilling to seek assistance, have been compelled to accept relief for their families. The information given by the district relief committees comprises 490,757 work-people, of whom 244,616 are reported to be wholly without employment, 167,591 are on short time, and 78,550 are in full work. These returns do not comprise all occupations dependent on the cotton trade in which employment and wages are reduced; in some districts colliers and mechanics working only half-time are omitted. The increase of indigence has been so rapid that the returns to the committee for the last week in November report 106,243 persons as relieved solely by the Boards of Guardians; that 179,996 were aided by the relief committees only; while 162,726 received assistance from both these sources. So that 448,995 persons were dependent either on parochial aid or on voluntary charity, or on both combined. The weekly loss of wages has risen to £164,885, or to an annual loss of resources to the workmen of £8,548,920. The average earnings of operatives in the cotton districts in a steady trade provides an income of 6s, per head weekly for each member of the family; and 2s, per head is regarded by your committee as the average minimum rate of income on which it is prudent to attempt to sustain the health of this population. This rate of aid requires, in their opinion, a separate provision of clothing and a supply of coals to each indigent household. One-third of the weekly loss of wages has, therefore, to be supplied, to raise the average income to this standard; and about 37, per week, or one-eighth more, is needed to

supply fuel to households, and medicine, attendance, and necessaries to the sick. The weekly outlay on this scale would amount to £61,644 per week."

This report was made at the middle of December, when the winter had but just set in, and great as was the destitution at that time, there was every reason to anticipate a rapid increase. Moreover no estimate is made for many forms of relief other than those of food and coal; clothing, rent, and medical assistance are not included. The Report goes on to

"With half a million of indigent persons dependent for subsistence on these funds, there is, as yet, no general provision for medical attendance, such as is organized under Boards of Guardiane. No calculation can be made of the cost of emergencies—such as an outbreak of fever or other disease—nor are your committee satisfied that adequate provision has, in all cases, been made against such visitations. Your committee regret to state that they anticipate an increased pressure for some time on the relief funds as other sources are exhausted. The rate of relief given makes no provision for that part of the rent of 100,000 cottages, inhabited by the unemployed population, which is not paid. A large proportion of these houses is the property of small tradesmen, who, besides the ruinous reduction of their income from retail business, will probably encounter a large annual loss in cottage rents. The small manufacturers, who have risen from the ranks of the workingmen and who either rent loom-sheds or mills, or have built and furnished them in part with borrowed money, have to pay rent, or the interest of mortgages and loans, as well as rates and taxes, and many of them will encounter a certain ruin if the want of a supply of cotton continue. This ruin will extend to other classes connected with them—such as working mechanics and other small master tradesmen. Your committee do not consider it expedient to offer an opinion on the probable duration of this distress—a question which is affected by so many contingencies that different opinions are entertained by experienced and well-informed men. If it be prolonged, it will impoverish various classes in succession."

Considerable importance is attributed to the election of a king for Greece. On the 6th of December the Provisional Government ordered that the election should commence at once by universal suffrage, and continue for ten days. The choice of the nation was most unmistakably in favor of Prince Alfred of England; and after him of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, a member of the imperial family of Russia. But the agreement of 1830 between the three "Protecting Powers" was held to render any member of the royal family of either ineligible, and it is understood that Prince Alfred will not accept the place. The Emperor of France having been asked by the Provisional Government to name a candidate, declined. France could not, in fact, consider the throne vacant until a new monarch had been chosen and recognized by the three Powers. At the same time it was clearly intimated that neither the Russian nor the Englishman would be acceptable to France. Subsequently it was unofficially announced that the three Powers had agreed to propose to King Ferdinand of Portugal to become a candidate, and that in the event of his election England would code the Ionian Islands to Greece. But here, again, new difficulties arose. Ferdinand is related to the English royal family, and is, moreover, a Catholic, and the present stipulations require that the monarch should conform to the Greek faith. Russia appeared to be determined to insist upon this stipulation being retained. Moreover, France and Russia objected to the cession of the Ionian Islands, on the ground that they would become a permanent focus of insurrection if the present protectorate should cease. Finally, it was announced that the King of Portugal would not consent to become a candidate. Thus, at present, no practical steps have been taken toward providing Greece with a king.



Editor's Cable.

sage of President Lincoln contains a profoundly suggestive paragraph, to the effect that the territory of the United States is specially adapted to be the home of one nation, and is not adapted for two or more; that there is no line or number of lines, north and south, or east and west, which can form natural or safe boundaries between great nations; and that consequently the American nation is by the law of nature one and indivisible. We propose to examine these propositions in the cool light of physical science, and to show that, so far from being rhetorical flourishes, or the expression of national vanity, they embody truths as capable of demonstration as any facts in political history. We confess to something of the reverential feeling of the old Hebrews, which forbade them to utter the name of the Supreme Being, and led them, even in the solemn service of the sanctuary, to substitute vocally the title Adonai, "Lord," for the written JEHOVAH. When, therefore, we speak of "Nature," we mean the intelligent Creator of all things, the Orderer and Arbiter of the destiny of men and nations; and by the "laws of nature" we mean the will of the Creator, as revealed to us in his ways.

Science has demonstrated what Revelation implies, that the earth was prophetically prepared, through a period the years of which no mortal can number, for the habitation of man; and that the human period of a few thousand years is the climax and probable limit of the physical history of the globe. We, however, but feebly express the conclusions of the noble school of physical geographers, of whom Humboldt, Ritter, and Guyot may be named as teachers, when we limit this adaptation solely or even mainly to the wants of man as an individual. Profounder study and deeper insight show that the whole course of human history has been prescribed and prophesied in the physical structure of the globe, in connection with the character of the races to whom its different regions were assigned as a habitation. Providence provides not merely for individuals, but also for nations; and when we study the laws of nature, as applied to nations, we are as truly striving to read the Divine will as when we studythose laws as applicable to individual life and conduct. That nation, as well as that individual only, which discovers and accepts the Divine purpose expressed in the conditions of its existence, can attain the well-being of which it is capable.

The analogy between the individual and the nation is close. A nation, like an individual, consists of body and soul. Its soul is its people; its body is the territory which they inhabit. The mountain ranges and natural frontiers are the bones; the rivers, roads, and canals are the arteries and veins; the trade and commerce carried over them is the blood which is conveyed to the remotest extremities, forming the medium of all activity in the life of the state. These channels of circulation grow complex as society approaches its higher and more mature forms. The main channels—great rivers, and railroads-are capacious, direct, and rushing, sending their pulsations through the remotest capillaries of high-ways and foot-paths. The origin and growth of a nation bears also a close analogy to that of an individual. The egg from which all life originates is, in a nation, the feeble colony which under favoring influences develops into an imperial state, Digitized by Vol. XXVI—No. 153.—D D

INDIVISIBILITY OF THE NATION.—The Message of President Lincoln contains a profoundly suggestive paragraph, to the effect that the territory of the United States is specially adapted to be the home of one nation, and is not adapted for two or more; that there is no line or number of lines, north and south, or east and west, which can form natural or safe boundaries between great nations; and that consequently the American nation is by the law of nature one and indivisible. We propose to examine these propositions in the cool light of natural indivisibility of the material body of our nation.

Definiteness of external form and adequate external protection are distinguishing traits of all living organizations. From seed-time to decay every plant has not only the defined form of its species, but its vital principle is duly guarded by protecting envelopes. The tender germ in the seed is shielded by a tough shell or skin; the vital circulation of the sap is protected by a rugged bark. The egg from which all animal life is evolved is encased in a tough shell or membrane, while all the vital organs are developed in the central cavity. At every stage of animal life this protective system is exhibited. The shells of radiates and of mollusks, the rings of articulates, the skins, hair, and feathers of vertebrates, all show that organized life is possible only for individuals possessing properly defined external forms, and having adequate protecting envelopes to guard them against the manifold dangers that surround them.

So is it with nations. National life is consolidated within definite exterior boundaries, with adequate protective frontiers. An animal deprived of its external covering would speedily perish. A nation without protective frontiers would suffer a like fate. If natural protective frontiers are wanting, they must be supplied by the costly artificial means of fortresses and armies. Mountains and the sea are the only adequate natural frontiers of great nations. We have seen war brooding for ages along open frontiers while avoiding mountain barriers and ocean coasts. Centuries have respected the sea margins of England, while the German and Italian plains are but a series of battle-fields. Treaties, conventions, and balances of power are nothing. The most solemn guarantees do not prevent Belgium from fortifying Antwerp and maintaining an army wholly disproportionate to her wealth and population. Prussia, without a natural defensive frontier, dares not relax her military system, under which every man is a soldier. Nations, like individuals, rest in the end for protection and safety wholly upon their powers for defense and offense. Poland perished from the want of a defensive frontier. The fundamental law of national existence is that every nation owes it to itself to secure and maintain the best possible defensive boundaries. The United States, by the acquisition of Florida, Louisiana, Texas, and California, fulfilled this prime law of national life, and assumed control of a territory which the unchangesble laws of nature had marked out as the indivisible home of one great nation, as will be seen by a rapid survey of the physical structure of this vast

their pulsations through the remotest capillaries of high-ways and foot-paths. The origin and growth of a nation bears also a close analogy to that of an individual. The egg from which all life originates is, in a nation, the feeble colony which under favoring influences develops into an imperial state, passing according to the laws of its being from

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figures, for the climate, and consequently the productions of a country, depend upon elevation as well as position, 350 feet in altitude being equivalent to a degree of latitude. By a system of colors the chief productions of each region might be shown to the eye. Thus, cotton might be represented by vellow, sugar by orange, tobacco by green, the different cereals by shades of brown, coal by black, iron by blue, the precious metals by red, and so on. If these colors were printed in lines running in different directions the interpenetration of these various products would be represented to the eve at a glance. In default of such an aid, let the reader take an ordinary map, and leaving out of view the colors and lettering which designate the arbitrary political divisions and subdivisions of our territory, confine his attention wholly to the great natural features which we have indicated, and he will be able to work out the national problem involved in the physical structure of our country.

This general structure is grand and simple. The Rocky Mountains, appropriately named by the Spaniards the Sierra Madre-"Mother Range"-form the grand axis of upheaval. Following the line of the Pacific coast, they run almost due north and south from the Arctic Ocean to our Southern border, south of which they bend to the east, cresting the Isthmus. With this southern portion we have here nothing to do. From this great mountain barrier a vast triangular plain projects eastward to the remote coast of Labrador. This plain has an average elevation of only 600 or 700 feet above the level of the sea, nowhere in any considerable mass attaining an altitude of 2500 feet. This great continental plain is divided into two principal slopes, the one declining southward toward the Gulf of Mexico, the other northward toward Hudson Bay and the Arctic Ocean. A low swell, running almost due east and west, without any well-defined ridge or crest, forms the dividing line between these two slopes. It starts from the base of the Rocky Mountains, dividing the head waters of the rivers which fall into the Gulf from those which empty into Hudson Bay and the Arctic Ocean. The extreme altitude of this swell near its western extremity, where it divides the head waters of the Missouri from those of the Saskatchewan, is about 3000 feet. Passing castward, diminishing fully one half in elevation, it separates the head waters of the Mississippi from those of the Red River of the North. So gradual is its rise that we can define the summit only by noting whether the rivers rising in it find their outlet in northern or southern seas.

The United States east of the Rocky Mountains lie entirely upon, and with the exception of a portion of Canada, include the whole of the southern slope of this great continental plain. From the Rocky Mountains on the west to Lake Superior on the east the dividing swell varies only by a degree or two from the 49th parallel of latitude, which separates the United States from the British Possessions. This swell forms also the practical dividing line between civilized and nomadic life, as marked out by the capacity of the climate and soil for producing the great agricultural staples. It is the practical northern limit of the growth of wheat, though in a few favored localities barley, rye, and oats are produced a few degrees further north. If we except the Valley of the Red River, where the line trends southward, we may say, in general terms, that the whole northern slope of this plain, which belongs to Great Britain, can never be the abode of a dense popula-

tion; while of the southern slope, which belongs to us, there is hardly a square mile which may not be inhabited by civilized men. It lies wholly within temperate latitudes; and no considerable portion of it loses its productive capacity by reason of elevation, and scarcely a square mile is sacrificed to arid deserts or irreclaimable swamps. As we traverse this great southern slope we pass almost insensibly through fields of wheat, corn, tobacco, cotton, and sugar, which melt so gradually into each other that we can not tell where one ends and another begins.

A little west of Lake Superior this dividing swell separates near the head waters of the Mississippi. where it has a maximum elevation of 1680 feet, forking around the basin of the great lakes and of the St. Lawrence. The south ridge, with a maximum elevation of about 1500 feet, divides the tributaries of the lakes from those of the Ohio, and those of the Genesee and Alleghany rivers, while the north ridge separates the tributaries of the lakes and St. Lawrence from those of Hudson Bay. The Atlantic Ocean, with the deep indentation of the Gulf of Mexico, forms the eastern boundary of this great continental plain. The general coast line is northeast and southwest. Running nearly parallel with the coast line is the Appalachian Mountain system, stretching from the promontory of Gaspé on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, 1300 miles southward to Northern Alabama, where it sinks into the level of the Gulf slope. This mountain system consists of numerous nearly parallel ridges or folds, distributed into two main ranges separated by a valley nearly continuous from north to south. Parts of this are locally designated as the Valleys of the Champlain, of the Hudson, the Cumberland Valley, the Great Valley of Virginia, and the Valley of Tennessee. Its average breadth is fifteen miles in the northeast, ten in Virginia, and sixty in Tennessee. The western bounding ridge consists of the Adirondack, Catskill, Alleghany, and Cumberland ridges, extending with some interruptions from Northern New York to Middle Tennessee. The eastern ridge is made up of the Green Mountains of Vermont, the Highlands of New York, the South Mountains of Pennsylvania, the Blue Ridge of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, including the Black, Iron, Smoky, and Unaka mountains. The White Mountains of New Hampshire are a partly isolated projection sweeping in a curve from the central mass of the Green Mountains. The general tendency of this system is to a greater elevation southward. The culminating point is at the southern end, where the great upheaval dies out abruptly into the plain of the Gulf. Mount Mansfield, the highest point of the Green Mountains, has an elevation of 4430 feet; Mount Marcy, the highest of the Adirondacks, is 5379 feet; Mount Washington, the culminating point of the White Mountains, is 6228 feet; an elevation which is overtopped by at least 24 points near the southern extremity of the Appalachian chain, the highest being Black Dome or Mitchell's Peak, which has an altitude of 6707 feet, being thus a tenth of a mile nearer the stars than any other land, save some of its own immediate neighbors, east of the Rocky Mountains. This chain is pierced at short intervals by a great number of parallel gaps which give a passage for rivers, highways, canals, and railroads, linking the Atlantic slope to the great western region.

The Atlantic slope passes from the St. Lawrence down the coast, including Florida and a portion of the Gulf slope, to Mobile Bay. This slope varies in width from 50 to 200 miles, the elevation of its



upper margin being from 140 to 1000 feet. Throughout its whole extent it is destitute of marked transverse ridges. It is like the half of a river-basin, presenting a plain-like continuity, intersected by no great natural division. The ocean frontage constitutes a powerful natural bond, uniting by the ties of commerce the whole extent of this long, narrow plain, the area of which is about 500,000 square miles.

The portion of our great continental plain included between the Appalachian and Rocky Mountains is divided into two vast but unequal basins-that of the Lakes and that of the Mississippi.

The basin of the Great Lakes presents some peculiar features. Its total area is about 350,000 square miles, of which one-third is taken up by water. About one-half of this basin belongs to Great Britain. The summits of the ridge separating this basin from that of the Mississippi rise nowhere to the height of 1000 feet above the level of the lakes, and, usually sinking much lower, allow the construction of railways uniting the two basins, so that practically we may consider the Lake basin a part of that of the Mississippi. The St. Lawrence, which drains this basin, obstructed by the falls of Niagara, the rapids, and its mouth ice-bound for a considerable part of the year, furnishes no adequate outlet for the productions of this region; but ample compensation is given in those remarkable depressions which render possible the construction of the Erie Canal and the various railways which join the Lake region to the Atlantic sea-board.

But the basin of the Mississippi is the body of the nation. All the other parts are but members, important in themselves, yet more important in their relations to this. Exclusive of the Lake basin and of 300,000 square miles in Texas and New Mexico, which in many aspects form a part of it, this basin contains about 1,250,000 square miles. In extent it is the second great valley of the world, being exceeded only by that of the Amazon. The valley of the frozen Obi approaches it in extent; that of the La Plata comes next in space, and probably in habitable capacity, having about § of its area; then comes that of the Yenisci, with about 3; the Lena, Amoor, Hoang-ho, Yang-tse-kiang, and Nile, $\frac{6}{9}$; the Ganges, less than $\frac{1}{2}$; the Indus, less than \(\frac{1}{3}\); the Euphrates, \(\frac{1}{3}\); the Rhine, \(\frac{1}{3}\). It exceeds in extent the whole of Europe, exclusive of Russia, Norway, and Sweden. It would contain Austria four times, Germany or Spain five times, France six times, the British Islands or Italy ten times. Conceptions formed from the river-basins of Western Europe are rudely shocked when we consider the extent of the valley of the Mississippi; nor are those formed from the sterile basins of the great rivers of Siberia, the lofty plateaus of Central Asia, or the mighty sweep of the swampy Amazon more adequate. Latitude, elevation, and rainfall all combine to render every part of the Mississippi Valley capable of supporting a dense population. As a dwelling-place for civilized man it is by far the first upon our globe. Next is doubtless the basin of its South American counterpart, the La Plata.

The most essential feature in the structural aspect of this basin is its uniform plain-like character. From the base of the Appalachian range westward to the Rocky Mountains, from the Gulf shore northward to the sources of the Mississippi, there is not a single separating mountain range, for the Ozark Hills are only a short, isolated upheaval, without any general significance. A few elevations taken its mouth; and even this mighty foreign commerce

at different points, widely separated, upon the river and its main tributaries, will show this plain-like formation. The Mississippi, at its junction with the Missouri, 1330 miles from its mouth, is 381 feet high; at its source, in Itasca Lake, 1276 miles beyond, it is 1680 feet; its average descent, in its course of 2616 miles, is less than eight inches to a mile. The Missouri, from its junction with the Mississippi to Fort Benton, 2644 miles, rises only 2263 feet, an ascent of about ten inches to the mile. The Ohio, at its mouth, is 275 feet high; at Cincinnati, 515 miles up, it has risen only 157 feet; and at Pittsburg, 975 miles, 424 feet more—a rise of less than five inches to the mile. The Red River, in 800 miles, has a rise of but 600 feet. The Arkansas, in 1100 miles, rises 2175 feet. Except upon the exterior rim, the basin drained by the Mississippi and its tributaries has thus an average descent of only five or six inches to the mile. The consequences are that all the rivers are navigable as far up as the depth of water will permit, the entire length of navigable rivers being fully 40,000 miles. The whole region being practically a level plain, without a single mountain range to overcome, railroads are easily and cheaply constructed in every direction, linking, in connection with the navigable streams, the whole valley into one indivisible whole.

A further consequence of this plain-like structure is that the rivers afford little water-power available for manufacturing purposes. Waterfalls and coal are the sole means of producing power for great manufacturing enterprises. The United States have 192,000 square miles of coal-fields, exceeding by twenty-fold the area of the European coal-beds; but it is a notable fact that these grow less available as we proceed westward. The Appalachian fields, from Pennsylvania to Alabama, have 70,000 miles. In the Schuylkill basin there are about 50 seams, 25 being workable; the Pittsburg field has 20 beds, 10 of which are workable; the Michigan field, of 15,000 square miles, has but 2 or 3 workable beds; the Illinois, Indiana, and Kentucky coal basin has 12 beds, of which 7 are workable; the Iowa, Missouri, and Arkansas basin, with 57,000 square miles of coalfields, has 6 or 7 beds, only 2 or 3 of which are workable. These facts indicate that coal-mining will be most profitable toward the east. Statistics prove this assumption to be well founded. The value of the coal mined in the United States during 1860 is given at \$19,365,000, of which somewhat more than three quarters was dug in Pennsylvania, one twelfth in Ohio, and one twenty-fifth in Virginia. Most of the available water-power is also found upon the slopes of the Appalachian Mountain system. This region must, therefore, from the nature of the case, manufacture for the whole, just as the fertile Mississippi Basin must feed it. Even now the State of New York produces only sufficient wheat for the consumption of three months, and New England only sufficient for three weeks, out of the year. The manufactures of the East and the grains of the West are alike indispensable to each other.

It is impossible to overestimate the influence of the Mississippi River system in binding all the area drained by it into one organic whole. The immense commerce already developed on its 40,000 miles of navigable waters, is but a faint foreshadowing of what will exist, when the Valley becomes fairly peopled. Every year of pacific union must add to it, until the Gulf, the Florida Channel, and the Gulf Stream will be but the crowded outer approach to



will be small when compared with the interior interchange of the products of its different latitudes. We can not look upon a map of the Valley without at once perceiving the likeness between the great river and a tree, with mighty trunk and spreading branches; and this form is analogous to the system of blood-vessels in animal organization. It asserts to the eye what facts unfold to the reason, that this river system is the vital channel of the organic life of the region. To dismember it is death. Never while the world stands can the people of the Upper Valley consent to have the custody of the mouth of the river in foreign hands. They must feel that this should ever be resisted to the last extremity. As well sever the trunk of a tree and expect its top and branches to flourish; as well tie up the main artery near the heart and hope that the members should live, as to divide or impede the Mississippi and hope that any part of the Valley should enjoy a healthful existence. The great West of to-day, and of all coming days, must ever forbid it by word and deed. A treaty for its free navigation would be hardly worth the parchment upon which it should be written. It would be liable to be annulled at any moment at the dictate of momentary passion or temporary interest.

Moreover, there is no possible line which would form a safe boundary between two nations. Nature has made none, and so no one can be permanent. Shall it be the Potomac and the Ohio? shall the line be drawn west of the Mississippi? How shall the great Northwest be divided from the great Southwest? On which side shall Missouri and Kansas lie? There is not here even a river to form a line; and, moreover, navigable rivers form no peaceful boundary. War has always followed their courses. Shall Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Maryland on the one side, and Kentucky and Virginia on the other, build fortresses and maintain armies to guard the Ohio and the Potomac? What region, indeed, from the Gulf to the Great Lakes would willingly consent to be a border land, liable at any moment to be desolated by hostile armies from either side? Military history is but a record of the sufferings of the lands which lie on the borders between great nations.

If the great Mississippi valley can not without suicidal folly consent to be dismembered, it can no more consent to be severed from the sea-board. The child is now born who will see a population of 100,000,000 inhabiting this valley. Such a people could never consent to have their communication with the rest of the world at the mercy of a foreign power, or be restricted to a single channel, though as great as the mighty river of the West. The Great Lakes, connecting with the Hudson valley, and the other gaps in the Appalachian chain, are the divine bonds of union, older than man's existence on the earth, yet foreshadowing and prophetically providing for his wants, which bind East and West into an indissoluble whole. The Northwest has a charter, written by Nature, to the unrestrained and untrammeled use of the valley of the Hudson and the port of New York.

Less apparent, perhaps, but hardly less vital, is the connection between our Atlantic and Pacific domains. Nearly midway between the Mississippi and the Pacific coast the plain-like character of the region disappears, abruptly in some places and gradually in others. This ill-defined line marks the true base of the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. The

The various surveys connected with the Pacific Railroad explorations form our main source of information. These enable us to generalize only some of its most prominent features; but these warrant us in tracing a close analogy between it and the Appalachian system. Like that it consists essentially of two grand parallel ranges separated by a broad elevated valley. The eastern range is the Sierra Madre, or Rocky Mountains; the western range comprises the Cascade Mountains, the Sierra Nevada, the Coast Range, and the Peninsular Range of Lower California. Both of these grand ranges are irregular in structure, and are freely intersected by passes and water-courses. Between them lies a broad elevated valley. In one striking point, however, the analogy between the Atlantic and Pacific mountain system fails. The structure of the latter is such that the rainfall in the interior valley is slight, and hence the greater part of it is forever doomed to comparative sterility. The winds from the Atlantic, in their long transit over the basin of the Mississippi, are almost drained of moisture before they reach the eastern side of the mountains; those from the Pacific are intercepted by the western range, and give up their moisture almost wholly to the narrow Pacific slope at their base, which has an average breadth of only 60 miles, while the whole transverse section of the Mississippi basin is more than 1000 miles in width. There are, indeed, here and there, valleys where there is enough rain to produce grazing; but as a rule it may be laid down that with the exception of the narrow Pacific slope, the whole of this region, having an area of 980,000 square miles, is incapable of producing grains, and consequently can feed but a limited population. But this comparatively barren region is the world's great storehouse of mineral treasures, to develop which will demand a large population, that must be fed from the abundant harvests of the Mississippi basin, conveyed to them by Pacific railroads, with branches striking north and south through the central valley. bringing back in return the treasure from the mountains, and the costly products of the great Asiatic nations which lie fronting our Pacific shores. This mutual interchange of use will bind the Pacific coast to the Atlantic with a bond stronger than the disruptive power of distance. The future inhabitants of this broad mountain valley, with their untold wealth of gold and silver, will demand unrestricted intercourse with the agricultural Mississippi basin, the manufacturing East, and Europe, on the one hand, and with the populous Asiatic nations on the other. They will claim their share in San Francis-co, St. Louis, New Orleans, and New York.

Not less striking than the oneness of our territory, which is the body of the nation, is the unity of the people, which is its soul. Tried by any test, whether of language, manners, modes of life, or physical aspect, there is upon earth no civilized people so thoroughly homogeneous as ours. A close observer will, indeed, find differences between the man of the North and the man of the South, of the East and of the West; but they melt into each other by such slow gradations that no man can trace the dividing line, and the extremes are less widely apart than those found within the narrow limits of the British Islands, or of France, Germany, or Italy.

How this American race has been formed from various elements, fused into a homogeneous whole, and set to occupy the land prophetically prepared for their dwelling, is the grandest problem in human his-Rocky Mountain region is yet imperfectly known. tory. The land was kept open for them for ages after



dering tribes were allowed to approach and hold temporary possession of it. Mound-builders and hunters came and disappeared, leaving behind them no historic traces, because they had no history worthy of perpetuation. Their alliances and wars were of scarcely more significance than the flockings and fightings of kites and crows. When, only 870 years ago, the mysterious curtain of the West was raised. disclosing the great world that lay beyond the Pillars of Hercules, it seemed that the title to it was vested in the Spanish race. Columbus gave it to Castile and Leon. The Spanish conquistadors rushed to claim their inheritance. They seized Cuba and Hayti, took possession of Mexico, the Isthmus, and South America; built stately cities on island and coast and in the far interior. They destroyed and rebuilt Mexico, founded Cartagena on the Isthmus, Lima on the Pacific, and Bogota far up among the Andes, three generations before the first tree was felled at Jamestown or the first hut built at Plymouth, and almost a century before the first trading-post was established at New York. The whole continent lay before them. They might have occupied the Valley of the Mississippi, the Gulf Coast, and the Atlantic slope without human hindrance. But they set no firm foothold here, and when, after almost three centuries, they gave up their nominal claim to the last portion, they left hardly a trace behind them to show that they had ever visited it. Providence had reserved this land for our fathers, for us, and for our children. We, the American people, are sprung from all the families of the northern branch of the Caucasian race. The names which we bear show that our fathers were English and Irish, French and German; every thing else shows that we are Americans. Our national motto, "E Pluribus Unum" has a grander meaning than was dreamed of by those who adopted it: "From many races, one people"-one by divine appointment and ordination.

To this unity of the people of the United States there is, indeed, one marked exception—the African element. That there is some great Providential design in its introduction is shown by the fact that it increases and multiplies in face of the white race, which no other foreign race has ever done; and that from generation to generation it steadily advances, not merely in numbers, but in civilization. No observer, whether he favors or opposes slavery, can deny the fact that the slaves, taken in a mass, are far in advance of their grandfathers who were brought from Africa. It will, indeed, hardly be disputed that the difference between the slaves and the whites is less than that between the slaves and the negroes of the west coast of Africa. Yet physical science as clearly demonstrates that their residence in the temperate regions is forced and unnatural, and therefore is not to be permanent, but will come to an end when the great purpose for which it was instituted has been accomplished. Climate and race are adapted to each other. The Caucasian belongs to the temperate zones, and deteriorates elsewhere. The whole United States lies within the temperate zone, and will in due time be wanted by the whites. African belongs to the tropical zone, and deteriorates when far removed from it. Unless we are to suppose that in the divine design the great tropical regions of the earth are to be forever given up to desolation, they must be peopled by the tropical races. When we look at the vast interior of Africa, and at the mighty valley of the Amazon lying di-

it had become habitable by man. Only a few wan- | rectly opposite, "without a man to till" it, we get a glimpse of the design of Providence, that, as temperate North America was to be peopled by Europeans, so tropical South America is to be peopled by Africans - not by savages, but by those who have been started in a career of civilization. Thus the temporary sojourn of a portion of this race with us is, like the wanderings of the Hebrews in the wilderness, a necessary preparation for their taking possession of the promised land.

We may now extend our proposition, and say that the great law of national life is, that a people essentially homogeneous, occupying a territory with clearly marked exterior boundaries, must, in order to attain prosperity, form one nation. Just so far as they perceive and obey this law they secure national prosperity; and just so far as they fail to do so they incur the penalties attached to disobedience. History is full of examples in point. The Hebrew state arose only when the loose tribal organizations were merged into a kingdom; it declined from the time when the great secession took place. Greece and Rome won their rank among nations only when the Hellenic and Latian states obeyed this law. France knew no peace or prosperity until the Gallic race united into one kingdom. Spain arose to a great power when the separate kingdoms of Castile, Leon, and Aragon became one. Great Britain was a second-rate power until the union between England and Scotland was consummated. The efforts now made to inaugurate a "United Germany" and a "United Italy" spring from a perception of the inviolability of this prime law of national life. Even the disunited states of South America, so long a prey to discord and war, are beginning to grope half blindly toward reunion. It is reserved to us, at this day, to attempt to violate the law of national existence by the disintegration of a nation which nature has made one and indivisible.

The prosperity which every section of the country, and almost every interest in it, has enjoyed under the Union should have taught us wherein lay the secret of our strength. We can here present only a few facts, embraced in the history of the ten years from 1850 to 1860. Our population increased from 23,000,000 to 31,000,000, or about 35½ per cent., a ratio considerably exceeding that laid down by Malthus as the natural one for a people where the supply of food is unlimited. Great as was the increase of population, that of production and accumulated wealth was still greater; and this increase was distributed with singular uniformity throughout every department of industry, showing that the whole community throve together. The value of our manufactures, excluding amounts under \$500, was 1000 millions of dollars in 1850, and 1900 millions in 1860, an increase of 86 per cent. The produce of flour and meal in 1850 was 136 millions, in 1860 223 millions, an increase of 64 per cent. The tobacco crop increased from 200 millions to 429 millions of pounds; that of cotton from 2,245,000 to 5,198,000 bales—more than double. The value of our farms was given at 3271 millions in 1850, and 6650 millions in 1860-more than two-fold. The value of farming implements rose from 136 millions to 223 millions; that of live-stock from 544 millions to 1100 millions. The greatest increase is found in our railroad system. In 1850 we had 8589 miles of railroad, costing 296 millions of dollars; in 1860 30,793 miles, costing 1151 millions—an augmentation considerably more



in the United States was, in round numbers, in 1850, 7000 millions of dollars, and in 1860 16,000 millions. We are charged by others, and we charge ourselves, with living more extravagantly than any other people; in other words, we enjoy more of comfort and luxury than any other. But in ten years we had earned 9000 millions of dollars more than we spent. In 1850 every man, woman, and child in the nation owned, on an average, 333 dollars; in 1860 every one owned 516 dollars.

There is no reason to believe that the natural increase of our country in population and wealth would decrease until its whole area was peopled to the extent of its capacity. The capacity of our territory to sustain life is imperfectly comprehended. Looking exclusively to its agricultural capabilities, we may divide the 3,300,000 square miles of our territory into four grades. The first grade, comprising 300,000 square miles, is altogether sterile, and may be left out of the account. The second grade, of about 1,000,000 square miles, has but slight productive capacity, but can supply subsistence for 50 inhabitants to the square mile. The third grade, with about 1,000,000 square miles, includes the inferior arable lands, yet capable of sustaining 150 inhabitants to the square mile-about the density of the present population of the Austrian Empire. The fourth grade, likewise of 1,000,000 square miles, comprises the rich arable lands, capable of feeding 400 persons to the square mile by our present modes of cultivation—a population a little less dense than that of Belgium. Combining all these estimates, we may assume that our territory is abundantly adequate for the maintenance of a population of six hundred millions. Taking our past increase as a guide, and making due allowance for disturbing forces other than that of civil war, we may safely assume that this would be the number of human beings who would have a right to inhabit our territory when fourteen successive decades shall have brought us to the year 2000. These six hundred millions have as true a right to influence our present policy as have the thirty millions of the generation who now live; and no man has a right to the name of statesman for whom this developed future of America is not a living reality for which he shapes his present course. We are heirs of the past, and have entered into the fruits of the generations which have gone before; future generations are our heirs, and have a right to demand that we, in turn, should labor for them.

Among the most solemn duties resting upon us is that of so shaping the future of our portion of the heritage of the world as to exclude the European system of standing armies and fortresses, which are needed to supply the wants of the bounds which nature has placed to great nations. Now, in time of peace-or rather of armed neutrality-Europe maintains standing armies amounting in all to four millions of men. The maintenance of these costs annually about 460 millions of dollars, besides the loss of the labor of these soldiers, which we may set down at 140 millions more. Thus Europe is every year poorer by 600 millions of dollars on account of its present military organization, besides the vast amount of interest payable upon the debt incurred from former wars, and the sums daily demanded to build navies and erect fortifications. This is but the mere pecuniary loss, which can alone be put down in numbers. The infinitely greater loss of life and happiness which is necessarily involved can not be expressed in words or figures. Yet if we of this

assuredly entail all this, and more, upon those who are to come after us. For us, whether in our own behalf, or as custodians for future generations, there is no other alternative than to renew in the New World that system of disintegration which has made the history of the Old World one of slaughter and devastation, or to yield obedience to that law of national life, written in the physical structure of our land and in the development of our people, that the American nation is divinely ordained to be one and indivisible.

Editor's Easy Chair.

N Easy Chair, light-hearted and content, that A wanders through the world like the youth in the German ballad, if he wanders upon this continent travels much by rail (not necessarily straddlewise!), and soon learns that railway traveling is an art. De Quincey treats of murder as a fine art; but railway travel has certainly not yet reached that dignity. Yet a few practical hints gathered from experience may be timely and of service to many a wayfarer-perhaps even to him who has just bought this Magazine as he whizzes along, and whose eye happens to fall upon these very lines.

In all travel, as in all the relations of society, there are certain duties to others which we have never a right to forget. There, for instance, is our conduct in a hotel. No man has a moral right to stamp along the passages, to shout and roar, to slam his boots down at night, or to bang his door. He may do it, of course, as he may bump a child's head against the wall. He is strong enough to do it, and possibly no one will prevent. But he has no right to do such things. So when he steps into a car he enters into certain relations with the other passengers, and he can not honorably shirk them. What they are will appear as we proceed.

The first point of comfortable travel is to find a seat next the window, not too near the stove or the door. In medio tutissimus. Neither the equator nor the pole; but the soft, temperate latitude between. You understand that you take this seat subject to conditions. You may go early to secure your place, and you may comfortably establish yourself for your job of two hundred miles; but if some comely damsel, some fine lady-yes, even some vast dowager-shall arrive, panting, at the very last moment, your duty is clear enough. Heaven grant you heart to do it! I own it grants it to very few. I confess that, from my own well-warmed and comfortable post, I have often seen my fellow-men, under such circumstances, pretend to be looking eagerly out at the window, or to be lost in an entrancing newspaper, or to have fallen hopelessly sound asleep; for their wicked instincts assure them that the seat may not be asked for which would be certainly taken if offered.

Now comes the critical moment which tries your manhood. If the feminine voice, in whatever key, says, "Would you be willing to sit with the gentleman in front, so that we can sit together?" you must say "Certainly!" American civilization permits no other answer. Therefore do it with cheerful alacrity. Spring as if you had been keeping and warming the seat for the very houri or hag who now requires it. Make it seem to be a pleasure. She may slip into it as of right. She may preserve that austere silence with which shrewd observers generation permit our nation to be broken up, we declare that the American woman always receives



favors. But don't permit her and all the spectators | he does not wish to have a fierce wind blowing upon who know how grudgingly at heart you desert your post, to read in your face or manner any sign of discomfiture. The Indians suffer the acutest torture in disdainful silence. The Spartan boy smiled while the fox gnawed him. The youth at Ratisbon stood until Napoleon asked if he were wounded. "No, Sire; dead!" he answered, and fell at his feet. Think of these examples. Spring with courteous grace, with sweet reply; and defy the whole chuckling carful of eager witnesses to determine whether the ungrateful being in bonnet and furs who comfortably usurps your seat may not be your mother or your favorite aunt. In that manner you may combine moral victories with railway traveling.

If not disturbed, however, you will wrap your feet and legs comfortably in a heavy shawl or rug; for we are supposing winter travel. The extreme comfort of this protection is by no means understood by many travelers who look upon the cold feet and general discomfort of a car as an unavoidable evillike the learning of the alphabet in our tender years. You may constantly see passengers going to hold their feet to the stove, or hear them thumping their boots upon the floor, to quicken the circulation, unmindful that well wrapped in ample woolens they would defy the chill drafts that lurk along the bottom of the car. Some ingenious persons have had a thick bag made, long enough to reach to the waist, into which they thrust their feet and legs, and drawing it up under them, sit down upon it, thereby securing a complete defense against the predatory and stealthy airs that attack the exposed calves. The side of the bag that draws over the knees may be made longer, so as to reach to any height. Here is delightful security! But, on the other hand, in case of emergency, of a sudden call to rise, there would needs be awkward delays.

The advantage of the shawl is, that it serves when the journey is done either as sheet or blanket at the hotel. How often, dear companions, when in other lands we reached inns where going to bed was out of the question, have we not gladly enrolled ourselves in the generous shawl, and bade the world good-night! Yet in other lands the travelers are generally of a class that do not poison the beds by association. Can we say as much of our native land? No, we can not; and I am glad of it-not, indeed, as a traveler who must go to bed, but as a man who delights to think that general prosperity promotes general travel. The sensitive traveler, as he surveys the motley company of fellow-men about the purlieus of the hotel, inevitably selects the most unctuous, least loved of all, and asks himself the fatal question, "Was it he who slept in my bed yesternight?" Such a thought is the worst night-cap in the world. But the wise use of the shawl removes these difficulties, and makes almost every bed possible-excepting always thine, Passignano, upon the shore of Italian Thrasymene! It is, therefore, an essential element of the art of travel.

The next point is air. How shall you breathe the necessary oxygen without hurting your neighbor's health or temper? The cars themselves make no provision for this necessity. There is a huge window-pane half at your side and half behind you, and if you raise it the strong current of air, with smoke and cinders, is forced into the face of your next neighbor. He has the right to protest, as he certainly will, against the disagreeable exposure. You may plead the horrid air of the car and the re-

him, and you but exasperate him the more by implying that he does not know the laws of health, In the ordinary car, by sitting forward near the door you secure a change of air every time it is opened; and if you can not sit there, and want air, my advice is that you ask your neighbors if it be disagreeable to them. If they answer Yes, you must sacrifice yourself, because to gratify your wish you must incommode many, and you are not the judge of how much and what kind of air they shall breathe, any more than of how many and what kind of clothes they shall wear.

The most comfortable cars are those upon the New Haven road, which have a projecting window and a small door that opens and gives you the air without forcing it upon your neighbors. seem also to be the best ventilated. But it is curious how long this problem of a well-ventilated car or room has defied human invention. There is scarcely a well-ventilated hall in the country, and a car in winter is a by-word of scorn.

The next interest is how to use the time in a long journey. The ennui of sitting upon a seat and jarring all day long, with no relief but the talk of chance neighbors in which you can not join, is intolerable. Even the best conversation flags in a car. The noise makes you strain your voice, and the motion soothes you to drowsiness. If you suggest reading you are warned about your eyes, and are over-whelmed with terrible statistics. Indeed they go beyond the eyes; and a recent English writer enters with severe science into the question of the effect of railway travel upon life itself. He recounts to you the melancholy tendencies of such traveling to paralysis and idiocy, until it really seems as if further improvement would be the death of us, and the perfection of civilization coincide with the annihilation of the race.

Now that we are all of us too careless of our eyes, as of our general health, is undeniable. We strain them in half lights and over wretched print; but there is such a thing as temperance as well as abstinence. A traveler of common sense will select a book of liberal type, not of costly binding; but not necessarily a novel, nor what is called light reading; for you may get good solid hours of uninterrupted study in a car-and then he will read while it is perfectly easy to do so, and he will pause when the jar of the car blurs the page. Upon the older railroads the movement is often no more confusing than that of a rocking-chair. When it grows dark he will stop. When the light through a thick wood flickers upon his page he will stop, and above all he will not read by the evening light in a car, not even if it be gas-light, as upon the Lowell road from Boston and some others.

His common sense must govern him. Some of the most constant railway travelers are the most incessant readers, and they have not suffered. They may do so. "Yes, but, Madam," said Dr. Johnson, "this tea is a very slow poison: it has been at work upon me for sixty years, and has as yet accomplished nothing.

As a rule, it may be safely said that the travelers who take the most pains travel most comfortably. If you are but an occasional wayfarer it is of little moment whether your feet are cold and your head hot, whether you are breathing poison or sitting in a fatal draught or not. But if your business carries you much in cars you will willingly endure the disquirements of health, upon abstract principles; but comfort of lugging your traveling-rug and your



hand-bag, knowing that you must have a portable pocket in which to deposit newspapers and books. Indeed, a truly wise traveler knows the value of the precious odd moments of travel to do a precious deal of odd reading. I knew a man who went through the whole of Pope and Dryden in the cars during one winter, and Fielding the next. Of course he has not yet had time to dispose of Richardson, for his twenty solid volumes are sure to act soporifically upon the modern brain. Can you imagine young girls sobbing with sympathy and delight over his pages? Or do you know some quaint and venerable maiden lady who so fondly remembers Miss Byron as to seem to your astonishment Miss Byron herself?

Our work must adapt itself to its conditions. We are a people who must travel by rail. Let us therefore take care that it shall not be a loss of opportunity while it is a gain of time. Did you ever listen, while you seemed to be dozing or abstractly looking from the window, to the conversation that enlivens the neighboring seats to yours? What astounding platitudes we are capable of! How people can sit and talk over the dull old talk of trade and the hopeless commonplace of politics or gossip of society! And how we worship the Great Ego, and endlessly tattle about him, and what he did, and what he didn't; as if he were of the least importance to any body but himself, or as if any body cared whether his difficulty were bunions or corns!

The natural history of a railway trip from Chicago to the sea-board would be infinitely amusing in the telling, but the experience itself might well appall many. The making of morning toilets; the consumption of rations; the assumption of solitude and a manner of proceeding as if no one were present but the performer; the intense selfishness and want of common courtesy, if they were told would not be believed. Dickens recounted something of his experience, but our beloved country rose in arms, and declared that he was an odious, ungrateful thing, and that he ought to be ashamed of himself to say that Americans spat little puddles around them after they had read so many of his books—without (at that time) paying him for them.

But the theme is endless. Let us stop. But let us also not forget that there is an art in travel—the art of being comfortable.

A TENDER little household story, wonderfully pleasant for winter evening reading by the fire, is the "Mistress and Maid," by Miss Mulock. It is thoroughly English, but perhaps not offensively so. That is to say, it deals with an English aspect of life which we do not fully reproduce. The servingmaid is always a serving-maid there, as a waiter is a waiter, according to Dickens's new Christmas story. But the coachman of to-day with us may be the proprietor of to-morrow. British society is Hindoo in its strict spirit of caste. But let a man plant himself in New York and study society, and he will see that the river is forever washing away its banks; that whole ranges of people and families rise and flourish and decline, and are followed by the new, not by the descendants of the old. There is a certain fashion, a certain exclusiveness imperfectly conceived and maintained, of course, at any particular period and among cliques of persons; and an audacious foray upon it, unaccompanied with great skill, is very likely to fail and recoil. But the growth of our society is exogenous.

In this little tale of Miss Mulock's there is a very

just and delicate sketching of characters that are not extraordinary but very natural. The incidents are homely and simple, but the affections are those of the same human heart that throbs in Hamlet and Ophelia. The maid does not rise from the awkward servant to the accomplished Countess. She is always a serving-maid, but always honest, faithful, and human. The pathos of the book is a very sincere pathos, more pathetic even than perhaps the author intended. It is another tale of the loveliest qualities of woman: not the high, romantic, ideal qualities; nothing too bright and good for human nature's daily food; but a varying story of the lights and shadows of quiet daily life. You would call Evangeline as true and exquisite a romance of devoted love as the hand of man has ever written, and justly. Is it incomprehensible that this domestic idyl touches the same theme and wakes a kindred music, although every thing in it is different? Yet this too is told for

"Ye who believe in affection that hopes and endures, and is patient,

Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion."

And at the closing page you may repeat the tender dying strain of Evangeline:

"All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow.

All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing, All the dull, deep pain, and constant angulsh of patience! And as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her heart.

Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, 'Father, I

It may not be the best story that Miss Mulock has written, but the "Mistress and Maid" is one of the most charming of recent novels.

The war has become the melancholy back-ground of our life. It is never out of our thoughts, but the aspect of city life seems to the superficial eye little affected by it. The streets are as full and noisy as ever; business is wonderfully brisk; the theatres are crowded; the hotels are thronged; the gay groups stroll and chatter in Broadway; and except for the barracks in the Park, for the uniforms constantly passing, for the march of regiments and companies, for the display of flags, and for the multitude of signs of military equipage in the windows, you might not suspect the terrible struggle that is tugging at so many, many hearts and at the life of the nation.

In the city the Italian opera has flickered at intervals during the winter; and even a new opera, the Dinoral of Meyerbeer, has been produced here for the first time. The audiences have been large, the enjoyment great, the spectacle the same to the eye that it always was. Yet while the eyes gazed upon the stage, how many a heart was strained and looking elsewhere! When the curtain rose upon the cool, gray morning of the Puritani, with the sentries pacing along the castle terrace, and the melancholy melody slowly breathing through the orchestra, what new meaning it had to us all, who had heard it often enough before, but had heard it with minds and ears to which war itself was only scenic and dramatic and far away!

How often in listening to that very opera, brought by the scene into the close presence of the fierce Cromwellian wars, the days of the great rebellion in England, had we not been grateful that we were born into a country and time in which swords and



spears had been beaten into shuttles and spinning jennies, and where a man who were a military uniform was regarded with curiosity and pity. So, too, how much of the entrancing romance of Scott's stories come from the contrast between our own quiet comfortable freedom from fierce convulsions, and the elaborate pictures of the torn households, the disturbed life, and the terrible domestic tragedies of earlier days.

Count no man happy till he dies. We have learned by sudden sharp blows, by the resounding shock and surge of war, that no people is secure from the woes that have befallen all others. How was it, we have asked ourselves, in those bitter times? When war was raging in the land, in England, for instance, did every man take actual part, and what was the aspect of the general life? Yes, and in our own Revolution was it all marching, and drumming, and cannonading? Look around and see.

The great rebellion in England was boys' play compared with this struggle of ours. In one battle of this war we have more troops engaged than almost all that served in the seven years of our Revolution. The great business of life then, as now, went on. The farmer plowed, and sowed, and reaped. The children sang and played, loitering along country roads to school. Ships spread their white sails and moved away. Mills ground; roads creaked with peaceful traffic. Merchants met in their offices and upon 'Change. The motley crowd swarmed in the streets. The congregations obeyed the accustomed bell. In the city, away from the battle-field, you could not see the hearts of men and women, therefore you did not see the war. That is the reason you do not see it there now.

At the German opera, which has been maintained at Wallack's old theatre, under the leadership of Anschütz and with Johannsen as Prima Donna, the audience was peculiarly foreign, and therefore the withdrawal from the real time more complete. You could not sit there without renewing the remembrance of our great musical debt to our German population; for to them more than to any nationality we owe the musical education we have received, and the musical progress we have made. The success of the German opera this season in New York has been so decided that every musical person must have the heartiest wish that what is so practicable may become permanent. Fashion will always secure us the Italian opera. The German must depend for its success upon musical taste. National feeling will count also for something. The German loves German music, and there are many Germans in New York.

Only let us hope that they will not be tempted into a larger building. Because the opera succeeds at Wallack's, it does not follow that it would flourish any where else. There is the temptation incessantly besetting the farmer to pull down his barns and build greater; and the manager who sees his house crowded, excitedly believes that as many have gone away as have squeezed in, and dreams of a theatre that shall comfortably hold all that come. But it is the crowd that makes the crowd. If your room will hold five hundred, and a few more than five hundred nightly come, the audience within, closely packed, is delighted with its own size, magnetizes itself, and inspires the singers and the actors; while the audience without is fired with still stronger desire to enjoy what is so sought that they can not reach it. Yet if you enlarge your room to hold a

fill it. The audience is chilled and skeptical; the singers and the actors dulled; and thinning houses nightly reproach you with your mistake. An audience is as afraid of bare walls as a performer. It needs, as much as he, the rustling murmur, the social warmth, the electricity of numbers.

But whether the German opera goes into grander quarters or remains where it is, the public gratitude for its admirable rendering of the best and most famous operas of the German Masters is still the same. To have sung Fidelio as it was sung here is to have done a memorable service to the city and to the country. It is an opera of Beethoven's seldom performed any where; yet in the latter days of the old Park Theatre, when Mr. and Mrs. Martyn and Signor Giubilei were the singers, it was sung there in English. How it was done, or what the English words were, some other than this Easy Chair must recount. But it is one of the pleasant points in the recollections of the old theatre that this work was produced there.

Does any visible remembrance of the old Park remain in its neighborhood except the alley in the rear? It is a dirty kennel now if you choose to go and look at it; but it is still one of the few places in the city that have associations. It is very narrow. It is a kind of slum now. But there was the back-door, the stage-door, where the great actors and actresses passed in and out. It is still called Theatre Alley, and it is as full of ghosts as ever Cock Lane was. New York will never be an interesting city, for it constantly consumes itself. There are scarcely a dozen buildings in the city a hundred years old. Association, the charm of cities, is unknown to it. The uncommercial traveler of Dickens would seek in vain for any church old enough to spin his fancies in. There is an old Paris and an old London in the modern cities; but old New York is annihilated.

So while the war rages we live our life. The young and brave and beautiful step away from our sides as we stroll the streets, and march to the field. Our hearts and hopes and prayers go with them, and hang upon the words they whisper homeward, of the strange new life of camps, of the sudden march, of the fiery field. Still the old wheel of our daily experience turns around. We meet and greet, and chat and smile; and hear Dinorah and Fidelio, and Mason Jones and De Cordova. It is the same—yet how utterly different! And suddenly the unseen shot—fired far away, and all unheard—pierces the living hearts around us, and we too have learned the dire pang of war.

Near Boston, upon Jamaica Plain, you may see the old Warren Cottage. Seven miles away rises the pale gray shaft of Bunker Hill. One summer morning, nearly a hundred years ago, a shot fired upon that hill struck every tender breast in that cottage, and echoes in our history forever. The story is old, but ever new. It was told long before the Warren Cottage was built. It is told every day now.

But it is the crowd that makes the crowd. If your room will hold five hundred, and a few more than five hundred nightly come, the audience within, closely packed, is delighted with its own size, magnetizes itself, and inspires the singers and the actors; while the audience without is fired with still stronger desire to enjoy what is so sought that they can not reach it. Yet if you enlarge your room to hold a thousand you break the spell. Six hundred do not



among the college buildings. It was only a party of collegians returning late at night from some supper, and pouring out with energy the melancholy song.

If I had raised the window and leaned out and said to them, "Jolly as you are, your singing recalls more happiness than ever you will know," they would have roared in derision of an old Easy Chair grown maudlin over his late potations. But it is still true that every older man feels that the secret will perish with him, and that the boys of a later day can never know what youth is, as he knew it. What man of fifty is there who does not know that there are no such cherries as he used to pick seated high in the branches of his father's tree; or such peaches as he used to eat in the days when peaches were still a fruit and a fact, and not a mere name in the markets for which there is no adequate substance? What is true of the cherries and the peaches of his youth, he secretly feels to be true of youth itself. You young fellows sing along the streets. and under the windows of your levely ones sigh the passionate serenade, and you think that is romance, and that your levely ones are fair! But if you could have known the Mary, the Lucy, the Fanny, of my time! Then you would have seen an overpowering leveliness and grace such as the whole world does not now show!

The belles of our fathers' days—are they not always in our fancies more beautiful and winning than these we know? There are certain women of a traditional fascination, and others of our acquaint-ance are charming to us in the degree that we believe them to resemble the former. Some ancient chairs stand around the room and look on while the young people dance. Even the melodies are not the same we knew. There are newer composers, newer waltzes and dances. The aspect is still the same. The bright carnival of youth and beauty flutters and flashes before our eyes—but after all it is ghostly. We are dancing other dances, as we look, and hearing other music. The spectacle is pale and unreal: the glory and the grace are in our memories.

It is because we are all so intensely conscious of ourselves and of our own lives. But to indulge the whim too far is dangerous, for it destroys sympathy. The genial feeling that in the heart of age beats with the enjoyment of the youth around it, is itself the fountain of youth that Ponce de Leon traveled so far to find. He is truly old who is selfishly conscious only of his departed youth. But they never grow old, however gray the hair may be, in whom the quick sympathy with others constantly recreates the world.

Yet in the midnight singing, wherever it may be, that passes your window while you are awake, or which rouses you from sleeping, there is that subtle appeal to the inexplicable sadness of the soul, which is not conscious sorrow,

"But resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain."

It is the feeling which made Richter cry out to music—"Away, for you speak to me of what never was and never will be." It is a revelation of the shadowy depth of emotion of which we are hardly conscious until the curtain is drawn aside: an emotion which is not related to experience, and is not to be intellectually defined.

THE experience of the war shows us how incessaid. But what a lesson is here! If Garibaldi so santly we are inclined to take extreme views of all utterly misconceived Cavour, how readily may lesser persons and things where there is a difference of men mistake each other! You, friend, upon the car-

opinion. We are very slow to learn that men are made of mixed clay, and that even the devil is not so bad as he is painted. Burns's lines to auld Nickieben, "O wad ye tak a thought and men'!" are more than serio-comic. They come from the instinct that every thing and body, bad as they may be, are not necessarily all bad.

During the last few months we have all been in high debate over our Generals. The country has decided almost as fiercely about certain Generals as about the main question of the rebellion itself; and the curious and absurd dllemma has been offered us of burning or freezing. Either we must agree that a General was the greatest man that the times had produced, and the only one who could bring us out of our woes: that he was Julius Cæsar for sagacity, Hannibal for energy, and Napoleon Bonaparte for executive military skill, or else that he was Benedict Arnold and hind captain of the Green Gosling draggons.

Now this is a most ridiculous alternative. Yet the partisans on either side could admit nothing upon the other. If you listened to one, you were persuaded that every thing he had undertaken was the wisest step and led straight to success if, unluckily, he had not been tampered with and headed off at the very crisis. If you hearkened to the other, you were sure that, except for timely interference, we should have been straightway landed in the bottomless pit of ruin. Is there then no medium? Is it all white or all black? Is this General either Judas Iscariot or George Washington?

One thing seems to be tolerably clear. When the country has so vehemently divided, it is a great misfortune for the person about whom the division is made, because it makes it wisest to omit him from all practical calculations. If the colonies had had so radically a differing opinion of General Washington as there is now of General M'Clellan, it would have been a very dangerous thing to have made him Commander-in-chief. Unity of sentiment is essential at such a time. But if Washington had begun, and after a year's service the sentiment which at first was entirely united had split to the centre, his retirement, in the absence of positive achievements in the field, would have been most imperative.

Party-spirit, by its very fury, constantly defeats its own ends. When you have made a man the object of strictly party-support—that is to say, a support based upon other considerations than those of intrinsic ability and fitness for a position, you have created by opposition a party which his success will never conciliate, and which his failure will delight. Now if the stake at hazard be the national existence and honor, nothing more disastrous than this state of things can be conceived.

Whoever, therefore, lends himself to this blind partisanship, and insists that a man is either totally competent or an imbecile, that he is either a fool or a traitor, does the utmost harm to the commonwealth. And if any time ever taught the absurdity of such a tendency, it is certainly our own. Garibaldi openly denounced Cavour as a traitor—Cavour, whose every heart-beat was a prayer and a deed for Italy. The bitter accusation, doubtless, stung him to the soul, and shortened the life of the great and distinctive modern Italian. Garibaldi is a simple, truthful man, and, of course, although he spoke in the heat of passion, substantially believed what he said. But what a lesson is here! If Garibaldi so utterly misconceived Cavour, how readily may lesser men mistake each other! You, friend, upon the car-



seat in front of me, who think that the country is not worth saving unless one man saves it, and you, friend behind, who believe that man to be substantially false, or treacherously languid and slow, stop, each, and take counsel of your common-sense and your heart, not of your temper or political jealousy, and the man will gradually take the shape and hue of an ordinary mortal, neither altogether devilish nor divine.

This friends of our singer, Adelina Patti, will be glad to hear of her great triumph in Paris. These are sober times in which to think of a foyer or theatre lobby excited about the more or less sweet singing of a pretty girl, but such was the spectacle on the evening she appeared in Paris. The curtain rose upon the Somnambula and Amina appeared. They would not applaud. They would not greet her with the least sign of friendly welcome or sympathy—those uncourteous Parisians who claim to be polite. There were two chances against her. She was from America, and she had been "made" in England. So Paris sat supercilious, and was prepared to reverse the verdict of the barbarians over the channel and across the sea.

But the little singer did not falter nor fail. The very sting of the cold reception thrilled her, doubtless, into a full possession of her powers. She began her rôle calmly and confidently. Without fluttering she warbled truly every note, every cadenza. The familiar music was more melodious, the tender phrases more tender, from her lips. The audience could not withstand it. It knew what it was hearing. Its instincts and its education revealed to it the presence of an exquisite singer; and storm upon storm of delighted applause burst and rang through the house. The curtain came down upon a tumult of enthusiasm; and the sensitive, volatile people poured into the foyer and buzzed about the wonderful gift, the claborate cultivation, the bewitching naiveté of the young Patti. She went home to sleep on roses, said one of the critics. She had been crowned where Grisi, and Malibran, and Pasta had reigned. Success in Irving Place-well, one might shrug his shoulders at that. Success in Londonaha! this is where fames are made. Triumph in Paris—ah ciel! there is where fame is secured.

No one who remembers the artless, pure, finished singing of the young debutanté of our opera-house but will be glad to hear of her wreaths and laurels in lands where the Opera is a mighty and important institution. Her sense of triumph is hardly less than that of a great conqueror. For a singer has no other world than the theatre; and the applause of the audience is the final approbation she receives. For her, as for the orator, there is no posterity to influence. The sounds of her voice are the instruments of her power, and when that is silent nothing remains but the tradition of what it was. It is not something to be taken aside for a choice moment of enjoyment. It is not to be transmitted, like an ever brightening book or deepening picture, to those who come after, or who are elsewhere. It is like the perfume of a flower, like the music of a ball, like the sunset splendor of a cloud-something for the mo-

When an author or an artist grows old, or from any reason rests from his labors, there remains not only the past delight in what he did, but the everpresent enjoyment. Shakespeare is dust, but his work is as vivid and vitalizing as ever. Yet though Anne Hathaway had been the sweetest singer that

ever sang upon the banks of Avon, her name would be all that survives to us as it is now. Therefore let us rejoice in the present triumphs and conquests of the singers. They can not wait. You, the neglected and unheard poet, may appeal to the higher hearts and clearer heads of another century; but she, the singer, must be heard, and owned, and crowned now or never. There is no other century for her. Her world is in the theatre before her.

Yet while Paris assumes to be the world of musical art and to pass finally upon the fame of singers, it is always amusing to remember how severe a lesson Jenny Lind taught the proud city. She sang in Stockholm, and Paris merely stared at the rural prodigy. She sang in Berlin, and Paris sniffed at the provincial singer. She sang in London, and the gay world of fashion and art hummed with enthusiastic delight; but sardonic Paris smiled and said, Let her dare to sing for us. But the proud singer in the prime of her power smiled disdainfully in reply, "You would outlaw me because I have not sung in Paris. I will outlaw Paris by refusing to sing there."

And she did it. She made the greatest of all the modern musical fames. In many ways, not even that of Malibran and Pasta and Catalani was superior. But she made it despite and despising Paris. Poor old Paris fumed in the foyer and buzzed in the salon, but it could not tear the crown from her head or tarnish the glory upon her brow.

The gay metropolis may give vogue to prettiness and talent, but it can not deprive genius of its sphere or its applause. No audience can limit that. When it is necessary to bear the imprimatur of Paris, it is because the work is not intrinsically great. Jenny Lind sang to the great human heart, not to the Paris pit, and her fame is as the difference of her audience.

WILKIE COLLINS has finished "No Name," a story of which the Easy Chair has had more than one word to say. Of its intense interest, the first necessity of a novel, there can be no question. Of the masterly management of the plot so that the future of the story is always impenetrable, there is never any doubt. Of the sure success of a tale written with the closest knowledge of the requirements of modern readers, there may be absolute certainty. In fact, Collins seems to begin his work with the question, "What does the reader want in a novel?" and then to write it from the reader's wishes. It is somewhat the same kind of skill which Edgar A. Poe possessed in a smaller degree, and it is the principle, or rather the theory, upon which he wrote "The Raven." The public mind at any particular time has certain tastes and desires which a truly skillful literary artist will be able to detect and gratify. That seems to me to explain the peculiar success of Victor Hugo's "Misérables." It is certainly not a very great novel if "The Antiquary," and "Joseph Andrews," and "The Newcomes" are great novels. The "Miserables" is a condescension and adaptation to the popular taste exactly as the high-flown rhetoric of a stump speaker or the ranting of Mr. Forrest is. The whole chapter upon Cambronne and his dirty word is the greatest phenomenon in literary history. The language has no word to express the kind of extravagance which it illustrates.

In another way from that of Victor Hugo, without the least moralizing or direct moral tendency, Wilkie Collins addresses a popular taste not less marked. It is, to speak plainly, a prurient, but



crimes and trials and executions to which he appeals. It is the old strain of mystery and horror to which he tunes his pipe. No two writers would seem to be more entirely unlike than Wilkie Collins and Mrs. Radcliffe, and yet the key-note is substantially the same. In both it is horror: but in the one it is what we call supernatural, and in the other most literally natural. The "Woman in White" and "No Name" are stories of criminals and crimenot in the general way of sin and sinners, of people of weak and cowardly lives and actions, but of men and women who do criminal deeds. And the interest of the works really lies in the skill with which the details of the deeds are described, and the profound obscurity in which the results are hidden until the catastrophe is reached.

It might almost seem as if Wilkie Collins were a shrewd Englishman who had asked himself the questions, what is the secret of the perennial interest in the "Newgate Calender?" why does the public devour with such ardor the details of the trial of every great and mysterious criminal? and why may not a sagacious litterateur turn it all to account?

Of course he does not do his work coarsely. His criminals are not men who knock each other down with clubs, or who scalp their enemies and smear their faces with the blood. They are criminals of a state of high civilization, who move smoothly in parlors, and drive in carriages, and are part of the world and life we know. But, after all, what people they are! How profoundly interesting, and even exciting, are the daily performances, plots, deceptions, failures, and successes of persons whom we despise! Surely it shows the power of the author who can so move us.

The "Woman in White" and "No Name" are not less remarkably illustrative of the time and the public taste than "Les Misérables."

DURING the session of the famous German Parliament of 1848-9, which was to place the new German empire, with the Archduke John of Austria as Emperor, upon a permanent foundation, the Easy Chair came to Frankfort, where the Parliament was sitting. Many of the deputies were noted and interesting men. Robert Blum was among them. who was afterward shot in the gray misty morning in the court of an Austrian prison. Many a scholar and professor and innocent dreamer, who thought they saw the dawn of the Millennium in the rise of the new empire, were also there. But the figure that most interested the Easy Chair was a rustic, homely person, with very light thin hair and sandy complexion, rather coarsely dressed, and with the air of extreme simplicity and candor that marks the honest farmer. It was Ludwig Uhland, the poet so well and fondly known to every one familiar with modern German literature as a master of the romantic ballad.

The news of Uhland's death has recently reached this country. He was seventy-seven years old, and died in Tübingen, in Swabia, where he was born, where he had been Professor in the University, and the most faithful, liberal, and earnest of citizens. But Uhland will always be seen through his poetry as a quiet, contemplative man, serenely sitting, as the grave old figures sit in basso relievos of the pastoral age, under vines and olives, pensively musing upon "the sad vicissitude of things." His poetry is the most faithful reproduction of the characteristic sentiment of German another time:

not an indecent, taste. It is the morbid interest in | life and nature. It will be as integral a part of German literature as Béranger's of the French. Tender, graceful, playful, most musical and most sad, his poems are also often illuminated with a fine flash of the imagination, as in the "Castle by the Sea." Many are familiar to English readers; and a dozen years ago a complete English translation of his poems was published in Germany. It was made with great skill, and with a rough force which often preserved the peculiar power of the original. Mrs. Austin also translated several of the ballads, and one of the most beautiful among them was introduced by Longfellow into "Hyperion," with many of his own most felicitous renderings. It is "The Ferry," beginning:

> " Many a year is in its grave Since I crossed the restless wave, But the evening fair as ever Shines on ruin, rock, and river."

And ending,

"Take, oh boatman, thrice thy fee; Take, I give it willingly, For unknowingly to thee, Spirits twain have crossed with me."

"The Landlady's Daughter" is another of his most popular ballads, constantly sung in Germany, and constantly translated by students of German.

Uhland's life was passed amidst the stormiest modern scenes of Germany. But he was always true to Liberty and the Fatherland. He was in the first flower of his years when Napoleon thundered through his country. He saw and felt the refluent wave of dull despotism that followed. He hailed the hope of '48, like Béranger in France, and saw it, for the present, expire. But ever calm, patient, cheerful, he did not lose heart because the event was so often disappointing. Uhland was one of the Old Guard of Liberty, and age thatdimmed his eye could not extinguish his faith. His grave will be the bourne of many a foreign pilgrim who cherishes the same patient confidence, and who knows that a true poet and good man died in Ludwig Uhland.

Editor's Dramer.

THE Humors of the War are worth putting on I record, and this that follows shows the amusement which the gravest subjects sometimes make:

A visitor asked the reason, at the convalescent

camp, for the number of deaths.

"You see, Sir, the Government laid out a big grave-yard, and soldiers always avail themselves of all Government allowances. That's why they die

A young lady in Boston had purchased a drinking tube, or "water Olter," to send to her brother in the army. She was holding it in her hand as she was sitting at her work-table at home when a gentleman was announced. Upon her asking him how he was, he put the mouth-piece of the filter to his lips, and, in a loud voice, replied, "Very well, I thank you; but, good gracious! how long have you been so deaf as to use an 'ear-trumpet?'"

A PHILADELPHIA correspondent, whose "handwrite" has compelled our admiration in months past, has again favored us with a fresh budget, from which we take a few good things, reserving the rest till



" Every one has heard of the 'blue-stocking Presbyterians.' In the early days of our country the Scotch-Irish Covenanters were numerous in the western counties of Pennsylvania—a branch of the Presbyterian family with stockings more 'grandly, darkly, beautifully blue' than any of the others. The Covenanters of those days used 'Rous's version of the Psalms' exclusively, and held the compositions of Watts and others in utter detestation; and so tightly did they draw their sectarian lines, that for a Covenanter to attend, even once, the services of any other church, though it might be of the Presbyterian order, was considered a crime almost as bad as sheep-stealing. James Ferguson-or, as he was generally called, Jamie Farguson - a well-to-do farmer of Washington County, was a member of the Rev. Mr. Buchanan's congregation, and one of the strictest of the strict in all matters of church doctrine.

"Having set up a distillery he became, in another sense also, very often more tight and more blue than any of his fellow-members—which, indeed, is

saying a great deal on that point.

"His parson (a truly good man, but suspected of using Watts's book in his family devotions) did every thing in his power to reclaim him. Suspensions from church-membership and restorations thereto followed each other for some time, until the good parson, losing patience, resolved if possible to effect a radical cure, and expostulated with him in the strongest terms. Jamie confessed his numerous short-comings. [Men are wonderfully ready to confess themselves great sinners; but greatly dislike being told that they are such. \ 'Quet it, mon,' said the good parson, in his broad dialect, 'quet it at once. No more of this ave sinnin' an' aye repentin'; but quet it entirely, or you'll become a disgrace to the congregation! This was rather too much for Jamie, substantial man as he was, and a liberal contributor to the support of the church. It put him on the offensive. He began to think he was not altogether so bad as other men, or even as his own pastor, in some respects; and he determined to retaliate.

"'I know I am a poor, weak body,' said he; 'I acknowledge that I do get a little drunk, or so, occasionally; but I never sing ony of Watts's psaums!"

"It was a settler. The parson withdrew; and Jamie kept on aye sinnin' and aye repentin' to the day of his death.

"THE Conestoga wagoners, like the chimneysweepers, have nearly faded from the remembrance of the oldest inhabitants. Before the time of railroads they hauled goods from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, and were a jolly, rough, hard-working set of men, jogging through life at a leisure pace, cracking their whips and their jokes as they wound their way over the hills and through the valleys. Pete Deshler was well-known as an old wagoner, and, more particularly at the taverns along the road, as 'a good trencher-man'-or, as Shylock would have said, 'a huge feeder.' So well, indeed, was his character established in that particular, that few tavern-keepers who knew him were willing to entertain him, the pay for a meal (25 cents) being altogether insufficient to compensate them for the viands he consumed. Pete had, therefore, to seek new places of refreshment from time to time. Stopping one fine Sunday morning at a substantial hostelry in the vicinity of a small town, he asked for a meal. The family were at church, and a pig of considerable size was baking in the stove. Pete being in a

hurry, the pig was set before him, 'in full confidence' that there would be enough of it left for the family on their return. The astonishment of the landlord may be easily imagined when, on his return, he found Pete had gone 'the entire swine;' and, like Oliver Twist, was 'asking for more.' 'Landlord,' said he, 'have you got any more of dem there little 'ogs?'

"EVERY BODY knows the story of Jacob Barker, who having a vessel at sea and long out of time, bargained for her insurance, at a high rate, at one of the offices, and next morning sent his young man to say to the president that if the policy had not been filled up it need not be, as he had heard from the vessel. The president, supposing the merchant had heard that the vessel was safe, and wanted to save the cost of the insurance, replied that the message came too late, that the policy was already prepared, and the merchant bound for the insurance-money. The afternoon papers announced the total loss of the vessel, and the president was trapped! In olden times, in Philadelphia, we had two honest men (not too honest, certainly; but probably quite as honest as the ship-owner and president mentioned above). According to the natural increase of the human species we should now have many hundreds of the breed among us; and upon investigation it would, no doubt, be found that our good city has not fallen behind in their increase, however deficient she may be in other particulars. The invention of 'shoddy' has enabled us to multiply honest men exceedingly within the last two years. One of the honest men mentioned above chartered a vessel and laded her with an invoice of valuable wines for a port in the West Indies, and insured the vessel and cargo at a remarkably high figure in the office where the other was a director. The vessel (as was foreordained) sprang a leak at sea, was abandoned, and, as Byron says, 'going down head-foremost-sunk-in short.' The shipper demanded his insurance-money; but being unable to satisfy the office as to when and how he became possessed of such a large quantity of valuable wines, they refused to pay, and the matter remained for a long time unsettled, the shipper urging his claim, and the office professing their readiness to pay whenever he produced the proper evidences. One day the shipper, meeting the director, complained bitterly of the treatment of the office; and wound up by saying he was willing to leave the decision of the case to three honest men. 'Three honest men!' said the other, in well simulated surprise; 'three honest men! Why, my dear fellow, where would you get them? There are you and I, to be sure; but where would you find the other?' It leaked out afterward that the vessel had been scuttled by the captain, who was interested in the adventure, and that the valuable wine was only colored water.

"Ar a meeting of one of our religious bodies, some years ago, a question arose, and was debated for some time, with considerable bitterness of feeling on both sides; and which, if continued to be pressed, would inevitably have produced serious discord, if not a positive rupture. One of the members (an Irish gentleman, of great influence and ability, and universally beloved for his kind-heartedness and amiability), desirous of putting an end to the debate, made a speech full of good sense and excellent counsel, and withal overflowing with wit and humor.

"Having produced an amicable feeling among his



hearers, he wound up by saying, 'Finally, my brethren, I beg you will not forget the counsel of my distinguished countryman, Solomon: "The beginning of strife," says he, " is as the letting out of water; therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with!"

"The speech produced the desired effect; all the members were in good-humor with each other and with themselves; and the feeling was not a little increased by another distinguished member plucking the orator by the skirts of his coat, and exclaiming, 'Why, Brother M'C-d, I never knew till now that Solomon was an Irishman!"

WE found in the Drawer, a few days ago, a new book called "The Book-Hunter;" and we might hunt out pages of good things for these pagespleasant anecdotes; bits of humor scattered along in it, especially in the notes of Richard Grant White, Esq., who edits the volume. As of the Irish Churchman who artlessly states that an eminent person had "abandoned the errors of the Church of Rome and adopted those of the Church of England."

And the account of an Irish duel Irishly drawn, with this happy conclusion: "The one party received a slight wound in the breast; the other fired into the air; and so the matter terminated."

Robert Surtees, the historian of Durham, was a very humble, obscure, modest, and learned man. When he was a youth at college he was waiting on a great Professor on business, and, feeling coldish, stirred the fire. "Pray, Mr. Surtees," said the great man, "do you think that any other undergraduate in the college would have taken that liberty?" "Yes, Mr. Dean," was the reply-"any one as cool as I

Arguing with his neighbor who had ceased going to church, the man said to Mr. Surtees, "Why, Sir, the parson and I have quarreled about the tithes." "You fool," was the reply, "is that any reason why you should go to hell?"

A poor man with a numerous family lost his only cow. Surtees was collecting a subscription to replace the loss, and called on the Bishop of Lichfield, who was Dean of Durham, and owner of the great tithes in the parish, to ascertain what he would give. "Give," said the Bishop, "why, a cow, to be sure! Go, Mr. Surtees, to my steward, and tell him to give you as much money as will buy the best cow you can find." Surtees, astonished at this unexpected generosity, said, "My lord, I hope you will ride to heaven upon the back of that cow." A while afterward he was saluted in the college by the late Lord Barrington with, "Surtees, what is the absurd speech that I hear you have been making to the Dean?" "I see nothing absurd in it," was the reply. "When the Dcan rides to heaven on the back of that cow many of your prebendaries will be glad to lay hold of her tail."

A FRIEND of ours in Steubenville, Ohio, writes to the Drawer, and says:

"In the town in which I was born there was an old gentleman of Falstaffian proportions (who, bythe-way, was the first male child born in the town after its settlement), whose rotundity was huge, as though, it would seem, to make room for the caprices of his humor, of which he possessed an 'infinite deal.' He was very fond of bathing in a river of modest pretensions that ran by the town. One morning when he was taking his accustomed bath, as he was swimming along suddenly his body came ly reduced the answer to his minutes.

in contact with the graveled bottom of the river. He turned up to walk into deeper water, when he found that it was over his head! He was thicker than long!

"He was a very exact man, and, as is often the case with such, irritable. He owned quite a fine farm about a mile from town, part of which, along the road that ran by it, was open. He concluded to fence it in, and hired a Dutchman to assist in the work. Accordingly he went out and marked the place where every post-hole was to be dug, so that there might be no mistake. In a day or two the Dutchman informed him that every thing was ready for setting the posts. For the distance of some two hundred yards or more the holes all appeared to be dug in the exact spot indicated; but suddenly they came upon one that was three or four feet out of the line, and what made the blunder more aggravating was, that the original mark was still in the place where the hole should have been, plainly to be seen. The old gentleman broke out in a tirade of indignation against the Dutchman. 'You fool, you! what in the name of common sense did you dig that hole way out there for?' etc., etc. His anger, however, appeared to make no impression whatever upon the Dutchman, who walked round and round the hole, gazing at it with apparently the most amazing astonishment, and at last broke out with, 'Vell, I vould shoost like to know who moved dat post-hole out from the place were I put him!' The anger of the Dutchman's employer vanished on the instant; and the old gentleman, when telling this story himself, was accustomed to say that he felt perfectly satisfied when the Dutchman assured him that he could easily move the post-hole back."

THE next two come from a contributor whose pen is always welcome:

"At a recent Court of Sessions in Chenango County a prisoner was convicted on the clearest evidence upon a charge of stealing a pair of oxen. Judge - then put the usual question to the prisoner, what he had to say why the sentence of the Court should not be pronounced against him?

"' Nothing,' said the prisoner; and then, after a moment's hesitation, resumed: 'Why, yes, I will say one thing. I am as innocent of this charge as the child unborn, and I should not have been convicted but I hadn't money enough to get my witnesses.

"'If that be so,' said the Judge, in tones of pity, vou are very unfortunate. The evidence appears strong against you, and-'

"'I know that, I know it,' interrupted the prisoner; 'but I am not guilty, and there's only two in the world that know it—and that's God and me!'

"This solemn asseveration had no effect on the Court, and the State got the fellow's services.

"AT a Circuit Court in the same county a slander suit was on trial. A very candid-appearing witness testified to the speaking of the words charged on several occasions. Counselor II-, an excitable attorney, cross-examined the witness fully without seemingly shaking his testimony, when, with emphasis, he put the question,

"' Witness, you are not on friendly terms with my client here, are you?'

"' Perfectly, Sir, for aught I know,' said the witness, in the most undisturbed manner.

"'Perfectly, Sir!' repeated H-, as he nervous-



"'Do you swear, witness, that you have no hard feelings toward my client?' asked H.—, in a highly excited manner—'no hard feelings, Sir!'

"'None that I am aware of,' said the witness, in the same quiet way; and the answer went nervous-

ly to the counselor's notes.

""Now, Sir,' said H—, springing to his feet and shouting, 'didn't your cows get into his garden and eat his garden up?'

"'Yes, Sir,' said the witness, calm as ever, 'but I did not lay up any hard feelings against him for

that.'

"The counselor and the house came down to-gether."

A CAPITAL contributor in San Francisco writes:

"From the land of gold I send you a salute, you inveterate side-splitter and incorrigible laugh-extractor! From the Far West I thrust out to you the paw of friendship. How I have laughed over the Drawer! With what intense delight I have chuckled over the last pages of */larper!* We of the Pacific coast love you not a little, old boy; and look forward to your coming with pleasure; and snap you up quickly when you do arrive. We think there's nothing in the world like *Harper*—no magazine on the face of the carth that can say 'Boo!' to */Harper*. But a truce to butter. Actuated by a desire to see California represented in the Drawer, I send the following anecdote:

"In the northern part of this State is a stream called Yuba River. Across it some enterprising individual built a bridge; and on the banks somebody else built three or four houses. The inhabitants called the place Yuba Dam. Three bars were instantly erected, and the 'town' increased rapidly. About noon one cool day a traveler and a sojourner in the land passed this flourishing locality, and seeing a long-legged specimen of humanity in a red shirt smoking before one of the bars, thus addressed

him:

" 'Hello!'

"' Hello!' replied the shirt, with vigor, removing his pipe from his mouth.

"What place is this?' demanded the traveler, whose name was Thompson.

"The answer of the shirt was unexpected:

"'Yuba Dam!'

"There was about fifty yards between them, and the wind was blowing. Mr. Thompson thought he had been mistaken.

"' What did you say?' he asked.

"'Yuba Dam,' replied the stranger, cheerfully.

"'What place is this?' roared Mr. Thompson.

"'Yu-ba Dam!' said the shirt, in a slightly elevated tone of voice.

"Lookee here!' yelled the irate Thompson; 'I asked you politely what place this was; why in thunder don't you answer?'

"The stranger became excited. He rose and replied, with the voice of an 80-pounder,

"'YU-BA DAM! You hear that?"

- "In a minute Thompson, burning with the wrath of the righteous, jumped off his horse, and advanced on the stranger with an expression not to be mistaken. The shirt arose and assumed a posture of offense and defense.
- "Arrived within a yard of him, Thompson said, "'I ask you for the last time. What place is this?'
- "Putting his hands to his mouth his opponent roared.

"'YU-BA DAM!"

"The next minute they were at it. First, Thompson was down; then the shirt; and then it was a dogfall—that is, both were down. They rolled about, kicking up a tremendous dust. They squirmed around so energetically that you'd have thought they had a dozen legs instead of four. It looked like a prize-fight between two pugilistic centipedes. Finally they both rolled off the bank and into the river. The water cooled them. They went down together, but came up separate, and put out for the shore. Both reached it about the same time, and Thompson scrambled up the bank, mounted his warlike steed, and made tracks, leaving his foe gouging the mud out of one of his eyes.

"Having left the business portion of the town, that is to say, the corner where the three bars were kept, he struck a house in the suburbs, before which a little girl of about four years of age was playing.

"'What place is this, Sissy?' he asked.

"'The little girl, frightened at the drowned-rat figure which the stranger cut, streaked it for the house. Having reached the door she stopped, turned, and squealed, 'Oo-bee Dam!'

""Good Heavens! said Thompson, digging his heels between his horse's ribs—"Good Heavens! let me get out of this horrid place, where not only the men but the very babes and sucklings swear at inoffensive travelers!"

SECRETARY CHASE had a father (of course he had), of whom a story is floating that we must put into the Drawer. In New Hampshire they used to choose all their State, county, and town officers, from Governor down to hog-reeves, at one town-meeting—the annual March meeting. As the town-officers were very numerous it was customary, as fast as they were chosen, to walk them up before a justice of the peace and have them sworn into office, "by companies, half companies, pair, and single." "Squire Chase," of Cornish (father of Secretary Chase), being the most prominent justice, had this task to perform, and a severe task it was, occupying much of his time from morning till night.

It was on one of these occasions, after the labors and toils of the day were over, he returned to his home weary and overcome with the fatigues of his employment, and throwing himself in his easy-chair, he fell into a sound sleep. In the mean time a couple, who had been waiting impatiently for some time for the Justice to join them in wedlock, presented themselves in another part of the house and made known their interesting desire to Mrs. Chase, who, somewhat confused and agitated, attended them to the sleeping Justice, whom she found it difficult to arouse. Shaking him by the shoulder, she called out, "Mr. Chase, Mr. Chase, do pray wake up; here is a couple come to be married." The Justice, having administered oaths all day, was dreaming of nothing else, half waked, rubbing his eyes and looking at the wistful pair, asked:

"Are you the couple?"

They nodded assent.

"Well, hold up your hands." They did so, with some hesitation. "You severally solemnly swear that you will faithfully perform the duties of your offices respectively, according to your best skill and judgment, so help you," etc.

The astonished couple looked wild; the Justice added, soothingly, "That's all, excepting the fee, one dollar," which was quickly dropped into his hand; and they were off, doubting as they went the



legality of the process; but they concluded to go according to the oath.

"MY DEAR SIR, -Accompanying this you will find a copy of the proof-sheet of a work now in course of publication by myself, which is destined to be of inestimable value to the legal profession, and to the public generally. It shall be, what it purports to be, a full, complete, and accurate catalogue of the ablest and best lawyers in every county in the United States. You will perceive that I have taken the liberty to insert your name in the proofsheet. This has been done upon a thorough acquaintance with the facts, derived from various and most reliable sources. I am laboring in the preparation of 'the revised edition.' To enable me to do this it will be necessary that each lawyer whose name is inserted therein should transmit to me the inconsiderable sum of ten dollars, to aid in the expense of publication. Otherwise his name will be omitted in 'the revised edition,' and its place supplied by another. Hoping to hear from you very soon, I remain, most respectfully, your obedient servant."

"T—— C——, Esq., to E—— L——, Esq.:
"Columbia, Kentucky, ———, 18—.
"My dear Siz,—Your favor of the — inst, is received, as is also the accompanying document. I am highly gratified at the distinction which, by the 'proof-sheet,' you have conferred on me. I am satisfied that the insertion of my name in the 'proof-sheet' of your valuable work, unsought and unsolicited as it was by me, and without compensation to you, will be very advantageous to me, as well as to those clients whom it may direct to my office. It will enable each legal gentleman whose name is therein inscried to furnish to those who call on him the name of the best lawyer in any county in the United States. He can say to him that the name thus furnished is indorsed by the highest authority upon the subject of Lawyerdom in the United States, 'upon a thorough acquaintance with the facts, derived from various and most reliable sources." He can add (and it will be 'the chief corner-stone' of the recommendation) that the indorsement aforesaid was unsought, unexpected, and without compensation. You must however allow 'the ablest and best lawyer' to say that he can not think that the same advantage will attend the insertion of a name in 'the revised edition.' It will smell of money. The reader will think 'bought in.' He will think that when the lawyer advertises for business he has very little on hand. No man likes to give a lawyer his only case. If he does, he does not expect to pay for it. Therefore I do not inclose the ten-dollar bill, and my name will have to be stricken from the list."

In St. Louis the Drawer has a friend who enjoys a good story and knows how to tell it. He says:

In old Massachusetts, in former times, if not now, the statute defined the fee of a clergyman for officiating at a marriage ceremony, and made one dollar and a half the legal charge. Rev. C-F-, father of a present member of Congress from the same district, used to laugh over the interpretation one of his parishioners gave to the law. He was an honest, hard-working yeoman, who was more literal than literary. He came to "the minister" with his rural bride, as was customary with "the middling classes," and had the knot tied in the presence of the family. Feeling "good," doubtless, that the event was over, and wishing to square accounts with his pastor, he looked up sheepishly as he stuck his hands in his pockets, and asked, "Wa'al, parson, what do you tax for splicin' me?" Mr. T- smiled in his genial way, and willing "to bother" the fellow a little, answered, "The law allows us nine shillings, Mr. Jones" (Yankee currency, of course). Thrusting his hands deeper in his pockets, and drawing out a new "quarter," the smiling "happy innocent" replied, "The law allows ye a dollar 'n a ha'f,

doos it? Wa'al, then, I'll put in a quarter, and make it ten an' six!" The simplicity was so real Mr. T—— took the "shiner," and realized the balance in the fun he had in telling the joke.

"THE common-sewers of this city [St. Louis] are led out into large ducts that discharge into the Mississippi. At low-water, along the levee, you may find the outlets every square or two, where the aqueous deposit of filth flowing down from the hidden sluices oozes out, and is washed away by the sweeping stream that generally overflows the openings. Walking along the margin of the stream one day, 'a friend of mine' observed two specimens of hoosierdom, dressed in 'butter-nuts,' apparently searching for something. Their motions excited his interest, and caused him to watch. Pretty soon one in advance of the other stopped, and called to his fellow, as he stood over one of the outlets, 'I say, Bill, here's another spring, plum down here!' Bill responded, with some disgust in his countenance, 'Wa'al, dog-gon it all, if 'tain't better than t'other, I don't want to drink it! The river rippled on, and even the waves laughed."

The following is so true to poor human nature that it is as good as a sermon. There are thousands just like Mr. Finch:

"In 1851 Rev. W. M'D--d was the stationed preacher in a city of Maine. An aged citizen, who had not been a regular attendant at any of the churches, was taken sick, and not coming under the pastoral care of any particular preacher, a friend of his invited the reverend gentleman to visit the sick man. He accordingly paid him a visit, and found him reading Luke xviii. 18-23: 'Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?' and the final reply of the Saviour to the young man seemed to puzzle him: 'Sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven.' Says Mr. Finch, 'I don't understand it; how is the man to live if he sells all his property and gives it away?' The reverend gentleman said he would give him an illustration that might help him out of his difficulty, and proceeded: 'Mr. Finch, you have some property?' 'Yes, I have about six thousand dollars.' 'Well, suppose that God should send an angel from heaven to say to you that if you will sell all your property, and give the proceeds to the poor, you shall have every thing that you desire for your comfort and happiness in this life, and heaven hereafter; now, Mr. Finch, what would you do? Would you trust God?' After a few moments' reflection, he replied, 'I think I would keep the stuff in my own hands!"

A CORRESPONDENT sends to the Drawer an obituary in the Philadelphia Ledger of November 17, 1862, which is certainly an uncommonly fine specimen of the highfalutin. After recording the name and age of the deceased, his elegist proceeds to say:

"The early Sabbath morn was here: in heaven his name was called; he died, and answered 'Present.' One who was permitted to peruse the diary of his heart rejoices in being able to say that every page contains the words: 'With all my strength I battle for my God.' No more he asks. And who that knew did not love him? And it seemed as if music's animated bells, o'erspread with the bright drapery of constancy, were daily shining o'er the altar of holy thoughts and new-born love for John. We would fain be as the nightingale, sing with our breast against the throne. But alsa! his death has entranced the heart with a dream of agony that promised no ending."



THE religious Chronicle of this city says:

"We call attention to a special notice in another column, announcing the repetition by Rev. Dr. Fish, of Newark, New Jersey, in the Stanton Street Baptist Church, of his interesting lecture on 'Woman: her Influence and Training.' Dr. Fish ought to have a houseful."

We can not see why Dr. Fish ought to have a "houseful" any more than any other man. Why is not one wife as well for him as a houseful of the same sort? If he understands "Woman: her Influence and Training," he is content with one at a time, and the suggestion of the *Chronicle*, that he ought to have a "houseful," will not encourage him to mistake Newark for Salt Lake City.

"AT Cairo," writes one of our many military correspondents, "the following incident occurred a few days ago: The telegraph operator received a message for an Italian (who is engaged in selling cakes, etc., to the soldiers, and has temporarily taken up his residence here for that purpose) that his daughter's dress had taken fire, and she had been burned to death. When found by the messenger he was surrounded by some gay companions, who, on learning the awful tidings, considerately fell back in si-

lence, not willing to intrude on a grief so sacred and inconsolable as our Italian friend's must be. Nothing daunted, in a very business-like manner he asked for a pencil and immediately wrote the following reply:

"I am very sorry. Send me some stock as quick as you can—I am out of cakes!"

JUST over the river from Kentuck, in Indiana, a correspondent writes to the Drawer:

"We had in our employ, as maid of general housework, an intelligent contraband, who hailed from 'Way down thar on Blue River.' Now this same contraband was a shouting Methodist, and was very zealous in the cause, as regards singing; and as her lungs were not the weakest, she would make considerable noise. One day, when she was singing at her loudest, I mildly recommended to her not to pitch her voice so high, as it might disturb the neighbors. This quieted her, but after a while she again commenced singing, but in a milder tone, the following verse:

"'Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew the Lord;
But servants of the Heavenly King
Should sound their joys abroad.'



"What, Fred, don't Skate? You ought to learn, old Fellah; it's first-rate Exercise for the Digestion—gets a Man in capital order for his Dinner."



THE DEAD DRUMMER BOY.

'Midst tangled roots that lined the wild ravine,
Where the fierce fight raged hottest through the day,
And where the dead in scattered heaps were seen,
Amid the darkling forests' shade and sheen,
Speechless in death he lay.

The setting sun, which glanced athwart the place
In slanting lines, like amber-tinted rain,
Fell sidewise on the drummer's upturned face,
Where Death had left his gory finger's trace
In one bright crimson stain.

The silken fringes of his once bright eye
Lay like a shadow on his cheek so fair;
His lips were parted by a long-drawn sigh,
That with his soul had mounted to the sky
On some wild martial air.

No more his hand the fierce tatoo shall beat,
The shrill reveillé, or the long roll's call,
Or sound the charge, when in the smoke and heat
Of fiery onset foe with foe shall meet,
And gallant men shall fall.

Yet maybe in some happy home, that one,
A mother, reading from the list of dead,
Shall chance to view the name of her dear son,
And move her lips to say, "God's will be done!"
And bow in grief her head.

But more than this what tongue shall tell his story?

Perhaps his boyish longings were for fame?

He lived, he died; and so, memento mori—

Enough if on the page of War and Glory

Some hand has writ his name.

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Fashions for February.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by Voigt from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—LADY AND CHILD'S STREET DRESS.





FIGURE 3.—NEGLIGÉE ROBE.

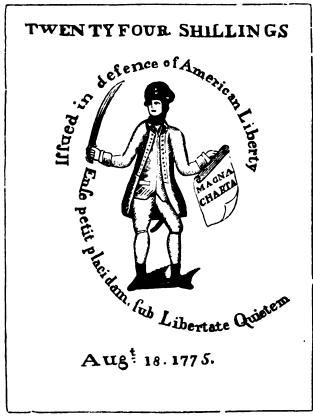
IN the Street Dress on the preceding page the Bonnet and Cloak are removed, in order to show the Dress proper. Its general fashion needs no description. The gray and drab foulards, which are now so fashionable, are admirably adapted to this style, as well as the violet poplin from which the



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CONTINENTAL MONEY.



REVERSE OF A MASSACHUSETTS TREASURY NOTE.

WHEN we think of Money we think of ernment of any kind. They assumed legisy precious metals; but the lexicographer says, "Bank-notes or bills of credit, issued by authority and exchangeable for coin, or redeemable, are also called Money." It is of this species of currency I am about to write. Yet it is not to a description of the paper-money of to-day, but of the long-ago Past, that this paper is de-

The Bills of Credit issued by the authority of the General Congress of the deputies of the revolted colonies in America, in 1775, were called "Continental Money," in contradistinction to those issued by the authorities of the individual provinces. All of the colonies, at different times, resorted to this expedient for creating funds to meet some public emergency.

Massachusetts first set the example, in 1690, when she thus created funds to pay the expenses of an expedition against Quebec; and she was the earliest of the colonies that resorted to this expedient when the old War for Independence commenced upon her soil in the spring of 1775. The bills at the latter period were issued in sums convenient for popular use. Paul Revere, of Boston, one of the most active of the "Sons of Liberty" in New England, engraved the plates, made a press, and printed the bills. They bore on their faces the character of Treasury Notes, and the expressed pledge of the colony for their redemption. The fac-simile here given of the device on the back of one of these notes conveys an idea of the spirit of the times. The free translation of the Latin sentence is, "He seeks by the sword calm repose under Freedom"—in other words, "to conquer a peace." Other colonies soon followed the example; and the Second Continental Congress, that assembled at Philadelphia on the 10th of May, 1775, boldly adopted the same policy, notwithstanding they did not really represent a regularly-constituted gov-

lative and executive powers, and the people acquiesced.

Rhode Island was the first, after Massachusetts, when the Revolution began, to issue Bills of Credit, or Treasury Notes. New Hampshire followed; then South Carolina, Pennsylvania, Georgia, and Connecticut. The issues of these colonies were almost simultaneous with that of the first emission by the Continental Congress. In due time all of the colonies, as such, or as independent States, adopted the policy. bills, or certificates, differed in size and form of expression, and in mottoes and devices. For example, a South Carolina certificate before me, dated June 1, 1775, is six inches in length and four inches in width, and bears the device,

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.







in a circle, of a bundle of thirteen arrows, and the words, Auspicium salutis—"A Presage of Safety." A Maryland bill, dated December

7, 1775, is only three inches and a half in length and not quite three inches in width, and on the reverse has a brawny arm projecting from a

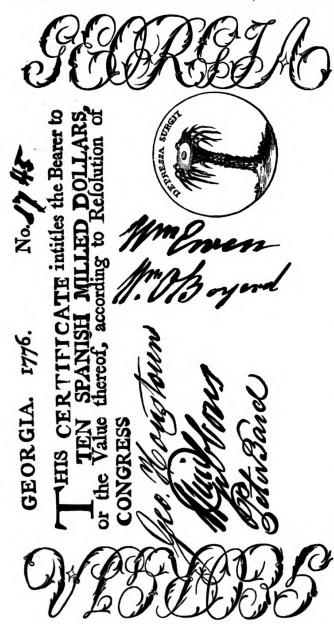
cloud, bearing a shield, and in the hand an olive-branch. The motto, sub clypeo—"Under the Shield," denotes, with the device, that the colony, armed for its defense, offers and desires reconciliation and peace.



A Georgia bill, or certificate, of which a facsimile is here given, is of the medium size, and

bears the device of a Palmetto, with a weight on its top, and the words DEPRESSA SURGIT—"Though pressed down it rises."

On account of the skillful counterfeiting of the currency of several of the colonies, devices and private marks difficult to be imitated were prepared for the backs of the bills. These were printed on paper similar to the bills, and pasted on them. New York was among the last to adopt this measure of security against counterfeiting. In 1772 the practice had become so prevalent, and the public losses so great because of this crime, that Colonel Philip Schuyler proposed, in the General Assembly of the province, the "backing" of the paper currency thereafter, with the following most significant device: "An All-seeing Eye in a cloud-a cart and coffinsthree felons on a gallows - a weeping father and mother, with several small children-a burning pit; human figures poured into it by fiends - and a label with the words, Let the name of the counterfeiter rot." Previous to that time the paper currency of the province bore the warning of the law, 'Tis Death to counterfeit; but it seems to have had very little restraining effect. I have before me a genuine New York bill (of which a fac-simile is given on page 435) and a counterfeit one, both issued the previous year, and, of course, not "backed." The spurious one is so well executed—even the words of warning, 'Tis Death to counterfeit-and the signatures are so well imitated in red and black ink, that only by a careful com-





parison of the two can the spuriousness of the of One Shilling, New York currency, is that of one be detected. To the genuine one are attached the autographs of three well-known citizens of New York almost a hundred years ago, and who have an honorable place in the history of the State. Franklin Square derives its name from that of Walter Franklin, who was an eminent merchant, and one of the appointed signers.

The bills issued by New York after the war commenced, resembled those emitted by the Continental Congress, and like them were all "backed." On the face of each was delineated the arms of the city of New York, crested with the crown as in colonial times, until after the dec-



laration of independence. On the reverse of each denomination was a different escutcheon. One of these, in my possession, dated September 2, 1775, has on the back a representation of the Tables of the Decalogue. Over them

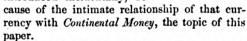
lies a naked sword; and around them are the significant words, LEX REGIT, ARMA TUENTUR -"The law governs, arms defend." Another,



dated March 5, 1776, has a candlestick with 13 burners, and the motto uno Eo-DEMQUE IGNE -"One and the same fire," re-ferring to the unity of the colonies. Another, and small de-

a single fire, and the words NON DIU-"Not for a long time"-i. e., a temporary expedient.

These allusions to, and few illustrations of, the colonial paper currency have been introduced incidentally, be-



The second Continental Congress assembled at Philadelphia on the 10th of May, 1775. Blood had been shed at Lexington and Concord; and an army of New England Minute-men were rapidly gathering around Boston, determined to keep the British invaders within the narrow limits of that peninsula, or to drive them into the sea. On that very morning patriotic men had seized the strong fortress of Ticonderoga, in the "name of the Great Jehovah and the Conti-War had actually begun. nental Congress." The colonies had taken a stand, and could not in safety or honor recede. For more than ten years they had pleaded for justice, and had been met with words of scorn and deeds of greater oppression. They accepted the dreadful alternative with courage and a Christian spirit. With the drawn sword they carried the olive branch of reconciliation, equally ready to offer either, as circumstances might determine.

The developed and undeveloped resources of the country were great, but the long-pending quarrel had unsettled trade and produced widespread confusion. War is wasteful and expensive. One of the chief sinews of its strength is Money. To provide this was the first care of the representatives of the people in Congress assembled. There was very little specie in the country, so they resolved to create Paper-Money. On the first day of the session, in secret convice, on a note sultation, this measure was determined upon.

> Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

It was resolved to boldly pledge the faith of the | to prepare the plates. It is believed that Paul United Colonies for the redemption of the bills that might be issued. The subject was carefully considered; and a committee were appointed to carry the measure into effect. They employed Smithers, a gun-engraver (who had come to

Revere engraved some of the later ones. They were rude specimens of art. The ornamental portions were engraved on type-metal, in the style of wood engraving introduced into this country by Doctor Anderson twenty years after-Philadelphia, from England, two years before), ward; while the body of the lettering was in



FAC-SIMILES OF CONTINENTAL BILLS.





FAC-SIMILE OF BACK OF CONTINENTAL BILL.

common movable type. It was necessary to have them prepared so as to be used on a common printing press, because of the large quantity that might be required. A representation of a group of these bills, precisely in the form and size of the originals, may be seen in the accompanying illustration. To prevent counterfeiting, as we have observed in the case of the provincial currency, rude devices and private marks, very difficult to imitate, were printed and pasted on the back of the bills, making them about as thick as common playing cards. The device was generally a branch with leaves, and sometimes a leaf or leaves only. These were accompanied by the names and address of the printers, and the year of their issue. A fac-simile of one of those backs is given in the above engraving.

The most important requisite for success in the experiment of carrying on a war by means of a paper currency, was to make it command the public confidence and to secure it from depreciation, the evils of which had been already felt in the various colonies. The Convention of New York had gravely considered this subject, and through a committee of that body made some suggestions to the Continental Congress. They proposed three distinct modes of issuing Paper-Money, namely: That each colony should issue for itself the sum which might be appropriated to it by Congress; secondly, that the United Colonies should issue the whole sum necessary, and each colony become bound to sink its proportionable part; and, thirdly, that Congress should issue the whole sum, every col-

the United Colonies be obliged to pay that part which any colony should fail to discharge. The Continental Congress adopted, substantially, the last proposition. On the 3d of June George Washington, Philip Schuyler, Silas Deane, Thomas Cushing, and Joseph Hewes, were appointed a committee "to bring in an estimate of the money to be raised." Within a fortnight afterward the troops at Boston, under General Artemas Ward, were adopted as a "Continental Army," and George Washington was appointed General-in-Chief. On the 17th of June the battle of Bunker's Hill was fought; and on the 22d, the day when the news of that conflict reached Philadelphia, the Congress resolved "That a sum not exceeding two millions of Spanish milled dollars be emitted by the Congress in bills of credit, for the defense of America," and, "That the twelve confederated colonies [Georgia was not then represented] be pledged for the redemption of the bills of credit, now directed to be emitted." Each colony was required to pay its proportion in four annual payments, the first by the last of November, 1779, and the fourth by the last of November, 1782. On the following day a com-

mittee appointed for the occasion reported and offered the following resolutions, which were adopted:

Resolved, That the number and denomination of the bills be as follows:

l	403,800				\$2,00	00,000
		bills of	20 dollars	each	2	36,000
	49,000	bills of	1 dollar	each	4	19,000
	49,000	bills of	2 dollars	each	9	000,8
	49,000	bills of	3 dollars	each	14	17,000
	49,000	bills of	4 dollars	each	19	96,000
				each		
	49,000	bills of	6 dollars	each	29	94,000
	49,000	bills of	7 dollars	each	3	43,000
	49,000	bills of	8 dollars	each	\$39	92,000

Resolved, That the form of the bill be as follows: CONTINENTAL CURRENCY.

Total

This bill entitles the bearer to receive -MILLED DOLLARS, or the value thereof in gold or silver, according to the resolutions of Congress, held at Philadelphia on the 10th day of May, A.D. 1775.

John Adams, John Rutledge, James Duane, Benjamin Franklin, and James Wilson were announced as a committee to get proper plates engraved, to provide paper, and to bargain for the printing of the bills. This announcement was the first public revelation of the existence of a committee appointed for such a purpose. They had already, as we have observed, under instructions in secret session, made preliminary preparations for the measure by having plates engraved for some if not all of the denominations above-mentioned. Richard Bache, Stephen Paschall, and Michael Hillegas, were subsequently appointed a committee to superintend the printing of the bills; and twenty-eight citiony be bound to discharge its proportion, and zens of Philadelphia were authorized and em-

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them, the names of two upon each bill being necessary. Each signer was allowed one dollar and one-third for each and every thousand bills signed and numbered by him.

It will be observed that in the first issue of Continental Bills the denominations were 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 20 dollars. Each denomination had a different device and motto, as exhibited in the subjoined engravings, which are careful copies of the originals.



On the 1-dollar bill is a picture of the acanthus plant, sprouting up around all sides of a basket that rests upon it and is pressed down with a weight. This device illustrates the aneient legend of the origin of the Corinthian capital in architecture. The motto DEPRESSA RE-SURGIT-"Though pressed down it rises again," gave words of encouragement to the struggling colonists, assuring them that, notwithstanding present oppressions, they should not be destroyed; that their industry, forced into new courses, would increase the prosperity of the country; and that with liberty America would yet appear in the strength and beauty of a Corinthian column.



On the 2-dollar bill is the figure of a hand with a flail over sheaves of wheat on a threshing-floor, and the motto TRIBULATIO DITAT-"Affliction enriches," or, as applied in the device and under the circumstances, "Threshing improves it"-brings out its best qualities. It was intended to admonish the colonists that, although then under the flail, and suffering hard blows, the discipline would be an advantage; that out of the husks would be brought the grain of virtues and abilities requisite to make them a prosperous nation; that the public dis-

ployed by the Congress to sign and number tresses, arising from war, would make them more frugal and industrious, and give them habits which would be forever beneficial. Thus by affliction they would be enriched. They were taught to remember that "Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue, where patience, honor, sweet humanity, calm fortitude take root and strongly flourish."



On the 3-dollar bill is the representation of a combat between an eagle and a crane. The eagle on the wing has pounced upon the inferior bird; but the latter, moved by the natural law of self-preservation, turns upon the aggressor and receives him on the point of his long bill that pierces the eagle's breast. The motto EXITUS IN DUBIO EST-"The end is in doubt" the result is uncertain-is explained by the device. The eagle represents Great Britain and the crane America. The motto admonishes both not to be too sanguine. The crane (America) is warned not to count too much upon the success of its endeavors, such as petitions, remonstrances, negotiations, etc., but to use those means which God has placed in its power. The eagle (Britain) is admonished not to presume too much on its superior strength, as a weaker bird may wound it mortally.



On the 4-dollar bill is the picture of a wild boar rushing upon the hunter's spear,* and the motto aut mors aut vita decora-" Either death or an honorable life." The boar is an animal of great strength and courage, but inoffensive while left undisturbed in the enjoyment of his freedom. When roused he sometimes turns furiously upon the hunter and makes him pay dearly for his temerity in commencing



^{*} The outline square in the engraving shows the form of a stamp in red ink, which appears upon many of the

the attack. This was the then condition of the colonies—they preferred death to slavery. "We have counted the cost of this contest," they said, in Congress, "and find nothing so dreadful as voluntary slavery."



On the 5-dollar bill is an open hand attempting to grasp a thorny bush, and made to bleed profusely by the sharp spines of the plant. The motto is SUSTINE VEL ABSTINE—"Sustain or abstain"—either support or leave me—bear with me or let me alone. The thorn-bush represents America, and the bleeding hand Great Britain, vainly endeavoring to crush or eradicate a people armed for their defense.



On the 6-dollar bill is the figure of a beaver gnawing down a large tree. The motto is PER-SEVERANDO-"By persevering." The tree symbolizes Great Britain in the contest, strong and overshadowing, claiming the right to tax the colonies at pleasure, and crush their industry by unjust navigation laws and monopolies of trade. The beaver, assiduous, steady, and faithful, represents the Americans, determined by steady and persevering resistance not only to defend themselves, but to weaken the power of the oppressor by cutting off the American colonies from the realm. The beaver, by patient application, may subdue the largest tree; so might the colonies, by patient industry and courage, subdue the colossal power of the British. This was the mute argument of the device.

on the 7-dollar bill is the picture of a heavy storm. The rain is pouring upon the earth from black clouds, yet there is a bit of clear sky seen in the distance. The motto is SERENABIT—"It will clear up." This is addressed to those who felt dejected and saw little hope for serenity in the future in the midst of the storm of war then



brooding over the land. It was intended to remind them of the adage—"After a storm comes a calm"—to assure them that bright skies were beyond.



On the 8-dollar bill is a harp with thirteen strings, and the motto MAJORA MINORIBUS CONSONANT—"The greater and the smaller ones sound together." The strings of the harp are of different lengths, yet they compose one instrument in a strong frame, and sound in harmony. This was intended to represent the new government under the Continental Congress. composed of provinces of various size and strength, but all working in harmony for the general good—made united in strength and purpose by the frame-work of the Congress.



On the 20-dollar bill is the rude representation of a tempestuous ocean. Above it, in the clouds,* is seen a face, from which are lines representing the furious blowing of wind upon



[•] The original, from which the engraving was made, is very dim, and upon the face of the device is a diamondshaped patch of red color stamped on. Because of the dimness of the original, the artist did not see the cloud and has omitted it.

the waters, whose waves, impelled by it, are rolling all one way. The motto is vi con-CITATÆ-"Driven by force," or "Raised by force"-constrained by necessity. Great calm waters always symbolized the people; and waves indicated the people in insurrection or rebellion. This device and motto imply that the people were inclined to be still, and that the commotion does not arise from any internal cause. It is external, and is represented by the head of Æolus, the god of the winds, and the cloud, which symbolize, in this instance, the British Parliament. The waves rolling in one direction denote that the force that raises them has produced unanimity in their action. On the reverse of this bill is seen a smooth sea; the sails of a ship hanging loosely and denoting a calm; the sun shining in splendor, and the motto ces-SANTE VENTO CONQUIESCEMUS-" When the wind ceases we shall be quiet."

Such were the impressive lessons which these mute teachers on the circulating medium of the country conveyed to the people. They were intended to excite their patriotism, inspire them with hope, and give them confidence in the final success of their efforts as a guaranty that the promises of redemption on the face of the bills would be fulfilled. The people for a time received them without hesitation, and the Congress made other emissions whenever the public service required.

The management of this paper currency was intrusted to two treasurers, acting conjointly, who were required to live in Philadelphia, and were each paid a salary of five hundred dollars out of the Public Treasury. The first appointed were Michael Hillegas and George Clymer. They gave bonds to John Hancock, the president of Congress, and other members designated, in the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, for the faithful discharge of their duties. A census of the inhabitants of each colony, including negroes and mulattoes, was settled by consent, in order that the proper amount for paying the bills, whenever they should be presented at the Treasury, might be levied upon each. This measure was adopted on the 29th of July, four days after another emission of \$1,000,000 had been authorized, making the whole amount then issued \$3,000,000. The apportionment, as thus made, put Virginia at the head. That colony was required, because of its superiority in population, to contribute \$496,278; while New York, ranking with Connecticut, North and South Carolina, was assessed only \$248,139, or one half that of Virginia.

The Continental bills were ordered to be taken for taxes and canceled; and to sustain their credit the treasurers were instructed to advertise their readiness to redeem them, in gold and silver, whenever coin in either of these metals happened to be received into the public exchequer. Toward the close of the year 1775 a census of the inhabitants of all the colonies was ordered, so that a just apportionment of the burdens of each might be determined.

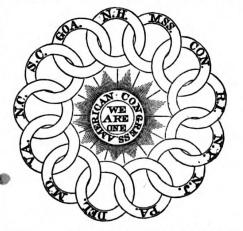
During the summer of 1775 an expedition for the invasion of Canada was organized. Tedious delays made it exceedingly expensive, and in November, when the army, under the immediate command of General Montgomery, had penetrated to the St. Lawrence, and another under Benedict Arnold had crossed the vast wilderness and stood before Quebec, the Congress ordered a new emission of paper-money, to the amount of \$3,000,000, making the total issue in the course of five months of \$6,000,000. It was soon ascertained that the Canadians, on whom the invading army must rely for its immediate supplies, would not receive the Continental bills in payment. It was therefore resolved that the silver and gold in the Treasury should be counted and forwarded to the Northern army under a sufficient guard, and that the treasurers be empowered to employ a broker to collect silver and gold in exchange for Continental paper.

In the issue of the \$3,000,000 in November, 1775, bills of larger denominations were emitted; and in the course of time those representing 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, and 80 dollars, were in circulation. Also fractions of a dollar, such as One Sixth, One Third, One Half, and Two Thirds. These fractions were printed on smaller paper, but bore devices and mottoes on their faces and sometimes on their backs. One

of these fractions in my possession, representing One Sixth of a Dollar, has on the face a sundial, with the sun (represented by a human face) shining upon it. A smaller face, representing the moon, is near it. In the circle around



the dial is the motto Fugio—"I fly," applied to Time. Under the dial is the excellent injunction, MIND YOUR BUSINESS. On the back, with the name and address of the printers (Hall and Sellers), is a chain in a circle—an emblem



of union—composed of thirteen circular links, on each of which is the name of a colony. In the centre are the words we are one, and around them AMERICAN CONGRESS.





On a half-dollar note is the device of a hand planting a young tree, and the word POSTERITATE—"For posterity." The lesson to be conveyed was, that the struggle in which the colonists were engaged in the planting of a new and free nation would be for the benefit of posterity—that future generations would enjoy the blessings of life under the Tree of Liberty then planted.



On a 30-dollar bill, issued on the 26th of September, 1778, is a wreath of leaves, on a marble monument of altar form, and the motto SI RECTE FACIES-"If thou shalt do well," or "If you act rightly." This seems to have been intended as an encouragement to perseverance in the good cause; for it promised those who should do so a wreath of honor and an enduring monument. This is supposed, by a writer of that period, to have been particularly addressed to the Congress; and that the wreath was composed of laurel, the tree dedicated to Apollo, and understood to signify knowledge and prudence-of oak, as pertaining to Jupiter, and expressing fortitude-and of olive, the tree of Pallas and symbol of peace. The motto he considered as evidently taken from a passage in Horace.

"Si recte faciet, non qui dominatur, erit rex;" signifying that not the King's Parliament, who act wrong, but the People's Congress, if they act right, shall govern America.*

On a 35-dollar bill, issued on the 14th of January, 1779, is a picture representing an open



field and a plow and tree in the fore-ground, small trees in the distance, and a cloud, indicating blessed moisture, hanging in the sky. The motto is hinc opes—"Hence our wealth." The significance of the device and motto is too palpable to need explanation. Agriculture is the source of the most genuine wealth and prosperity of a nation. The lighter portion of the engraving shows the form of the red stamp on the face of the original, already alluded to in descriptions of other devices.

On a 40-dollar bill, issued on the 26th of September, 1778, after a majority of the States had agreed to Articles of Confederation, or a National League, is an altar with a flame rising from it. Over the altar and flame, breaking from a cloud, is the All-seeing Eye, casting radiance over the whole field. In a circle around the altar are thirteen stars, and the English word Confederation.* This vignette denotes that under the eye of God the thirteen independent States had confederated, and that upon one altar they had laid their precious sacrifices.



On a 45-dollar bill, issued on the 14th of January, 1779, is represented an apiary in which two bee-hives are visible, and bees are seen swarming about. The motto is SIC FLORET RESPUBLICA—"Thus flourishes the Republic." It conveys the simple lesson that by industry and frugality the Republic would prosper.

On a 50-dollar bill, issued on the 26th of September, 1778, is a picture of an unfinished pyramid. Thirteen layers of stone, representing the thirteen Confederated States, are seen. The motto is PERENNIS—"Everlasting," or "Enduring." The incomplete pyramid denotes the expectation that other States would be added in time. The motto implies that the Confederated States, while in union, would have an enduring

See genuine and counterfeit bills on page 445.



^{*} See Force's "American Archives," Fourth Series, volume iii., page 748. The same writer, whose letter is dated "Philadelphia, October 20, 1775," gives explanations of the devices and mottoes on the earliest issued bills, the substance of which are embodied in this paper.



existence. Union, Strength, and Perpetuity are the leading ideas of the device. The unfinished pyramid was adopted for the obverse of the Great Seal of the United States, in 1782, and still holds its place there, when there are thirty-one layers. On the back of this bill are three Indian arrows on the wing.



On a 55-dollar bill, issued on the 14th of January, 1779, is represented an open country, a dark cloud rolling away, and the sun shining in splendor upon the landscape.* The motto is POST NUBILA PHŒBUS—"After the clouds comes the sun." This was the darkest period of the Revolution, and these encouraging words were sent forth to the people for their comfort. The clouds were then black, the light was dim, the thunders were frequent and heavy, but faith in the hearts of the faithful prophesied of succeeding sunshine for the struggling colonist, when peace and prosperity should prevail.



On a 60-dollar bill, issued on the 26th of

September, 1778, is the figure of a globe in the heavens, and the words DEUS REGNAT EXULTET TERRA—"The Lord reigns, let the earth rejoice." This quotation from one of the Psalms of David was to express the confidence of the Confederated States in the God of Battles, and, like others, was circulated for the encouragement of the people.



On a 65-dollar bill, issued on the 14th of January, 1779, is the figure of a hand projecting from the heavens, and holding a pair of equally-balanced scales over the earth, and the words fiat Justitia—"Let justice be done." In the Declaration of Independence our fathers said they had "appealed to the native justice and magnanimity" of their "British brethren." They also solemnly appealed "to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of their intentions," and all that they desired was justice, human and divine. And they were willing to be judged by the maxim that

"Just men are only free; the rest are slaves."



On a 70-dollar bill, also issued on the 14th of January, 1779, the device is a single tree, strong and firmly rooted, and the words vim procellarum, quadrennium sustinuit—"For four years it has sustained the force of the storms." The tree represents the Confederacy of States. The war, which commenced in the spring of 1775, had then been raging for four years and upward. This motto and device simply announced a historical fact, yet one that was full of significance. For four years they had sustained the storm of war, and were not overcome. It was an encouragement for them to persevere.

On an 80-dollar bill, also issued on the 14th of January, 1779, is the figure of a huge oaktree, and the words ET IN SECULA SECULORUM FLORESCEBIT—"It will flourish forever and



The lighter portion of the engraving shows the form (triangular) of the red stamp upon the face of it.

ever"—through ages of ages. This is a prophetic emblem of the Republic they were then endeavoring to establish. It referred to the union and perpetuity of the States as one great nation. Surely we, who have been witnesses of the terrible storm to which the Republic—the mighty oak—has been subjected during the last two years, and the amazing strength with which it has resisted the hurricane, have reason to believe in the prophecy and rejoice in its promises.



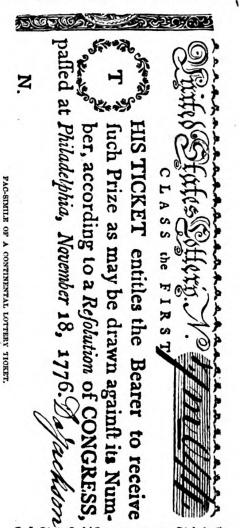
Every escutcheon on the faces of the several denominations of Continental Bills of Credit have now been given in careful copies from originals. It will be observed that most of the later ones have been copied from bills issued on the 14th of September, 1779. The amount then authorized was \$50,000,000. Never before nor afterward was a sum larger than \$10,000,000 emitted at one time. The area of the war had been greatly enlarged during the previous year. The enemy were making great preparations to subjugate the Southern States. An expensive campaign was to be carried on there; for South Carolina and Georgia were so full of Tories that armies must be sent from the North to meet the foe. Canada was to be again invaded, and the enemy expelled from Rhode Island. Promised aid from France had not arrived, and only \$4,000,000 had been obtained from Europe by loans. The Congress had no other resource for funds than the creation of Paper-Money; and, notwithstanding the \$100,000,000 which had already been issued had so depreciated that \$742 in Continental bills were valued at only \$100 in specie, they authorized, in their desperation, the issue of \$50,000,000 more.

Early in 1776 confidence in the Continental money began to waver. The bills were sometimes refused. A general uneasiness began to prevail in the public mind concerning them; and Committees of Safety and other authorities in the several Colonies were constrained to adopt measures for sustaining them. Patriotic men came forward and offered to redeem them at par, and exchanges of one thousand dollars in silver were made for the same sum in Continental Paper. But these examples were not potent enough to allay the public distrust, and the Continental Congress were compelled to take the matter in hand. On the 11th of January, 1776, after intimating in a preamble that the Tories, or the adherents of the Crown, were endeavoring to depreciate the currency, the Congress resolved:

"That if any person shall hereafter be so lost to all virtue and regard for his country as to refuse to receive said bills in payment, or obstruct and discourage the currency or circulation thereof, and shall be duly convicted by the committee of the city, county, or district, or, in case of appeal from their decision, by the Assembly, Convention, Council, or Committee of Safety of the Colony where he shall reside, such person shall be decreed, published, and treated as an enemy of his country, and precluded from all trade or intercourse with the inhabitants of these Colonies."

And when, at near the close of the year, immediately after the battle of Trenton, Washington was invested by the Congress with the powers of Military Dictator for six months, one specification of those powers authorized him "to arrest and confine persons who refuse to take the Continental Currency," and to return to the States of which they were citizens their names, together with those of the witnesses.

At the close of 1776 the Congress had issued bills to the amount of \$25,510,000. From that time, when they were at five per cent. discount, they rapidly depreciated, in spite of all efforts in their favor; and twelve months afterward \$325 in paper was equivalent to only \$100 in



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Meanwhile a lottery scheme for creating funds had been tried, pursuant to a resolution of the Congress, on the 1st of November, 1776. A committee appointed for the purpose reported a scheme on the 18th, in which there were to be 100,000 tickets arranged in four classes, the highest prize in the first being \$10,000; in the second \$20,000; in the third \$30,000; and in the fourth \$50,000. The affair was to have the form of a loan. The drawer of more than a minimum prize in each class was to receive a Treasury Note payable in five years, and bearing an annual interest of four per cent. The tickets (a fac-simile of one of which is here given) were issued, bearing date the 18th of November, 1776, and the drawing was appointed to be held at Philadelphia on the 1st of March following. The measure was not popu-Tickets sold tardily, and the drawing was postponed from time to time. It never took place; and this financial scheme, like others of that period, was a complete failure, occasioning considerable loss to many individuals, and producing much unpleasant feeling in the public mind. The Congress were compelled to rely upon the Continental Money.

The limits of this paper will not admit more than a brief outline history of the management of the Continental money from the close of 1776 until its final extinction as currency in 1780. Alarmed at the prospect of its rapid depreciation, the Congress adopted various expedients to sustain its credit. Some of them were unwise, some very arbitrary, and all of them futile. They were instigated by the most patriotic motives, and sanctified by the most honest intention and expectation of justifying the faith of the people in the pledges given on the faces of the bills. For this purpose, early in 1777, the Congress, after declaring that as "the Continental money ought to be supported at its full value expressed in the respective bills, by the inhabitants of these States, for whose benefit they were issued, and who stood bound to redeem the same according to the like value," resolved that all such bills should pass current at par in all transactions of trade; and that those who should refuse to receive them at such valuation should be deemed enemies of their country. They recommended the Legislatures of the several States to make laws declaring the bills issued by the Congress a legal tender in payment of public and private debts, "and a refusal thereof an extinquishment of the debt." At the same time the States were asked to make provision for calling in and sinking their respective quotas of the emissions. At near the close of the year (Dec. 3, 1777), the Congress who recommended the several Legislatures to enact laws requiring all persons within their respective States, holding bills of credit issued by the authority of the British sovereign previous to the 19th of April, 1775, forthwith to deliver them to appointed commissioners, to be exchanged for the Continental money. These were wanted for the use of the commissaries of prisoners, who were com-

pelled to use specie or bills authorized by the Crown.

These recommendations were acted upon, more or less, in the several States; but the legislation which followed proved to be so pernicious -so grinding to the confiding, patriotic creditors, and beneficial to dishonest debtors, who were enabled to pay their liabilities at an enormous discount-that the Congress soon hastened to recall their unwise advice, and to beseech the States to repeal their iniquitous "tender" laws, which discouraged taxation, the only safe security for the redemption of a public debt. "Who," said a member of Congress, in a debate on the subject of the emission of bills-"Who will consent to load his constituents with taxes, when we can send to our printers and get a wagon-load of money, and pay for the whole with a quire of paper?" Such, indeed, was the way, during the years 1778 and 1779, the Continental Congress kept the machinery of the Revolution in motion. By the means of an active printing-press and a few commissioners hired by the day or paid by the quantity, to sign the bills, nearly all of the pecuniary demands of the Government were responded to by "wagon-loads" of paper-money. More than thirty thousand troops were kept in the field, cruisers were sent out upon the seas, diplomatic intercourse with foreign countries was sustained, and the ordinary demands of the civil list were thus met.* At the close of 1779, when

I have compiled from the Journals of the Continental Congress the following table of emissions, showing the date of the resolutions ordering them, and the amount each time:

W	hen Ordered.		Amount.
1775.	June	23	\$2,000,000
**	July	25	1,000,000
44	November	29	8,000,000
1776.	January	5	10,000
"	February	17	4,000,000
**	May	9	5,000,000
"	July	22	5,000,000
**	November		500,000
"	December	25	5,000,000
1777.	February	26	5,000,000
"	May	20	5,000,00 0
**	August	15	1,000,000
"	November	7	1,000,000
**	December	8	1,000,000
1778.	January	8	1,000,000
	January	22	2,00 0,000
44	February	16	2,000,000
44	March	5	2,000,000
**	April	4	1,000,000
**	April	11	5,000,0 00
66	April	18	500,000
44	May	22	5,000,00 0
**	June	20	5,000,000
"	July	31	5,000,000
44	September	5	5,000,000
	September	26	10,000,100
"	November	4	10,000,100
44	December	14	10,000,100
1779.	January	14	50,000,400
44	February	8	5,000,160
"	February	19	5,000,160
66	April May June	1	5,000,160
**	May	5	10,000,100
44	June	4	10,000,100
"	Jul y	17	5,000,180
**	July	17	10,000,100
**		17	6,000,080
44	September	17	10,000,080
**	October	14	5,000,180
44		17	5,000,040
44		17	5,050. 500
**	November	29	10,000.140
	Tota	al	242,060,780



the printing-press was stopped, the commissioners were dismissed, and the depreciation of the paper-currency had reached zero. More than \$242,000,000 had been put in circulation, and \$200,000,000 remained unredeemed in the hands of the people. During the two preceding years the whole amount of specie received into the Continental Treasury was only \$156,660, weighing in gold about seven hundred pounds, and being in bulk less than the contents of a good-sized wheel-barrow!

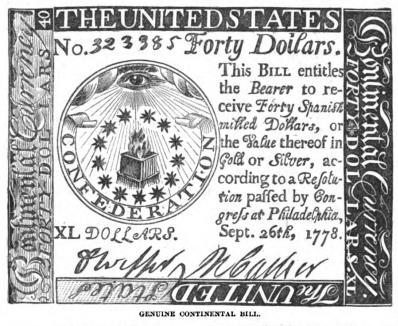
Meanwhile a panic had been created among the holders (and they were the whole people) of the Continental Money, by the discovery of an immense amount of counterfeits afloat. Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander in the

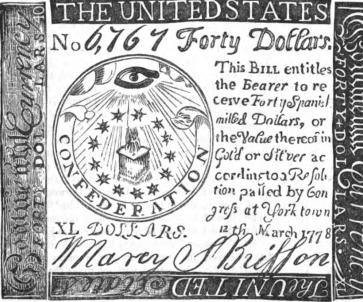
city of New York, was at the head of the gang of counterfeiters, and the Loyalists all over the country were his accomplices. Smithers, the Englishman who had been employed by Congress to engrave many of its bills, assisted Sir Henry, it is said, in his nefarious work; and when suspected he fled to New York. The business was commenced in the spring of 1777, and continued for more than two years, to the great discredit of the Continental currency. It was no secret at the time, as the following advertisement in Hugh Gaines's New York Mercury, April 14, 1777, attests:

them off, it being almost impossible to discover that they are not genu-ine. This has been prov-en by bills to a very large amount which have already been successfully circulated. Inquire of Q. E. D., at the Coffee House, from 11 A.M. to 4 P.M. during the present month.

A copy of one of the counterfeit notes, issued almost a year later than the date of this advertisement, and a genuine one emitted later still, are given. They are both of the same denomination, and have the same border and escutcheon. It is evident that the engraver of the counterfeit attempted to imitate the movable type of the genuine, and, as may be seen, failed.

The Congress, by calling in its emissions most counterfeited, and urging the States to provide a sinking fund by raising \$15,000,000 in the year 1779, and \$6,000,000 annually for eighteen years thereafter, hoped to sustain the rapidly falling currency. In a circular to the States they laid the whole matter before the people, concealing nothing. They admitted that the issue of paper-money had been in excess of the actual wants





COUNTERFEIT CONTINENTAL BILL

of the Government as five to one, but explained the cause, and gave reasons why more should They also endeavored to calm be emitted. the fears of the people concerning the burden of the National debt. "Let us suppose," they said, at the middle of September, 1779, when the emissions of paper-money amounted to \$160,000,000, and the loans at home and abroad to almost \$40,000,000—"Let us suppose for the sake of argument, that at the conclusion of the war the emissions should amount to \$200,000,000; that exclusive of supplies from taxes, which will not be inconsiderable, the loans should amount to \$100,000,000, thus the whole national debt of the United States would be \$300,000,000. There are at present 3,000,000 of inhabitants in the thirteen States: 300,000,000 of dollars divided among 3,000,000 of people, would give to each person \$100. Is there an individual in America, in the course of eighteen or twenty years, unable to pay it again? Suppose the whole debt assessed as it ought to be, on the inhabitants in proportion to their respective estates, what would then be the share of the poorer people? Perhaps not \$10." They then referred to the fair assumption that within twenty years the population of the States would probably more than double, making the tax, in the end, exceedingly light for all. In a subsequent address they spurned the idea, which had been suggested by the enemies of the country, that the people would ever consent to a repudiation of the debt. They spoke of a bankrupt, faithless Republic, as a novelty in the political world. "The pride of America," they said, "revolts from the idea.....Knowing, as we all do, the value of national character, and impressed with a due sense of the immutable laws of justice and honor, it is impossible that America should think, without horror, of such an execrable deed.'

Thus spoke wise, honest, and patriotic men, upon whose shoulders the weight of government was laid, without the assisting and compensating support of delegated executive power. By the terms of the Confederation then agreed upon but not ratified, they could not command. They could only recommend measures; it was for the States in full agreement to order their execu-In the matter of finances the States could not agree; and their jealousies contravened the honest and patriotic efforts of the Congress to sustain the public credit.* The States had taken some measures, as we have observed, for the purpose, as individuals. Some of them had recently enacted rigid laws by which the price of labor, the produce of the work-shop and farm, the charges of inn-keepers, the price of imported goods, etc., were to be regulated. The Congress, in like manner, had attempted to fix a standard price for every thing purchased for the public service. But these efforts all failed to produce the desired effect. They caused wide-spread confusion in trade and immense

vexation. Yet common danger and common patriotism made the people patient and loyal. They clung to the central government as their anchor of hope. When the bills of the States were worthless and were every where refused, those of the Continental Congress, though equally worthless, passed currently at the exchange of the day, because they bore the stamp of Nationality. The people believed in a NATIONAL GOVERNMENT; only demagogues clung to the idea of STATE SUPREMACY.

Laws, penalties, entreaties, the most enduring patriotism could not sustain the credit of the Continental currency. Prices went up and the paper went down, until the latter became valueless as a circulating medium.

The following table exhibits the depreciation of the Continental Money at the beginning of every month during the last five years of its existence, specie being the standard of value:

VALUE OF \$100 IN SPECIE IN CONTINENTAL MONEY.

	1777.	1778.	1779.	1780.	1781.
January	\$105	\$325	\$742	\$2934	\$7400
February	107	350	868	. 3322	7500
March					
April	112	400	1104	4000	
May	115	400	1215	4600	
June	. 120	400	1342	. 6400	
July					
August	150	450	1630	7000	
September					
October	275	590	2030	7200	
November	. 300	445	2308	. 7300	
December	310	634	2593	. 7400	

The people were heartily tired of a currency which figured so ridiculously in a common transaction of trade as the following:

"CAPTAIN A. M'LANE, Bo't of W. NICHOLLS, January 5, 1781. 1 p. boots \$6600 6½ yds calico, at 85 ds 752 6 yds chintz, at 150 ds 900 4½ yds moreen, at 100 ds 450 4 handkerchiefs, at 100 ds 400 8 yds quality binding, 4 ds 32 1 Skein of silk 10

If paid in specie, £18 10s.

Received payment in full

For Wm. Nicholls,

Jno. Jones '

53144

They preferred to see it disappear in perfect annihilation. There was not a shadow of a chance of its ever being redeemed, the finances of the Confederacy were in such a wretched state. The people submitted quietly to the loss of \$200,000,000, and thereby exhibited one of the most glorious pictures of true patriotism to be found in the annals of the race. It was a great debt created by the representatives of the people; it was borrowed from the people; and it was canceled, by annihilation, with the tacit consent of the people. It had performed for them, and us, a most blessed work. It had fed, clothed, armed, and paid troops, and fitted out ships, for the defense of the liberties we now enjoy-"With this paper," wrote the philosophic Franklin, from Passy, in France, in the autumn of 1780-"With this paper, without taxes the first three years, they fought and baffled one of the most powerful nations in Europe. They hoped, notwithstanding its quantity, to have kept up the

^{*} See article entitled The League of States, in Harper's Magazine for January, 1863.

value of their paper. In this they were mistaken. It depreciated gradually. But this depreciation, though in some circumstances inconvenient, has had the general good and great effect of operating as a tax, and perhaps the most equal of all taxes, since it depreciated in the hands of the holders of money, and thereby taxed them in proportion to the sums they held, and the time they held it, which generally is in proportion to men's wealth.....Thus, so much of the public debt has been, in this manner, insensibly paid that the remainder does not exceed six millions sterling In the mean time the vigor of their military operations is again revived, and they are now as able, with respect to money, to carry on the war as they were at the beginning, and much more so with regard to troops, arms, and discipline. It is also an increasing nation, sixty thousand children having been born annually in the United States since the beginning of the war."

Abandoning the issue of Continental Money, the Congress resorted to specie loans in Europe and the emission of a new kind of paper. On the 18th of March, 1780, after renewing a call upon the several States to pay into the National Treasury the aggregate sum of \$15,000,000 a month until the first of 1781, they resolved to issue bills on the funds of the individual States, signed by commissioners appointed by them, and their payment guaranteed by the United States. The following form of the bills of the new emission expresses the condition:

"The possessor of this bill shall be paid — Spanish milled dollars, by the 31st day of December, 1786, with interest, in like money, at the rate of five per cent. per annum, by the State of —, according to an act of the Legislature of the said State, of the — day of —, 1780."

These bills were indorsed as follows:

"The United States insure the payment of the within bill, and will draw bills of exchange for the interest annually, if demanded, according to a resolution of Congress, of the 18th day of March, 1780."

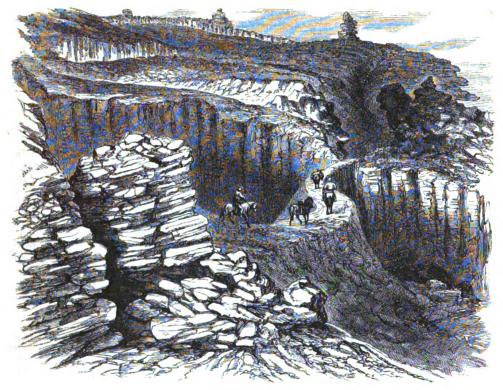
The bills were called the New Emission* in contradistinction to the Continental bills, which were now termed the Old Emission. But the losses incurred by the latter made the people look with suspicion upon all paper-money.

Here the history of the Continental Money (old emission) as currency ends, and with it the topic of this paper. It was used before the close of the war for ignoble purposes. "I have seen," said the late Samuel Breck, of Philadelphia, in a letter to the writer, "a barber's shop in Boston papered with the bills; and sailors who, on their return from long voyages, were paid their wages in great bundles of this trash, with the usual light-heartedness of their class, laugh at their own misfortune, and for the fun of the thing parade the streets with their clothes covered with bills that once represented thousands of dollars." They have now become very rare, and are seldom found outside of the collections of antiquaries. †

* The terms "Old Tenor" and "New Tenor" are met with in currency matters before the adoption of the National Constitution. These were designations of old emissions of paper-money; and later ones, upon a different basis, by the provinces or States, as in the case here given of the Continental money. Both emissions of the States currency circulated together—the latter at greater nominal value, while that of the old emission of Continental money disappeared as currency.

† Joshua I. Cohen, M.D., of Baltimore, Maryland, has a specimen of every denomination and of every issue of the "Old Emission" of Continental Money. It is believed to be the only perfect collection in the country, that of Colonel Peter Force, of Washington city, lacking one or two bills of the very rare issue of April 11, 1777, which were drawn from circulation because of counterfeits.





THE HRAFNAJAU.

A CALIFORNIAN IN ICELAND.

[Third Paper.]

A Parsonage. In addition to my rough ride from Reykjavik and the various trying adventures on the way, I had walked over nearly the whole range of the Almannajau, sketched the principal points of interest, visited the Lögberg, and made some sketches and diagrams of that, besides accomplishing a considerable amount of work about the premises of the good Pastorall of which is now submitted to the kind indulgence of the reader. Surely if there is a country upon earth abounding in obstacles to the pursuit of the Fine Arts, it is Iceland. The climate is the most variable in existence-warm and cold, wet and dry by turns, seldom the same thing for half a day. Such, at least, was my experience in June. Wild and desolate scenery there is in abundance, and no lack of interesting objects any where for the pencil of an artist; but it is difficult to conceive the amount of physical discomfort that must be endured by one who faithfully adheres to his purpose. Only think of sitting down on a jagged piece of lava, wet to the skin and shivering with cold; a raw, drizzling rain running down your back and dropping from the brim of your hat, making rivers on your paper where none are intended to be; hints of rheumatism shooting through your bones, and visions of a solitary

T was ten o'clock at night when I reached the | then, of a sudden, a wind that scatters your papers far and wide and sends your only hat whirling into an abyss from which it is doubtful whether you will ever recover it-think of these, ye summer tourists who wander, sketch-book in hand, through the "warbling woodland" and along "the resounding shore," and talk about being enterprising followers of the Fine Arts! Try it in Iceland a while and see how long your inspiration will last! Take my word for it, unless you be terribly in earnest, you will postpone your labors till the next day, and then the next, and so on to the day that never

Not the least of my troubles was the difficulty of getting a good night's rest after the fatiguing adventures of the day. There was no fault to be found with the bed, save that it was made for somebody who had never attained the average growth of an American; and one might do without a night-cap, but how in the world could any body be expected to sleep where there was no night? At twelve o'clock, when it ought to be midnight and the ghosts stirring about, I looked out, and it was broad day; at half past one I looked out again, and the sun was shining; at two I got up and tried to read some of the Pastor's books, which were written in Icelandic, and therefore not very entertaining; at grave in the wilderness crossing your mind; three I went to work and finished some of my





AN ARTIST AT HOME.

sketches; and at four I gave up all further hope of sleeping, and sallied forth to take another look at the Almannajau.

On my return Zöega was saddling up the horses. A cup of coffee and a dry biscuit put me in traveling order, and we were soon on our way up the valley.

For the first few miles we followed the range of the "Jau," from which we then diverged across the great lava-beds of Thingvalla. It was not long before we struck into a region of such blast-

ed and barren aspect that the imagination was bewildered with the dreary desolation of the scene. The whole country, as far as the eye could reach, was torn up and rent to pieces. Great masses of lava seemed to have been wrested forcibly from the original bed, and hurled at random over the face of the country. Prodigious fissures opened on every side; and for miles the trail wound through a maze of sharp points and brittle crusts of lava, with no indication of the course save at occasional intervals a pile of stones on some prominent point, erected by the peasants as a way-mark for travelers. Sometimes our hardy little horses climbed like goats up the rugged sides of a slope, where it seemed utterly impossible to find a foothold-so tortured and chaotic was the face of the earth; and not unfrequently we became involved in a labyrinth of fearful sinks, where the upper stratum had given way and fallen into the yawning depths below. Between these terrible traps the trail was often not over a few feet wide. It was no pleasant thing to contemplate the results of a probable slip or a misstep. The whole country bore the aspect of baffled rage-as if imbued with a demoniac spirit, it had received a crushing stroke from the Almighty hand that blasted and shivered it to fragments.

There were masses that looked as if they had turned cold while running in a fiery flood from the crater; wavy, serrated, frothy-like tar congealed or stiffened on a flat surface. One piece that I sketched was of the shape of a large leaf, upon which all the fibres were marked. It measured ten feet by four. Another bore a resemblance to a great conch-shell. Many were impressed with the roots of shrubs and the images of various surrounding objects - snail - shells, pebbles, twigs, and the like. On a larger scale bubbling brooks, waterfalls, and whirlpools were represented—now no longer a burning flood, but stiff, stark, and motionless. One sketch, which is reproduced, bore a startling resemblance to some of the marble effigies on the tombs of medieval knights.

The distant mountains were covered with



EFFIGY IN LAVA.



LAVA-FJELDS.

their perpetual mantles of snow. Nearer, on the verge of the valley, were the red peaks of the foot-hills. To the right lay the quiet waters of the lake glistening in the sunbeams. In front, a great black fissure stretched from the shores of the lake to the base of the mountains, presenting to the eye an impassable barrier. This was the famous Hrafnajau—the uncouth and terrible twin-brother of the Almannajau.

A toilsome ride of eight miles brought us to the edge of the Pass-which in point of rugged grandeur far surpasses the Almannajau, though it lacks the extent and symmetry which give the latter such a remarkable effect. Here was a tremendous gap in the earth, over a hundred feet deep, hacked and shivered into a thousand fantastic shapes; the sides a succession of the wildest accidents; the bottom a chaos of broken lava, all tossed about in the most terrific confusion. It is not, however, the extraordinary desolation of the scene that constitutes its principal interest. The resistless power which had rent the great lava-bed asunder, as if touched with pity at the ruin, had also flung from the tottering cliffs a causeway across the gap, which now forms the only means of passing over the great Hrafnajau. No human hands could have created such a colossal work as this; the imagination is lost in its massive grandeur; and when we reflect that miles of an almost impassable country would otherwise have to be traversed in order to reach the opposite side of the gap, the conclusion is irresistible that in the battle of the elements

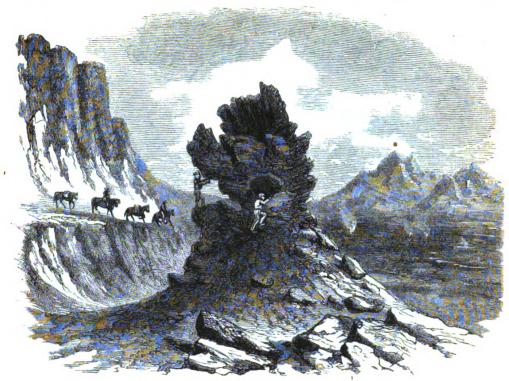
Five or six miles beyond the Hrafnajau, near the summit of a dividing ridge, we came upon a very singular volcanic formation called the Tintron. It stands, a little to the right of the trail, on a rise of scoria and burned earth, from which it juts up in rugged relief to the height of twenty or thirty feet. This is, strictly speaking, a huge clinker not unlike what comes out of a grate; hard, glassy in spots, and scraggy all over. The top part is shaped like a shell; in the centre is a hole about three feet in diameter, which opens into a vast subterranean cavity of unknown depth. Whether the Tintron is an extinct crater, through which fires shot out of the earth in by-gone times, or an isolated massof lava, whirled through the air out of some distant volcano, is a question that geologists must determine. The probability is that it is one of those natural curiosities so common in Iceland which defv research. The whole country is full of anomalies-bogs where one would expect to find dry land, and parched deserts where it would not seem strange to see bogs; fire where water ought to be, and water in the place of fire.

While the pack-train followed the trail Zöega suggested that the Tintron had never been sketched, and if I felt disposed to "take it down"—as he expressed it—he would wait for me in the valley below; so I took it down.

reflect that miles of an almost impassable country would otherwise have to be traversed in order to reach the opposite side of the gap, the conclusion is irresistible that in the battle of the elements Nature still had a kindly remembrance of man.

During this day's journey we crossed many small rivers which had been much swollen by the recent rains. The fording-places, however, were generally good, and we got over them without being obliged to swim our horses. One

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THE TINTEON BOOK.

river, the Bruara, gave me some uneasiness. When we arrived at the banks it presented a very formidable obstacle. At the only place where it was practicable to reach the water it was a raging torrent over fifty yards wide, dashing furiously over a bed of lava, with a velocity and volume that bade apparent defiance to any attempt at crossing. In the middle was a great fissure running parallel with the course of the water, into which the current converged from each side, forming a series of cataracts that shook the earth and made a loud reverberation from the depths below.

I stopped on an elevated bank to survey the route before us. There seemed to be no possible way of getting over. It was all a wild roaring flood plunging madly down among the rocks. While I was thinking what was to be done Zöega, with a crack of his whip, drove the animals into the water and made a bold dash after them. It then occurred to me that there was a good deal of prudence in the advice given by an Icelandic traveler: "Never go into a river till your guide has tried it." Should Zöega be swept down over the cataract, as appeared quite probable, there would be no necessity for me to follow him. I had a genuine regard for the poor fellow, and it would pain me greatly to lose him; but then he was paid so much per day for risking his life, and how could I help it if he chose to pursue such a perilous career? Doubtless he had come near being drowned many a time before; he seemed to be used to it. All I could do for him in the present instance would be to

tenderly as possible. While thus philosophizing, Zöega plunged in deeper and deeper till he was surrounded by the raging torrent on the very verge of the great fissure. Was it possible he was going to force his horse into it? Surely the man must be crazy.

"Stop, Zöega! stop!" I shouted at the top of my voice, "you'll be swept over the precipice. There's a great gap in the river just before you!" "All right, Sir!" cried Zöega. "Come on, Sir!"

Again and again I called to him to stop; but he seemed to lose my voice in the roar of the falling waters. Dashing about after the scattered animals he whipped them all up to the brink of the precipice, and then quietly walked his own horse across on what looked to me like a streak of foam. The others followed; and in a few minutes they all stood safely on the opposite bank. I thought this was very strange. A remote suspicion flashed across my mind that Zöega was in league with some of those waterspirits which are said to infest the rivers of Iceland. Wondering what they would say to a live Californian, I plunged in and followed the route taken by my guide. Upon approaching the middle of the river I discovered that what appeared to be a streak of foam was in reality a wooden platform stretched across the chasm and covered by a thin sheet of water. It was pinned down to the rocks at each end, and was well braced with rafters underneath. From this the river derives its name-Brúará, or the Bridge.

do for him in the present instance would be to The general aspect of the country differed break the melancholy intelligence to his wife as but little from what I have already attempted to

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BRIDGE RIVER

Vast deserts of lava, snow-capped mountains in the distance, a few green spots here and there, and no apparent sign of habitation-these were its principal features. Below the falls the scene was peculiarly wild and characteristic. Tremendous masses of lava cast at random amidst the roaring waters; great fissures splitting the earth asunder in all directions; every where marks of violent convulsion. In the accompanying sketch I have endeavored to depict some of these salient points. When it is taken into consideration that the wind blew like a hurricane through the craggy ravines; that the rain and spray whirled over and under and almost through me; that it was difficult to stand on any elevated spot without danger of being blown over; I hope some allowance will be made for the imperfections of the perform-

About midway between Thingvalla and the Geysers we descended into a beautiful little valley, covered with a fine growth of grass, where we stopped to change horses and refresh ourselves with a lunch. While Zöega busied himself arranging the packs and saddles our indefatigable little dog, Brusa, availed himself of the opportunity to give chase to a flock of sheep. Zöega shouted at him as usual, and as usual Brusa only barked the louder and ran the faster. The sheep scattered over the valley—Brusa pursuing all the loose members of the flock with a degree of energy and enthusiasm that would have done credit to a better cause. Upon the lambs he was particularly severe. Many of them must have been stunted in their growth for life by the fright they received: and it was

not until he had tumbled half a dozen of them heels over head, and totally dispersed the remainder, that he saw fit to return to head-quarters. The excitement once over, he of course began to consider the consequences, and I must say he looked as mean as it was possible for an intelligent dog to look. Zöega took him by the nape of the neck with a relentless hand, and heaving a profound sigh, addressed a pathetic remonstrance to him in the Icelandic language, giving it weight and emphasis by a sharp cut of his whip after every sentence. This solemn duty performed to his satisfaction, and greatly to Brusa's satisfaction when it was over, we mounted our horses once more and proceeded on our journey.

A considerable portion of this day's ride was over a rolling country, somewhat resembling the foot-hills in certain parts of California. On the right was an extensive plain, generally barren, but showing occasional green patches; and on the left a rugged range of mountains, not very high, but strongly marked by volcanic signs. We passed several lonely little huts, the occupants of which rarely made their appearance. Sheep, goats, and sometimes horses, dotted the pasturelands. There was not much vegetation of any kind save patches of grass and brushwood. A species of white moss covered the rocks in places, presenting the appearance of hoar-frost at a short distance.

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smoke from some settler's cabin situated in a hollow of the slope.

"What's that, Zöega?" I asked.

"That's the Geysers, Sir," he replied, as coolly as if it were the commonest thing in the world to see the famous Geysers of Iceland.

"The Geysers! That little thing the Geysers?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Dear me! who would ever have thought it!"

I may as well confess at once that I was sadly disappointed. It was a pleasure, of course, to see what I had read of and pictured to my mind from early boyhood; but this contemptible little affair looked very much like a humbug. A vague idea had taken possession of my mind that I would see a whole district of country, shooting up hot water and sulphurous vapors—a kind of hell upon earth; but that thing ahead of usthat little curl of smoke on the horizon looked so peaceful, so inadequate a result of great subterrancan fires, that I could not but feel some resentment toward the travelers who had preceded me, and whose glowing accounts of the Geysers had deceived me. At this point of view it was not at all equal to the Geysers of California. I had a distinct recollection of the great canon between Russian River valley and Clear Lake, the magnificent hills on the route, the first glimpse of the infernal scene far down in the bed of the canon, the boiling, hissing waters, and clouds of vapor whirling up among the rocks, the towering crags on the opposite side, and the noble forests of oak and pine that spread "a boundless contiguity of shade" over the wearied traveler; and I must say a patriotic pride took possession of my soul. We had beaten the world in the production of gold; our fruits were finer and our vegetables larger than any ever produced in other countries; our men taller and stronger, our women prettier and more prolific, our lawsuits more extensive, our fights the best ever gotten up, our towns the most rapidly built and rapidly burned; in short, every thing was on a grand, wide, broad, tall, fast, overwhelming scale that bid defiance to competition; and now I was satisfied we could even beat old Iceland in the matter of Geysers. I really felt a contempt for that little streak of smoke. Perhaps something in the expression of my eye may have betrayed my thoughts; for Zöega, as if he felt a natural pride in the wonders of Iceland and wished them to be properly appreciated, hastily added: "But you must not judge of the Geysers by what you now see, Sir! That is only the little Geyser. He don't blow up much. The others are behind the first rise of ground."

"That may be, Zöega. I have no doubt they are very fine, but it is not within the bounds of possibility that they should equal the Geysers of California."

"Indeed, Sir! I didn't know you had Geysers there."

"Didn't know it! Never heard of the Geysers of California?"

"Never, Sir."

"Well, Zöega, that is remarkable. Our Geysers are the finest, the bitterest, the smokiest, the noisest, the most infernal in the world; and as for mountains, our Shasta Bute would knock your Mount Hecla into a cocked hat!"

"Is it possible!"

"Of course it is."

"And have you great lava-beds covering whole valleys as we have here?"

"Certainly—only they are made of gold. We call them Placers—Gold Placers."

"A wonderful country, Sir!"

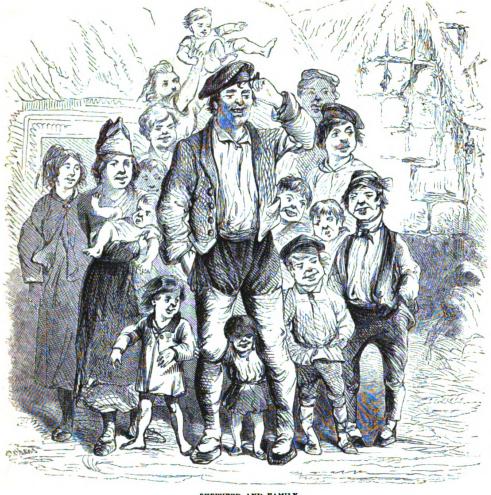
"Would you like to go there, Zöega?"

"No, Sir; I'd rather stay here."

And so we talked, Zöega and I, as we jogged along pleasantly on our way. Our ride, after we caught the first sight of the smoke, continued for some two hours over a series of low hills, with little green valleys lying between, till we came to an extensive bog that skirts the base of the Langarfjal - a volcanic bluff forming the back-ground of the Geysers. It was now becoming interesting. Half an hour more would settle the matter conclusively between California and Iceland. Crossing the bog where it was not very wet, we soon came to a group of huts at the turning-point of the hill, where we were met by a shepherd and his family. All turned out, big and little, to see the strangers. The man and his wife were fair specimens of Icelandic peasantry-broad-faced, blue-eyed, and good-natured, with yellowish hair, and a sort of mixed costume, between the civilized and the barbarous. The children, of which there must have been over a dozen, were of the usual cotton-head species found in all Northern countries, and wore any thing apparently they could get, from the castoff rags of their parents to sheepskins and raw hide. Nothing could surpass the friendly interest of the old shepherd. He asked Zöega a thousand questions about the "gentleman," and begged that we would dismount and do him the honor to take a cup of coffee, which his wife would prepare for us in five minutes. Knowing by experience that five minutes in Iceland means any time within five hours, I was reluctantly obliged to decline the invitation. The poor fellow seemed much disappointed, and evidently was sincere in his offers of hospitality. To compromise the matter, we borrowed a spade from him and requested him to send some milk down to our camp as soon as the cows were milked.

Although these worthy people lived not over half a mile from the Geysers, they could not tell us when the last eruption had taken place—a most important thing for us to know, as the success of the trip depended almost entirely upon the length of time which had elapsed since that event. The man said he never took notice of the eruptions. He saw the water shooting up every few days, but paid no particular attention to it. There might have been an eruption yesterday, or this morning, for all he knew; it was impossible for him to say positively. "In truth, good friend," said he to Zöega, "my head is filled





SHEPHERD AND FAMILY.

with sheep, and they give me trouble enough." It was evidently filled with something, for he kept scratching it all the time he was talking.

Many travelers have been compelled to wait a week for an eruption of the Great Geyser, though the interval between the eruptions is not usually more than three days. A good deal depends upon the previous state of the weather; whether it has been wet or dry. Sometimes the eruptions take place within twenty-four hours, but not often. The Great Geyser is a very capricious old gentleman, take him as you will. He goes up or keeps quiet just to suit himself, and will not put himself the least out of the way to oblige any body. Even the Prince Napoleon, who visited this region a few years ago, spent two days trying to coax the grumbling old fellow to favor him with a performance, but all to no purpose. The Prince was no more to a Great Geyser than the commonest shepherd—not so much in fact, for his finest displays are said to be made when nobody but some poor shepherd of the neighborhood is about. In former times the eruptions were much more frequent than they are now-occurring at least every six

Gradually they have been diminishing in force and frequency, and it is not improbable they will cease altogether before the lapse of another century. According to the measurements given by various travelers, among whom may be mentioned Dr. Henderson, Sir George Mackenzie, Forbes, Metcalfe, and Lord Dufferin, the height to which the water is ejected varies from eighty to two hundred feet. It is stated that these Geysers did not exist prior to the fifteenth century; and one eruption—that of 1772—is estimated by Olsen and Paulsen to have reached the extraordinary height of three hundred and sixty feet. All these measurements appear to me to be exaggerated.

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Ascending a slope of dry incrusted earth of a red and yellowish color, we first came upon the Little Geyser, a small orifice in the ground, from which a column of steam arose. A bubbling sound as of boiling water issued from the depths below, but otherwise it presented no remarkable phenomena. In a few minutes more we stood in the middle of a sloping plateau of some half a mile in circuit, which declines into an extensive valley on the right. Within the limits of this area there are some forty springs



and fissures which emit hot water and vapors. None of them are of any considerable size, except the Great Geyser, the Strokhr, and the Little Geyser. The earth seems to be a mere crust of sulphurous deposits, and burnt clay, and rotten trap-rock, and is destitute of vegetation, except in a few spots, where patches of grass and moss present a beautiful contrast to the surrounding barrenness. In its quiescent state the scene was not so striking as I had expected, though the whirling volumes of smoke that filled the air, and the strange sounds that issued from the ground in every direction, filled my mind with strong premonitions of what might take place at any moment. I did not yet relinquish my views in reference to the superiority of the California Geysers. Still I began to feel some misgiving about it when I looked around and saw the vastness of the scale upon which the fixtures were arranged here for hydraulic entertainments. If we could beat Iceland in the beauty of our scenery, it was quite apparent that the advantage lay here in the breadth and extent of the surrounding desolation-the great lava-fields, the snow-capped Jokuls, and the distant peaks of Mount Hecla.

We rode directly toward the Great Geyser, which we approached within about fifty yards. Here was the camping-ground—a pleasant little patch of green sod, where the various travelers who had preceded us had pitched their tents. Zöega knew every spot. He had accompanied most of the distinguished gentlemen who had honored the place with their presence, and had something to say in his grave, simple way about each of them. Here stood Lord Dufferin's A lively young gentleman he was; a very nice young man; told some queer stories about the Icelanders; didn't see much of the country, but made a very nice book about what he saw; had a great time at the Governor's, and drank every body drunk under the table, etc. Here, close by, the Prince Napoleon pitched his tent-a large tent, very handsomely decorated; room for all his officers; very fine gentleman the Prince; had lots of money; drank plenty of Champagne; a fat gentleman, not very tall; had blackish hair, and talked French; didn't see the Great Geyser go up, but saw the Strokhr, etc. Here was Mr. Metcalfe's tent; a queer gentleman, Mr. Metcalfe; rather rough in his dress; wrote a funny book about Iceland; told some hard things on the priests; they didn't like it at all; didn't know what to make of Mr. Metcalfe, etc. Here was Mr. Chambers's camp -a Scotch gentleman; very nice man, plain and sensible; wrote a pamphlet, etc. And here was an old tent-mark, almost rubbed out, where an American gentleman camped about ten years ago; thought his name was Mr. Miles. This traveler also wrote a book, and told some funny stories.

- "Was it Pliny Miles?" I asked.
- "Yes, Sir; that was his name. I was with him all the time."
 - "Have you his book?"

- "Yes, Sir, I have his book at home. A very queer gentleman, Mr. Miles; saw a great many things that I didn't see; says he came near getting drowned in a river."
 - "And didn't he?"
- "Well, Sir, I don't know. I didn't see him when he was near being drowned. You crossed the river, Sir, yourself, and know whether it is dangerous."
 - "Was it the Bruara?"
- "No, Sir; one of the other little rivers, about knee-deep."

Here was food for reflection. Züega, with his matter-of-fact eyes, evidently saw things in an entirely different light from that in which they presented themselves to the enthusiastic tourists who accompanied him. Perhaps he would some time or other be pointing out my tent to some inquisitive visitor, and giving him a running criticism upon my journal of experiences in Iceland. I deemed it judicious, therefore, to explain to him that gentlemen who traveled all the way to Iceland were bound to see something and meet with some thrilling adventures. If they didn't tell of very remarkable things nobody would care about reading their books. This was the great art of travel; it was not exactly lying, but putting on colors to give the picture effect.

"For my part, Zöega," said I, "having no great skill as an artist, and being a very plain, unimaginative man, as you know, I shall confine myself strictly to facts. Perhaps there will be novelty enough in telling the truth to attract attention."

"The truth is always the best, Sir," replied Zöega, gravely and piously.

"Of course it is, Zöega. This country is sufficiently curious in itself. It does not require the aid of fiction to give it effect. Therefore, should you come across any thing in my narrative which may have escaped your notice, depend upon it I thought it was true—or ought to be."

"Yes, Sir; I know you would never lie like some of these gentlemen."

"Never! never, Züega! I scorn a lying traveler above all things on earth."

But these digressions, however amusing they were at the time, can scarcely be of much interest to the reader.

Even after the lapse of several years the marks around the camping-ground were quite fresh. The sod is of very fine texture, and the grass never grows very rank, so that wherever a trench is cut to let off the rain it remains, with very little alteration, for a great length of time.

On the principle that a sovereign of the United States ought never to rank himself below a prince of any other country, I selected a spot a little above the camping-ground of his Excellency the Prince Napoleon. By the aid of my guide I soon had the tent pitched. It was a small affair; only an upright pole, a few yards of canvas, and four wooden pins. The whole concern did not weigh twenty pounds, and only covered



an area of ground about four feet by six. Zöega then took the horses to a pasture up the valley. I amused myself making a few sketches of the surrounding objects, and thinking how strange it was to be here all alone at the Geysers of Iceland. How many of my friends knew where I was? Not one, perhaps. And should all the Geysers blow up together and boil me on the spot, what would people generally think of it? Or suppose the ground were to give way and swallow me up, what difference would it make in the price of consols or the temperature of the ocean?

When Zöega came back he said, if I pleased we would now go to work and cut sods for the Strokhr. It was a favorable time "to see him heave up." The way to make him do that was to make him sick. Sods always made him sick. They didn't agree with his stomach. Every gentleman who came here made it a point to stir him up. He was called the Strokhr because he churned things that were thrown down his throat; and Strokhr means churn. I was very anxious to see the performance suggested by Zöega, and readily consented to assist him in getting the sods.

The Strokhr lay about a hundred yards from our tent, nearly in a line between the Great and Little Geysers. Externally it presents no very remarkable feature, being nothing more than a hole in the bed of rocks, about five feet in diameter, and slightly funnel-shaped at the orifice. Standing upon the edge, one can see the water boiling up and whirling over about twenty feet below. A hollow, growling noise is heard, varied by an occasional hiss and rush, as if the contents were struggling to get out. It emits hot vapors, and has a slight smell of sulphur. Otherwise it maintains rather a peaceful aspect, considering the infernal temper it gets into when disturbed.

Zöega and I worked hard cutting and carrying the sods for nearly half an hour, by which time we had a large pile on the edge of the orifice. Zöega said there was enough. I insisted on getting more. "Let us give him a dose that he won't forget." "Oh, Sir, nobody ever puts more than that in; it is quite enough." "No; I mean to make him deadly sick. Come on, Zöega." And at it we went again, cutting the sod, and carrying it over and piling it up in a great heap by the hole. When we had about a ton all ready I said to Zöega, "Now, Zöega, fire away, and I'll stand here and see how it works." Then Zöega pushed it all over, and it went slapping and dashing down into the steaming shaft. For a little while it whirled about, and surged and boiled and tumbled over and over in the depths of the churn, with a hollow, swashing noise terribly ominous of what was to come. I peeped over the edge to try if I could detect the first symptoms of the approaching eruption. Zöega walked quietly away about twenty steps, saying he preferred not to be too close. There was a sudden growl and a rumble, a terrible plunging about and swashing of the sods below,

and fierce, whirling clouds of steam flew up, almost blinding me as they passed.

"Sir," said Zöega, gravely, "you had better stand away. It comes up very suddenly when it once starts."

"Don't be afraid, Zöega; I'll keep a sharp look-out for it. You may depend there's not a Geyser in Iceland can catch me when I make a break."

"Very well, Sir; but I'd advise you to be oareful."

Notwithstanding this good counsel I could not resist the fascination of looking in. There was another tremendous commotion going on -a roar, a whirling over of the sods, and clouds of steam flying up. This time I ran back a few steps. But it was a false alarm. Nothing came of it. The heaving mass seemed to be producing the desired effect, however. The Strokhr was evidently getting very sick. I looked over once more. All below was a rumbling, tumbling black mass, dashing over and over against the sides of the churn. Soon a threatening roar not to be mistaken startled me. "Look out, Sir!" shouted Zöega, "look out!" Unlike the Frenchman who looked out when he should have looked in, I unconsciously looked in when I should have looked out. With a suddenness that astonished me, up shot the seething mass almost in my face. One galvanic jump -an involuntary shout of triumph-and I was rolling heels over head on the crust of earth about ten feet off, the hot water and clumps of sod tumbling down about me in every direction. Another scramble brought me to my feet, of which I made such good use that I was forty yards beyond Zöega before I knew distinctly what had happened. The poor fellow came running toward me in great consternation.

"Are you hurt, Sir? I hope you're not hurt!" he cried, in accents of great concern.

"Hurt!" I answered. "Didn't you see me rolling over on the ground laughing at it? Why, Zöega, I never saw any thing so absurd as that in my life; any decent Geyser would have given at least an hour's notice. This miserable little wretch went off half cocked. I was just laughing to think how sick we made him all of a sudden!"

"Oh, that was it, Sir! I thought you were badly hurt."

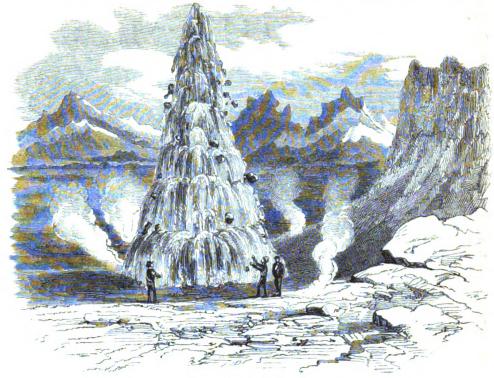
"Not a bit of it. You never saw a man who had suffered serious bodily injury run and jump with joy and roll with laughter as I did."

"No, Sir, never—now that I come to think of it."

Somehow it was always pleasant to talk with Zöega, his simplicity was so refreshing.

The display was really magnificent. An immense dark column shot into the air to the height of sixty or seventy feet, composed of innumerable jets of water and whirling masses of sod. It resembled a thousand fountains joined together, each with a separate source of expulsion. The hissing hot water, blackened by the boiled clay and turf, spirted up in countless re





volving circlets, spreading out in every direction and falling in torrents over the earth, which was deluged for fifty feet around with the dark, steaming flood. This again sweeping into the mouth of the funnel, fell in thick streams into the churn, carrying with it the sods that were scattered within its vortex, and once more heaved and surged about in the huge caldron below.

The eruption continued for about five minutes without any apparent diminution of force. It then subsided into fitful and convulsive jets, as if making a last effort, and finally disappeared with a deep growl of disappointment. All was now quiet, save the gurgling of the murky water as it sought its way back. Zöega said it was not done yet-that this was only a beginning. I took my sketch-book and resolved to seize the next opportunity for a good view of the eruption, taking, in the mean time, a general outline of the locality, including a glimpse of the Langarfjal. Just as I had finished up to the orifice the same angry roar which had first startled me was repeated, and up shot the dark, boiling flood in grander style than ever. This time it was absolutely fearful. There could be no doubt the dose of sods we had tumbled into the stomach of the old gentleman was making him not only dreadfully sick but furiously angry.

At this moment, as if the elements sympathized in his distress, fierce gusts of wind began to blow down from the Langarfjal. So sudden and violent were they that it was difficult to maintain a foothold in our exposed position; and the tall column of fountains, struck with the the Geysers of Iceland. Judging by the erupfull violence of the wind, presented a splendid tions of the Strokhr, I should say he feeds ex-

spectacle of strength and rage-surging and swaying and battling to maintain its erect position, and showing in every motion the irresistible power with which it was ejected. Steam and water and sods went whirling down into the valley; the very air was darkened with the shriven and scattered currents; and a black deluge fell to the leeward, hundreds of yards beyond the orifice. The weird and barren aspect of the surrounding scenery was never more impressive.

"What do you think of the Strokhr, Sir?" asked Zöega, with some pride. "Is it equal to the Geysers of California?"

I was rather taken aback at the honest bluntness of this question, and must admit that I felt a little crest-fallen when I came to compare the respective performances. Therefore I could only answer, in rather a casual way,

"Well, Zöega, to tell you the truth, ours don't get quite so sick as this, owing, no doubt, to the superior salubrity of our climate. You might throw sods into them all day, and they wouldn't make such a fuss about it as the Strokhr makes about a mere handful. Their digestion, you see, is a great deal stronger."

"Oh, but wait, Sir, till you see the Great Geyser; that's much better than the Strokhr."

"Doubtless it is very fine, Zöega. Still I can't help but think our California Geysers are in a superior condition of health. It is true they smoke a good deal, but I don't think they impair their digestion by such stimulating food as



clusively on fire and water, which would ruin | the best stomach in the world."

Zöega looked troubled. He evidently did not comprehend my figurative style of speech. So the conversation dropped.

The column of water ejected from the Strokhr, unlike that of the Great Geyser, is tall and slender, and of almost inky blackness. In the case of the Great Geyser no artificial means interrupt its operations; in that of the Strokhr the pressure of foreign substances produces results not natural to it.

After the two eruptions which I have attempted to describe the waters of the Strokhr again subsided into sobs and convulsive throes. Some half an hour now elapsed before any thing more took place. Then there was another series of growls, and a terrible swashing about down in the churn, as if all the demons under earth were trying to drown one another; and up shot the murky flood for the third time. Thus it continued at intervals more and more remote, till a late hour in the night, making desperate efforts to disgorge the sods that were swept back after every ejection, and to rid itself of the foul water that remained. These attempts gradually grew fainter and fainter, subsiding at last into mere grumblings. I looked into the orifice the next morning, and was surprised to find the water yet discolored. It was evident, from the uneasy manner in which it surged about, that the dose still produced unpleasant effects.

Having finished my sketch, I returned to the tent, in front of which Zöega had meantime spread a cloth, with some bread and cheese on it, and such other scraps of provisions as we had. A little boy from the neighboring sheepranch brought us down some milk and cream, and I thought if we only had a cup of tea now to warm us up after the chilly wind our supper would be luxurious.

"Just in time, Sir," said Zöega, "I'll make the tea in a minute."

"Where's your fire?"

"Oh, we don't need fire here—the hot water is always ready. There's the big boiler up yonder!"

I looked where Zöega pointed, and saw, about a hundred yards off, a boiling caldron. This was our grand tea-kettle. Upon a nearer inspection, I found that it consisted of two great holes in the rocks, close together, the larger of which was about thirty feet in circumference, and of great depth. The water was as clear as crystal. It was easy to trace the white stratum of rocks, of which the sides were formed, down to the neck of the great shaft through which the water was ejected. Flakes of steam floated off from the surface of the crystal pool, which was generally placid. Only at occasional intervals did it show any symptoms of internal commotion. By dipping my finger down a little way I found that it was boiling hot. Five minutes immersion would be sufficient to skin and boil an en-

for the use of travelers. Not a stick or twig of wood grows within a circuit of many miles, and without fuel of course it would be impossible to cook food. Here a leg of mutton submerged in a pot can be beautifully boiled; plum-puddings cooked; eggs, fish, or any thing you please, done to a nicety. All this I knew before, but I had no idea that the water was pure enough for drinking purposes. Such, however, is the fact. No better water ever came out of the earth-in a boiled condition. To make a pot of tea, you simply put your tea in your pot; hold on to the handle; dip the whole concern down into the water; keep it there a while to draw, and your tea is made.

I found it excellent, and did not, as I apprehended, discover any unpleasant flavor in the water. It may be slightly impregnated with sulphur, though that gives it rather a wholesome smack. To me, however, it tasted very much like any other hot water.

When I returned to the tent and sat down to my frugal repast, and ate my bread and cheese and quaffed the fragrant tea, Zöega sitting near by respectfully assisting me, something of the old California feeling came over me, and I enjoyed life once more after years of travel through the deserts of civilization in Europe. What a glorious thing it is to be a natural barbarian! This was luxury! this was joy! this was Paradise upon earth! Ah me! where is the country that can equal California? Brightest of the bright lands of sunshine; richest, rarest, loveliest of earth's beauties! like Phædra to the mistress of his soul, I love you by day and by night, behave in the company of others as if I were absent; want you; dream of you; think of you; wish for you; delight in you: in short, I am wholly yours, body and soul! If ever I leave you again on a wild-goose chase through Europe, may the Elector of Hesse-Cassel appoint me his Prime Minister, or the Duke of Baden his principal butler!



SIDE-SADDLE.

Very little indication of the time was apparent in the sky. The sun still shone brightly, although it was nearly ten o'clock. I did not Nature has bountifully put these boilers here feel much inclined to sleep, with so many objects



of interest around. Apart from that there was | ble. What would become of my sketches of something in this everlasting light that disturbed my nervous system. It becomes really terrible in the course of a few days. The whole order of nature seems reversed. Night has disappeared altogether. Nothing but day remainsdreary, monotonous, perpetual day. You crave the relief of darkness; your spirits, at first exuberant, go down and still down till they are below zero; the novelty wears away, and the very light becomes gloomy.

People must sleep, nevertheless. With me it was a duty I owed to an overtaxed body. Our tent was rather small for two, and Zöega asked permission to sleep with an acquaintance who lived in a cabin about two miles distant. This I readily granted. It was something of a novelty to be left in charge of two such distinguished characters as the Great Geyser and the Strokhr. Possibly they might favor me with some extraordinary freaks of humor, such as no other traveler had yet enjoyed. So bidding Zöega a kindly farewell for the present, I closed the front of the tent, and tried to persuade myself that it was night.

With the light streaming in through the crevices of the tent, it was no easy matter to imagine that this was an appropriate time to "steep the senses in forgetfulness." I was badly provided with covering, and the weather, though not absolutely cold, was damp and chilly. In my harry to get off, I had forgotten even the small outfit with which I originally thought of making the journey. All I now had in the way of bedding was a thin shawl and an old overall belonging to Captain Anderssen of the steamer. I put one on the ground and the other over my body, and with a bag of hard bread under my head by way of a pillow, strove to banish the notion that it was at all uncomfortable. was something in this method of sleeping to remind me of my California experience. To be sure there was a lack of blankets, and fire, and pleasant company, and balmy air, and many other luxuries; but the general principle was the same, except that it was impossible to sleep. The idea of being utterly alone, in such an outlandish part of the world, may have had something to do with the singular activity of my nervous system. It seemed to me that somebody was thrusting cambric needles into my skin in a sudden and violent manner, and at the most unexpected places; and strange sounds were continually buzzing in my ears. I began to reflect seriously upon the condition of affairs down underneath my bed. Doubtless it was a very fiery and restless region, or all these smokes and simmering pools would not disfigure the face of the country. How thick was the shell of the earth at this particular spot? It sounded very thin all over-a mere crust, through which one might break at any moment. Here was boiling water fizzing and gurgling all around, and the air was impregnated with strong odors of sulphur. Suppose the whole thing should burst up of a sudden? It was by no means impossi- sented. So far as I could judge, the greatest

Iceland in the event of such a catastrophe as that? What sort of a notice would my editorial friends give of the curious manner in which I had disappeared? And what would Zöega think in the morning, when he came down from the farm-house and saw that his tent and provision-boxes were gone down in a great hole. and that an American gentleman, in whom he had the greatest confidence, had not only carried them with him, but failed to pay his liabilities before starting? Here, too, was the sun only slightly dipped below the horizon at midnight, and the moon shining overhead at the same time. Every thing was twisted inside out and turned upside down. It was truly a strange country.

Having tossed and tumbled about for an indefinite length of time, I must have fallen into an uneasy doze. During the day I had been thinking of the rebellion at home, and now gloomy visions disturbed my mind. I thought I saw moving crowds dressed in black, and heard wailing sounds. Funerals passed before me, and women and children wept for the dead. The scene changed, and I saw hosts of men on the battle-field, rushing upon each other and falling in deadly strife. A dreary horror came over me. It was like some dreadful play, in which the stake was human life. Blood was upon the faces of the dying and the dead. In the effort to disentangle the right from the wrong -to seek out a cause for the calamity which had fallen upon us—a racking anguish tortured me, and I vainly strove to regain my scattered senses. Then, in the midst of this confused dream, I heard the booming of cannon-at first far down in the earth, but gradually growing nearer, till, with a start, I awoke. Still the guns boomed! Surely the sounds were real. I could not be deceived. Starting to my feet I listened. Splashing and surging waters and dull, heavy reports sounded in the air. I dashed aside the lining of the tent and looked out. Never shall I forget that sight—the Great Geyser in full eruption! A tremendous volume of water stood in bold relief against the sky, like a tall weeping willow in winter swaying before the wind, and shaking the white frost from its drooping branches. Whirling vapors and white wreaths floated off toward the valley. All was clear overhead. A spectral light, which was neither of day nor of night, shone upon the dark, lava-covered earth. The rush and plashing of the fountain and the booming of the subterranean guns fell with a startling distinctness upon the solitude. Streams of glittering white water swept the surface of the great basin on all sides, and dashed hissing and steaming into the encircling fissures. A feathery spray sparkled through the air. The earth trembled, and sudden gusts of wind whirled down with a moaning sound from the wild gorges of the Langarfjal.

It did not appear to me that the height of the fountain was so great as it is generally repre-



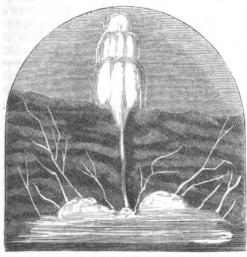
altitude at any time from the commencement of the eruption was not over sixty feet. Its volume, however, greatly exceeded my expectations, and the beauty of its form surpassed all description. I had never before seen, and never again expect to see, any thing to equal it. This magnificent display lasted, altogether, about ten minutes. The eruption was somewhat spasmodic in its operation, increasing or diminishing in force at each moment, till, with a sudden dash, all the water that remained was ejected; and then, after a few gurgling throes, all was silent.

I no longer attempted to sleep. My mind was bewildered with the wonders of the scene I had just witnessed. All I could do was to make a cup of tea at the big boiler on the slope above my tent, and walk about, after drinking it, to keep my feet warm. Soon the sun's rays appeared upon the distant mountains. A strange time of the night for the sun to be getting uponly half past one-when people in most other parts of the world are snug in bed, and don't expect to see a streak of sunshine for at least four or five hours. How different from any thing I had ever before seen was the sunrise in Iceland! No crowing of the cock; no singing of the birds; no merry plow-boys whistling up the horses in the barn-yard; no cherry-cheeked milk-maids singing love-ditties as they tripped the green with their pails upon their heads. All was grim, silent, and death-like. And yet surely, for all that, the delicate tints of the snow-capped mountains, the peaks of which were now steeped in the rays of the rising sun, the broad valley slumbering in the shade, the clear, sparkling atmosphere, and the exquisite coloring of the Laugarfjal-the mighty crag that towers over the Geysers-were beauties enough to redeem the solitude and imbue the deserts with a celestial glory.

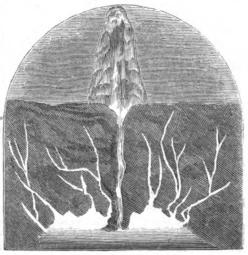
There are various theories concerning the cause of these eruptions of water in Iceland. That of Lyell, the geologist, seems the most reasonable. The earth, as it is well known, increases in heat at a certain ratio correspond-

are cavities in many parts of it, arising from subterranean disturbances, into which the water percolates from the upper strata. In Iceland the probability is that these cavities are both numerous and extensive, owing to volcanic causes, and form large receivers for the water of the surrounding neighborhood. Wherever there is a natural outlet, as at the Geysers, this water, which is boiled by the heat of the earth, is forced to the surface by compression of steam, and remains at the mouth of the pipe, or shaft, until an accumulation of compressed steam drives it up in the form of a fountain. The periodical occurrence of these eruptions in some of the hotsprings and not in others may arise from a difference in the depth of the receiver, or more probably from the existence of several outlets for the escape of steam in some, and only one in others. A good illustration of this theory is presented in the boiling of an ordinary tea-ket-When the compression of steam is great the cover is lifted up and the water shoots from the spout, by which means the pressure is relieved and the water subsides. The same thing is repeated until the space within the kettle becomes sufficiently large to admit of a more rapid condensation of the steam. The action of the Strokhr, which, as I have shown, differs from that of the Great Geyser, may be accounted for on the same general principle. The foreign substances thrown in on top of the boiling water stops the escape of steam, which, under ordinary circumstances, is sufficiently great not to require the periodical relief of an eruption. An accumulation of compressed steam takes place in the reservoir below, and this continues until the obstruction is ejected.

This, I believe, is substantially Lyell's theory; though, having no books by me at present, I quote entirely from memory, and it is possible I may be mistaken in some of the details. The subjoined diagrams will enable the reader to understand more clearly the whole process by which these eruptions are produced.



GREAT GEYSER AND RECEIVER.



STROKHE AND RECEIVER.

Six long hours remained till ordinary break-What was to be done? It was getting terribly lonesome. I felt like one who had been to a theatre and seen all the performances. Zöega had promised to be back by eight o'clock; but eight o'clock in Iceland, on the 21st of June, is a late hour of the day. A treatise on trigonometry might be written between sunrise and that unapproachable hour. The only thing I could do was to make some more tea and eat a preliminary breakfast. When that was done nothing remained but to go to work in front of my little tent and finish up my rough sketches. This is a very absorbing business, as every body knows who has tried it, and I was deeply into it when Zöega made his appearance.

"Well, Sir," said he, "what success? Did he erupt?"

"Of course he erupted, Zöega. You didn't suppose a Great Geyser would keep a gentleman all the way from California waiting here an entire night without showing him what he could do?"

"No, Sir; but he sometimes disappoints travelers. How do you like it? Does he compare with your California Geysers?"

"Well, Zöega, he throws up more hot water, to be sure, because our Geysers don't erupt at all; but here is the grand difference. We Californians are a moral people; we don't live so near to (I pointed down below) as you do in Iceland.'

"I don't understand you, Sir," said Zöega, with a puzzled expression.

I called him over and whispered in his ear, "Zöega, I hope you're a good man. Do you say your prayers regularly?"

"Yes, Sir."

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"Then you are all right. Let us be going. I don't like this neighborhood."

"Whenever you wish, Sir. The horses are

And Zöega proceeded to strike the tent and pack the animals, muttering to himself and shaking his head gravely, as if he thought the Californians were a very peculiar race of men, to say the least of them.

Another cup of tea and a few biscuits served to brace us up for the journey, and we mounted our horses and turned their heads homeward. Brusa was so delighted at the idea of being en route once more that he signalized our departure by giving chase to a flock of sheep, which he dispersed in a most miraculous manner, and then, of course, received the customary punishment.

Our ride back to Thingvalla was over the same trail which we had traveled on the preceding day, with the exception of a short cut to the right of the Tintron rock. We made very good speed, and reached the Parsonage early in the afternoon.

During our absence a young Englishman had arrived from the North, where he had been living for a year. I found him in the travelers' in the blankets, peeped out in the most proroom, surrounded by a confused medley of boxes, found amazement, and ejaculated, "Ah-h-h!

bags, books, and Icelandic curiosities, which he was endeavoring to reduce to some kind of order. Had I not been told he was an Englishman I should never have suspected it, either from his appearance or manner. When I entered the room he stood up and looked at me, and I must say, without intending him the slightest disrespect, that he was the most extraordinary looking man I ever saw in all my life-not excepting a tatooed African chief that I once met at Zanzibar. Whether he was young or old it was impossible to say-he might be twenty-five or just as likely fifty. Dirty and discolored with travel, his face was generally dark, though it was somewhat relieved by spots of vellow. His features were regular, and of almost feminine softness; his eyes dark brown; and his hair, which was nearly black, hung down over his shoulders in lank straight locks, sunburnt or frost-bitten at the ends. On his head he wore a tall, conical green wool hat, with a broad brim, and a brown band, tied in a true lover's knot at one side. The remainder of his costume consisted of a black cloth roundabout, threadbare and dirty; a pair of black cassimere pantaloons, very tight about the legs and burst open in several places; and a pair of moccasins on his feet, adorned with beads and patches of red flannel. If he wore a shirt, it was not conspicuous for whiteness, for I failed to discover it. When he saw that a stranger stood before him, he looked quite overwhelmed with astonishment, and gasped out some inarticulate words, consisting principally of Icelandic interjections.

"How do you do, Sir?" said I, in the usual California style-" I'm glad to meet an Englishman in this wild country!"

"Ye'ow-w-w!" (a prolonged exclamation.)

"Just arrived, Sir?"

"Nay-y-y!" (a prolonged negative.)

"You speak English, I believe, Sir?"

"Oh-h-h! Ya-a-a-s! Are-you-an-Englishman?"

"No, Sir. An American from California!"

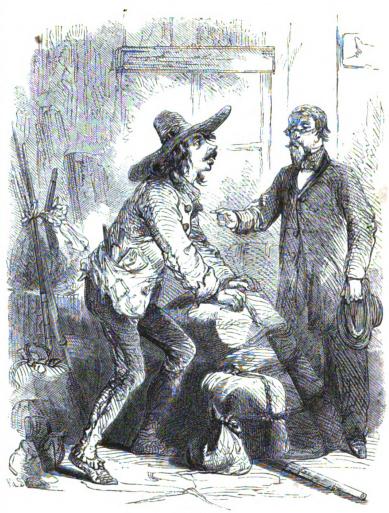
"De-e-e-a-r-r m-e-e!"

Here there was a pause, for I really did not know what to make of the man. He looked at the ceiling and at the floor, and out of the window, and started a remark several times, but always stopped before he got under way, or lost it in a prolonged "Oh-o-o-a!" Again and again he attempted to speak, never getting beyond a word or two. It seemed as if some new idea were continually crossing his mind and depriving him of his breath; he labored under a chronic astonishment. At first I supposed it might be the natural result of a year's absence in the interior of Iceland; but subsequent acquaintance with him satisfied me that it was constitutional. He was astonished all the way from Reykjavik to Scotland. When it rained he opened his eyes as if they would burst; looked up in the sky, and cried, "Oh-h-h!" When it blew he tumbled into his berth, covered himself up

Oh-h-h! Hay-y-y! Ye'ow-w-w!" When the weather was fine he came up on deck, peered over the bulwarks, up at the rigging, down into the engine-room, and was perfectly astounded at each object, exclaiming alternately -"Oh-h-o-o-a-a-h!" "Ah-ha!" "H-a-y!" and "Ye'ow-w-w-w!" -At Thingvalla his main food was curds and black bread; yet he had an abundance of the best provisions. -He was a thorough Icelandic scholar, and spoke the language with ease and grace, only when interrupted by the novel ideas that so often struck him in the head .-With all his oddity, he was a gentleman by birth and education, and was very amiable in his disposition. He had evidently spent much of his life over books; his knowledge of the world scarcely equaled that of a child .-From all that I could gather of his winter's experiences in north Iceland, the climate

was not very severe, except at occasional intervals when there was a press of ice-fields along the coast. The mean temperature was quite moderate. He suffered no inconvenience at all from the weather. At times it was very pleasant. He had the misfortune to break his leg in climbing over some lava-bergs, which crippled him for some weeks, but he was now getting all right again. This account of his experiences, which I obtained from him during the evening, took many divergences into the "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" and was really both instructive and entertaining. When he came to the breaking of his leg, I expressed my astonishment at the equanimity with which he bore it; which so astonished him, when he came to think of it in that light, that he cried, "Oh-h-a-a! ya-a-s! It-was-very-bad!"-as if he had entirely forgotten how bad it was, and now made a new and most singular discovery.

As there was only the one small room we had to sleep at pretty close quarters, the Englishman on the sofa and I in the bed, which for some reason was awarded to me by the good at me, exclaimed, "OH-o-o-H!"



OH-O-O-AH.

Pastor. Having no preference, I offered to exchange; but this only astonished my eccentric neighbor and set him off into a labyrinth of interjections. Our heads were placed pretty close together, and it was some time before I could settle myself to sleep, owing to a variety of peculiar sounds he made in whispering to himself. He seemed to be telling himself some interminable story from one of the Sagas. Several times I dozed off, and was awakened by some extraordinary ejaculation.

"I beg your pardon," said I, at length, rising up, and looking in the face of my neighbor, who was lying on his back, with his eyes wide open, "I beg your pardon, Sir, did you speak to me?"

"Oh-h-h-a!" shouted the Englishman, jumping up as if touched with a streak of electricity, "Dear me! ha-oh-o-o! How very odd!"

" Sir ?"

" Eh ?"

"Good-night, Sir!" I said, and lay down again. The Englishman also composed himself to rest, but presently rose up, and looking over

This was all. Then we both composed ourselves to sleep. Tired as I was after my ride from the Geysers and the bad night I had passed there, it was no wonder I soon lost all consciousness of the proximity of my eccentric room-mate; and the probability is I would have gotten well through the night but for another singular and unexpected interruption.

"Hello! What the devil! Who's here? By Jove, this is jolly! I say! Where the dooce is our American friend? Down Bowser! Down! Blawst the dog! Ho! ho! Look here, Tompkins! I say! Here's a go!

There was a tramping of feet, a knocking about of loose things in the room, and a chorus of familiar voices in the adjoining passage. It is needless to say that the party of sporting Englishmen had arrived from Reykjavik.

"Oh-h-a! Ye-o-w!" exclaimed my roommate, starting up, and gazing wildly at the lively young gentleman with the dog. "Oh-o-o! How very odd!"

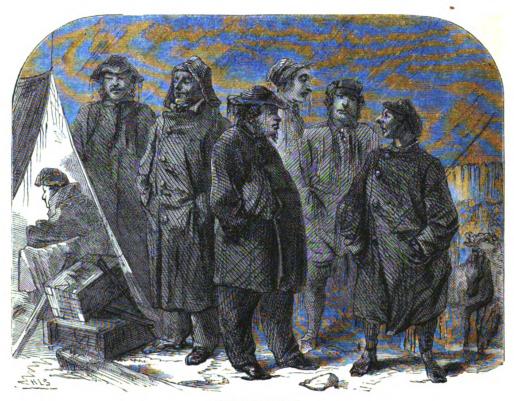
The jolly sportsman looked at the apparition in perfect amazement. Both stared at each other for a moment, as if such an extraordinary sight had never been witnessed on either side

"By Jove! this is jolly!" muttered the lively gentleman, turning on his heel and walking out, 'a devilish rum-looking chap, that!"

"Oh-o-o-o!" was all my astonished roommate said; after which he turned over and composed himself to sleep. I had purposely refulness, well-knowing that there would be no further rest that night if I once discovered myself to the traveling party.

At a seasonable hour in the morning, however, I got up, and looked about in search of my fellow-passengers, whom I really liked, and in whose progress I felt a considerable interest. They were camped close by the church, under the lee of the front door. Two canvas tents covered what was left of them. A general wreck of equipments lay scattered all around; broken poles, boxes, tinware, etc. It was plain enough they had encountered incredible hard-

The usual greetings over, I inquired how they had enjoyed the trip from Reykjavik. In reply they gave me a detailed and melancholy history of their experiences. Riley's Narrative of Shipwreck, and subsequent hardships on the coast of Africa, was nothing to it. Of the twenty-five horses with which they left Reykjavik only thirteen were sound of wind, and of these more than half were afflicted with raw backs. The packanimals, eighteen in number, were every one lame. Then the packs were badly done up, and broke to pieces on the way. Sometimes the ropes cut the horses' backs, and sometimes the horses lay down on the road, and tried to travel with their feet in the air. Incredible difficulty was experienced in making twelve miles the first day. It rained all the time. The bread was soaked; the tea destroyed; the sugar melted; and the Champagne baskets smashed. When frained from manifesting any symptoms of wake- the packs were taken off it was discovered that





some of them were quite empty, and the contents, consisting originally of hair-brushes, fleapowder, lip-salve, and cold-cream, were strewn along the road probably all the way from Reykjavik. The cot-fixtures were swelled and wouldn't fit; the tea-kettle was jammed into a cockedhat; the tent-pins were lost, and the hatchet nowhere to be found. It was a perfect series of jams, smashes, and scatterings. Even the sheets were filled with mud, and wholly unfit for use until they could be washed and done up. One horse lay down on the portable kitchen, and flattened it into a general pan-cake; another attempted to take an impression of his own body on the photographic apparatus and reduced it (the apparatus) to fragments; another, wishing perhaps to see his face as others saw him, raked off the looking-glasses against a point of lava, and walked on them; and, lastly, one stupid beast contrived in some way to get his nose into a mustard-case which had fallen from a pack in front, and snuffing up the mustard, got his nostrils burnt and went perfectly crazy, kicking, plunging, and charging at all the other horses till he drove them all as crazy as himself, whereby a prodigious amount of damage was done. In short, it was a series of disasters from beginning to end; and here they were now but two days' journey from Reykjavik (I had made the whole distance easily in seven hours), and, by Jove, there was no telling how much longer it would be possible to keep the guide. They had already quarreled with him several times, and threatened to discharge him. He was a stupid dunce, and a rascal and a cheat into

the bargain. On the whole it was a "rum" sort of a country to travel in. No game, no roads, no shops, no accommodations for man or beast! And who ever saw such houses for people to live in? Mere sheep-pens! Disgustingly filthy! A beastly set of ragamuffins! By Jove, Sir, if it wasn't for the name of the thing, a fellow might as well be in the infernal regions at once! In truth, I must acknowledge that the interior of an Icelandic hut does not present a very attractive spectacle to a stranger.

I deeply sympathized with my friends, and urged them to leave the remainder of their baggage. If there was any medicine left a dose of quinine all round might do them good and prevent any ill effects from the rain; but, on the whole, I thought they would get along better with less baggage.

"Less baggage!" cried all together. "Why, hang it, our baggage is scattered along the trail clear back to Reykjavik! It has been growing less ever since we started. By the time we reach the Geysers it is questionable if we'll have as much as a fine-tooth comb left!"

"Then," said I, "you can travel. Sell a dozen of your horses on the way, and you'll be rid of another trouble!"

"Sell them! they wouldn't bring a farthing. They're not worth a groat."

"Then turn them loose."

"That's a jolly idea," said the lively sportsman; "how the deuce are we to travel without pack-horses?"

"Oh, nothing easier. You don't need packhorses when you have no packs."





the jolly gentleman. "Our American friend ought to know. He's seen the elephant before."

This proposition gave rise to an animated discussion, during which I wished them a prosperous tour, and took my leave. Of their subsequent career I have heard nothing, save that they arrived safely in England, and published various letters in the newspapers giving glowing accounts of their Icelandic experience.

Nothing of importance occurred on the way back to Reykjavik; I arrived there early in the afternoon safe and sound, and greatly benefited by the trip. Like the beatings received by Brusa, the experience was delightful when it was over. I paid off my excellent guide Geir Zöega, and made him a present of the few articles that remained from the expedition. It is a great pleasure to be able to recommend a guide heartily and conscientiously. A worthier man than Geir Zöega docs not exist; and I hereby certify that he afforded me entire satisfaction. No traveler who desires an honest, intelligent, and conscientious guide can do better than secure his services. Long life and happiness to you, Geir Zöega! May your shadow never be less; and may your invaluable little dog Brusa live to profit by your wise counsel and judicious administration of the rod.

The Arcturus had been delayed in discharging freight by a series of storms which prevailed at the bay, and was now down at Haparanda Fjord, taking in ballast. The probability was that she would not leave for several days. Meantime I was extremely anxious to see a little more of domestic life in Iceland, and made several footexpeditions to the farm-houses in the neighborhood of Reykjavik.

At one of these I passed a night. In giving the details of an awkward adventure that befell me on that occasion, it is only necessary for me to say of the house that it was built in the usual primitive style, already described at some length. The people were farmers, and the family consisted of an old man and his wife, three or four stout sons, and a buxom daughter some twenty years of age. A few words of Danish enabled me to make them understand that I wished for a cup of coffee, some bread, and lodgings for They were exceeding kind, and seemed greatly interested in the fact that I was an American—probably the first they had ever seen. The coffee was soon ready; a cloth was spread upon the table, and a very good supper of bread, cheese, and curds placed before me. I passed some hours very sociably, giving them as well as I could by means of signs and diagrams, aided by a few words of Danish, a general idea of California, its position on the globe, and the enormous amount of gold which it yielded. Evidently they had heard some exaggerated rumors of the country. The name was familiar to them, but they had no idea where this El Dorado was, or whether there was any truth in the statement that the mountains were made of gold, and all the rocks in the valleys of | propriety in our relative positions that I scarcely

"By Jove, there's something in that!" said | pure silver. My efforts to enlighten them on these points were rather ludicrous. It was miraculous how far I made a few words go, and how quick they were to guess at my meaning.

About eleven o'clock the old people began to manifest symptoms of drowsiness, and gave me to understand that whenever I felt disposed to go to bed the girl would show me my room. A walk of ten or twelve miles over the lava-bergs rendered this suggestion quite acceptable; so I bade the family a friendly good-night and followed the girl to another part of the house. She took me into a small room with a bed in one corner. By a motion of her hand she intimated that I could rest there for the night. I sat down on the edge of the bed and said it was very good—that I was much obliged to her. She still lingered in the room, however, as if waiting to see if she could be of any further assistance. I could not be insensible to the fact that she was a very florid and good-natured looking young woman; but of course that was none of my business. All I could do, with propriety, was to thank her again, and signify by taking off my over-coat that I was about to go to bed. Still she lingered—apparently disposed to be as friendly as circumstances would permit. It was somewhat awkward being alone in a strange room with a person of the opposite sex. young and rather pretty, without saying any thing particular. Her silence as well as my own was getting embarrassing. I attempted to carry on a conversation in Danish, of which I soon discovered she knew even less than I did myself. She answered my remarks, however, in her native tongue, with a very sweet voice, and in such a sociable way that I felt sure she meant to be kind and hospitable. In vain I waited for her to leave. It was getting late, and her parents might feel anxious about her. Still she manifested no disposition to go away. What could the girl mean? was a question that now began to enter my head. Probably I had taken possession of her room, and she had no other place to sleep. If so, it was not my fault. Nobody could hold me responsible for such a peculiar family arrangement. Seeing no alternative but to test the point, I gradually began to take off my coat. So far from being abashed at the movement she seized hold of the sleeves and helped me off with it. I did the same with my vest, and still with the same result. Then I pulled off my boots, but with no better prospect of relief from my embarrassing dilemma. Finally, I came to my pantaloons, at which I naturally hesitated. It was about time for the young woman to leave if she had any regard for my feelings. I thanked her very cordially; but she showed no symptoms of leaving. It was plain that she meant to help me through with the business. I sat for some time longer before I could bring myself to this last trying ordeal. There was something so pure and innocent in the expression of the young woman's face; such an utter unconsciousness of any im-



AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.

knew what to do or think. "She wants to help Hoops and crinoline are frequently to be seen me off with my pantaloons-that's plain!" said I to myself. "Perhaps it is the custom in Iceland; but it is very awkward, nevertheless." The fact is, you see, I was not quite old enough to be the girl's father, nor yet quite young enough to be put to bed like her youngest brother. Between the two extremes of the case I was considerably troubled. To reject her kind offers of service might be deemed rude, and nothing was farther from my intention than to offend this amiable young person. Allowing a reasonable time to elapse I saw there was no getting over the difficulty, and began to remove the last article of my daily apparel. Doubtless she had long foreseen that it would eventually come to that. In a very accommodating manner she took a position directly in front, and beckoned to me to elevate one of my legs-an order which I naturally obeyed Then she seized hold of the pendent cassimere and dragged away with a hearty good-will. I was quickly reduced to my natural state with the exception of a pair of drawers, which to my horror I discovered were in a very ragged condition, owing to the roughness of my travels in this wild region. However, by an adroit movement I whirled into bed, and the young woman covered me up and wished me a good night's sleep I thanked her very cordially, and so ended this strange and rather awkward adventure.

Such primitive scenes are to be found only in the interior. In the towns the women are in dress and manners very like their sisters elsewhere. of men as well as women, for the most affected

not only among the Danes, who, as a matter of course, import them from Copenhagen, but among the native women, who can see no good reason why they should not be as much like pyramids or Jokuls as others of their sex. Bonnets and inverted pudding-bowls are common on the heads of the Reykjavik ladies, though as yet they have not found their way into the interior. All who can afford it indulge in a profusion of jewelry-silver clasps, breast-pins, tassel-bands, etc., and various articles of filigree made by native artists. These feminine traits I had not expected to find so fully developed in so out-of-the-way a country. But where is it that lovely woman will not make herself still more captivating? I once saw in Madagascar a belle of the first rank, as black as the ace of spades, and greased all over with cocoa-nut oil, commit great havoc among her admirers by a necklace of shark's teeth and a pair of brass anklets, and nothing else. The rest of her costume, with a trifling exception, was purely imaginary. Yet she was as vain of her superior style, and put on as many fine airs, as the most fashionable lady in any civilized country. After all, what is the difference between a finelydressed savage and a finely-dressed Parisian? None at all that I can see, save in the color of the skin and the amount of labor performed by the manufacturer, the milliner, the tailor, or the schoolmaster. Intrinsically, the constitution of the mind is identically the same. I speak now



creatures I have seen in Europe are of the male sex. So pardon me, fair ladies, for any reflections upon your crinoline, and accept as my apology this candid avowal—that while you are naturally angelic and always beautiful beyond comparison, in spite of what you do to disfigure your lovely persons, we men are naturally savages, and are driven to the barbarous expedient of adorning and beautifying our ugly bodies with gewgaws, tinsel, and jimerackery, in order that they may be acceptable in your eyes.

On my return to Reykjavik I found that the steamer was to sail next day. I was very anxious to visit Mount Hecla, but my time and means carte de visite.

were limited and would not permit of a further sojourn in this interesting land. It was a great satisfaction to have seen any thing of it at all; and if I have given the reader even a slight glimpse of its wonders my trip has not been wholly unsuccessful. I returned from the trip with flying colors, and a huge portfolio abundantly filled with drawings, though in a rather dilapidated condition as to wardrobe, as will be seen by the subjoined sketch, for which the reader is indebted to Mr. Peter Cramer, a clever American artist residing at Frankfort-on-the-Main: the reader will please accept it as my carte de visite.



RETURN TO REYKJAVIK.



DOCTOR HAWLEY.

IN TWO PARTS .- PART II.



MISS HAWLEY AND HER FRIEND.

LUCKY was it for Doctor Hawley, on more accounts than one, that he had a daughter. But for that circumstance his history might have become so uninteresting, after the loss of his great fortune, that I might have felt obliged to cut it short, and let him drop into an undeserved oblivion. It is one of the numberless blessings of married people that they have a double, triple, quadruple, or manifold grip on humanity according to the number and qualities of their offspring.

Miss Hatty Hawley was the youngest and only surviving child of her father, who of course loved her all the more because her brothers and sisters were laid away, every one, in the grave-yard. Ringleted brown hair, clear hazel eyes, healthy cheeks, an expression of mingled sensitiveness and spirit, and a plump yet springy and graceful figure, were the external peculiarities of Hatty. Mentally she was clever, in manner playful and almost kittenish, in heart

kind though not extraordinarily considerate. In order to understand how this child of eighteen can pick up the broken thread of our story and weave it into new interest, we must bestow a moment's consideration upon the dinner of that eventful day when her father struck himself out of the will of Abner Hull and put Zedekiah Hull in his place. The Doctor felt obliged to offer his bread and salt to his enemy; and the enemy, with characteristic impudence, did not hesitate to accept. Of course, the meal was a poor specimen of the family convivialities .-Mrs. Hawley was so choked with unseen tears that she could hardly utter a word, while Hatty let forth such sarcasms on mean people as made her father wince whenever he met the eyes of Zedeki-

ah, stupid and unconscious as were those ugly little optics. The only person who enjoyed the occasion was the man who had caused all this sorrow and bitterness of spirit. He ate enormously; he called for sherry, and drank liberally; he boasted of his wealth, and how he would increase it; he giggled, joked the Doctor, and winked confidentially at Hatty. She could not help noticing the admiring attention with which he regarded her between his mouthfuls; and, as the meal went on and he showed signs of deeper fascination, she changed her tone of satire for one of flattering civility. Oh, these women, the incomprehensible, artful, mercenary creatures! Is the sweet girl going to lay a trap for this undomesticated but wealthy brute, and make it attractive to him by baiting it with her own gentle hand and tender heart? After dinner she slid up to her father slyly, and whispered, "Did he take it all, papa?"

"Yes, my dear," calmly returned papa, look-

if she was greatly pained. She made a little mouth of indignation and turned away, nodding her head curtly, as if to say, Now I shall take this matter into my own hands.

How polite she was to Zedekiah all that afternoon, and how prettily she invited him to stay with them a few days, while her father smiled somewhat perplexedly and her mother almost glared on her in dumb dismay and vexation! Before the fellow went to bed in the Hawley guest-chamber he was more smitten than he had ever been previously in all his unloving and unlovely existence. In the hall, candle in hand, he wanted to kiss Hatty good-night, on the plea of cousinship; but that compliment she evaded with a laugh and a waltzing whirl so coquettishly graceful that he was bewitched completely. The next day, and the next, and the next, it was the same thing, Zedekiah growing more and more enamored at every word which dropped from her darling lips, every sparkle of her changeful eyes, every gesture of her dimpled hand and rounded arm. Why Nature should bless such a hateful boor with the happy power of loving I can not imagine, unless it were merely that he might get the mitten and be made suitably miserable. But Hatty showed no disposition to thwart his affections; she received his amorous winks and grins with the proper coquetry, to be sure, but still favorably; she gave up her days to him, put bouquets in his button-hole, and smiled back at his sheep's eyes. The gazes that he used to fix upon her at times were looks of linked sweetness long drawn out. Yes, before a fortnight had elapsed since he became a rich man, this unlicked cub had grown doubly wealthy in the consciousness that he loved, and that he might reasonably hope to win the object of his adorations. He was puzzled indeed, disconcerted and sometimes incensed by the covness of the young lady, so unlike the romping farmers' daughters of Coventry, who, as he delicately informed her, were desperate fond of hugging. Hatty would not let him kiss her, nor put his arm around her waist, nor even get hold of the tips of her fingers.

"Yeou won't!" he said one day, after vainly trying to make her sit in his skeleton lap. "Waal, anyhow you'll call me Kiah, won't ye? Don't call me Mr. Hull any more. Call me Ki-ah."

Meantime what is Mrs. Hawley about that she does not see what is going on between this disagreeable rustic who has done her and hers so much harm, and her Harriet whom she so idolizes? Ah, she sees it, my readers: a mother always knows it if a young man is fond of her daughter: papa is sometimes surprised when his future son-in-law reveals himself; but wary, watchful, thoughtful, sympathetic mamma never! But Mrs. Hawley, we hope, is by no means willing to sacrifice her pretty and sensitive darling to this unrefined numskull. My

ing anxiously in his child's loved face to see | many of us have fallen down before the golden calf, and worshiped and made offerings to it of the choicest, noblest firstlings of our lives? In Mrs. Hawley's susceptible eyes a quarter of a million was enough to gild any calf, even Zedekiah, into godlike beauty. She hesitated, indeed; she wept copiously in secret places; but the almighty dollars vindicated their omnipotence; she took her child to her Mount Moriah and builded her altar. Of course she had the most unselfish and praiseworthy reasons for the cruel sacrifice. Her dear Doctor, her worthy and adored husband, now descending in the vale of years, how much easier he would travel to the end of his earthly pilgrimage if he could be got astride of the auriferous animal aforesaid! Then what streams of Christian charities could Harriet extract from Zedekiah's moneysafes, and what magazines of tracts would he furnish to his mother-in-law, wherewith to munition Sailors' Homes, and to blast up the ramparts of popery in New Haven! My dear brethren and sisters, Mrs. Hawley would have been a most uncommon fool if she could not have found fifty good excuses for a naughty action.

As for Hatty's feelings and objects in carrying on the flirtation, perhaps we shall get at them most conveniently by listening at the keyhole of her room, while she is pouring her coquettish confidences into the bosom of her dearest and fattest friend, Miss Delia Dayton. I have observed that almost every beautiful girl has one devoted female intimate who is a model of homeliness. She follows the belle about, as the hyena follows the lion, for the sake of devouring her leavings, or, in other words, of getting the attentions of some one of those beaux whom for the time being her patroness does not re-She is slavishly subject to the belle, dresses like her, echoes her opinions, and weeps under her displeasure. Miss Delia Dayton was one of the laughing hyenas, and tittered admiringly over nearly every word that fell from Hatty's lips as they sat working crotchet and talking about the students.

"But Hatty, dear," she remarked, "how can you think of the students when you are flirting so awfully with your rich cousin?"

"He is not my cousin," returned Hatty, with a pretty little toss of scorn, which might have made one think of a kitten setting up its playful back and spitting. "I have forbidden him calling me cousin, or papa uncle, or mamma aunt. I told him he should stop it, and he has. He is no relation at all."

"Come now-he-he!-don't despise the poor fellow so," deprecated Delia. "Why, I think he is perfectly splendid—so original and lively! And then, what an immense fortune! Oh, Hatty, I suppose you will bring it all back to the family, won't you?"

There was a slight air of anxiety glimmering through the superficial simper with which she put this question, and leading you and I, knowexcellent Christian friends, are you aware how ing reader, to suspect that Miss Delia would be



most happy to bring the said fortune into the Dayton family, even if the task required her to offer her own well-beloved self on the hymeneal

"Look here, Delia," said Hatty, surveying her friend earnestly, but without seeing what we saw in that plain and flabby countenance. "I will tell you something, if you will promise the most solemn secrecy. You do, don't you? Well then, I haven't the smallest idea of having that disgusting creature. No, not if he were worth millions!"

"Oh, Hatty, how you do treat these poor men!" giggled Delia, while a blush of pleasure throbbed into her pale cheek. "But then-my dear-why do you—flirt with him?" she added, hesitating-

ly. "Don't you think it—cruel?"
"Cruel! That is just why I do it. It is my revenge-all the revenge a girl can take. See how meanly he has robbed my generous-too generous father! How honorable papa was to him, and how vilely selfish he was in return! Ah, Delia, I will pay him for it. He is in love with me, I think; and if he isn't, he shall be. I mean to make him offer himself, and then I'll tell him how I hate and despise him. Oh, how I shall enjoy it!"

"He-he!" was Delia's answer; but the laugh was a faint one, and the little green eyes had an abstracted air as if wandering far away through anxious speculations.

But Mrs. Hawley has been standing at the door listening over our invisible shoulders, and she seems no less solemnized by Hatty's communication than Miss Dayton. That very afternoon she had an interview with her daughter on the subject of the gilded bull-calf. Her object was to persuade Hatty into accepting Zedekiah; but, as we may suppose, it cost her a long journey of wordy wandering to reach that simple idea; a journey which made her weep, sometimes feigned tears over the girl's unfilial obstinacy, sometimes real ones as she caught glimpses of her own selfish worldliness. Hatty might make them so comfortable; she might save their expulsion from this New Haven paradise; she might spare her old father the labor and danger of returning to his profession; she might be the means of scattering so many tracts at home, and so many missionaries abroad; she might, perhaps—yes, probably—yes, of course, be so happy herself as the wife of Mr. Hull; oh dear! child, if you only could be brought to consider this matter seriously! The more seriously the child considered it, the more unacceptable the marriage itself appeared to her. She was somewhat shaken, however, by her mother's anguish, and by that cunning plea that it was nothing but duty in her to sacrifice herself for her good, noble, darling father. The dialogue terminated in a weeping chorus, mother and daughter shedding tears on each other's hard hearts in abundance. The next day Hatty was contrite and humble, while Mrs. Hawley was took a chair and dragged it near hers, while his

came another conversation in which it appeared clearly that the young lady's obduracy had softened a trifle, and that she had tried to reconcile herself to the idea of offering up her whole life and happiness before the worshipful but unlovely bull-calf. Oh my kind-hearted Christian woman, are you really bent on giving over your pretty child to that coarse wretch, whose soul is even more ill-favored than his body? Alas, yes! the poor thing is most wretchedly in earnest, and, what is worse, she is gradually winning her dreadful victory.

By the time matters had reached this point Zedekiah had been obliged, much against his will, to leave the house and take quarters at a hotel. "Mr. Hull," the Doctor had said to him, "I am sorry to have the air of turning you away; but I must do it. I am about to resume my profession, and I have found a vacancy in your native town of Coventry. I am going to make trial of it before I take my family there."

"Go it, Doctor; and I'll stay and keep house for ye," cried Zedekiah, gleefully.

"I beg your pardon, but that is just what I must not let you do," replied the Doctor, with an apologetical smile. "It would lead to talk among the neighbors. While I am away, at least, I must beg you not to remain here. I am sorry, I am sure; very sorry. But we must respect the opinions of the world."

Notwithstanding the reasonableness of the Doctor's request and the kindly courtesy of his manner, Zedekiah was secretly indignant at his banishment, and vowed to himself that he would stay no longer in New Haven, nor ever think another thought of Hatty Hawley. Instead of fulfilling his oath, however, he took lodgings at the nearest hotel, and then proceeded to deform the herbage of the Green with a new path, which marked the shortest line of transit between his present lodgings and his old ones. The effect of this removal, if any thing, was an increase of his passion. The minutes that he passed away from Hatty were leaden minutes, notwithstanding that they were silvered over with so many dollars. One day, after reconsidering his courtship and its unsatisfactory results thus far, after drawing half a hundred sighs which seemed to come from his very soles, he resolved that he would bear this miserable uncertainty no longer.

"Cussed if I don't bring her to the pint!" he exclaimed. "Cussed if I don't make her say yis or no! Oh golly! I wish she did love me. I swar I always thought I should be happy if I was rich; and here I be jest about as misable as if I was poor."

After slapping his knee twenty times in his anguish, he started up, went down stairs on tiptoe as if he were already in the Hawley house, strode across the Green, entered the Doctor's open door, and peeped into the parlor. In the words of the poet, there sat Hatty all alone, with no one nigh to hinder. Speechlessly he distantly, miserably, solemnly reproachful. Then | brown face turned various colors, finally settling



down into a mottle of dirty yellow, something like the tint of badly-tanned and spotty leather. His quarter of a million seemed a very little sum just then. He wished, characteristically, that it was twice as much-ten times as much; he wished, also, that he had a Roman nose, a decent education. and good manners: he would have given something to be like one of those flashy students. He was not by nature such a modest creature as this: but Hatty's coquetries had been terribly severe upon him. -She was the first handsome, clever. well-read, refined girl whom he had met familiarly, and she had triumphed over his whole boorish being to an extent that is barely imaginable. "Oh, Hatty!" he sighed, "I'm awfully in love! Oh, don't go! Do stay and hear a feller! I love yeou

like every thing, I do—I tell yeou I do. Won't yeou marry me? Oh, I wish y' would!"

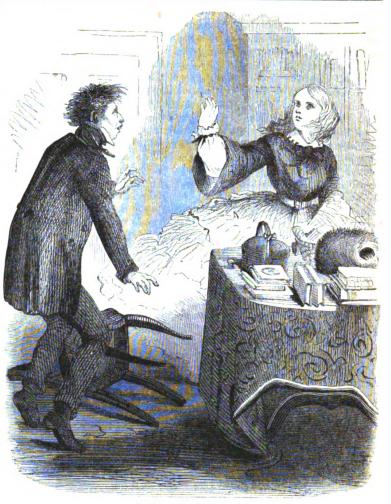
Hatty's cheeks turned as white as lilies, and her eyes sent forth tremulous sparkles of living light, while she looked long, steadily, doubtfully in his odious face. Should she refuse him, and gratify her own heart? Should she accept him, and make her mother happy? The word No trembled on her lips, and perished there. Then, with such a pang of wretchedness as she had never known before, such a gasp of despair that it seemed her dying breath, she hurried forth the fatal monosyllable "Yes."

Zedekiah jumped up with a scream of joy, and made a rush at her, both gaunt arms extended. She started from her chair; she pushed him back franticly; the next moment she was behind the table. Her cheeks were flushed now, and her eyes angry.

"You sha'n't kiss me!" she exclaimed. "You shall not do it!"

"What for?" bleated the astonished bull-calf. "Every feller has a right to kiss his gal."

"I don't care; I won't bear it," said Hatty, safety, she flung herself on her bed and sobbed crisping her fingers till the rosy nails turned her way into a burst of tears, not gentle and conwhite, as she thought of the imminent pollution solatory, but woeful and hopeless, such as mildew



"YOU SHA'N'T KISS ME."

which she had escaped. "You sha'n't kiss me; you sha'n't put your arm around me; if you do I'll break the engagement."

Zedekiah gaped as if he could not believe his ears alone, and needed that his mouth should assist in conveying the incredible words to his brain. "Oh, yeou ain't in airnest now!" he whined, creeping toward her and trying to charm her with a show of his gums. "Oh, neow, yeou don't really mean so, Hatty!"

"I do mean it," she answered, slowly skirting the centre-table so as to keep its greatest diameter between him and herself. "I will—yes, I will be—married to you," she added, her voice heaving over the words like a vessel pitching painfully over breakers: "but you shall not kiss me nor touch me till I give you permission."

"I'll be darned if I'll be fooled so!" shouted Zedekiah, making a bull-calf run at her. To the door, out of it, up stairs and into her own room she rushed, almost before the hoofs of her satyr-like lover had tramped their noisy circuit round the table. Shoving the bolt for greater safety, she flung herself on her bed and sobbed her way into a burst of tears, not gentle and consolatory, but woeful and hopeless, such as mildew



a young heart and turn its sweetest bloom to corruption. Ah, Mrs. Hawley! you have gained the unnatural battle which you have been fighting, and may go about your anti-papal labors with a glad spirit; but if you should distribute tracts till they rise in mountains, do you think they could cover up this your terrible sin of child-murder? Do you suppose that you can make your daughter wretched for life, make her swear to love and honor a man whom she must hate and despise, and yet hide the matter from those burning, eternal eyes which run to and fro through the earth continually? Will you dare hereafter to tell her that the love of God is like the love of parents—the same in kind, only greater in degree? Shall we ever again hear you moan over the infanticide of the Chinese, and urge beardless theologues to the conversion of unnatural mothers at the antipodes? You had better have drowned your Hatty in the harbor when she was nine days old than have let her live to this hour. Trouble us with no more canting about the wickedness of Herod. We Christians of the nineteenth century have also our Massacres of the Innocents, my poor sister Hawley.

When Miss Delia Dayton came that day to pay her usual devoirs she found her young ladypatroness pale, red-eyed, and almost speechless with misery.

"My dear Hatty! my darling! what is the matter?" exclaimed the devoted creature, rustling into the bosom of her friend and kissing away the ceaseless tears.

"Oh, Delia, I am so wretched! so very, very wretched!" sobbed Hatty, while the flood gushed faster, as if the voice of kindness had broken up a new fountain in her quivering soul.

"Why Hatty, dear, what is it?" whispered Delia, mingling a precious drop or two from her own lachrymatory with the full sea of her darling's anguish.

"Delia-I have accepted him-that hateful Zedekiah-Hull," gasped Hatty, looking up in her companion's eyes for pity.

Then, at these words, did Miss Delia Dayton perform the miracle of turning even whiter than the natural wont of her bloodless complexion. Starting back and rearing bolt upright, somewhat like an indignant goat, she glared at the unhappy affianced one with a toss of the head, which, but for the lack of horns and of a sufficiently combative disposition, might have been changed into downright butting.

"I don't wonder you are astonished at me," sobbed Hatty. "I am astonished at myself."

"Astonished!" shrieked Delia, suddenly becoming so red that her own mother would not have known her. "Astonished! Oh, you artful-"

Here her strength of head melted, and ran off in two perpendicular gutterings of tears. while the fat mountain of her womanhood heaved and labored with the writhings of that Hatty's mind, and she sprang eagerly at the what shall I do?"

neck of her sister in affliction. wanted him!" she exclaimed, with that frankness of speech which strong emotion sometimes forces through our ordinary flatness of expression, like a jet of granite shot up through dull layers of secondary. "You wanted him, Delia? Oh, if I had known it sooner!"

"I did not; I never wanted him; it is a slander!" gurgled the infuriated maiden, recoiling from her lately adored intimate. Bitter words led to bitter words, as they do sometimes among us lords of creation, and the two young ladies parted with mutual contempt, each wondering how she could have been so deceived as ever to admire and trust the other. "She did want him," muttered Hatty, alone. "If I had known it, and could have got him off upon her! Perhaps I can do it yet."

And before the next day's sun had set upon the City of Elms a reconciliation had been patched up between the divided friends.

That afternoon, it being Saturday, Doctor Hawley came home to spend the Sabbath with his family, and was present at an interview, restrained but agitated, between Hatty and Zedekiah. After the departure of the young man he put his arm around his daughter's waist and drew her into the study. "Come, little pet," said he, "I want to speak to you. I see," he pursued gravely, as he closed the door behind them, "I see that this unfortunate Mr. Hull still continues to weary us with his visits. He comes very often; too often, I think. I have no feeling of revenge against him because he stepped between us and riches. You know that, my dear; you know your father. Besides, it might have been different if we had chosen it. But I would be glad to keep him away for another reason; and that is, in part at least, for his own good. It is clear, Hatty, that he comes only to see you, and that he is almost, if not quite, in love with you. I can have no doubt of it, for I saw him when he tried to kiss your hand. Of course, my child, you would not wish to cause the unhappiness of any man; you would not wish to encourage hopes that could never be realized: that would not be at all like my good little girl. And certainly you would never think of marrying such a man as this. How could you ever love him, or honor him, or be happy with him, or make him happy? I do not wish to say any thing against him, and it would be unnecessary, for you can see for yourself what he is. No amount of mere money could make amends for such defects, physical, mental, and moral, as his. I would infinitely rather never see you married than give you up to such a man. But-but-Hatty-what are you crying for? It is not possible—no, it is not possible—that you love him!"

"Love him! No, papa; I hate him!" sobbed the girl, clutching his arm and burying her little mouse her heart. A light darted through head in his bosom. "But-oh dear! oh dear!



"What shall you do! done?" cried the Doctor, trembling with excitement.

"Papa, I am engaged to him," sighed the poor child, looking up in her father's face with an imploring, piteous air, which said, Save me!

"Oh Hatty! oh Hatty! this is not what I expected of you," groaned the Doctor. "Give yourself up for money! It could be nothing else. Oh my daughter. my daughter!"

"Mamma urged me," whispered the unhappy child. "Don't tell her that I told you so."

"Your mother urged you! your mother!" exclaimed Dr. Hawley, opening his eyes wide with horror, while his gray hair seemed ready to rise erect on his wrinkling forehead.

"Papa, won't you help me out of this?" begged Hatty, so taken up with her own troubles that she did not notice his new distress at the discovery of his wife's miserable, yes wicked folly. "Won't you send him off, papa?"

"My dear baby, and do you come to ask me that now, so late?" said the Doctor, looking at her with a grief as helpless as her own. "Now, when your troth is given? My poor child, is that the way that your father keeps his word? I know, yes I know that women think these promises are not binding on them; that they think themselves at liberty to break them whenever their fancies tempt them to do it. But it is wicked to think so. If that is right in women, it is right in men; and yet, if a man breaks his engagement word, it is called dishonorable: the law punishes him, and the world cries fie on him. Now I can command you to falsify your promise; yes, I can do that, and no one would blame you for obeying me; but have I a right to do it? Have I a right to order you to do what I would never do myself? Ah, Hatty! it is dreadful to me to say all this, and to make you hear it, but I have preached my present doctrine over and over in your hearing, and I can not eat my own honest words merely because I find it convenient. Hush, dear, and don't cry; there may be an escape. We will tell Mr. Hull that you do not love him, that you can not be happy with him, and if he has a spark of kindness or nobleness in his soul, I am sure that he will release you."

"If? papa. But if he hasn't?" inquired Hatty, doubtfully.

"My dear, there is such a thing as duty, and there is such a thing as its reward. It may cost a whole lifetime to do the first and to win the last; but it is a lifetime well spent."

"Papa, if I become this man's wife I will be a good wife; and in any case, I will show you yet that I can be a good daughter," said Hatty, catching for the moment a noble grace from her father's soul. Do not be alarmed for her, my sympathetic reader: the gush of heroic selfabnegation only lasted an hour or so: at the end of that time she was as determined to get rid of Zedekiah as ever. In general, you can not make a steady old heart out of a mercurial this betrothal, and had addressed to her such

What have you young one in much less than twenty or thirty years. After all, did not Doctor Hawley strain the obligation of honor a little? Very likely: I am not prepared to decide positively; but you will observe that he strained it heavenward and not hellward. A lie, or even the seeming of a lie. was a thing that he shrunk from as inexpressibly wicked and degrading.

He sought out Zedekiah immediately, and told him the unpalatable truth.

"Don't yeou be skeered, Doctor," was the answer of the young man, who feared the father much less than the daughter, and who, besides, had now regained all the natural conceit of his disagreeable character. "She's a queer one; she is, that's a fact; but I'll bring her reound. I've been and bought something fine for her. Oh, don't yeou be skeered. She sha'n't be misable as long as Zedekiah Hull has his pockets full of rocks."

So saying he slapped his chinking trowsers with one hand, while he waved a yellow neckribbon with the other. The Doctor took up his hat, and sadly bade his future son-in-law goodafternoon.

Hatty was miserable in spite of Zedekiah's rocks, and she contrived to make him so also: for which I am truly thankful. She would not let him kiss her; she would not let him put his arm around her waist; she would not sit alone with him. Once, when they met by chance in the hall without witnesses, he tried to impose his lip service, but she dodged him with such unexpected quickness as to leave his ugly mouth nuzzling at the invisible, somewhat like the quivering, pulsatory muzzle of that fish known as the sucker.

"Waal!" he bawled, angrily, "Yeou can do as yeou'm a mind to now. But wait till we're married. Then I'll do as I'm a mind to."

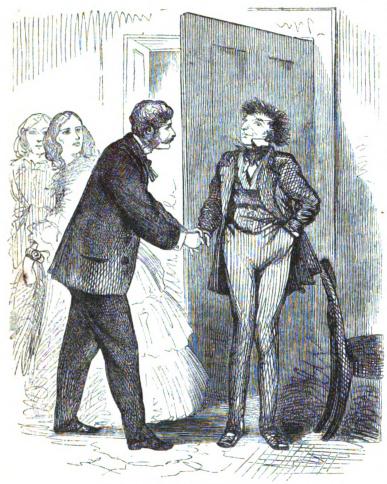
Hatty flushed crimson and immediately turned white, as she thought how truly he spoke and how much the coarse words meant. As for her lover, he carried the matter before Mrs. Hawley, who, persuaded and coerced by the quarter of a million, called Hatty aside and told her that she must let Zedekiah kiss her; that men always did so; that women always submitted to it; and that, although it was very natural, still it was very odd and unreasonable in her to make a fuss about it! There was a mischievous twinkle in the young lady's eye, as well as an excited flush in her cheek, while she replied, "I will let him, mamma, if papa wishes it. I will go and ask him, immediately."

"Hatty, Hatty, stop!" screamed Mrs. Hawley. "For mercy's sake don't tell the Doctor. Oh child, how you do torment me! I'm just as wretched as I can be."

And the perplexed, unhappy woman's feelings turned to water at once, and ran a stream for fifteen or twenty minutes. The Doctor had already held a gehtle conversation with her on the part which she had played in forwarding







CHARLEY SHAKING HANDS WITH ZEDEKIAH.

moving words, not of anger but of sorrow, that | twenty - three, stepped into Doctor Hawley's for two or three hours afterward wealth seemed to her a pitiful chimera, and pious poverty the most desirable of conditions. But then, one by one, the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars came out anew, like stars from a sky of clouds, shining from verge to verge of her contracted horizon, and dazzling her so that she could think of naught besides. Her husband meanwhile, her mild and loving husband, was as terrible to her idolatrous spirit as was Elijah to the prophets of Baal.

Of course Hatty continued to treat Zedekiah exactly as pleased her and did not please him. Not knowing the full power of her own attractions, nor the nature of enamored man, she hoped so to disgust him with her coldness and pettishness that he would break off the engagement himself. Her principal weapon of offense and defense in this warfare was Miss Delia Dayton. Miss Delia guarded her as faithfully and heroically as Great-heart watched over the pilgrimage of Christiana, although not in the same admirable and unaccountable spirit of unselfishness, but rather with a single eye to her own entrance into the golden gates of continued, shaking hands with Zedekiah, and

matrimony. She was always there; the amorous Hull never found Hatty without her; in fact, Hatty would not come down for him when her friend was absent .-Meantime every artifice was tried to make him kiss Delia, put his arm around Delia's waist, talk coquettish nonsense to Delia, and take solitary walks in the garden with Delia. It was all of no use: the bull-calf remained abominably uncorrupt; his stupid, bovine fidelity was truly disgusting. Oh, if some help do not come to us from the north or the south, the east or the west, I foresee that the mere tide of natural events will finally drift our darling Hatty into the breakers of this hateful marriage.

The engagement had lasted a month, when, one fine morning, a tall muscular blond youth, of about

porch, and, finding the door open, walked unannounced into the parlor. There he discovered that triangular human problem, insoluble as yet, of which the three sides were Hatty, Miss Dayton, and Zedekiah.

"Oh, Charley - Mr. Howard!" exclaimed Hatty, springing forward to meet the visitor. and then stopping as some quick stinging thought sent a deep blush over her features.

"What, Hatty! angry with me yet? I hope not," said he, eagerly seizing her passive hand. "I have come on purpose to ask pardon and beg for the old friendship. Come, you are not thinking over the old grudge, are you?"

"Oh no-not that-not at all," stammered Hatty. "I forgot that long ago. Oh yes-I am really glad to see you. Sit down. How do you do, and where have you been? Stop, let me introduce you to Miss Dayton, and to-to Mr. Hull. Mr. Charles Howard."

"Miss Dayton, delighted to make your acquaintance," said Howard, laughing. "Why, Hatty, do you suppose I could forget Miss Dayton? Mr. Hull, I am happy to meet you," he



wondering much to find such an awkward, vulgar lout in Miss Hawley's drawing-room. Mr. Hull performed the digital salutation in supercilious silence, for he felt somewhat jealous of this handsome free-and-easy stranger, and meant to let him know at once who was the golden bull-calf and had possession of the household altar. The conversation which followed was so restrained and generally uninteresting, that I shall not take the trouble to repeat it. It appeared, however, that this Mr. Charles Howard had graduated from the Yale Law School a year previous, and that since then he had been practicing legality under the wing of his uncle, a famous advocate of New York city. That he was an old acquaintance of the Hawleys, and a great favorite with them, was evident. That he was a former admirer of Hatty's, and still a by no means indifferent person to her, became clear enough as you watched the significant though unintended flashes of their eyes, and the hectic beacon-fires which lighted up, answering and signaling to each other, on their young cheeks. They had parted in a pet which was very near in character to a love quarrel; and now that they came together again, that old misunderstanding was a new bond of sympathy. But suppose we pass over a few days; in other words, let us leave our tea to draw a little while; when we try it again it may be more savory.

While time is passing and events are silently shaping themselves to a proper close, perhaps it would be well to take a view of Hatty's feelings toward this Charley Howard. Some people may be more delicately scrupulous in these psychological matters; but for my part I never hesitate to peep into a young lady's heart the moment I can find the keyhole. Are not the women always spying into our manly bosoms, and discovering our most secret emotions with their swift instinctive vision? Hatty, then, remembered all of a sudden how fond she used to be, not so much of Charley Howard as of his gay, frank conversation-of his handsome presence, which was such an ornament to her little sociables, and of all his attentions, which made the other girls so jealous. As she thought all this over, it seemed to her that she must have been in love with him; and by a very natural process—which I do not at all understand—this fiction of memory soon became a present fact. How beautiful and noble he appeared, compared with that groveling creature who claimed her as his own. Oh! if he had but come a few weeks earlier, he might have saved her, even if he had not sought nor cared to do it. Better die of unrequited love for such a glorious man as Charley Howard than live the adored, rich, and wretched wife of such an unfinished imitation of humanity as Zedekiah Hull.

It was while she was in this state of feeling that Charley one day found her alone. "Hatty," said he, taking both her hands and looking down at her sadly, pitifully—"Hatty, I have ing himself otherwise in alternately whittling a

come to bid you good-by. You are really engaged, it seems, to this Mr. Hull."

"Yes, Charley," answered the miserable Hatty, her head sinking on her bosom.

"Good-by, then. I came too late. That is all I can say to you."

The noble fellow, to make that declaration after he knew that there was no hope! He tried to withdraw his hands now, but she held them fast, and lifting her head by a supreme effort, looked him in the face with eyes that told him far more than he dared believe. In her despair and love she was ready to demean herself to him if he would only save her.

"Charley, I am very unhappy," she faltered; and then she dropped one of his hands in order that she might wipe away the tears that were slowly rolling down her burning cheeks. Oh, these women! it is impossible to write about them without talking of tears; impossible to think of them without admitting that there are such things as emotions. Well, we see how it will be. In five minutes Hatty had told Charley the whole pitiful story; had told him how it was that she got engaged, and how it was that she could not escape.

"Hatty, I see that I shall have to interfere in this matter," said he. "This engagement ought to be broken off, and it shall be broken off. Don't look troubled again; you are to do nothing. All I ask of you is, to be firm and to keep your lips close. Will you promise me good faith, Hatty?"

"Yes," her mouth answered, while her eves added, "In this and in all, now and forever."

He understood them, for he bent down and kissed the fair but anxious brow that shaded them. It was not till he had been gone five or ten minutes that Hatty fully realized that kiss, and began to blush over it, and to feel it tingle through her whole frame to the ends of her trembling fingers. Why had she so quietly let him do it, and why was she secretly and shamefacedly glad that he had done it, when she would have been angry at him a year before for merely talking of such a liberty, and when she had always rejected so strenuously the labial salutations of Zedekiah? Ah, my philological friend, your dictionary has the same stereotyped definition for every kiss, but in spite of that there are kisses and kisses.

Mr. Charles Howard walked rapidly across the Green to the hotel, went first to his own apartment, and then mounted quietly to the third-story room which served the economical Zedekiah for parlor and dormitory. His rap was answered by a nasal voice within, which drawled the concise invitation, "Walk." Opening for himself, he entered and closed the door behind him, contriving, as he did so, to push the bolt without attracting attention to the circumstance Zedekiah sat in a rocking-chair, swinging his long legs over one of the arms, benting his heels against a round, and recreating himself otherwise in alternately whittling a





THE RESIGNATION.

water. He neither rose nor bowed, but remarked, scornfully indifferent, "Hullo, mister! Heow are ye?"

"Quite well, thank you," nodded Charley. "Mr. Hull, I have called to see you on a very important affair."

"Have, hev? Waal, spit it cout," observed Mr. Hull, still more supercilious.

"I understand that you are engaged to Miss Hatty Hawley," continued Charley.

"Want to know?" exclaimed Mr. Hull, nasally sarcastic. "That's none o' yeour dum business, is it? Reckon I be, though, if yeou've come a purpose to find eout."

"Oh, I am quite aware of it. Miss Hawley told me so herself not ten minutes ago. I come to beg you in her name to have the goodness to release her from her promise."

"To have the goodness!" returned Zedekiah, trying to mimic Charley's well-bred enunciation, and then bellowing a bull-calf laughter. "Waal, that's darn good. No, Sir-ree; yeou ain't smart enough to come it. Wants yeou, I s'pose, hey? Jest trot right back now, and tell | Charley had just fastened him into the rocking-

if she don't come up to the scratch I'll sue for breach o' promise, and collect cout of her farther."

"I shall carry no such message," returned Charley. -"On the contrary, I shall not leave this room until you write out and sign a release for Miss Hawley."

"Darn yeour cussed soul!" shouted Zedekiah, rising menacingly, but at the same time slowly, as if to give Howard time to think better of it and run away. "Darn yeou! yeou jest quit now. Drizzle eout, or I'll kick ve deown stairs -darn my boots if I don't!"

Charley made no movement either of advance or retreat, although the blood looked dangerous as it swelled his neckveins and crimsoned his cheeks. Inspired by the intelligence which exists in brandy-and-water, Zede-

pine stick and sipping at a glass of brandy-and- kiah thought he saw fear in this hesitation, and to increase the moral effect he gave two stamps which made the tumbler dance on the table, and then took one intimidating stride forward with fists portentously doubled. Half a smile flitted across Charley's lips as he fell back a little, lifted his hands deprecatingly and exclaimed, "Don't strike, Mr. Hull!"

> "Don't strike!" sneered Zedekiah. eout then. Travel, or I'll boot ye sky high into Abraham's bosom.'

No answer, except a still more crouching posture; and Zedekiah actually fulfilled his threat as far as he was able. Up went one of his immense feet, with the swing of an alligator's tail, but bootlessly, for Charley caught the hidebound deformity in his left hand, and the bullcalf went down backward with a bellow of terror and anguish. When he got up again, which was some five minutes afterward, his hands were tied behind his back, and his feet hampered to the table legs, while his mouth was stifled in a huge muffler composed of towels tightly bound on with his own bandana handkerchief. her I ain't a going to do no such thing; tell her | chair with a trunk-strap, when there came a shake



at the lock, and the landlord's voice was heard demanding, "Hullo there! what's the row?"

Rushing to the door, Charley opened it a-crack, and whispered such an outrageous lie that I groan for him and curse the cruel force of circumstances as I record it. "Mr. Hull has the delirium tremens," said he. "Dr. Hawley and I have just been tying him."

"Delirium tremens, eh?" answered mine host. "Don't wonder a bit. Been to bed drunk every other night for three weeks. Never saw such a chap. Goes off and drinks alone. Buys his liquor at the groceries, too, by the bottle, because the bar charges too high—he-he! Well, want any help?"

"No. But just keep the servants away, and have it quiet around here, will you? We want to get him to sleep," said Charley, closing and locking the door.

Zedekiah had been kicking and groaning noisily all the while, but the landlord walked off without vouchsafing him any notice. Charley now produced from his pocket a traveling-inkstand, pen and paper, and wrote out the following brief but significant epistle:

"MISS HARRIST HAWLEY,—Inasmuch as you desire that our engagement may be broken off, I consent, although with regret, to its immediate termination.

"Very respectfully yours,
"ZEDEKIAH HULL."

"There, Mr. Hull, that will do," said Charley, after having read the letter to his captive. "Now, will you promise to copy that and sign it in your own natural writing, if I will loose your right hand?"

Zedekiah nodded his bandaged head and rolled his eyes in solemn affirmation. The moment, however, that his dexter was free, he snatched up his jack-knife and made a desperate poke at the ribs of his rival. No harm followed except a slash in the breast of Charley's coat, and before ten seconds more elapsed the jack-knife had changed owners. A thought of Napoleon signing his abdication at Fontainebleau softens me as I picture to myself Zedekiah Hull taking up the pen under terror of a sharper instrument, and copying out, in a chirography as ungraceful as his person, that renunciatory letter. Occasionally he would halt and groan, for some reason which he could not explain: whereupon Charley would start him up with a prog of the knife-blade and a "Now then, old fellow!"

The epistle finished, Charley pocketed it, as well as the writing materials, threw the knife behind the bed, upset Zedekiah on his back, and walked out of the room, locking the door on the outside. "Hatty," said he, rushing into the presence of that young lady, "read this!"

She ran her eye over the paper as he held it up to her, and then danced with joy, like a little child. "Give it to me," she begged. "Oh Charley, I must have it to satisfy papa."

"Give it to you! What will you give me for it, Hatty?" he replied, his excited face suddenly becoming tender and solemn.

ticulars of this rather soft-hearted interview. The all-important fact is that they were married about three months afterward; and so we may take it for granted that they got properly engaged in one fashion or other.

But the golden calf, and the two hundred and

But let us not inquire minutely into the par-

But the golden calf, and the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars which made him worshipful? Why Zedekiah, of course, exposed himself to public ridicule by bringing an action against Charles Howard, and getting six and a quarter cents damages with the privilege of paying his own costs. As for the property, I have something curious to tell concerning that. On the day that Hatty and Charley returned from their wedding journey, after every body had kissed and cried until the family happiness had been expressed in some weak measure, there came the natural and time-honored question, "What news?"

"Sad news," replied the Doctor, his cheerful face taking a solemn light. "A very sad affair indeed. That poor Zedekiah Hull is dead."

"Dead! Is it possible! How did he die, papa?" "A very, very shocking affair," repeated papa. "You know what a woeful drinking way he had got into. Well, he died last night of delirium tremens. As it was Sunday, I was here, and Burnham called me in. We did what we could for him, but we might as well have tried to put out a blazing city with one pailful of water as to check his disease with our medicines. Oh, it's a sad, sad case. It shows the danger of sudden prosperity. He was temperate enough, I believe, until he received that immense legacy. That threw him into a state of nervous excitement, which the poor man, with his meagre education and feeble moral principle, could only allay by means of liquor. And this is the end of him. To-morrow we shall attend his funeral."

Although the Doctor stopped and sighed, as if he had told all that was worth telling, Hatty remained mute, expectant, unsatisfied.

"My dear," whispered Mrs. Hawley, while a smile squeezed its way out of one pursed-up corner of her mouth, "my dear, the—the will is in existence. The money comes back to us."

Reader, it is a hard thing and a great responsibility to destroy a young man, even an obnoxious one, by such a terrible end as delirium tremens. But something of the kind had to be done: there was no other method of getting the money back into the scrupulous palms of Doctor Hawley; and get it back there I must, for I am not one of those wicked writers who leave virtue unrewarded. Of course our excellent friend was provokingly indifferent to the fact that he had recovered his fortune; but not so the crowd of his well-wishers, who all have that earnest appreciation of money's worth which distinguishes the enlightened American; and great was the joy in New Haven when the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars returned to the hands which did them honor.

ROMOLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE."



CHAPTER XXXIII.

BALDASSARRE MAKES AN ACQUAINTANCE.

HEN Baldassarre was wandering about Florence in search of a spare outhouse where he might have the cheapest of sheltered beds, his steps had been attracted toward that sole portion of ground within the walls of the city which is not perfectly level, and where the spectator, lifted above the roofs of the houses, can see beyond the city to the protecting hills and far-stretching valley, otherwise shut out from his view except along the welcome opening made by the course of the Arno. Part of that ground has been already seen by us as the hill of Bogoli, at that time a great stone quarry; but the side toward which Baldassarre directed his steps was the one that sloped down behind the Via de' Bardi, and was most commonly called the hill of San Giorgio. Bratti had told him that Tito's dwelling was in the Via de' Bardi; and, after surveying that street, he turned up the slope of the hill which he had observed as he was crossing the bridge. If he could find a sheltering outhouse on that hill, he would be glad: he had now for some years been accustomed to live with a broad sky about him; and, moreover, the narrow passes of the streets, with their strip of sky above, and the unknown labyrinth around them, seemed to intensify his sense of loneliness and feeble memory.

The hill was sparsely inhabited, and covered chiefly by gardens; but in one spot was a piece of rough ground jagged with great stones, which had never been cultivated since a landslip had ruined some houses there toward the end of the thirteenth century. Just above the edge of this broken ground stood a queer little square building, looking like a truncated tower roofed in with fluted tiles, and close by was a small outhouse, apparently built up against a piece of ruined stone wall. Under a large half-dead mulberry-tree that was now sending its last fluttering leaves in at the open door-ways, a shriveled, hardy old woman was untying a goat with two kids, and Baldassarre could see that part of the outbuilding was occupied by live-stock; but the door of the other part was open, and it was empty of every thing but some tools and straw. It was just the sort of place he wanted. He spoke to the old woman; but it was not till he got close to her and shouted in her ear that he succeeded in making her understand his want of a lodging, and his readiness to pay for it. At first he could get no answer beyond shakes of the head and the words, "No-no lodging," uttered in the muffled tone of the deaf. But, by dint of persistence, he made clear to her that he was a poor stranger from a long way over seas, and could not afford to go to hostelries; that he only wanted to lie on the straw in the outhouse, and would pay her a quattrino or two a week for that shelter. She still looked at him dubiously, shaking her head and talking low to herself; but presently, as if a new thought occurred to her, she fetched a hatchet from the house, and, showing him a chump that lay half covered with litter in a corner, asked him if he would chop that up for her: if he would, he might lie in the outhouse for one night. He agreed, and Monna Lisa stood with her arms akimbo to watch him, with a smile of gratified cunning, saying low to herself,

"It's lain there ever since my old man died. What then? I might as well have put a stone on the fire. He chops very well, though he does speak with a foreign tongue, and looks odd. I couldn't have got it done cheaper. And if he only wants a bit of straw to lie on, I might make him do an errand or two up and down the hill. Who need know? And sin that's hidden 's half forgiven.* He's a stranger: he'll take no notice of her. And I'll tell her to keep her tongue still."

The antecedent to these feminine pronouns had a pair of blue eyes, which at that moment were applied to a large round hole in the shutter of the upper window. The shutter was closed, not for any penal reasons, but because only the opposite window had the luxury of glass in it: the weather was not warm, and a round hole four inches in diameter served all the purposes of observation. The hole was unfortunately a little too high, and obliged the small observer to



^{* &}quot;Peccato celato è mezzo perdonato."—Prov.

stand on a low stool of a rickety character; but | not signify what she found out after it had been Tessa would have stood a long while in a much more inconvenient position for the sake of seeing a little variety in her life. She had been drawn to the opening at the first loud tones of the strange voice speaking to Monna Lisa; and darting gently across her room every now and then to peep at something, she continued to stand there until the wood had been chopped, and she saw Baldassarre enter the outhouse, as the dusk was gathering, and seat himself on the straw.

A great temptation had laid hold of Tessa's mind; she would go and take that old man part of her supper, and talk to him a little. He was not deaf like Monna Lisa, and besides she could say a great many things to him that it was no use to shout at Monna Lisa, who knew them already. And he was a stranger-strangers came from a long way off and went away again, and lived nowhere in particular. It was naughty, she knew, for obedience made the largest part in Tessa's idea of duty; but it would be something to confess to the padre next Pasqua, and there was nothing else to confess except going to sleep sometimes over her beads, and being a little cross with Monna Lisa because she was so deaf; for she had as much idleness as she liked now, and was never frightened into telling white lies. She turned away from her shutter with rather an excited expression in her childish face, which was as pretty and pouting as ever. Her garb was still that of a simple contadina, but of a contadina prepared for a festa: her gown of dark-green serge, with its red girdle, was very clean and neat; she had the string of red glass beads round her neck; and her brown hair, rough from curliness, was duly knotted up and fastened with the silver pin. She had but one new ornament, and she was very proud of it, for it was a fine gold ring.

She sat on the low stool, nursing her knees, for a minute or two, with her little soul poised in fluttering excitement on the edge of this pleasant transgression. It was quite irresistible: she had been commanded to make no acquaintances, and warned that if she did all her new happy lot would vanish away, and be like a hidden treasure that turned to lead as soon as it was brought to the daylight; and she had been so obedient that when she had to go to church she had kept her face shaded by her hood, and had pursed up her lips quite tightly It was true her obedience had been a little helped by her own dread lest the alarming step-father Nofri should turn up even in this quarter, so far from the Por' del Prato, and beat her at least, if he did not drag her back to work for him. But this old man was not an acquaintance; he was a poor stranger going to sleep in the outhouse, and he probably knew nothing of stepfather Nofri; and, besides, if she took him some supper, he would like her, and not want to tell any thing about her. Monna Lisa would say she must not go and talk to him, therefore

Supper was being prepared, she knew — a mountain of macaroni flavored with cheesefragrant enough to tame any stranger. So she tripped down stairs with a mind full of deep designs, and first asking with an innocent look what that noise of talking had been, without waiting for an answer, knit her brow with a peremptory air, something like a kitten trying to be formidable, and sent the old woman up stairs: she chose to eat her supper down below. In three minutes Tessa, with her lantern in one hand and a wooden bowl of macaroni in the other, was kicking gently at the door of the outhouse; and Baldassarre, roused from sad reverie, doubted in the first moment whether he was awake as he opened the door and saw this surprising little handmaid, with delight in her wide eyes, breaking in on his dismal loneliness.

"I've brought you some supper," she said, lifting her mouth toward his ear and shouting, as if he had been deaf like Monna Lisa. down and eat it while I stay with you."

Surprise and distrust surmounted every other feeling in Baldassarre; but, though he had no smile or word of gratitude ready, there could not be any impulse to push away this visitant, and he sank down passively on his straw again, while Tessa placed herself close to him, put the wooden bowl on his lap, and set down the lantern in front of them, crossing her hands before her, and nodding at the bowl with a significant smile, as much as to say, "Yes, you may really eat it." For in the excitement of carrying out her deed she had forgotten her previous thought that the stranger would not be deaf, and had fallen into her habitual alternative of dumb show and shouting.

The invitation was not a disagreeable one, for he had been gnawing a remnant of dried bread, which had left plenty of appetite for any thing warm and relishing. Tessa watched the disappearance of two or three mouthfuls without speaking, for she had thought his eyes rather fierce at first; but now she ventured to put her mouth to his ear again and cry-

"I like my supper, don't you?"

It was not a smile, but rather the milder look of a dog touched by kindness but unable to smile, that Baldassarre turned on this round blue-eyed thing that was caring about him.

"Yes," he said; "but I can hear well-I'm not deaf."

"It is true; I forgot," said Tessa, lifting her hands and clasping them. "But Monna Lisa is deaf, and I live with her. She's a kind old woman, and I'm not frightened at her. And we live very well: we have plenty of nice things. I can have nuts if I like. And I'm not obliged to work now. I used to have to work, and I didn't like it; but I liked feeding the mules, and I should like to see poor Giannetta, the little mule, again. We've only got a gcat and two kids, and I used to talk to the goat a good Monna Lisa must not be consulted. It did deal, because there was nobody else but Monna



Lisa. But now I've got something else—can you guess what it is?"

She drew her head back, and looked with a challenging smile at Baldassarre, as if she had proposed a difficult riddle to him.

"No," said he, putting aside his bowl, and looking at her dreamily. It seemed as if this young prattling thing were some memory come back out of his own youth.

"You like me to talk to you, don't you?" said Tessa, "but you must not tell any body. Shall I fetch you a bit of cold sausage?"

He shook his head, but he looked so mild now that Tessa felt quite at her ease.

"Well, then, I've got a little baby. Such a pretty bambinetto, with little fingers and nails! Not old yet; it was born at the Natività, Monna Lisa says. I was married one Natività, a long, long while ago, and nobody knew. O Santa Madonna! I didn't mean to tell you that!"

Tessa set up her shoulders and bit her lip, looking at Baldassarre as if this betrayal of secrets must have an exciting effect on him too. But he seemed not to care much; and perhaps that was in the nature of strangers.

"Yes," she said, carrying on her thought aloud, "you are a stranger; you don't live any where or know any body, do you?"

"No," said Baldassarre, also thinking aloud, rather than consciously answering, "I only know one man."

"His name is not Nofri, is it?" said Tessa, anxiously.

"No," said Baldassarre, noticing her look of fear. "Is that your husband's name?"

That mistaken supposition was very amusing to Tessa. She laughed and clapped her hands as she said,

"No, indeed! But I must not tell you any thing about my husband. You would never think what he is—not at all like Nofri!"

She laughed again at the delightful incongruity between the name of Nofri—which was not separable from the idea of the cross-grained steptather—and the idea of her husband.

"But I don't see him very often," she went on, more gravely. "And sometimes I pray to the Holy Madonna to send him oftener; and once she did. But I must go back to my bambinetto now. I'll bring it to show you to-morrow. You would like to see it. Sometimes it cries and makes a face, but only when it's hungry, Monna Lisa says. You wouldn't think it, but Monna Lisa had babies once, and they are all dead old men. My husband says she will never die now, because she's so well dried. I'm glad of that, for I'm fond of her. You would like to stay here to-morrow, shouldn't you?"

"I should like to have this place to come and rest in, that's all," said Baldassarre. "I would pay for it, and harm nobody."

"No, indeed; I think you are not a bad old man. But you look sorry about something. Tell me, is there any thing you shall cry about when I leave you by yourself? I used to cry once."

"No, child; I think I shall cry no more."

"That's right; and I'll bring you some breakfast, and show you the bambino. Good-night!"

Tessa took up her bowl and lantern, and closed the door behind her. The pretty loving apparition had been no more to Baldassarre than a faint rainbow on the blackness to the man who is wrestling in deep waters. He hardly thought of her again till his dreamy waking passed into the more vivid images of disturbed sleep.

But Tessa thought much of him. She had no sooner entered the house than she told Monna Lisa what she had done, and insisted that the stranger should be allowed to come and rest in the outhouse when he liked. The old woman, who had had her notions of making him a useful tenant, made a great show of reluctance, shook her head, and urged that Messer Naldo would be angry if she let any one come about the house. Tessa did not believe that. Messer Naldo had said nothing against strangers who lived nowhere; and this old man knew nobody except one person, who was not Nofri.

"Well," conceded Monna Lisa, at last, "if I let him stay for a while and carry things up the hill for me, thou must keep thy counsel and tell nobody."

"No," said Tessa, "I'll only tell the bambino."

"And then," Monna Lisa went on, in her thick under-tone, "God may love us well enough not to let Messer Naldo find out any thing about it. For he never comes here but at dark; and as he was here two days ago, it's likely he'll never come at all till the old man's gone away again."

"Oh me! Monna," said Tessa, clasping her hands, "I wish Naldo had not to go such a long, long way sometimes before he comes back again."

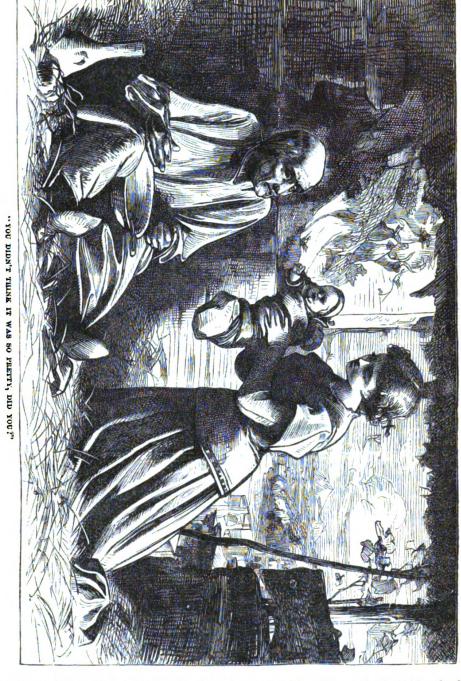
"Ah, child, the world's big, they say. There are places behind the mountains, and if people go night and day, night and day, they get to Rome, and see the Holy Father."

Tessa looked submissive in the presence of this mystery, and began to rock her baby and sing syllables of vague loving meaning, in tones that imitated a triple chime.

The next morning she was unusually industrious in the prospect of more dialogue and of the pleasure she should give the poor old stranger by showing him her baby. But before she could get ready to take Baldassarre his breakfast she found that Monna Lisa had been employing him as a drawer of water. She deferred her paternosters, and hurried down to insist that Baldassarre should sit on his straw, so that she might come and sit by him again while he ate his breakfast. That attitude made the new companionship all the more delightful to Tessa, for she had been used to sitting on straw in old days along with her goats and mules.

"I will not let Monna Lisa give you too much work to do," she said, bringing him some steaming broth and soft bread. "I don't like much work, and I dare say you don't. I like sitting in the sunshine and feeding things. Monna





Lisa says work is good, but she does it all herself, so I don't mind. She's not a cross old woman-you needn't be afraid of her being cross. And now, you eat that, and I'll go and fetch my baby and show it you."

Presently she came back with the small mummy-case in her arms. The mummy looked very lively, having unusually large dark eyes, though no more than the usual indication of a future

self close to Baldassarre. "You didn't think it thing!" he said, in a deep voice, which had

was so pretty, did you? It is like the little Gesù, and I should think the Santa Madonna would be kinder to me now, is it not true? But I have not much to ask for, because I have everything now—only that I should see my husband oftener. You may hold the bambino a little if you like, but I think you must not kiss him, because you might hurt him."

She spoke this prohibition in a tone of soothing excuse, and Baldassarre could not refuse to "This is my baby," said Tessa, seating her- hold the small package. "Poor thing! poor

Original from

pity. It did not seem to him as if this guileless loving little woman could reconcile him to the world at all, but rather that she was with him against the world, that she was a creature who would need to be avenged.

"Oh, don't you be sorry for me," she said; "for, though I don't see him often, he is more beautiful and good than any body else in the world. I say prayers to him when he's away. You couldn't think what he is!"

She looked at Baldassarre with a wide glance of mysterious meaning, taking the baby from him again, and almost wishing he would question her as if he wanted very much to know more.

"Yes, I could," said Baldassarre, rather bitterly.

"No, I'm sure you never could, said Tessa, earnestly. "You thought he might be Nofri," she added, with a triumphant air of conclusiveness. "But never mind; you couldn't know. What is your name?"

He rubbed his hand over his knitted brow, then looked at her blankly, and said, "Ah, child, what is it?"

It was not that he did not often remember his name well enough; and if he had had presence of mind now to remember it, he would have chosen not to tell it. But a sudden question appealing to his memory had a paralyzing effect, and in that moment he was conscious of nothing but helplessness.

Ignorant as Tessa was, the pity stirred in her by his blank look taught her to say,

"Never mind; you are a stranger; it is no matter about your having a name. Good-by, now, because I want my breakfast. You will come here and rest when you like; Monna Lisa says you may. And don't you be unhappy, for we'll be good to you."

"Poor thing!" said Baldassarre again.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

NO PLACE FOR REPENTANCE.

Messer Naldo came again sooner than was expected: he came on the evening of the twenty-eighth of November, only eleven days after his previous visit, proving that he had not gone far beyond the mountains; and a scene which we have witnessed as it took place that evening in the Via de' Bardi may help to explain the impulse which turned his steps toward the hill of San Giorgio.

When Tito had first found this home for Tessa, on his return from Rome, more than a year and a half ago, he had acted, he persuaded himself, simply under the constraint imposed on him by his own kindliness after the unlucky incident which had made foolish little Tessa imagine him to be her husband. It was true that the kindness was manifested toward a pretty, trusting thing, whom it was impossible to be

something strangely threatening in its apparent | near without feeling inclined to caress and pet her; but it was not less true that Tito had movements of kindness toward her apart from any contemplated gain to himself. Otherwise, charming as her prettiness and prattle were in a lazy moment, he might have preferred to be free from her; for he was not in love with Tessahe was in love, for the first time in his life, with an entirely different woman, whom he was not simply inclined to shower caresses on, but whose presence possessed him so that the simple sweep of her long tresses across his cheek seemed to vibrate through the hours. All the young ideal passion he had in him had been stirred by Romola, and his fibre was too fine, his intellect too bright, for him to be tempted into the habits of a gross pleasure-seeker. But he had spun a web about himself and Tessa, which he felt incapable of breaking: in the first moments after the mimic marriage he had been prompted to leave her under an illusion by a distinct calculation of his own possible need, but since that critical moment it seemed to him that the web had gone on spinning in spite of him, like a growth over which he had no power. The elements of kindness and self-indulgence are hard to distinguish in a soft nature like Tito's; and the annovance he had felt under Tessa's pursuit of him on the day of his betrothal, the thorough intention of revealing the truth to her with which he set out to fulfill his promise of seeing her again, were a sufficiently strong argument to him that, in ultimately leaving Tessa under her illusion, and providing a home for her, he had been overcome by his own kindness. And in these days of his first devotion to Romola he needed a selfjustifying argument. He had learned to be glad that she was deceived about some things. But every strong feeling makes to itself a conscience of its own-has its own piety; just as much as the feeling of the son toward the mother, which will sometimes survive amidst the worst fumes of depravation; and Tito could not yet be easy in committing a secret offense against his wedded love.

But he was all the more careful in taking precautions to preserve the secrecy of the offense. Monna Lisa, who, like many of her class, never left her habitation except to go to one or two particular shops, and to confession once a year, knew nothing of his real name and whereabout: she only knew that he paid her so as to make her very comfortable, and minded little about the rest, save that she got fond of Tessa, and liked the cares for which she was paid. There was some mystery behind, clearly, since Tessa was a contadina, and Messer Naldo was a signor; but, for aught Monna Lisa knew, he might be a real husband. For Tito had thoroughly frightened Tessa into silence about the circumstances of their marriage, by telling her that if she broke that silence she would never see him again; and Monna Lisa's deafness, which made it impossible to say any thing to her without some premeditation, had saved Tessa from any incautious revelation to her, such as had run off her



tongue in talking with Baldassarre. And for a long while Tito's visits were so rare, that it seemed likely enough he took journeys between them. They were prompted chiefly by the desire to see that all things were going on well with Tessa; and though he always found his visit pleasanter than the prospect of it—always felt anew the charm of that pretty ignorant lovingness and trust—he had not yet any real need of it. But he was determined, if possible, to preserve the simplicity on which the charm depended; to keep Tessa a genuine contadina, and not place the small field-flower among conditions that would rob it of its grace. He would have been shocked to see her in the dress of any other rank than her own; the piquancy of her talk would be all gone if things began to have new relations for her, if her world became wider, her pleasures less childish; and the squirrel-like enjoyment of nuts at discretion marked the standard of the luxuries he provided for her. By this means Tito saved Tessa's charm from being sullied; and he also, by a convenient coincidence, saved himself from aggravating expenses that were already rather importunate to a man whose money was all required for his avowed habits of life.

This, in brief, had been the history of Tito's relation to Tessa up to a very recent day. It is true that once or twice before Bardo's death the sense that there was Tessa up the hill, with whom it was possible to pass an hour agreeably, had been an inducement to him to escape from a little weariness of the old man, when, for lack of any positive engagement, he might otherwise have borne the weariness patiently and shared Romola's burden. But the moment when he had first felt a real hunger for Tessa's ignorant lovingness and belief in him had not come till quite lately, and it was distinctly marked out by circumstances as little to be forgotten as the oncoming of a malady that has permanently vitiated the sight and hearing. It was the day when he had first seen Baldassarre, and had bought the armor. Returning across the bridge that night, with the coat of mail in his hands. he had felt an unconquerable shrinking from an immediate encounter with Romola. She, too, knew little of the actual world; she, too, trusted him; but he had an uneasy consciousness that behind her frank eyes there was a nature that could judge him, and that any ill-founded trust of hers sprang not from pretty brute-like incapacity, but from a nobleness which might prove an alarming touchstone. He wanted a little ease, a little repose from self-control, after the agitation and exertions of the day; he wanted to be where he could adjust his mind to the morrow, without caring how he behaved at the present moment. And there was a sweet adoring creature within reach whose presence was as safe and unconstraining as that of her own kids-who would believe any fable, and remain quite unimpressed by public opinion. And so on that evening, when Romola was waiting and listening for him, he turned his steps up the hill.

No wonder, then, that the steps took the same course on this evening, eleven days later, when he had had to recoil under Romola's first outburst of scorn. He could not wish Tessa in his wife's place, or refrain from wishing that his wife should be thoroughly reconciled to him; for it was Romola, and not Tessa, that belonged to the world where all the larger desires of a man who had ambition and effective faculties must necessarily lie. But he wanted a refuge from a standard disagreeably rigorous, of which he could not make himself independent simply by thinking it folly; and Tessa's little soul was that inviting refuge.

It was not much more than eight o'clock when he went up the stone steps to the door of Tessa's room. Usually she heard his entrance into the house, and ran to meet him, but not to-night; and when he opened the door he saw the reason. A single dim light was burning above the dying fire, and showed Tessa in a kneeling attitude by the head of the bed where the baby lay. Her head had falleh aside on the pillow, and her brown rosary, which usually hung above the pillow over the picture of the Madonna and the golden palm-branches, lay in the loose grasp of her right hand. She had gone fast asleep over her beads. Tito stepped lightly across the little room, and sat down close to her. She had probably heard the opening of the door as part of her dream, for he had not been looking at her two moments before she opened her eyes. She opened them without any start, and remained quite motionless looking at him, as if the sense that he was there smiling at her shut out any impulse which could disturb that happy passiveness. But when he put his hand under her chin, and stooped to kiss her, she said:

"I dreamed it, and then I said it was dreaming—and then I awoke, and it was true."

"Little sinner!" said Tito, pinching her chin, "you have not said half your prayers. I will punish you by not looking at your baby; it is ugly."

Tessa did not like those words, even though Tito was smiling. She had some pouting distress in her face as she said, bending anxiously over the baby,

"Ah, it is not true! He is prettier than any thing. You do not think he is ugly. You will look at him. He is even prettier than when you saw him before—only he's asleep, and you can't see his eyes or his tongue, and I can't show you his hair—and it grows—isn't that wonderful? Look at him! It's true his face is very much all alike when he's asleep; there is not so much to see as when he's awake. If you kiss him very gently he won't wake: you want to kiss him, is it not true?"

He satisfied her by giving the small mummy a butterfly-kiss, and then, putting his hand on her shoulder and turning her face toward him, said, "You like looking at the baby better than looking at your husband, you false one!"

She was still kneeling, and now rested her hands on his knee, looking up at him like one



"No," she said, shaking her head; "I love you always best, only I want you to look at the bambino and love him; I used only to want you to love me."

"And did you expect me to come again so soon?" said Tito, inclined to make her prattle. He still felt the effects of the agitation he had undergone, still felt like a man who has been violently jarred, and this was the easiest relief from silence and solitude.

"Ah no," said Tessa, "I have counted the days to-day I began at my right thumb again -since you put on the beautiful chain coat, that Messer Saint Michael gave you to take care of you on your journey. And you have got it on now," she said, peeping through the opening in the breast of his tunic. "Perhaps it made you come back sooner."

"Perhaps it did, Tessa," he said. "But don't mind the coat now. Tell me what has happened since I was here. Ind you see the tents in the Prato, and the soldiers and horsemen when they passed the bridges-did you hear the drums and trumpets?"

"Yes, and I was rather frightened, because I thought the soldiers might come up here. And Monna Lisa was a little afraid too, for she said they might carry our kids off; she said it was their business to do mischief. But the Holy Madonna took care of us, for we never saw one of them up here. But something has happened, only I hardly dare tell you, and that is what I was saying more aves for."

"What do you mean, Tessa?" said Tito, rather anxiously. "Make haste and tell me."

"Yes, but will you let me sit on your knee? because then I think I shall not be so frightened."

He took her on his knee, and put his arm round her, but looked grave: it seemed that something unpleasant must pursue him even here.

"At first, I didn't mean to tell you," said Tessa, speaking almost in a whisper, as if that would mitigate the offense; "because we thought the old man would be gone away before you came again, and it would be as if it had not been. But now he is there, and you are come, and I never did any thing you told me not to do before. And I want to tell you, and then you will perhaps forgive me, for it is a long while before I go to confession.'

"Yes, tell me every thing, my Tessa." He began to hope it was after all a trivial matter.

"Oh, you will be sorry for him: I'm afraid he cries about something when I don't see him. But that was not the reason I went to him first: it was because I wanted to talk to him and show him my baby, and he was a stranger that lived nowhere, and I thought you wouldn't care so much about my talking to him. And I think he is not a bad old man, and he wanted to come and sleep on the straw next to the goats, and I

of Fra Lippo Lippi's round-cheeked adoring away all the day almost, but when he comes back, I talk to him, and take him something to eat."

> "Some beggar, I suppose. It was naughty of you, Tessa, and I am angry with Monna Lisa. I must have him sent away.

> "No, I think he is not a beggar, for he wanted to pay Monna Lisa, only she asked him to do work for her instead. And he gets himself shaved, and his clothes are tidy: Monna Lisa says he is a decent man. But sometimes I think he is not in his right mind. Lupo, at Peretola, was not in his right mind: and he looks a little like Lupo sometimes, as if he didn't know where he was.'

> "What sort of face has he?" said Tito, his heart beginning to beat strangely. He was so haunted by the thought of Baldassarre, that it was already he whom he saw in imagination sitting on the straw not many yards from him. "Fetch your stool, my Tessa, and sit on it."

> "Shall you not forgive me?" she said, timidly, moving from his knee.

> "Yes, I will not be angry-only sit down, and tell me what sort of old man this is."

"I can't think how to tell you: he is not like my step-father, Nofri, or any body. His face is yellow, and he has deep marks in it; and his hair is white, but there is none on the top of his head: and his eyebrows are black, and he looks from under them at me, and says, 'Poor thing!' to me, as if he thought I was beaten as I used to be; and that seems as if he couldn't be in his right mind, doesn't it? And I asked him his name once, but he couldn't tell it me: yet every body has a name—is it not true? And he has a book now, and keeps looking at it ever so long, as if he were a padre. But I think he is not saying prayers, for his lips never move; ah, you are angry with me, or is it because you are sorry for the old man?"

Tito's eyes were still fixed on Tessa; but he had ceased to see her, and was only seeing the objects her words suggested. It was this absent glance which frightened her, and she could not help going to kneel at his side again. But he did not heed her, and she dared not touch him, or speak to him: she knelt, trembling and wondering; and this state of mind suggesting her beads to her, she took them from the floor, and began to tell them again, her pretty lips moving silently, and her blue eyes wide with anxiety and struggling tears.

Tito was quite unconscious of her movements -unconscious of his own attitude: he was in that rapt state in which a man will grasp painful roughness, and press, and press it closer, and never feel it. A new possibility had risen before him, which might dissolve at once the wretched conditions of fear and suppression that were marring his life. Destiny had brought within his reach an opportunity of retrieving that moment on the steps of the Duomo, when the Past had grasped him with living quivering hands, and he had disowned it. A few steps, and he made Monna Lisa say, 'Yes, he might,' and he's might be face to face with his father, with no



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witness by; he might seek forgiveness and reconciliation; and there was money now, from the sale of the library, to enable them to leave Florence without disclosure, and go into Southern Italy, where, under the probable French rule, he had already laid a foundation for patronage. Romola need never know the whole truth, for she could have no certain means of identifying that prisoner in the Duomo with Baldassarre, or of learning what had taken place on the steps, except from Baldassarre himself; and if his father forgave, he would also consent to bury, that offense. But with this possibility of relief, by an easy spring, from present evil, there rose the other possibility, that the fierce-hearted man might refuse to be propitiated. Well, and if he did, things would only be as they had been before; for there would be no witness by. It was not repentance with a white sheet round it and taper in hand, confessing its hated sin in the eyes of men, that Tito was preparing for: it was a repentance that would make all things pleasant again, and keep all past unpleasant things secret. And Tito's soft-heartedness, his indisposition to feel himself in harsh relations with any creature, was in strong activity toward his father, now his father was brought near to him. It would be a state of ease that his nature could not but desire, if that poisonous hatred in Baldassarre's glance could be replaced by something of the old affection and complacency. Tito longed to have his world once again completely cushioned with good-will, and longed for it the more eagerly because of what he had just suffered from the collision with Romola. It was not difficult to him to smile pleadingly on those whom he had injured, and offer to do them much kindness: and no quickness of intellect could tell him exactly the taste of that honey on the lips of the injured. The opportunity was there, and it raised an inclination which hemmed in the calculating activity of his thought. He started up, and stepped toward the door; but Tessa's cry, as she dropped her beads, roused him from his absorption. He turned and said.

"My Tessa, get me a lantern; and don't cry, little pigeon, I am not angry.'

They went down the stairs, and Tessa was going to shout the need of the lantern in Monna Lisa's ear, when Tito, who had opened the door, said, "Stay, Tessa-no, I want no lantern: go up stairs again, and keep quiet, and say nothing to Monna Lisa.'

In half a minute he stood before the closed door of the outhouse, where the moon was shining white on the old paintless wood.

In this last decisive moment Tito felt a tremor upon him-a sudden instinctive shrinking from a possible tiger-glance, a possible tiger-leap. Yet why should he, a young man, be afraid of an old one? a young man with armor on, of an old man without a weapon? It was but a moment's hesitation, and Tito laid his hand on the door. Was his father asleep? Was there nothing else but the door that screened him from lying motionless in despairing rage, Tito said in

the voice and the glance which no magic could turn into ease?

Baldassarre was not asleep. There was a square opening high in the walls of the hovel. through which the moonbeams sent in a stream of pale light: and if Tito could have looked through the opening, he would have seen his father seated on the straw, with something that shone like a white star in his hand. Baldassarre was feeling the edge of his poniard, taking refuge in that sensation from a hopeless blank of thought that seemed to lie like a great gulf between his passion and its aim. He was in one of his most wretched moments of conscious helplessness: he had been poring, while it was light, over the book that lay open beside him; then he had been trying to recall the names of his jewels, and the symbols engraved on them; and though at certain other times he had recovered some of those names and symbols, tonight they were all gone into darkness. And this effort at inward seeing had seemed to end in utter paralysis of memory. He was reduced to a sort of mad consciousness that he was a solitary pulse of just rage in a world filled with defying baseness. He had clutched and unsheathed his dagger, and for a long while had been feeling its edge, his mind narrowed to one image, and the dream of one sensation—the sensation of plunging that dagger into a base heart, which he was unable to pierce in any other way.

Tito had his hand on the door and was pulling it: it dragged against the ground as such old doors often do, and Baldassarre, startled out of his dream-like state, rose from his sitting posture in vague amazement, not knowing where he was. He had not yet risen to his feet, and was still kneeling on one knee, when the door came wide open and he saw, dark against the moonlight, with the rays falling on one bright mass of curls and one round olive cheek, the image of his reverie-not shadowy-close and real like water at the lips after the thirsty dream of it. No thought could come athwart that eager thirst. In one moment, before Tito could start back, the old man, with the preternatural force of rage in his limbs, had sprung forward and the dagger had flashed out. In the next moment the dagger had snapped in two, and Baldassarre, under the parrying force of Tito's arm, had fallen back on the straw, clutching the hilt with its bit of broken blade. The pointed end lay shining against Tito's feet.

Tito had felt one great heart-leap of terror as he had staggered under the weight of the thrust: he felt now the triumph of deliverance and safety. His armor had been proved, and vengeance lay helpless before him. But the triumph raised no devilish impulse; on the contrary, the sight of his father close to him and unable to injure him, made the effort at reconciliation easier. He was free from fear, but he had only the more unmixed and direct want to be free from the sense that he was hated. After they had looked at each other a little while, Baldassarre



his soft tones, just as they had sounded before the last parting on the shores of Greece,

"Padre mio!" There was a pause after those words, but no movement or sound till he said,

"I came to ask your forgiveness!"

Again he paused, that the healing balm of those words might have time to work. But there was no sign of change in Baldassarre; he lay as he had fallen, leaning on one arm: he was trembling, but it was from the shock that had thrown him down.

"I was taken by surprise that morning. I wish now to be a son to you again. I wish to make the rest of your life happy, that you may forget what you have suffered."

He paused again. He had used the clearest and strongest words he could think of. It was useless to say more until he had some sign that Baldassarre understood him. Perhaps his mind was too distempered or too imbecile even for that; perhaps the shock of his fall and his disappointed rage might have quite suspended the use of his faculties.

Presently Baldassarre began to move. He threw away the broken dagger, and slowly and gradually, still trembling, began to raise himself from the ground. Tito put out his hand to help him, and so strangely quick are men's souls that in this moment, when he began to feel his atonement was accepted, he had a darting thought of the irksome efforts it entailed. Baldassarre clutched the hand that was held out, raised himself and clutched it still, going close up to Tito till their faces were not a foot off each other. Then he began to speak, in a deep, trembling voice:

"I saved you—I nurtured you—I loved you. You forsook me—you robbed me—you denied me. What can you give me? You have made the world bitterness to me; but there is one draught of sweetness left—that you shall know agony."

He let fall Tito's hand, and going backward a little, first rested his arm on a projecting stone in the wall, and then sank again in a sitting posture on the straw. The outleap of fury in the dagger-thrust had evidently exhausted him.

Tito stood silent. If it had been a deep yearning emotion which had brought him to ask his father's forgiveness the denial of it might have caused him a pang which would have excluded the rushing train of thought that followed those decisive words. As it was, though the sentence of unchangeable hatred grated on him and jarred him terribly, his mind glanced round with a self-preserving instinct to see how far those words could have the force of a substantial threat. When he had come down to speak to Baldassarre he had said to himself that if his effort at reconciliation failed things would only be as they had been before. The first glance of his mind was backward to that thought again, but the future possibilities of danger that were conjured up along with it brought the perception that things were not as they had been before, and the perception came as a triumph- old man was gone.

ant relief. There was not only the broken dagger—there was the certainty from what Tessa had told him that Baldassarre's mind was broken too, and had no edge that could reach him. Tito felt he had no choice now. He must defy Baldassarre as a mad, imbecile old man; and the chances were so strongly on his side that there was hardly room for fear. No, except the fear of having to do many unpleasant things in order to save himself from what was yet more unpleasant. And one of those unpleasant things must be done immediately: it was very difficult.

"Do you mean to stay here?" he said.

"No," said Baldassarre, bitterly; "you mean to turn me out."

"Not so," said Tito. "I only ask."

"I tell you you have turned me out. If it is your straw, you turned me off it three years ago."

"Then you mean to leave this place?" said Tito, more anxious about this certainty than the ground of it.

"I have spoken," said Baldassarre.

Tito turned and re-entered the house. Monna Lisa was nodding. He went up to Tessa, and found her crying by the side of her baby.

"Tessa," he said, sitting down, and taking her head between his hands. "Leave off crying, little goose, and listen to me."

He lifted her chin upward that she might look at him, while he spoke very distinctly and emphatically.

"You must never speak to that old man again. He is a mad old man, and he wants to kill me. Never speak to him or listen to him again."

Tessa's tears had ceased, and her lips were pale with fright.

"Is he gone away?" she whispered.

"He will go away. Remember what I have said to you."

"Yes; I will never speak to a stranger any more," said Tessa, with a sense of guilt.

He told her, to comfort her, that he would come again to-morrow, and then went down to Monna Lisa to rebuke her severely for letting a dangerous man come about the house.

Tito felt that these were odious tasks; they were very evil-tasted morsels, but they were forced upon him. He heard Monna Lisa fasten the door behind him, and turned away, without looking toward the open door of the hovel. He felt secure that Baldassarre would go, and he could not wait to see him go. Even his young frame and elastic spirit were shattered by the agitations that had been crowded into this single evening.

Baldassarre was still sitting on the straw when the shadow of Tito passed by. Before him lay the fragments of the broken dagger; beside him lay the open book, over which he had pored in vain. They looked like mocking symbols of his utter helplessness; and his body was still too trembling for him to rise and walk away.

But the next morning, very early, when Tessa peeped anxiously through the hole in her shutter, the door of the hovel was open, and the strange



CHAPTER XXXV.

WHAT FLORENCE WAS THINKING OF.

For several days Tito saw little of Romola. He told her gently, the next morning, that it would be better for her to remove any small articles of her own from the library, as there would be agents coming to pack up the antiquities. Then, leaning to kiss her on the brow, he suggested that she should keep in her own room where the little painted tabernacle was, and where she was then sitting, so that she might be away from the noise of strange footsteps. Romola assented quietly, making no sign of emotion: the night had been one long waking to her, and, in spite of her healthy frame, sensation had become a dull continuous pain, as if she had been stunned and bruised. Tito divined that she felt ill, but he dared say no more; he only dared, perceiving that her hand and brow were stone cold, to fetch a furred mantle and throw it lightly round her. And in every brief interval that he returned to her the scene was nearly the same: he tried to propitiate her by some unobtrusive act or word of tenderness, and she seemed to have lost the power of speaking to him, or of looking at him. "Patience!" he said to himself. "She will recover it, and forgive at last. The tie to me must still remain the strongest." When the stricken person is slow to recover and look as if nothing had happened, the striker easily glides into the position of the aggrieved party; he feels no bruise himself, and is strongly conscious of his own amiable behavior since he inflicted the blow. But Tito was not naturally disposed to feel himself aggrieved; the constant bent of his mind was toward propitiation, and he would have submitted to much for the sake of feeling Romola's hand resting on his head again, as it did that morning when he first shrank from looking at her.

But he found it the less difficult to wait patiently for the return of his home-happiness because his life out of doors was more and more interesting to him. A course of action which is in strictness a slowly-prepared outgrowth of the entire character is yet almost always traceable to a single impression as its point of apparent origin; and since that moment in the Piazza del Duomo, when Tito, mounted on the bales, had tasted a keen pleasure in the consciousness of his ability to tickle the ears of men with any phrases that pleased them, his imagination had glanced continually toward a sort of political activity which the troubled public life of Florence was likely enough to find occasion for. But the fresh dread of Baldassarre, waked in the same moment, had lain like an immovable rocky obstruction across that path, and had urged him into the sale of the library, as a preparation for the possible necessity of leaving Florence, at the very time when he was beginning to feel that it had a new attraction for him. That dread was nearly removed now: he must less adulterated with the votes of shopkeepers?

for possible demands on his coolness and ingenuity; but he did not feel obliged to take the inconvenient step of leaving Florence and seeking new fortunes. His father had refused the offered atonement-had forced him into defiance; and an old man in a strange place, with his memory gone, was weak enough to be defied.

Tito's implicit desires were working themselves out now in very explicit thoughts. As the freshness of young passion faded, life was taking more and more decidedly for him the aspect of a game in which there was an agreeable mingling of skill and chance.

And the game that might be played in Florence promised to be rapid and exciting; it was a game of revolutionary and party struggle, sure to include plenty of that unavowed action in which brilliant ingenuity, able to get rid of all inconvenient beliefs except that "ginger is hot in the mouth," is apt to see the path of superior

No sooner were the French guests gone than Florence was as agitated as a colony of ants when an alarming shadow has been removed and the camp has to be repaired. "How are we to raise the money for the French king? How are we to manage the war with those obstinate Pisan rebels? Above all, how are we to mend our plan of government so as to hit on the best way of getting our magistrates chosen and our laws voted?" Till those questions were well answered trade was in danger of standing still, and that large body of the working men who were not counted as citizens, and had not so much as a vote to serve as an anodyne to their stomachs, were likely to get impatient. Something must be done.

And first the great bell was sounded, to call the citizens to a parliament in the Piazza de' Signori; and when the crowd was wedged close, and hemmed in by armed men at all the outlets, the Signoria (or Gonfaloniere and eight Priors for the time being) came out and stood by the stone lion on the platform in front of the Old Palace, and proposed that twenty chief men of the city should have dictatorial authority given them, by force of which they should for one year choose all magistrates, and set the frame of government in order. And the people shouted their assent, and felt themselves the electors of the Twenty. This kind of "parliament" was a very old Florentine fashion, by which the will of the few was made to seem the choice of the many.

The shouting in the Piazza was soon at an end, but not so the debating inside the palace: was Florence to have a Great Council after the Venetian mode, where all the officers of government might be elected, and all laws voted by a wide number of citizens of a certain age and of ascertained qualifications, without question of rank or party; or was it to be governed on a narrower and less popular scheme, in which the hereditary influence of good families would be wear his armor still; he must prepare himself | Doctors of law disputed day after day, and far



on into the night; Messer Pagolantonio Sode- | exhaustion consequent on violent emotion is apt popular scheme; Messer Guidantonio Vespucci alleged reasons equally excellent on the side of a more aristocratic form. It was a question of boiled or roast, which had been prejudged by the palates of the disputants, and the excellent arguing might have been protracted a long while without any other result than that of deferring the cooking. The majority of the men inside the palace, having power already in their hands, agreed with Vespucci, and thought change should be moderate; the majority outside the palace, conscious of little power and many grievances, were less afraid of change.

And there was a force outside the palace which was gradually tending to give the vague desires of that majority the character of a determinate That force was the preaching of Savona-Impelled partly by the spiritual necessity that was laid upon him to guide the people, and get no measures carried without his aid, he was rapidly passing in his daily sermons from the general to the special - from telling his hearers that they must postpone their private passions and interests to the public good, to telling them precisely what sort of government they must have in order to promote that good-from "Choose whatever is best for all," to "Choose the Great Council," and "The Great Council is the will of God."

To Savonarola these were as good as identical propositions. The Great Council was the only practicable plan for giving an expression to the public will large enough to counteract the vitiating influence of party interests; it was a plan that would make honest impartial public action at least possible. And the purer the government of Florence could become—the more secure from the designs of men who saw their own advantage in the moral debasement of their fellows—the nearer would the Florentine people approach the character of a pure community, worthy to lead the way in the renovation of the church and the world. And Fra Girolamo's mind never stopped short of that sublimest end: the objects toward which he felt himself working had always the same moral magnificence. He had no private malice, he sought no petty gratification. Even in the last terrible days, when ignominy, torture, and the fear of torture, had laid bare every hidden weakness of his soul, he could say to his importunate judges, "Do not wonder if it seems to you that I have told but few things; for my purposes were few and great "

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ARIADNE DISCROWNS HERSELF.

It was more than three weeks before the contents of the library were all packed and carried away. And Romola, instead of shutting her eyes and ears, had watched the process.

rini alleged excellent reasons on the side of the to bring a dreamy disbelief in the reality of its cause; and in the evening, when the workmen were gone, Romola took her hand-lamp and walked slowly round among the confusion of straw and wooden cases, pausing at every vacant pedestal, every well-known object laid prostrate, with a sort of bitter desire to assure herself that there was a sufficient reason why her love was gone and the world was barren for her. And still, as the evenings came, she went and went again; no longer to assure herself, but because this vivifying of pain and despair about her father's memory was the strongest life left to her affections. And on the 23d of December she knew that the last packages were going. She ran to the loggia at the top of the house that she might not lose the last pang of seeing the slow wheels move across the bridge.

It was a cloudy day, and nearing dusk. Arno ran dark and shivering; the hills were mournpartly by the prompting of public men who could | ful; and Florence with its girdling stone towers had that silent, tomb-like look which unbroken shadow gives to a city seen from above. Santa Croce, where her father lay, was dark amidst that darkness; and slowly crawling over the bridge, and slowly vanishing up the narrow street, was the white load, like a cruel, deliberate Fate, carrying away her father's life-long hope to bury it in an unmarked grave. Romola felt less that she was seeing this herself than that her father was conscious of it as he lay helpless under the imprisoning stones, where her hand could not reach his to tell him that he was not alone.

> She stood still even after the load had disappeared, heedless of the cold, and soothed by the gloom which seemed to cover her like a mourning garment and shut out the discord of joy. When suddenly the great bell in the palace tower rang out a mighty peal: not the hammersound of alarm, but an agitated peal of triumph, and one after another every other bell in every other tower seemed to catch the vibration and join the chorus. And as the chorus swelled and swelled till the air seemed made of sound, little flames, vibrating too, as if the sound had caught fire, burst out between the turrets of the palace and on the girdling towers.

That sudden clang, that leaping light, fell on Romola like sharp wounds. They were the triumph of demons at the success of her husband's treachery and the desolation of her life. Little more than three weeks ago she had been intoxicated with the sound of those very bells, and in the gladness of Florence she had heard a prophecy of her own gladness. But now the general joy seemed cruel to her; she stood aloof from that common life—that Florence which was flinging out its loud exultation to stun the ears of sorrow and loneliness. She could never join hands with gladness again, but only with those whom it was in the hard nature of gladness to forget. And in her bitterness she felt that all rejoicing was mockery. Men shouted peans The with their souls full of heaviness, and then



looked in their neighbors' faces to see if there was really such a thing as joy. Romola had lost her belief in the happiness she had once thirsted for: it was a hateful, smiling, softhanded thing, with a narrow, selfish heart.

She ran down from the loggia, with her hands pressed against her ears, and was hurrying across the ante-chamber, when she was startled by unexpectedly meeting her husband, who was coming to seek her.

His step was elastic, and there was a radiance of satisfaction about him not quite usual.

"What! the noise was a little too much for you?" he said; for Romola, as she started at the sight of him, had pressed her hands all the closer against her ears. He took her gently by the wrist, and drew her arm within his, leading her into the saloon surrounded with the dancing nymphs and fauns, and then went on speaking: "Florence is gone quite mad at getting its Great Council, which is to put an end to all the evils under the sun; especially to the vice of merriment. You may well look stunned, my Romola, and you are cold. You must not stay so late under that windy loggia without wrappings. was coming to tell you that I am suddenly called to Rome about some learned business for Bernardo Rucellai. I am going away immediately, for I am to join my party at San Gaggio tonight, that we may start early in the morning. I need give you no trouble; I have had my packages made already. It will not be very long before I am back again."

He knew he had nothing to expect from her but quiet endurance of what he said and did. He could not even venture to kiss her brow this evening, but just pressed her hand to his lips and left her. Tito felt that Romola was a more unforgiving woman than he had imagined; her love was not that sweet clinging instinct, stronger than all judgments, which, he began to see now, made the great charm of a wife. Still, this petrified coldness was better than a passionate, futile opposition. Her pride and capability of seeing where resistance was useless had their convenience.

But when the door had closed on Tito, Romola lost the look of cold immobility which came over her like an inevitable frost whenever he approached her. Inwardly she was very far from being in a state of quiet endurance, and the days that had passed since the scene which had divided her from Tito had been days of active planning and preparation for the fulfillment of a purpose.

The first thing she did now was to call old Maso to her.

"Maso," she said, in a decided tone, "we take our journey to-morrow morning. shall be able now to overtake that first convoy of cloth, while they are waiting at San Piero. See about the two mules to-night, and be ready to set off with them at break of day, and wait for me at Trespiano."

She meant to take Maso with her as far as

her godfather and Tito, telling them that she was gone and never meant to return. She had planned her departure so that its secrecy might be perfect, and her broken love and life be hidden away unscanned by vulgar eyes. Bernardo del Nero had been absent at his villa, willing to escape from political suspicions to his favorite occupation of attending to his land, and she had paid him the debt without a personal interview. He did not even know that the library was sold, and was left to conjecture that some sudden piece of good fortune had enabled Tito to raise this sum of money. Maso had been taken into her confidence only so far that he knew her intended journey was a secret; and to do just what she told him was the thing he cared most for in his withered wintry age.

Romola did not mean to go to bed that night. When she had fastened the door she took her taper to the carved and painted chest which contained her wedding-clothes. The white silk and gold lay there, the long white veil and the circlet of pearls. A great sob rose as she looked at them: they seemed the shroud of her dead happiness. In a tiny gold loop of the circlet a sugarplum had lodged—a pink hailstone from the shower of sweets: Tito had detected it first, and had said that it should always remain there. At certain moments—and this was one of them -Romola was carried, by a sudden wave of memory, back again into the time of perfect trust, and felt again the presence of the husband whose love made the world as fresh and wonderful to her as to a little child that sits in stillness among the sunny flowers: heard the gentle tones and saw the soft eyes without any lie in them, and breathed over again that large freedom of the soul which comes from the faith that the being who is nearest to us is greater than ourselves. And in those brief moments the tears always rose: the woman's lovingness felt something akin to what the bereaved mother feels when the tiny fingers seem to lie warm on her bosom, and yet are marble to her lips as she bends over the silent bed.

But there was something else lying in the chest besides the wedding-clothes: it was something dark and coarse, rolled up in a close bundle. She turned away her eyes from the white and gold to the dark bundle, and as her hands touched the serge her tears began to be checked. That coarse roughness recalled her fully to the present, from which love and delight were gone. She unfastened the thick white cord and spread the bundle out on the table. It was the gray serge dress of a sister belonging to the third order of St. Francis, living in the world but specially devoted to deeds of piety-a personage whom the Florentines were accustomed to call a Pinzochera. Romola was going to put on this dress as a disguise, and she determined to put it on at once, so that, if she needed sleep before the morning, she might wake up in perfect readiness to be gone. She put off her black garment, and as she thrust her soft white arms Bologna, and then send him back with letters to into the harsh sleeves of the serge mantle and



felt the hard girdle of rope hurt her fingers as she tied it, she courted those rude sensations: they were in keeping with her new scorn of that thing called pleasure which made men basethat dextrous contrivance for selfish ease, that shrinking from endurance and strain, when others were bowing beneath burdens too heavy for them, which now made one image with her husband.

Then she gathered her long hair together, drew it away tight from her face, bound it in a great hard knot at the back of her head, and taking a square piece of black silk, tied it in the fashion of a kerchief close across her head and under her chin; and over that she drew the She lifted the candle to the mirror. Surely her disguise would be complete to any one who had not lived very near to her. herself she looked strangely like her brother Dino: the full oval of the cheek had only to be wasted; the eyes, already sad, had only to become a little sunken. Was she getting more like him in any thing else? Only in this, that she understood now how men could be prompted to rush away forever from earthly delights, how they could be prompted to dwell on images of sorrow rather than of beauty and joy.

But she did not linger at the mirror: she set about collecting and packing all the relics of her father and mother that were too large to be carried in her small traveling wallet. were all to be put in the chest along with her wedding-clothes, and the chest was to be committed to her godfather when she was safely gone. First she laid in the portraits; then one by one every little thing that had a sacred memory clinging to it was put into her wallet or into the chest.

She paused. There was still something else to be stripped away from her belonging to that past on which she was going to turn her back forever. She put her thumb and her forefinger to her betrothal ring; but they rested there, without drawing it off. Romola's mind had been rushing with an impetuous current toward this act for which she was preparing: the act of quitting a husband who had disappointed all her trust, the act of breaking an outward tie that no longer represented the inward bond of love. But that force of outward symbols by which our active life is knit together, so as to make an inexorable external identity for us, not to be shaken by our wavering consciousness, gave a strange effect to this simple movement toward taking off her ring-a movement which was but a small sequence of her energetic resolution. It brought a vague but arresting sense that she was somehow violently rending her life in two: a palpitating presentiment that the strong impulse which had seemed to exclude doubt, and make her path clear, might after all be blindness, and that there was something in human bonds which must prevent them from being broken with the breaking of illusions.

If that beloved Tito who had placed the be-

id sense the same Tito whom she had ceased to love, why should she return to him the sign of their union, and not rather retain it as a memorial? And this act, which came as a palpable demonstration of her own and his identity. had a power, unexplained to herself, of shaking Romola. It is the way with half the truth amidst which we live, that it only haunts us, and makes dull pulsations that are never born into sound. But there was a passionate voice speaking within her that presently nullified all such muffled murmurs.

"It can not be! I can not be subject to him. He is false. I shrink from him. I despise him!"

She snatched the ring from her finger, and laid it on the table against the pen with which she meant to write. Again she felt that there could be no law for her but the law of her affections. That tenderness and keen fellow-feeling for the near and the loved, which are the main outgrowth of the affections, had made the religion of her life: they had made her patient in spite of natural impetuosity; they would have sufficed to make her heroic. But now all that strength was gone, or, rather, it was converted into the strength of repulsion. She had recoiled from Tito in proportion to the energy of that young belief and love which he had disappointed, of that life-long devotion to her father against which he had committed an irredeemable offense. And now it seemed as if all motive had slipped away from her, except the indignation and scorn that made her tear herself asunder from him. She was not acting after any precedent, or obeying any adopted maxims. The grand severity of the stoical philosophy in which her father had taken care to instruct her was familiar enough to her ears and lips, and its lofty spirit had raised certain echoes within her; but she had never used it, never needed it as a rule of life. She had endured and forborne because she loved: maxims which told her to feel less, and not to cling close, lest the onward course of great Nature should jar her, had been as powerless on her tenderness as they had been on her father's yearning for just fame She had appropriated no theories: she had simply felt strong in the strength of affection, and life without that energy came to her as an entirely new problem.

She was going to solve the problem in a way that seemed to her very simple. Her mind had never yet bowed to any obligation apart from personal love and reverence; she had no keen sense of any other human relations, and all she had to obey now was the instinct to sever herself from the man she loved no longer.

Yet the unswerving resolution was accompanied with continually varying phases of anguish. And now that the active preparation for her departure was almost finished, she lingered: she deferred writing the irrevocable words of parting from all her little world. The emotions of the past weeks seemed to rush in again with trothal ring upon her finger was not in any val- cruel hurry, and take possession even of her



She was going to write, and her hand fell. Bitter tears came now at the delusion which had blighted her young years: tears very different from the sob of remembered happiness with which she had looked at the circlet of pearls and the pink hailstone. And now she felt a tingling shame at the words of ignominy she had cast at Tito-"Have you robbed some one else who is not dead?" To have had such words wrung from her-to have uttered them to her husband, seemed a degradation of her whole life. Hard speech between those who have loved is hideous in the memory, like the sight of greatness and beauty sunk into vice and rags.

That heart-cutting comparison of the present with the past urged itself upon Romola till it even transformed itself into wretched sensations: she seemed benumbed to every thing but inward throbbings, and began to feel the need of some hard contact. She drew her hands tight along the harsh knotted cord that hung from her waist. She started to her feet, and seized the rough lid of the chest: there was nothing else to go in? No. She closed the lid, pressing her hand upon the rough carving, and locked it.

Then she remembered that she had still to complete her equipment as a Pinzochera. The large leather purse or scarsella, with small coin in it, had to be hung on the cord at her waist (her florins and small jewels, presents from her godfather and cousin Brigida, were safely fastened within her serge mantle)-and on the other side must hang the rosary. It did not occur to Romola as she hung that rosary by her side that something else besides the mere garb would perhaps be necessary to enable her to pass as a Pinzochera, and that her whole air and expression were as little as possible like those of a sister whose eyelids were used to be bent and whose lips were used to move in silent iteration. Her inexperience prevented her from picturing distant details, and it helped her proud courage in shutting out any foreboding of danger and insult. She did not know that any Florentine woman had ever done exactly what she was going to do: unhappy wives often took refuge with their friends, or in the cloister, she knew, but both those courses were impossible to her; she had invented a lot for herself-to go to the most learned woman in the world, Cassandra Fedele, at Venice, and ask her how an instructed woman could support herself in a lonely life there. She was not daunted by the practical difficulties in the way or the dark uncertainty at the end. Her life could never be happy any more, but it must not, could not be ignoble. And by a pathetic mixture of childish romance with her woman's trials, the philosophy which had nothing to do with this great decisive deed of hers had its place in her imagination of the future: so far as she conceived her solitary loveless life at all, she saw it animated by a proud stoical heroism, and by an indistinct but strong purpose of labor, that she might be wise enough to write something which would rescue her father's name from

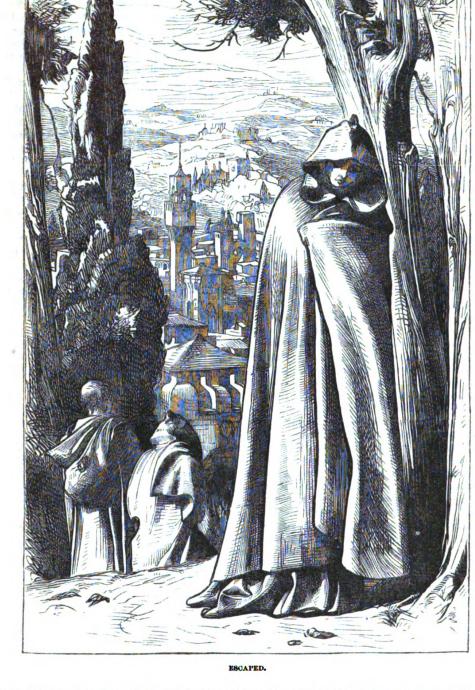
-this poor Romola, who had found herself at the end of her joys.

There were other things yet to be done. There was a small key in a casket on the table—but now Romola perceived that her taper was dving out, and she had forgotten to provide herself with any other light. In a few moments the room was in total darkness. Feeling her way to the nearest chair, she sat down to wait for the morning.

Her purpose in seeking the key had called up certain memories which had come back upon her during the past week with the new vividness that remembered words always have for us when we have learned to give them a new meaning. Since the shock of the revelation which had seemed to divide her forever from Tito, that last interview with Dino had never been for many hours together out of her mind. And it solicited her all the more, because while its remembered images pressed upon her almost with the imperious force of sensations, they raised struggling thoughts which resisted their influence. She could not prevent herself from hearing inwardly the dying prophetic voice saying again and again, "The man whose face was a blank loosed thy hand and departed; and as he went I could see his face, and it was the face of the Great Tempter..... And thou, Romola, didst wring thy hands and seek for water, and there was none and the plain was bare and stony again, and thou wast alone in the midst of it. And then it seemed that the night fell, and I saw no more." She could not prevent herself from dwelling with a sort of agonized fascination on the wasted face; on the straining gaze at the crucifix; on the awe which had compelled her to kneel; on the last broken words and then the unbroken silence—on all the details of the death-scene, which had seemed like a sudden opening into a world apart from that of her lifelong knowledge.

But her mind was roused to resistance of impressions that, from being obvious phantoms, seemed to be getting solid in the daylight. As a strong body struggles against fumes with the more violence when they begin to be stifling, a strong soul struggles against phantasies with all the more alarmed energy when they threaten to govern in the place of thought. What had the words of that vision to do with her real sorrows? That fitting of certain words was a mere chance; the rest was all vague-nay, those words themselves were vague; they were determined by nothing but her brother's memories and beliefs. He believed there was something fatal in pagan learning; he believed that celibacy was more holy than marriage; he remembered their home, and all the objects in the library; and of these threads the vision was woven. What reasonable warrant could she have had for believing in such a vision and acting on it? None. True as the voice of foreboding had proved, Romola saw with unshaken conviction that to have renounced Tito in obedience to a warning like that, would oblivion. After all, she was only a young girl have been meagre-hearted folly. Her trust had





been delusive, but she would have chosen over women who were led by such inward images again to have acted on it rather than be a creature led by phantoms and disjointed whispers in a world where there was the large music of reasonable speech and the warm grasp of living hands.

But the persistent presence of these memories, linking themselves in her imagination with her actual lot, gave her a glimpse of understanding into the lives which had before lain utterly aloof from her sympathy—the lives of the men and had gone to fortify her scorn of that sickly su-

and voices.

"If they were only a little stronger in me," she said to herself, "I should lose the sense of what that vision really was, and take it for a prophetic light. I might in time get to be a seer of visions myself, like the Suora Maddalena, and Camilla Rucellai, and the rest."

Romola shuddered at the possibility. All the instruction, all the main influences of her life,

perstition which led men and women, with eyes man easy. too weak for the daylight, to sit in dark swamps and try to read human destiny by the chance flame of wandering vapors.

And yet she was conscious of something deeper than that coincidence of words which made the parting contact with her dying brother live anew in her mind, and gave her a new sisterhood to the wasted face. If there were much more of such experience as his in the world she would like to understand it-would even like to learn the thoughts of men who sank in ecstasy before the pictured agonies of martyrdom. There seemed to be something more than madness in that supreme fellowship with suffering. springs were all dried up around her: she wondered what other waters there were at which men drank and found strength in the desert. those moments in the Duomo when she had sobbed with a mysterious mingling of rapture and pain when Fra Girolamo offered himself a willing sacrifice for the people, came back to her as if they had been a transient taste of some far-off fountain. But again she shrank from impressions that were alluring her within the sphere of visions and narrow fears which compelled men to outrage natural affections as Dino had done.

This was the tangled web that Romola had in her mind as she sat weary in the darkness. No radiant angel came across the gloom with a clear message for her. In those times, as now, there were human beings who never saw angels or heard perfectly clear messages. Such truth as came to them was brought confusedly in the voices and deeds of men not at all like the seraphs of unfailing wing and piercing visionmen who believed falsities as well as truths, and did the wrong as well as the right. The helping hands stretched out to them were the hands of men who stumbled and often saw dimly, so that these beings unvisited by angels had no other choice than to grasp that stumbling guidance along the path of reliance and action which is the path of life, or else to pause in loneliness and disbelief, which is no path, but the arrest of inaction and death.

And so Romola, seeing no ray across the darkness, and heavy with conflict that changed nothing, sank at last to sleep.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE TABERNACLE UNLOCKED.

ROMOLA was waked by a tap at the door. The cold light of early morning was in the room, and Maso was come for the traveling wallet. The old man could not help starting when she opened the door, and showed him, instead of the graceful outline he had been used to, crowned with the brightness of her hair, the thick folds of the gray mantle and the pale face shadowed by the dark cowl.

"It is well, Maso," said Romola, trying to speak in the calmest voice, and make the old er. If you supposed them to be words of transient anger, Vol. XXVI.—No. 154.—I 1

"Here is the wallet quite ready. You will go on quietly, and I shall not be far behind you. When you get out of the gates you may go more slowly, for I shall perhaps join you before you get to Trespiano.'

She closed the door behind him, and then put her hand on the key which she had taken from the casket the last thing in the night. It was the original key of the little painted tabernacle: Tito had forgotten to drown it in the Arno, and it had lodged, as such small things will, in the corner of the embroidered scarsella which he wore with the purple tunic. One day, long after their marriage, Romola had found it there, and had put it by, without using it, but with a sense of satisfaction that the key was within reach. The cabinet on which the tabernacle stood had been moved to the side of the room, close to one of the windows, where the pale morning light fell upon it so as to make the painted forms discernible enough to Romola. who knew them well—the triumphant Bacchus, with his clusters and his vine-clad spear, clasping the crowned Ariadne; the Loves showering roses, the wreathed vessels, the cunning-eyed dolphins, and the rippled sea; all encircled by a flowery border, like a bower of paradise. Romola looked at the familiar images with new bitterness and repulsion: they seemed a more pitiable mockery than ever on this chill morning, when she had waked up to wander in loneliness. They had been no tomb of sorrow, but a lying screen. Foolish Ariadne! with her gaze of love, as if that bright face, with its hyacinthine curls like tendrils among the vines, held the deep secret of her life!

"Ariadne is wonderfully transformed," thought Romola. "She would look strange among the vines and the roses now."

She took up the mirror, and looked at herself once more. But the sight was so startling in this morning light that she laid it down again, with a sense of shrinking almost as strong as that with which she had turned from the joyous Ariadne. The recognition of her own face, with the cowl about it, brought back the dread lest she should be drawn at last into fellowship with some wretched superstition-into the company of the howling fanatics and weeping nuns who had been her contempt from childhood till now. She thrust the key into the tabernacle hurriedly: hurriedly she opened it, and took out the crucifix, without looking at it; then, with trembling fingers, she passed a cord through the little ring, hung the crucifix round her neck, and hid it in the bosom of her mantle. "For Dino's sake," she said to herself.

Still there were the letters to be written which Maso was to carry back from Bologna. They were very brief. The first said:

Tito, my love for you is dead; and therefore, so far as I was yours, I too am dead. Do not try to put in force any laws for the sake of fetching me back : that would bring you no happiness. The Romola you married can never return. I need explain nothing to you after the words I uttered to you the last time we spoke long togeth-

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you will know now that they were the sign of an irreversible change.

I think you will fulfill my wish that my bridal chest should be sent to my godfather, who gave it me. It contains my wedding-clothes, and the portraits and other relics of my father and mother.

She folded the ring inside this letter, and wrote Tito's name outside. The next letter was to Bernardo del Nero:

"DEAREST GODFATHER,—If I could have been any good to your life by staying I would not have gone away to a distance. But now I am gone. Do not ask the reason; and if you loved my father, try to prevent any one from seeking me. I could not bear my life at Florence. I can not bear to tell any one why. Help to cover my lot in silence. I have asked that my bridal chest should be sent to you: when you open it you will know the reason. Please to give all the things that were my mother's to my cousin Brigida, and ask her to forgive me for not saying any words of parting to her.

"Farewell, my second father. The best thing I have in life is still to remember your goodness and be grateful to you. ROMOLA."

Romola put the letters, along with the crucifix, within the bosom of her mantle, and then felt that every thing was done. She was ready now to depart.

No one was stirring in the house, and she went almost as quietly as a gray phantom down the stairs and into the silent street. Her heart was palpitating violently, yet she enjoyed the sense of her firm tread on the broad flags-of the swift movement, which was like a chainedup resolution set free at last. The anxiety to carry out her act, and the dread of any obstacle, averted sorrow; and as she reached the Ponte Rubaconte she felt less that Santa Croce was in her sight than that the yellow streak of morning which parted the gray was getting broader and broader, and that, unless she hastened her steps, she should have to encounter faces. Her simplest road was to go right on to the Borgo Pinti, and then along by the walls to the Porta San Gallo, from which she must leave the city, and this road carried her by the Piazza di Santa Croce. But she walked as steadily and rapidly as ever through the piazza, not trusting herself to look toward the church. The thought that any eyes might be turned on her with a look of curiosity and recognition, and that indifferent minds might be set speculating on her private sorrows, made Romola shrink physically as from the imagination of torture. She felt degraded even by that act of her husband from which she was helplessly suffering. But there was no sign that any eves looked forth from windows to notice this tall gray sister, with the firm step and proud attitude of the cowled head. Her road lay aloof from the stir of early traffic; and when she reached the Porta San Gallo it was easy to pass while a dispute was going forward about the toll for panniers of eggs and market produce which were just entering.

Out! Once past the houses of the Borgo, she would be beyond the last fringe of Florence, the sky would be broad above her, and she would have entered on her new life—a life of loneliness and endurance, but of freedom. She had been strong enough to snap asunder the bonds she was free and alone.

had accepted in blind faith. Whatever befell her, she would no more feel the breath of soft, hated lips warm upon her cheek, no longer feel the breath of an odious mind stifling her own. The bare wintry morning, the chill air, were welcome in their severity. The leafless trees, the sombre hills, were not haunted by the gods of beauty and joy, whose worship she had forsaken forever.

But presently the light burst forth with sudden strength, and shadows were thrown across the road. It seemed that the sun was going to chase away the grayness. The light is perhaps never felt more strongly as a divine presence stirring all those inarticulate sensibilities which are our deepest life than in these moments when it instantaneously awakens the shadows. certain awe which inevitably accompanied this most momentous act of her life became a more conscious element in Romola's feeling as she found herself in the sudden presence of the impalpable golden glory and the long shadow of herself that was not to be escaped. Hitherto she had met no one but an occasional contadino with mules, and the many turnings of the road on the level prevented her from seeing that Maso was not very far ahead of her. But when she had passed Pietra, and was on rising ground, she lifted up the hanging roof of her cowl and looked eagerly before her.

The cowl was dropped again immediately. She had seen, not Maso, but-two monks, who were approaching within a few yards of her. The edge of her cowl making a pent-house on her brow had shut out the objects above the level of her eyes, and for the last few moments she had been looking at nothing but the brightness on the path and at her own shadow, tall and shrouded like a dread spectre. She wished now that she had not looked up. Her disguise made her especially dislike to encounter monks: they might expect some pious passwords of which she knew nothing, and she walked along with a careful appearance of unconsciousness till she had seen the skirts of the black mantles pass by The encounter had made her heart beat disagreeably; for Romola had an uneasiness in her religious disguise, a shame at this studied concealment, which was made more distinct by a special effort to appear unconscious under actual glances.

But the black skirts would be gone the faster because they were going down lift; and seeing a great flat stone against a cypress that rose from a projecting green bank, she yielded to the desire which the slight shock had given her to sit down and rest.

She turned her back on Florence, not meaning to look at it till the monks were quite out of sight; and raising the edge of her cowl again when she had seated herself, she discerned Maso and the mules at a distance where it was not hopeless for her to overtake them, as the old man would probably linger in expectation of her.

Meanwhile she might pause a little. She was free and alone.



MUSICIANS OF FIELD AND MEADOW.

"WHAT!" exclaims the Roman naturalist, "amidst this incessant diurnal hum of bees, this evening boom of beetles, this nocturnal buzz of gnats, this merry chirp of crickets and grasshoppers, this deafening drum of cicadæ—have insects no voice?"

Centuries have elapsed since this question was asked. What has not the world, this moving, busy earth of ours seen since then? Nations have risen and sunk like meteors. Warriors have battled and filled the world with their names, and vanished as shadows. The "fixed idea" of one nation has fought its fight, and been blown out like the flame of a lamp by change or time; while another has arisen with a newer idea, for which men have died claiming martyrdom, which time has commuted into "the follies of the age." What books have been written, what thoughts expressed, what feelings and opinions, objective and subjective, have been given to the world; what discoveries made, what inventions claimed; what poets have sung, what painters have painted, what temples have been built, what statues chiseled! What gods have been crowned one day and hurled from their pedestals the next; what idolatries, what creeds, what worships have come and gone—from the Roman with his ideal Jove wielding thunderbolts, to the simple Egyptian with his more tangible, earthy deities, the beetle and the leek!

All these and more, much more, have passed and gone, and yet this ever-changing, ever-mutable, still unchanging, still immutable nature is the same. The merry chirp of crickets and grasshoppers, the boom of beetles, and the hum of bees, still resound in the same tuneful evening songs that the Roman listened to and wondered at so many ages ago. Not a note has changed, not a tune has varied, from century to century. The voice is the same—mute, utterly dumb, silent for ages, yet unremittingly noisy, always calling, insinuatingly dictating, and filled with the meaning of passions influencing each other and inculcating love, anger, fear, and grief.

This is Nature's voice, who is silent yet always speaking; joyful, with mirth exuberant, with content pure, genuine, enduringly sad; patient forever; great with life, greater in her eternal silence, with a greatness in these her humble children which the arrogance and admiration of the world can neither elevate nor depress.

This seems all a paradox, does it not? But to a contemplative mind, an observant eye, a heeding ear, and a loving heart, this music is full of speaking harmony; though dumb it is filled with messages which the wise man knows contain the pith of every philosophy; though hidden, secretly starting forth; unknown, yet still known; flowing on forever, perennial as the voices of heaven.

"Have insects no voice?" asked the Roman. effort to show you how this voice is made, how The modern author replies, "If by voice we caused, and from whence it proceeds. It is a

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understand sounds produced by the air, expelled from the lungs, which passing through the larynx is modified by the tongue and emitted from the mouth, it is even so."

This dumb voice of Nature so untranslatable, so unalterable, so musical with instinct, because practical and always in communion with truth, do we not do it great injustice? If we could hear aright doubtless we might listen to poems chanted, full of divine thoughts, signifying more than those delivered by divine old sages whose flight of soul could not be traced beyond the speaking of deep words. This voice has been delivered with oral utterance altogether unconstrained, with a mode of poetry all its own, to countless generations; but how few have cared to listen to it, thinking it but a babbling, idle jargon, and all who thought otherwise full of hypotheses or beneficent fancies. Yet this voice of Nature is a solemn, pathetic thing, with a kind of soul-struggling to express itself and to commune with higher intelligence. Probably with them as with us, it is an imprisonment, an unattainable longing after perfection, which like us they are always striving to express, never making itself intelligible. To detect this voice, to translate its meaning, to solve it to our comprehensions, have been the desire and effort of many men. Entomology is full of the results given, yet it is an unknown, a dumb, unspoken language to us, and I fear will, like other voices, remain so until our ears have become silent to all of earth. These thoughts went coursing through my brain, stirring up the fancy and carrying imagination off to those days when the Roman naturalist asked this question which still remains unanswered. A pet cricket, that had cheered me for many a month with his merry "cree-cree," was chirruping before me, and I was watching the performance with inquisitive eye and riveted attention. Two youngsters, one of four and the other of ten years, were beside me, wondering more at me, I suspect, than at the cricket. Said the younger to the elder,

"What does the cricket say? What does he mean?"

"How can I tell?" the other answered. "I must be a cricket myself, and get into that black skin, before I could tell what he means."

"I know what he says," the little one rejoined; "'Cree-cree' means now, 'I want to get out."

"Then he must have the same cry," the other answered, "for every thing; and 'cree-cree,' in the field, must mean, 'I want to get in.' I guess nobody but a cricket knows what he means."

Here was wisdom in a nut-shell. Was all my study, watching, care, feeding, and nursing a cricket to amount to this—"to become a cricket before I could understand one?" I felt the result no less true, disagreeable as it might be; therefore you must conceive I am not going to interpret this voice. I shall merely make an effort to show you how this voice is made, how caused, and from whence it proceeds. It is a

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long past, as even now with us. Its stridulations have perhaps charmed the ears of royalty with its home-sounds, as it has done for the peasant in his hut on the outside of the mighty city. It has perhaps gladdened the ears of a queen in some sumptuous palace, even as it does for me now, and these little boys beside me. There is music in it for all—for the mighty past, and for the passing present. Ever-delighting Goldsmith brings it all before us in his golden numbers:

> "Around, in sympathetic mirth, Its tricks the kitten tries; The cricket chirrups on the hearth; The crackling fagot flies.'

Cowper, too, leaves us his remembrance, in his "Little inmate, full of mirth, Chirping on my kitchen-hearth."

And many other "crickets on the hearth" bring up associations, which we may feel assured are as old as the notes of the merry little chirper itself. Is so pleasure-giving a creature worthless-unworthy of our thoughts, of our examination, of our study? No meditative mind will turn away from it-will give a deaf ear to its voice; for, although not a "thing of beauty," it is one of the sincerest joy.

The Acheta domestica—the House Cricketis unknown in this country; its song on the hearth is not for us, unless in some new settlement, where the house is out of doors, and the field-cricket becomes less shy. This is an odd fact. Is it a reflection that our hearths are wanting in comfort; that home-sounds are unwelcome; that we are unwilling to be calmed into silence; that pensive thought is irksome? Have we no time for meditation, no wish for reflection? That this little insect, since the world began, has been the greatest promoter to all these, every nation has admitted; yet we have no house-cricket. Would it be appreciated if we

Years ago, in early youth, full of the romance of history, full of the hallowed associations of places which hoary Time had made all but ruins, looking wistfully back upon a Past which threw a haze of beauty upon the bright and glowing Present of a new and just opening life, I found myself wandering over walls, clambering up old broken stone steps, and gazing from loop-holes, in the old Castle of Caernarvon, in Wales. Was it a ruin to me, that bright, beautiful June afternoon? How idle the question! It was full of all that was grand and stately; the pageantry of royalty was all before me. Out of that gate, on her palfrey, passed away over the green hills, attended by her knights and maidens, the fair Queen Eleanor. In that court-yard below they were preparing for joust and feats of arms. The great banqueting-hall, here before me, now almost roofless and floorless, where you could look down, down, to the dungeon, where, perhaps, the captive lay listening to the sound of revelry and song, groaning under his chains and sorrows, was clustered with strong and

voice loved and listened to by many, in ages | I could see them all; I could hear them all; for did I not, as a stranger, sit perched up beside the ingle of the great chimney, whose hearth of huge stones was scarcely touched by time? just the very place where I might have sat those hundred years agone; beside the old harper chanting for the monarch and his guests the deeds of his mighty ancestry. I could see, and feel, and hear all this.

Then the wail of a young infant came, out of that dark, narrow, stony room, with its two long loop-holes for windows, across that entry-came in by this door-the nurse, with the bonny boy, who could only speak Welsh when he was born -the first Prince of Wales. How my young heart, that loved comfort, shuddered to think how the poor baby must have been inured to dullness in that dark room tradition called his nursery-where no sun could ever penetratewhose stones were covered alone with rushes! Those narrow, small rooms must have been appointed to the maids of honor; and what nice places those narrow entries, sharp angles, and deep recesses offered for love-whisperings! In very truth the old castle was alive to me, and rung with human voices, and was filled with the activity of life; and I sat and pondered over a breathing past so vivid to me in the present.

Just then, close beside me on the hearth, chirped out a cricket the first note of his evening song. A few pennies and the kind custodian of the castle-a middle-aged woman-aided me in catching the nimble things, and, with a root of ivy from the walls, a handful of daisies and primroses, I went to my lodgings enriched beyond all conception. What thoughts I had had! what company enjoyed! and for years after the chirp of these crickets brought up the whole vision before me, brilliant and breathing as it was that memorable afternoon-but I am anticipating.

Those poor crickets—what journeyings they had to and fro over the Kingdom! They told all their friends in the remotest inns and far-off places of their woes and sorrows-confined in a box at the bottom of a basket, with so much cake, fruit, and moist bread that they were surfeited; their ancestors never had their health and strength so ruined. I have no doubt they would have written their travels if they had not been fearful of exhausting the subject, and forestalling the adventure and anecdote of some travelers we wot of. But all things come to an end some-The poor crickets at last found themtime. selves liberated in America, in the snuggest corner of a Southern hearth; and there they lived and loved, and increased beyond endurance, at times, to the other inmates of this second old castle.

As year passed after year, and cares and troubles came, what a charm, what a spell, these little things held over me as I listened to their evening song! what consolation in sorrow! how refreshing, when weary by the couch of sickness at the midnight hour, to listen to these living handsome men, beautiful and delicate women. I things recalling the past—the memories of youth

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and reminding me that I had known perfect | parts of the wing-covers. content, if not happiness, at one time! A wanderer for many years, I went back to the old house to seek some loved memories of the past in these chirping friends. But I was told, with the utmost calmness, "they had had great difficulty in scalding them out, and they hoped there was not one left on the premises!" What a fate for this arcient line of crickets, whose ancestors, no doubt, had soothed the lonely hours of royalty in that great old castle! I am fearful the race of Goths will never die out.

These are the only house-crickets I ever knew in this country. As their name indicates, they are very domestic, and seldom wander far from their first settlement. None-could have escaped these Vandals. I am sorry to admit that I fear their fate would be similar on many a hearth. Do you not know some people who would answer Titania's question, "What, wilt thou have some music, my sweet love?" as did Bottom-"I have a reasonable ear for music; let us have the tongs and the bones."

If we have not the House-Cricket we have the next of kin-the Field-Cricket. There is very little difference between them; and after those I have mentioned from abroad had been acclimated the similarity was almost exact. At first the foreigner has a transparent brownness in the black—a kind of light is seen over the body; while our cricket is of the densest blackness. But in the song there is a vast difference to a susceptible ear. The voice of the housecricket tells of repose, of quiet content; it is drawn out as it were lazily, soothingly; while that of the field-cricket is quick, sharp, decisive -calling out people in a hurry to count the stars, or see the moon. I always feel wonderfully energetic, quite awake, under the care of the fieldcricket.

Happy fellows, these crickets! They do all the scolding themselves; their ladies have no voice in outdoor matters, and very little in indoors, if they did not keep a sharp look-out. The males are all Malthusians-very fearful of the overpopulating of cricketdom, and so prudently dine and sup on cricket eggs and flesh whenever it can be procured without a thrashing from Madame Mère.

But let us get at this voice. When preparing to perform, he assumes a most ecstatic attitude—à la Jullien-you remember the immortal baton. The twist of the head and the pose of the legs are impossible to describe. However, this attitude taken, the antennæ move-"attention"the wing-cases elevate themselves, spread wide apart several times to inhale sufficient air, the wings fold up close and are placed with their horny edges over the strong, spiny thighs, which leaves the tambours exposed. The wing-covers are double and hollow throughout, except where held together by the nervures; these are very strong, and are the strings of the instrument. In the under wings are other tambours, each possessing the power of reverberation. Two more are found at each extremity of the under suck, as the fly, gnat, etc.; when they gnaw or

Thus there are six pieces of parchment drawn out and serving as tambours at this performance, not counting the spaces on the wing-covers which possess the same power of increasing or conveying sound. On the upper joints of the second pair of thighs holes are found resembling pipes, having long nervures connecting with the sockets of the wings; on the edges are strong pieces of horn curved and pointed; on the under sides there are strong teeth of horn. Then the neck is composed of elevations of strong horny ridges, terminating where it joins the thorax in teeth. If you look under the thorax you will find two strong curved pieces of horn, which support and assist in sustaining it in place during the excitement of the performance. When you examine all these you must allow the instrument is most complicated: there are nervures and ligatures to move all these besides—but how I can not exactly describe unless I become a cricket.

When the concert commences one thigh at a time, with its horny protuberances, is moved quickly over and under the wing, the wingcovers cross each other rapidly; the head, like a mandarin's, is shaking and scraping to and fro; the antennæ beat time; the thorax is elevated to give free egress to the music; the abdomen moves rapidly up and down to allow the free action of the muscles and nerves; and if no one else enjoys the result, "cree-cree," Monsieur Acheta does to his entire content.

But it is amazing how this little creature can keep up its din for such a length of time. Until I convinced myself of the fact, I supposed that when one ceased another took up the strain. But it is not so. Night after night for months, from seven in the evening until seven in the morning, this indefatigable little creature scrapes away. How long the instrument can be used without wearing out I can not say, although I have known it twenty-seven months in constant service. It died from being sucked up by Acarii, minute, footless creatures, who thrust in their beaks and never cried "Enough" till the unfortunate cricket was as dry as a piece of parch-

I have been particular to point out all that I could discover sufficiently prominent to exhibit the manner in which the sound is produced; but there are hundreds of little points, twists, and nerves in their anatomy, as in ours, which make up the beautiful whole when in life, which cease to show how they act when death has supervened. This anatomy, modulated more or less, serves for the entire family, and the performance is louder and shriller, softer and lower, as the nervures of the wing-covers vary. Many authors tell us that crickets "are very thirsty animals, requiring to drink often." Nature has so decreed that insects have no power of sustaining themselves except by one mechanical process, although this may differ in the first and last state of the insect. If they drink, they lap, as do the bee, ant, etc.; if they imbibe, they



eat, they bite, as the beetle, cricket, grasshopper. They require a great deal of moisture exteriorly as they absorb it through the skin of the abdomen, and must do so to keep their complicated instrument from drying, and consequently breaking or "crackling" away. This is the reason why they are found in moist, damp places. You will say this argument does not hold good for the house-cricket; but if you are your own housekeeper you will know there is no place in the whole house where so much water is used, spilled, and slopped about as over the kitchen hearth, and consequently much evaporation, imperceptible to you, but sufficient for the cricket, is going on all the time.

The pet I alluded to above lived in a flowerpot half full of earth, with a piece of moss in it. confined by a glass jar. I might feed him as much as I liked with moist food, but he was never content, always restless, striking against the glass, unhappy if the earth or moss were allowed to get dry.

They are not vegetable eaters altogether, but will eat parts of other insects, crumbs of bread, fruit-any thing is acceptable in moderation. They consume very little. As closely as I have watched them I have never seen one stop chirping to eat at night. They generally eat two or three times during the day. When at liberty in the meadows and fields they devour the young rootlets of grass and other plants-committing, when numerous, much depredation; they destroy more than they eat, by loosening the soil in burrowing for moist, cool places. They have a number of natural enemies; besides poultry, cats and hogs are very fond of them.

The Gryllotalpa brevipennis - Short-winged Mole-Cricket—is so called from its resemblance to a mole. You may have noticed long, slight ridges turned up in salad, cabbage, and squash beds, ruining probably the entire crop in a night. This is the depredator—a curious, pretty insect, and most industrious; burrowing, tossing up the earth all night, coming to the surface at times, and calling for its mate in a soft, low, "creecrea-a," and then hurrying into his burrow again. It is very pretty; the thorax and thighs are covered with a soft, thick, claret-red colored down; the face is light, the eyes dark; the abdomen is of two shades-light and dark brown; the wingcovers and wings pale yellow, with brown nervures; the second and third joints of the legs are a bright yellow and downy; and the formidable burrowing front claws are of black horn.

The female has always a favorite location in a moist place, under a tuft of grass, root of a tree, or a rock. From its hole it burrows about six inches deep, then runs straight out at an angle to the length of a foot; then a bend is made, and the abdomen is pushed in, turned and twisted until the interior is pressed into a fine compact consistency. There she deposits her eggs-it is said from two to three hundred, but I think this exaggerated. I never could discover more than a third of this num-

much crowded in such a space. She understands her business too well to cramp her young ones in such small quarters, as they live in and about the nest so long. Three years elapse before they arrive at maturity and cast their last skin. They commit sad havoc among rootlets during all this time. They make a hole at the top of the curve, from whence they issue as far as their strength allows during the night, always returning to the nest before day. They are on the increase in this country, and will no doubt, in time, be as destructive as they are in Europe. The Grylla didactyla—Two-fingered Mole Cricket-in the West Indies, will destroy whole fields of sugar-cane during a night. They have been seen in one or two sugar plantations in Louisiana within four years past. They are ruinous when they get a footing. Hogs are very useful in this instance.

The Œcanthus niveus-White Climbing Cricket-is a beautiful little creature. When in life it is as white as ivory, every line and nervure of a pale delicate green in the male, very black eyes, and hooks at the feet. In the female a few more lines are discovered on the abdomen. The ovipositor is shaded very darkly except at the tip, which is of a greenish white. As they grow old they lose their pure look, and fade like flowers as soon as dead. They are very great climbers, liking to live at the very topmost of arbors, in vines that climb the sides of houses, and sometimes at the tops of the highest trees. Their wing-covers and wings are beautifully transparent—the former are strongly veined. These rubbing together, and the long thorax and neck grating over the ridges, make a clear, shrill cry, quite as loud but less strong than that of the field-cricket. They are very destructive to tender foliage, biting the tips of buds and the veins of leaves. Mr. Salvi says: "The female with her ovipositor perforates the tender stalks of plants to the pith, into which she thrusts two eggs, leaving them there to hatch." This must be an error; for the ovipositor, in the first place, is shaped like a spoon. with two bristles to protect it. It would have a saw to slit up the bark, or skin, like that of the cicadæ, to which family it must be removed if this was the case; besides, it is quite as long as her abdomen, and would snap off at the slightest opposing force.

In this country I have always found the mother cricket hovering near the roots of the lily of the valley, crocuses, and other bulbs. Near these she thrusts her ovipositor into the soft earth, working it round and round, until a nice hole is made, which is as smooth as glass in the inside; this is literally filled with eggs. In the spring, near night, you can see the young pouring up, and scattering themselves through the grass. If not an entomologist, you would take them to be Tettiqonia-tree-hoppers-or young grasshoppers before they had undergone their first change. These crickets do not obtain their wings before August or September, but they can ber, for they are so large that they would be too climb with their long thread-like legs very high,



if it becomes too moist, from rain, in the grass

All these crickets are found every where throughout the country. This last is rare in the Southern States. There are other varieties: the Nugra — Black Cricket; the Vittata — Striped Cricket; the Exigua-White-Feet of the Southwest; and many more. The habits and economy of all, with but little variation, are the same.

The Myrmecophila sphærium-the Spherical Cricket of Charpent-is a very odd insect. Mr. Serville has, for some reasons, removed it to the Grasshopper order, under the genus Rophidophora-Awl-Bearer. Dr. Harris has sustained him; but I think neither of them examined it closely enough. The mouth, no less than the formation of the thighs, proclaim its family. is evidently a cricket in its habits—eating moist bread, and never refusing young grasshoppers and other insects. They will live over two years, with care. The grasshopper expires long before frost, and never sees the end of the season. The young are never matured until the second season. The ovipositor is not so long as that of the field-cricket, but is stouter and stronger, and it has the two tail appendages of the cricket. They are found deep in the woods, near old trees, or under rocks. It is a slow, quiet insect, and must be annoyed very much before it will move; but when it leaps the stretch is nearly a yard, if frightened, which is amazing when you consider there is not even a rudiment of a wing. If moving of its own accord, it makes a long hop instead of a leap. They are very awkward in their movements, and seem to wish for no information, like many a biped, except to know what to do with their legs; if one is in a good position, the other is in a false one, and the front legs, like the biped's hands, are always sprawling.

A specimen before me is very singularly marked; the segments are unusually distinct. had just reached maturity, and was fresh in all its colors. It is of a dark brown, with the lines of a very light shade; the thighs are yellowmottled, and marked with lines of light brown; the face is light, eyes black; the other joints of the leg are dark brown; the antennæ and ovipositor almost black. They are generally equally divided in half in the color-the upper part, or back, being nearly black, with brown spots, and the under part of the abdomen a very pale brown, with darker spots of the same color. The male has the power of moving his head very rapidly, which causes a slight sudden click, two or three times, and then stops; it is a very peculiar and disagreeable sound.

There is a very small variety of this apterous cricket—the M. acervorum of European authors, found hopping over melon beds. Toward fall they retire into holes or ants' nests, where they hibernate all winter. They are very destructive in gardens.

The Gryllus viridissima—Green Grasshopper -is, I think, the most thorough, compact speci- the cricket and grasshopper families. At the

men of the grasshopper we have, it appears to be so complete in all the scientific exactions its order requires-strong, bright, active, gay, full of life, as if all time belonged to summer. It is not very common, but at different seasons can be found every where. It is a permanent resident of the Western States. It is of a bright green, the wings very transparent; in some specimens they are clouded with dashes of brownish gray. I think this occurs as they grow old. The under part of the abdomen is shaded off into yellow; legs, ovipositor, antennæ, and eyes are darkened by lines of brown, increasing the general effect of beauty and neatness. The male makes a sharp, lively stridulation with his wingcovers. The interior anatomy of the instrument is very similar to that of the climbing cricket, only there is a large tambour extending under the wings, the nervures of which, being placed in a more regular manner, do not break the sound into such sharp notes, so that it is far pleasanter to the ear. The female, with her ovipositor, makes a large round hole under a tuft of grass, working it very smooth in the interior, and there deposits her eggs, which are very numerous. All these insects have the power of bending their ovipositors under their abdomens, which prevents them from injury when preparing their nests. The mother seals her nest at the neck with a gummy substance, which the young eat through when they are hatched. She gives herself no trouble after the eggs are deposited, but leaps off and enjoys the balance of her season, content and happy in the companionship of her mother Nature.

The Locusta transulto—Leaping-Over Locust is a beautiful type of the locust family. It is doubtless the Gryllus trifusciata of Say. It is decidedly the handsomest locust we have, and is found in the Western States and in Canada. The upper wings, when it has just changed its last skin, are of a bright rose-color, shading off in the faintest hues at the tips; the bands are black, or very dark brown; the under wings are a bluish green, with the bands black. Head and thorax are a reddish brown; abdomen a light brown; thighs a bright green; the other joints and antennæ brown. It is most peculiar in its movements. It leaps over every thing: its confrères leap up, or down, or through the grass; but this one goes over and over, in semicirclesa very strange leap. When pursued it will spring on a leaf, balance itself on its feet, spread its wings, and, just as you think he is yours, he has flown, and you will never see him again. The flight is very long for this family, and whether the colors are lost to the eye in space, or whether they soar up and then down again, will be a puzzle to every one who wishes to entrap them. Bright and beautiful as they are in life, an hour or two after death they are of the color of a dead leaf. You would never suppose it was the same insect. This pretty creature likes the water, and is never found very far away from it.

The Locustide have not long ovipositors, like



extremity of the body there are four short, strong | to disappear very rapidly under such a process. pieces shaped like wedges-two above and two below-opening and shutting upon each other. When ready to deposit her eggs the female thrusts these into the ground, enlarging the hole with her body until it is of the size required. In it the eggs are deposited, when it is glued over, covered up carefully, and left to Time.

The Locusta veloces—Light-Horseman Locust -is familiarly called the Hussar, or Light-Horseman, on account, we suppose, of his fierce, military air, owing to the elevation of the thorax. It has been described by several authors. Say has named it Gryllus formosus. On the body it is of a dark brown; the wing-covers are of bluegreen, with spots of brown dotted over them; the wings, at the top, are of a blue-green color; the lower parts are shaded in rose-color, with wide brown bands running through them. The thorax and head are of stone-color. The upper part of the thorax has very dark green stripes, the spaces between being a bright yellow. The thighs are bright green; the lower joints and the four other legs and antennæ are brown. The female deposits her eggs in a nest prepared by her abdomen; but in this genus they are separated by a transparent, brown, liquid-like gum, which also closes the nest very securely. The nest is generally placed near a firmly-rooted old tuft of grass, on a declivity. They are found in the Western States, and in Canada if the season is long and warm. As a great rarity they may be found in the Middle States. I have been told by a friend that they were seen quite numerous four years ago near the Falls of St. Anthony. Their form recommends this locust to the cabinet of the collector, but its beautiful colors are all gone in a very short time, and it crumbles away into dust so rapidly that it is rarely seen out of the fields.

The Locusta obesus-Stout Locust-belongs to the subgenus Truxalis. It is of a uniform dull brown color, the wing-covers dotted with small black spots. The abdomen is always very plump, and designates it from several varieties of the meadow-locust. Five years ago it was very troublesome in Ohio, Missouri, and the adjacent States, eating all green things voraciously; but we have so much to spare that a locust plague seems to us the stuff dreams are made of.

This insect is memorable to me from a great disappointment it once unwittingly gave me. I was out walking last year near the banks of a river, and up flew before me the most brilliant grasshopper I had ever seen. Something new; such a splendid red in stripes and bands! I gave chase. It was a warm afternoon. On and on the tantalizing thing led me. After two hours' hard work I captured it, put it into the box rejoicing, and home I went, cogitating, if it had not a name already, what it should be. It had never been described before, I felt assured. Conceive my vexation when, placing a magnifier over it, I perceived that all these famous red bands and stripes were acarii! The creature

They had their beaks so firmly inserted that you could not pick them up with a pin without breaking them off; the bead-like feet were all doubled close under their abdomens, which caused them to resemble brilliant coral-like punctures or dots. I confined the insect on moist earth under a glass. It lived in this torture nine days. This poor locust must fully have appreciated the poet Montgomery's "Insect cares of life." It became as dry as a piece of bark; and the acarii, losing their brilliancy, were mingled with other grains of dust, or probably floated away on the sweet summer air, to be renewed again the next season.

The musical instrument of this locust is still more simple than those of the other two; the note is sharp, clear—but one sound, then a pause-not very loud. The nervures of the wings are very strong, and the sound is made principally and unremittingly by drawing the edges of the wings over and below the thighs, which are very much spinned. The tambours are placed very nearly in the same position as those of the cricket, and are larger, which prolongs the sound, rendering it less shrill.

Locusts are the best leapers of the family. The thighs are shorter, thicker, and have more muscles, it is said; but I can not detect a single one more than the cricket has. I think the impetus proceeds from the shortness and compactness of the entire body. This family of insects in their transformations is isomorphous—that is to say, they are active and voracious in every They have no wings, nor a sign of one, until after the third change of skin; the time elapsing between this period and the fourth moulting is nearly double the previous periods, and may be termed their pupa state. At this last change they have arrived at the imago-the perfect state. Their wings have a rustle when they are using them like that of stout silk, but we in this country have never heard them "rushing like a whirlwind;" their coming to us is not "like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains," or "the crackling of stubble when consumed by fire."

The locust is a real, terrible personage in the Bible; a sad reality yet to some countries, bringing famine and disease in their train. Travelers represent them as being very fine eating-the wings, legs, and heads picked off, thrown on a pan, and parched over a quick fire, with some salt to season them. A friend who has often eaten them in South America assures me that they are far more nutritious and pleasanter eating to the taste than "parched corn." Why should they not be so, eating as they do only the most delicate herbage? Prejudice and custom have very much to do with our taste in food.

I have given what may be called merely the outlines of this interesting family, easily perceptible; and if you love Nature to acquire thus much to seek them for yourself, you will find it pleasant work to proceed farther, every day addwas literally covered, and her obesity was likely | ing something to your wealth of thought. You



will be amply repaid, and soon realize the truth of the Apostle's words, which Tyndall thus renders: "Many kyndes off voyces are in the world, ande none off them without significacion. Yf I knowe not what the voyce meaneth I shall be ynto hym that speaketh an alient, ande he that speaketh will be an alient vnto me."

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE. IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

MILL HAMILTON'S axe factory stood on the right bank of the Grand River, and the sound of his trip-hammer went up and down the stream, and round and round the valley, while his edge-tools were to be found in any market of considerable importance throughout the neighboring country. Our business leads us through the heart of Granby, pretty, petty, flourishing town, to the old stone building between whose lofty chimneys swings the sign-board that bears the name of HAMILTON, as it was painted in red and black full twenty years ago.

It is one of the most emphatic of August mornings. The great gate of the factory that opens toward the river is unbarred, and stands wide open; but the doors, three in number, that lead inward from the street are closed each one. It is yet too early for the workmen to assemble; but, at the usual hour, will they come? and will the doors be thrown open, inviting the entrance of business? Will work proceed there in the usual style? The Granby people wonder. Last night it was their talk. For last night Mill Hamilton received his sentence—five years of hard labor in the State prison, he having been convicted of the crime of arson.

The affairs of the factory have occupied a good share of the mind of Granby since the first of June, when the "new works" were destroyed by fire, and the owner was arrested on charge of having himself achieved the destruction of the great building whose erection had occupied his time and thoughts during the past two years. He had but just removed to it from the "old place," the works were in their first operation, when the great conflagration swept through the fine structure and destroyed it.

On his arrest the indefatigable man, whom no destiny could daunt, immediately procured bail, and proceeded, with the help of Mr. Morris, Richards his foreman, and the twenty besides, to repair and fit up the deserted factory for reoccupation; and during the two months that followed before the trial was brought on he had been incessantly occupied in bringing the disordered business into shape again.

Though he allowed not for a moment to his wife or any other person the possibility that the trial might go against him, Mr. Hamilton had arranged all things with carefulness and exactness, proving to Mr. Morris, if to no other man, his want of confidence in the decision of any twelve men who should declare on oath that their minds were unprejudiced by any report

they had yet heard of the case. If it could be a question whether he could commit crime he would not undertake to say what the result might be.

Looking into the factory this morning, one sees scarcely any change that would suggest such a removal as was made from it not long ago, when the men went about their work with singing, proud of their employer as if they belonged to him, or he to them, personally involved in his prosperity and honor, and the old place was left vacant as an empty shell. It has the accustomed orderly aspect compatible with abundant evidences of immense labors carried on here. Tools of every shape and size, and in every stage of development, are lying about; but the lines of method run through all that might seem confused to unaccustomed eyes. The workmen coming in would take their usual places and proceed in the usual manner, if at all. That is still the question, even with Mr. Morris; for Hamilton's last words with him were:

"If it goes against me Mrs. Hamilton will know what is to be done." And this, with one exception, was the only allusion he had made to the future contingencies.

It is not yet half past four. At five Richards, the foreman, proposes to go in search of Mr. Morris; for Mr. Morris has, of course, received instructions; he knows the master's will in regard to all these matters that present a distracting front to the mind of the foreman. But nobody need hope to get a word out of him until he deems that the time is ripe for speech. Such a wonderful man for closeness is Mr. Morris! Tell him all you know on any possible subject—he may be the wiser, you will not.

When he came in last night at midnight Richards sat down where he is now sitting, and he has the aspect of unchangeableness and immovableness that bespeaks a hopeless case. He is a man of short, muscular figure, and swarthy face, whose eyes glow, but whose remaining features, always somewhat heavy, are most sombre now. He has taken to heart the calamity. It is difficult for him to meditate on what he has recently heard. That Mr. Hamilton should have been pronounced guilty is a fathomless wonder to him. Reviewing the events and scenes of the three days' trial, he sums up the matter as not inexplicable merely for the mystery of it, but for the sophistries of law and the foolishness of jurymen. One might as well ask justice of highwaymen. Yet it was the "learned counsel" against whom his ire was most savagely roused. Who could ever get at the truth of a thing among such a crew of liars? damned buzzards, to pick the life out of a live man! That was Mr. Richards's, a grim and swarthy workman's view, of some of the high dignitaries figuring on this occasion in the Supreme Court of the United States, managing the great case of The People vs. Mill Hamilton.

his want of confidence in the decision of any twelve men who should declare on oath that not shed as many tears as have fallen from his their minds were unprejudiced by any report bleared eyes since midnight. No possible event



could touch him as he is moved by the thought | of Mr. Hamilton's wife. How was she to bear disgrace and trouble? "Put to it for money," that liberal soul! "badgered by duns," that accomplished lady! "sold up;" growing pale, and old, and shabby, as the finest women may when days of darkness and storms without abatement fall upon them. Scanned by the curious in the streets, for the disgraced husband's sake, as women are, so Mr. Richards thought. Bearing with her always, to the grave, the wound that never heals, the poison that ever rankles; emerging only from the thick dark cloud, with the aspect of one who has wrestled in the gloom with a worse adversary than death. "It's her turn now," he said, with wonder that did not lessen for long thinking of it. "She's on the road, and she'll have company enough. Them that's gone barefoot allus likely suffers least; feet that's covered with calluses don't mind the sharpedged stuns so much."

But the thought of the commonness of misfortune did not alleviate the sorrow. It was as when death goes in at a palace door. Does the body lie within there, cold and stiff, as in little wooden tenements under whose low roof some tired body, full of pain-some ungainly figure, work-worn and soiled-has lain down, never to wake again? Is silence there, and tears, and shadowiness? Are the great people really brought down to the common humiliation? For if death is the greatest dignity the poor and lowly can arrive at, as we say, it is also the most utter degradation of the proud. How is it when a clown's heel treads on your dear roses, or a silly woman's skirts flaunt destruction round the daintily-edged garden-walks? Richards felt this while musing on the trouble of "The House."

So moodily he sat on the rounded head of the loop, that engine of mighty force, which one can not look upon in its activity without a shudder -the simple thing that opens its wide jaws, and snaps at the red iron, and clips the rough and jagged tool to perfect evenness with the perfection of undemonstrative noiselessness, and the simple unconsciousness of a girl who trims the frayed edges of her broidery.

His face was bent so that he could not see how the dawn descended to the fair green fields across the river; neither the figure, slight and tall, whose grace was not hidden now, as she came with haste, and, in the mood of aroused and decisive energy, brought out by a great occasion's stringent need-up the bank she came, and passed through the great gate, and entered thus the factory. And Richards sat thinking of her, not dreaming that she could be near.

For this was Mill Hamilton's wife. She had rowed herself in a boat to the steps that led up the bank, and by this method intended to secure an early and private conference with Mr. Morris on the ground where her husband had carried on so victoriously his long fight with fortune.

not hear her; nor, at first, did she see him. She It's all calkilated."

was not looking for him. Still advancing, her eyes ran round on the vast building; at last they fell upon the man. When she saw that it was "Old Richards," she hesitated for a moment; but the hesitation was merely mental. She continued to approach him, and at last laid her hand lightly on his shoulder.

"Richards, are you awake?"

He started up, so bewildered by the actual presence of the woman of whom he had been constantly thinking, and surveyed her so wistfully, so dismally, as almost to bring a smile to her lip.

"You have been watching as well as I," she said, in a low, kind voice, that never could be else than kind, in whatever joy or sorrow. "I thought you slept;" and, speaking thus, she sat down on the bench, near to the great wheel, and looked around her. From one point to another her eyes wandered; she seemed to be looking with some new curiosity on the ponderous machinery. If her thoughts wandered as well, he could not wonder at t; for though Richards had served Mr. Hamilton from the day when the works were first in operation, and he could tell you with what care and caution they were always conducted, he could make no claim to any share of her thinking on such a day as this must be to her. But by-and-by her eyes fell on the silent waiting man, and the words she spoke seemed not to indicate any sudden recollection of him.

"Richards, you saved my life here once. Do you remember when my dress caught in the wheel? I was a little girl then. But you look just the same."

"Aged some," he answered, looking away; "but nimble yet; there's that can make me forget I'm old and stiffish in the jints. I'm ready, mem! I'd risk my life to help ye!" His voice quivered, but it did not falter in the least. He never could fail himself at need; and there was need of all of him here just now.

"I know that," she said. "But the case is not so desperate. I should be sorry indeed to put you to any pain for me. Mr. Morris will come in before long, I hope. I came to speak with him about the works. My husband arranged that they should be carried on the same. And you will keep your place-will you, Richards?"

"I will, so help me God!" he answered, with vehemence.

"I knew I could depend on you. You kindled the first fire in the furnace, I have often heard him say. You were his right-hand man -will you be mine?"

"You are ekal to it, mem!" exclaimed he; and saying this Richards had passed praise upon her that it had seemed impossible a woman should command. "We took the inventory just a week ago this day, and Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Morris and I knowed to a dollar how much stuff was on hand, and how much was out and gone; and She crossed the room so lightly that he did there's a clear estimate of all that's coming in.



"And there's allus big orders standing ready," said Richards, entering heart and soul into the explanation, now that he perceived that the lady had been a silent partner in the great edge-tool business. She had at once a new interest and acquired a new importance in his eyes. "There ain't another shop in Granby done a quarter of his business. They're a set of mushrooms; but we've been growing here this twenty year; and if that won't give a tree a good hold on the arth what will? There ain't another man like him prepared so to quit work and let others take up his business."

"And the orders to be filled out are respectable, all of them."

She said this, but she knew what his answer would be. Mr. Hamilton had often told her that poor Richards took an interest and pride in the affairs of the concern that bade fair to exceed his own. It was but right, since misfortune had fallen on him so heavily, to suggest the most comfortable and inspiriting influences. The old man's face did brighten as he said,

"There's more orders on hand than we can supply, mem; and has been this fifteen year. We've allus been trying to ketch up with ourselves. And the master does seem blowed; but see, now, if he don't come out ahead, and carry off the sweepstakes."

"I can remember how it used to be," she said; and it seemed, while she mused, that she must smile; and yet not even the shadow of a smile did come into her face. "You and he have known each other so long."

"We did a monstrous business in them days if we sent out a thousand axes to the year," said he. A grim smile passed over his swarthy face, as, if he had confessed to child-play, he might have boasted with a laugh on some happier reck-

"He has always known how his business stood. We will try to be as wise and prudent."

Richards, who had not yet been able to look at her steadily, did so now. Her beautiful voice was so distinct and clear, so unfaltering, so almost cheerful, he might venture without fear of being himself overcome by any sign of emotion.

How did she really take this trouble? He had repeatedly imagined to himself her discomfiture, the state of helplessness to which she would be reduced at the conclusion of the trial, though she should bravely sustain herself through all its dreadful days. For she was a woman, young and unaccustomed to trouble, and she loved her husband. Besides, she had in Granby a reputation for pride, for money pride, for pride in the distinction of fine dress, a handsome house, and servants, carriages, and horses that was unequaled.

Looking now a moment at her very steadily, Richards saw that, though she had spoken with jest the same. And o' summers the doors is so firm and natural a voice, the signs of suffer- flung wide. By half past the twenty are at ing were on her face. Her eyes had a troubled work, and good reason, they know where work look in them. She had watched and wept with and wage is sure."

those beautiful eyes. They were weary with watching earthly and heavenly paths for some messenger who should bring to her glad tidings. And the very kindness of the woman's generous heart was now made manifest in that averted, absent, and abstracted gaze, which made poor Richards feel how little he could really be to her or do for her, though she had recognized his years of faithful service with a gratitude he did not expect.

While he looked at her—it was but for a moment—she lifted her hand and smoothed her forehead, and met his searching gaze. The sad kindliness of her eyes then made him look hastily away, as if he had detected himself in some unmanly act. What right had he to pry, even with one questioning look, into her secret thoughts? To himself he seemed to have been hurled back by some force from too near a venture to a life set apart from his, and invested with a sort of sacredness by calamity. Yet, abashed though he was, he comforted himself by the thought, as he had endeavored to comfort her by the words, "She's ekal to it."

He had thought nothing of the stillness of the morning, while he sat there alone, but now it became, moment by moment, heavier, more oppressive, till he felt that it was beyond endurance. Then he got up and went to the forge. The coal was one vast red mass in the furnace. Mrs. Hamilton's eyes followed him.

"Do you keep the fire burning all night, Richards?"

"All night, mem; but last night, for the first time as I recollect, it went clean out of itself. I had to kindle it this morning fresh. That never happened, not even of a Monday morn."

"To-day begins a new year for us. Is it a good fire, Richards? Will it do the work?" She came from the bench to look. The red light flaring on their faces gave a ghastly pallor to those countenances. Richards looked at her now, not with inquiry, but of very earnestness understanding her meaning.

"There ne'er was a better fire kindled," said he. "That fire'll last till noon, mem, without touching. I took an extry pains. Works or no works, it shouldn't be on account of a dead furnace, as long as old Richards was fireman."

"No, I'm sure of that. You understand that there isn't a man about here I trust more than I trust you. Do you think that Mr. Morris will come soon?"

"Just let me run and fetch him. It's only two doors off." He was all eagerness. her wave a finger only, and he was gone.

"No, no. I said I would meet him here. It is natural I should come first and wait. what is the time you open those doors?"

"Six o'clock they're opened to a minute, the year round. O' winters the blinds come down



have been in the habit of doing. Perhaps he will hear the bell before he is gone, if there should be any delay."

"Would he like that?"

"Yes, I know he would."

"Then I'm the hand at that he'll reco'nize. And ef he can hear the bell, there's no chance but he'll hear the hammer! We'll make that talk this morning."

Mrs. Hamilton turned now to go to the room her husband had occupied for the transaction of private business, his council chamber he called it sometimes, there to wait till Mr. Morris should come. But having taken a step or two in that direction she turned again to the foreman whose eyes followed her, and asked the question she would fain have asked long ago and could not.

"Were you in the court-room last night, Richards?"

"I was, mem."

Then, for she asked no more though she remained standing and looking upon him, he continued,

"He took it like-like Mr. Hamilton! I don't believe, mem, if I'd ketched him up and kerried him out o' that crowd but I'd had 'em to stand by me, law or no law. And I'm mad that I stood in a corner and swallered the insult, as if it wasn't the bitterest pill a man was ever choked with. It was easy to guess what he thought, but he stood up and kept his ground, I tell ye! It's a thundering shame, but no disgrace to him or his."

"No," she said, quietly; nevertheless, as if in the assurance itself were shame, she turned quickly away and walked toward the office, and there she sat down beside the window in his chair.

If ever she could give way to the feeling that surged in her heart, not yet.

Before the clock struck six Mr. Morris came. Richards, who had opened one of the street doors of the factory just as the master's agent was applying his key to the lock, informed him that Mrs. Hamilton was waiting within, and he went immediately to her, stepping forward with more than his usual careful caution, far too simpleminded, and too much disturbed by the late events, to think of waiting till he had seen his master's wife before he gave any revelation of his individual feeling in the matter. The cause of sorrow was sufficiently obvious, and why should he conceal it? He went toward the office not quite satisfied that he had not anticipated her early arrival. She might excuse it in an old man. He had overslept. But he had not been able to close his eyes from the beginning to the end of the trial.

There was abundant time, however, for the transaction of the business that had brought them together. And to discuss the factory affairs he sat down opposite Mrs. Hamilton, in the place he had often occupied when he had been admitted to private conferences with her hus- desk she wrote upon it rapidly.

"Open the doors then as usual, and ring the band. She had come prepared to speak; she And let every thing be done to-day as you had promised herself that all her husband could have hoped of her at this time should be perfectly performed. Contracts drawn up by him in view of this emergency were to be accepted; sureties were to be given and received. expressions of confidence were to be exchanged: the footing on which the parties stood as employer and employed was to be expressly ascertained.

> Moreover, Mrs. Hamilton purposed to secure the good-will of the men in a special manner this day. She accordingly made known her wishes to Morris to address them when they should have assembled. He could not have dissented from any proposition possible for her to make this morning. His sympathy had a different expression from that of Richards, but it was deep and true. Judging merely from their looks, indeed, one might have inferred that of the two in this conference assembled, the man was the most depressed by the untoward conclusion of the recent trial. He had seen double the number of her years. And possibly it was that he had lost the hopes of this life; had ceased to trust the allurements and promises which had beguiled his youth beyond the limits where his genius worked to realization, that he now saw no rainbow colors forming from the gray mists, and hanging from the heavens.

> Mrs. Hamilton's wish to speak with the workmen expressed a wise policy, he saw at once. He could see in advance the effect with which any thing she might please to say to the men would now be received. He was himself consciously susceptible to the peculiar influence of her presence in such a place at such a time. It was the presence of a lady. Simple as was the dress she wore, it had its part in the magical effect she was here to produce. The power of purple lawn equaled that which royal purple might, among its exigencies, produce. Her sex would represent helplessness to them; would demand chivalry of them; though in reality she stood there abundantly able to manage her af-The wreath of pond lilies around the crown of her boating-hat was undoubtedly meant by the subtle Parisian artificer to produce an "effect;" the utmost ambition of the creation was here vindicated. It was a woman, a lady, who had fallen into trouble-if men could rescue her!

> Mr. Morris looked at his watch. It was half past six, and Richards had opened all the factory doors. The workmen were coming in-but gravely doubting all of them; for they knew the issue of the trial, and beyond that all was uncertain. When Morris heard them coming, he said to Judith that he would ascertain how many were assembled.

> "Do not call me," she said, "till they are all here. I want to see all the men!"

> He had left her but a moment when the face of the woman quickened, evidently with a new thought; and taking a sheet of paper from the



When he returned to say that the men were | in the office that I drew up just now. I hoped all now in the factory, she left what she had written lying there to dry, unhelped of sand or blotting-paper.

In the light of the circumstances it was a singular scene when Mrs. Hamilton thus presented herself before the grim, sturdy, stalwart factorymen. They understood that she had something to say to them-perhaps it was of dismissaland they stood with grave, anxious faces, as she came through the aisles of machinery, and stood by the loop where they could all see her, unobstructed in their view by wheel, pulley, or forge. It was Una-but Una among her friends-escaped from the forest of wild beasts. Not an arm but would have struck for her; nor, still better, a voice but could speak in her cause.

Strange if it had been otherwise. Her personal influence was sufficient to produce the result. No woman in Granby had a like reputation for pride, dignity, and tact. Besides-dear human nature-never was a better master than Mill Hamilton had been, and who could say what provision had been made by him, or the turn affairs might take?

Hitherto Mrs. Hamilton had been the master's handsome wife, the fashionable lady; nobody could manage better those fine horses she was so fond of driving on the river-road. But, in these new circumstances, her pride was manifestly other than the power held in reserve to meet social contingencies. She spoke, said the men afterward, just as Hamilton himself would have spoken. Plain as print-straightforrard, Sir. None of the talk of your folks that want to come their games over you. Straightforrard and to the p'int.

"You all understand," she said, "that Mr. Hamilton conducts the factory business still, though he is not here. I am his agent; so is Mr. Morris. Mr. Richards will continue foreman; the work will go on as usual; you will have directions, as you always have had them. You understand how it is that I rely on you. You are my nearest friends now, for you are working for my husband." As she paused and looked slowly round from man to man, she felt herself the ruler here-knew how the emotion stirring her own heart struck like an electric fire through theirs, binding them, rough men and fair woman, in one circle, to him who had begun this day five years of felon life.

"I am sure that we shall have no disturbance here," she said. "I think that this ground will have a sort of sacredness to the newest man among you. But if any one of you should judge otherwise, and prefer another service, he has only to go. If any of you have misgivings that you will lose by working here, do not fail to go this morning and find another master. not afford to have any misunderstanding here. Let Granby see that Mill Hamilton's men respected him, and stood by him, and proved that they were men, under the worst circumstances.

that you would sign it. How many of you will?"

To a man they all came forward, surrounding her-acting on an impulse-true, an impulse they never could repent; and with an enthusiasm of which they need not in any remote future be ashamed. Mrs. Hamilton's face grew paler as she saw them pressing nearer, every eye intently fixed on her. She trembled when she began to speak again, and the place became instantly and oppressively still.

"I don't ask this of you thinking that I have the advantage of you-that any one of you will sign because you think there may be disagreeable consequences if you should refuse. You are all free. Yet it is not too much, is it, that we should exchange a pledge of mutual assistance this morning? I give you mine through Mr. Morris. I give you mine as the wife of a man whose service has been your good fortune always."

"Yes, that's so," said one, and another, looking at her, nodding, in various ways assenting to what she had asserted.

She turned from them and walked to her husband's office. They all followed, not a man looking at another to see how this step was to be regarded, but all eyes, as all thoughts and all sympathies, were with her who was leading them.

No matter if some of them had been heard to swear with tremendous oaths that they would never sign away their liberty; this occasion had changed the nature of the act. What they did now was, it seemed, the least that could be done in evidence of their desire to serve the outraged Hamilton interest. They would be proud to have this circumstance reported in the Granby Herald. It was but right that the master's wife should have some evidence of their purpose toward her. A band of valiant men, they followed her to sign the pledge that she had drawn up with her own white hand. It was none of your printed formulas, mind ye, that a million men might sign! This was a part of the great axe factory business understand! So they wrote their chivalrous names in rude irregular columns on the sheet of paper; and when her eyes had run over the quaint characters, which made the page to look like a hieroglyphic transfer, they stood prepared to abide by what was written.

She read every name aloud when all was done, then folding the paper said,

"Now I am prepared to carry on this business. You shall have steady work and wages as long as you quit you like men, and stand by your promises.'

There was a murmur, all affirmative, among the men. Not so much as one dissenting look. It seemed she had a fortune in her own right! So they had suspected.

"But if any man has a complaint to make, let him see that justice is on his side, and he Are we, then, all friends? Do you all choose shall not suffer by my service. Don't let there to remain? Then I have a temperance pledge be any outside talking. Let us be united, that

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is all. vears. You will remember that. You'll help me live for it."

The strong "Aye" responded needed almost nothing of energy to be proved a cheer.

She went down the bank alone, found and entered her little boat; and as she pushed from the shore she heard the sound of the trip-hammer, and knew that up and down the river, and round and round the valley the sound would go, a sturdy attestation of self-sustaining courage, and of dauntless integrity.

And-her heart failed her. Failed her as brave hearts will, when they have rendered their best service, and must wait and watch.

Plying the oars, and rowing up the stream, while the glory of the morning fell around her, her heart grew heavier. The high-wrought energy and courage that had sustained her many days seemed to quite forsake her. Fain would she have dropped the oars, resigned the little boat to the strong-rushing current that would swiftly have borne it away to the sea. Out on the great ocean so small a craft might be folded in some single wave. Some one wave, crystalcrested, might have rolled it up as a scroll, and it should be seen no more.

But the white house on the river-bank was full in sight. There she must seek her rest; amidst duties and cares. Not afar from the familiar and the unfriendly, but just there. And there was no covert, no shadowy hidingplace. Conspicuous as a statue on the open square must she stand-but not as the happy marble, blind and deaf.

Cast your stones now, Granby. flesh and blood here. Flesh to bruise, and blood to spill. Tell how lifted up by pride this poor young soul has been till there was nothing good enough for her of plate, tapestries, or damask, of dress or equipage—the prancing bays in their silver-mounted harness. you forgotten? She has a new sense of hearing, finely acute, and nothing of your eloquence shall now be lost upon her. Come and moralize on her downfall.

Sweets have spoiled her; give her gall. Alas! it would take how many flowers of the field to feed the bees who should provide the honey that would sweeten again that gall!

I would she could have wrapped herself in the hide of a rhinoceros; but possibly there is a sting that would pierce even that coveringthe sting of some capable wasp or yellow-jacket, the voiding of whose venom is instinctive, who entertain no positive ill-will toward their victim, though they chance to sting him to death.

Among the few friends who could venture into Mrs. Hamilton's presence this morning was one whose interview claims special mention here; for he came not to transact business, nor urged by duty, but because his heart required him to speak some comfortable word, to do some sustaining deed in behalf of Ju-

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I have the factory to live for these five dith Hamilton. This was the Reverend David

It was his ordained right to pray for mourners, to encourage and counsel the doubting, the helpless, the despairing. Conspicuous among his supporters Mill Hamilton had stood these many years. He had blessed Judith on her wedding-day. He had held in his hand the ring that Hamilton placed on her finger. He was with her when Eddie died. He read the burial-service over the open grave of the beautiful boy. It had been his part to counsel the house of Hamilton then; surely his place was now here.

Mr. Home was a man of Hamilton's age, older by fifteen years than Judith-fifteen ripe, full

When he came into the library where she sat, writing letters that were to be addressed as specified in the long list before her, his bearing was in no whit changed from its usual aspect. Not as if in doubt as to how he should find her, he came. And by no sign would she have perceived his surprise, let her mood and state be what it might. His secret thoughts came rarely out upon his countenance. That was not their platform. Whatever her condition, he deemed he should perfectly meet it. Truly, therefore, as an angel he came—a messenger and his message should answer her want.

Whoever came this day, it was her purpose to receive. The person that sought her-friend, enemy, or gossiping imbecile-should find her. Quite as much pride as trust in human nature was in this resolution. No man should say, no woman should suspect, that Mill Hamilton's wife was not equal to her fortune. She had risen to it with grace, she would maintain it with spirit. Vulgar "purse pride," conscious of the ground of its pre-eminence, would have slunk from its place, under her circumstances, with a sense of humiliation, abject and pitiable. This was not her necessity. Conscious of a right and dignity that money had not purchased and could not maintain, she proceeded to take all those measures her husband had suggested, with the resolute intent, not to stop the mouths of slanderers and defeat her ill-wishers - she scarcely wondered whether such there were this morning—but to conduct the manifold business in which her husband had been engaged.

The minister—a man of mild dignity and of controlling gentleness, and of very commanding presence, that was yet void of every sign or token that could dismay the humblest soul that looked to him as to a servant who faithfully should serve—came into the library where he had been so frequent, and always so welcome a guest. Approaching the table where Judith sat, she arose to meet him. None could have come so opportunely, yet she had no service to claim. He saw his welcome in her eyes, and, taking the hand extended toward him, said, all sympathy in his fine voice,

"The Lord bless you!"

She, as lifted up by an unexpected assurance

—a sign from the heights above her—raised her eyes to his, and, for the first time, smiled. At the same moment she shook her head. His benediction, even, was powerless to avert.

"I must endure it," she said.

To what man or woman in all Granby would she have acknowledged that there was something here she must endure—something remediless, irrevocable, not to be escaped?

"Possibly," he answered. "It may be. But if you endure it, God has given you the strength. I saw Richards, Mrs. Hamilton. He told me what you had been doing."

"Yes, all that is over," she said, wearily; and her glance fell on the work that lay before her on the table, but she pushed it away.

"You have made sure of all the men by going to them in that way. Nothing could have been wiser. I was coming to see how I might be employed in your service—but you will serve yourself. Yet I claim all the work of friendship in your behalf."

"Then pray for me! If I am to live I must have more strength. I need not explain to you. I am afraid of myself—not for myself. My best friend could do no more for me now than remember me to God."

This was the first confession of need that had escaped her lips through all these evil days; and no mere man, standing in his own strength, doing his own work, could have drawn the acknowledgment from her. But this man was David Home—was "a friend of God."

"I have not ceased to pray for you," he said. "Since I saw what the event was likely to be I have had no rest day nor night. Indeed it is my friend who has been taken from me. And till all is done that man can do to reverse this sentence I shall find no peace."

Having said this, he seemed, for the first time, to be wholly at his ease there in that room, in that company.

The idea of a petition for the reversal of the sentence was not new to Judith; yet she started when the minister suggested it. The flashing of her eyes, the brightening of her face, however, was but momentary.

"I must not hope any thing," she said. "I know myself too well. I must keep at work, and not try to loosen my burden. That you believe in my husband should comfort me. It does."

"It would, indeed, be impossible for me to doubt Hamilton's integrity. I have known no truer man. I've had no better friend. We were like brothers when you were a school-girl. He has told you, perhaps, how we first met. I was thinking this morning how much I owe to him. Every thing that one man can owe to another. He has been a sort of providence to me."

"You were with him in the factory once," she said, not unwilling, it seemed, that her thoughts should be diverted from the present trouble and duty by a past and happy reminiscence.

"I was working in a furnace when he came to Broad Mountain for iron. We liked each other from the first, and it was on his recommendation that I came to Granby. It tried me sorely when I found that I must disappoint him, for he wanted to keep me in the factory. Still he would not advise me when I found that I must go into the ministry. He taught me a lesson then that I have never forgotten when he refused to advise me. He merely said, 'It is a choice between wealth and poverty; but there are better things, no doubt, than money, and worse things than the lack of it.' That has always been his generous way. No matter what his own convictions were, after he had fairly stated them, a man was free from his solicitations. He had nothing more to say. I thank God for the promise of a day when all secrets shall be revealed, that at last the wheat and tares shall be separated."

Immortal hope was in his voice—was it then content with thinking how eternity should meet the wants unanswered through all time?

"He hopes nothing from a petition. He told me so last night. He even said he would not ask his friends to present one. But how will he ever live through these five years! They are made of days and nights, of moments! He hasn't the same evil pride that I have to sustain him—he hasn't any thing like the same obstinate kind of strength. The dishonor will pierce him to the heart. Think of him hindered from planning and generously executing in the way he has done all this while, all his life I might say!"

"I think you have not judged him rightly there," said Mr. Home. "There's a kind of strength in Hamilton that hasn't been required of him, at least in late years; it isn't obstinacy nor pride, but endurance and patience. I think he will discover himself anew now; he is greater in resources than he ever supposed."

"Patience!" she said, as if the word were at this moment unintelligible to her.

"The nerve that made such a manhood as his out of such a childhood as he had. Can you recollect him as he was long ago? I can. He don't seem the same person. The rugged strength of his character has been partly hidden, but never corrupted by changed circumstances. He is not a man to be sensualized or deteriorated by the increase of worldly fortune. Not at his table nor any where has he shown himself in danger of excess. He has maintained his integrity. Therefore, if God shall spare him, he will not die. And you!—you have the courage to walk through these five years; that he lives will be enough—no matter where, no matter how. The separation will at last be over."

He spoke with an earnestness and emotion his own mother even might have been surprised to witness. So eager was he to lay all consolation before her that now, in her necessity, she might choose what should sustain her.

Judith listened quietly. She said:

"It must be enough. When nothing can be



done, submission is the only thing—not despair. I will not complain. You have taught me that we are not alone in suffering. Your best teaching has been that God cares for us."

So the gay and fashionable woman, as they called her, came humbly to her confession, and Mr. Home might scan her face in vain for any token of a weak self-deception at this moment. He saw that her glance now fell again on the list of names she had consulted in addressing the letters written, and those yet to be written, and said,

"I thank you for saying that. Not that I doubted how it must be with you; but the very utterance of such convictions will strengthen them, while it comforts me. For we must bear each other's burdens. I will not hinder you any longer, unless you will let me assist you."

She rose, but said.

"I need all the work I shall find to do." There she hesitated. And yet why? She seemed to throw contempt on herself for that very hesitation; her eyes flashed as if she were aware that she had obtained a victory, albeit in a struggle she must disdain, when she spoke again. "I have spoken to Morris about the bays. I must sell them. If I had the inclination even to drive them again, I need the money they will bring more. And I have concluded to let Tom go as well. He is a gentle creature, the best riding horse I have found. But I shall have no use for him. All the stock too. You might mention it if you found fit opportunity. But one thing, I want your dear mother to have Daisy and her calf. And if you have no good pasture ground there is the field on the corner, the one edged by the maples. It is for your mother. You can not refuse the gift for her."

When she said this she seemed expostulating, as if she had seen in some quick glauce of the eye, or involuntary movement, the rejection of her kindness. But he said,

"I accept it for her, Mrs. Hamilton."

The answer seemed to meet her need. There was in it a friendly sympathy that perfectly answered the moment's necessity; it drew from her yet further attestation of her confidence in him.

"I have abundant means to pay all the outstanding debts. You may tell your mother this. She will be glad to know it. My marriage portion, that Mr. Hamilton settled upon me, is untouched—and my uncle's legacy. So if the affairs of the factory were in a bad condition I should still be able to arrange every thing. I purpose to conduct that business till he comes back to it. And I shall wait for him here. You have a right to know my plans. He knows them all. He will have no anxiety thinking of me."

"Mrs. Hamilton," said the minister, "I thank you. You more than relieve my anxiety on your account. I wonder that I felt the least for you. I should have understood you better."

She did not answer that acknowledgment, but said,

"If you will go into the grapery you will find

beautiful fruits there for your mother; and the garden is full of flowers, it seems a pity they should not still be appreciated. If you would use them—"

But as Mr. Home went from the library, though he passed quite through the grapery and the flower-garden also, he left untouched the luscious fruit and fragrant bloom. Something besides engrossed him—a courageous heart beating in a woman's breast—quiet in calamity—resolute, generous, thoughtful for others, while yet she stood exposed before the world, household defenses all torn away from her.

He too, said, "She's equal to it." He had no doubt of that. Yet sometimes the power of resistance, of endurance, saddens most the very hearts of whom you might expect the most cheerful appreciation.

ПI.

While he is going away, and the letters are being written, let us look back among the events and scenes that stand as way-marks in the past of Judith Hamilton.

If we should look not more than twenty years into the distance we might see, on the bank of the Grand River, on the very site now occupied by the axe factory, a work-shop, by no means a model one. A building rough and old, which might have been a shed once, or a barn, transformed to serve a purpose; for Hamilton, the young, energetic workman, was a poor man, and the purchase of his machinery had burdened him with debt. But so sanguine was he of ultimate success in his work that the burden neither harassed his sleep nor damaged his appetite. It cost him, he said, less than nothing to live, and all his pride and energy were working together to produce one result. When he could look upon the sign-painted in red and black-that swung between the chimneys, and feel that all things the sign stood for were his, unincumbered, he should ask for "nothing more in this world." This was the one thing he expected, the one thing he desired.

He said this to himself with great confidence, and it was time, he thought, that he should know his own aims and desires. He had lived twenty years, and from his tenth year had maintained himself, laboring on with an end in view of which the factory was his daring exponent. When he had made his fortune he would think of other things; till then, brain and hand might tire, but they should have no rest.

I suppose he knew himself quite as well as the most of us.

The axe factory was a novelty in Granby when the sound of the trip-hammer first startled the town. It never lost its attractiveness to the school children passing by. They would hang round the doors, watching at a distance the roaring fire of the furnace, the heating of metal, the opening jaws of the irresistible loop, the revolving of wheels, and would laugh in each other's faces as they tried to drown with childish voices the deafening din of the hammer.

Some of the more courageous of the children



could, of course, not content themselves with observations conducted at safe distances. They must needs go in and investigate; let the glare of the fire fall on their little faces, with breath-consuming violence, and watch the ghastly effects of the strange lights on the faces of the grim firemen who dealt those mighty blows on the yielding fiery bars; approach so near the great wheel as to feel the rush of the quickened air; the sense of possible danger, the trembling of the old building, the clatter of the machinery; not improbably the very dust and dirt conspired to make the place irresistibly attractive.

But on a day one of the school children unluckily tripped against the wheel, and a great cry was raised, whereat Mill Hamilton put them out, one and all, boys and girls, with the angry assurance that whoever of them ventured on his premises again should have a sound flogging. Hadn't he enough to do, without keeping eyes all round his head in order to prevent their being caught up by ropes, and sent flying round the wheels? Whereat, as much astonished by his threat as if he had then and there carried it into execution, the children made their exit. Not one of them endeavored to ascertain thereafter whether possibly an exception would be made in his or her favor.

But one day when Judith Danton was passing by alone, the young authority, standing in the door-way, I don't say on the out-look, took from his pocket a small steel hatchet, polished perfectly, and secured in a dainty handle, and gave it to her. What might it mean? She seemed surprised, and asked, though a faint blush of satisfaction warmed her face and brightened her fine dark eyes.

"For you," he said. "I saw you had such hard work the other day when you were looking for those fossils. That will take a bit of slatestone to pieces as you'd cut open a new book with a paper-folder." He stepped back to his red desk, that stood in a corner of the dingy factory, and brought out a bit of slate. In that ancient herbarium were preserved the tokens of what had grown and flourished under the summer sky, ages ago, on some fair green plain that had long since turned to stone.

"Do you mean me to keep it for my own?" she asked.

"All for your own. I can stamp your name on it, and then there'll be no danger of your losing it. What is your name, though?"

"Judith Danton."

"Will you wait for it?"

"Yes;" then she qualified that answer—"I don't care." But the utterance of these words produced a strange result in her. She was too honest even to affect indifference which she did not feel. "I would like to," she said.

"It's a long time since you looked in on us busy fellows."

"You told us not to come." Now her position was defined. She felt at ease now; she could linger on this scene of dark enchantment, and not feel disgraced.

"Oh, you remembered that! Well, it was wise of you, though I didn't mean it for any one like you. You can take care of yourself very well. Still there might be danger; there is for any one who comes an inch too near. You can't play with such machinery any more than you can with edge-tools."

So speaking young Mill Hamilton looked round him proudly, though it was merely to a child he spoke. But such a child! he would have said. Without beauty, what was the charm he felt when he looked at her? She stood so straight and looked so steady—so "capable:" that was what had attracted his notice when, plagued no longer by the visits of the young folk, he began to feel some compunction because of the rough threat that had more than accomplished his purpose. He could not but observe her among the others when she walked so steadily along, fixing her eye on the remoter distance as she approached the factory, never forgetting the rude expulsion they had had from its doors

He remembered, too, in this very connection, that she was the girl who of all had manifested the most intelligent interest in the machinery. How still she stood that morning when Richards caught her dress from the wheel that would in a moment more have involved her in its circuit! Hamilton never would forget that scene, when his head-man rushed from the forge with the iron bar heated to red heat in his hand - how he stood over the girl, knowing that he had saved her life; and she-slight, young proud thing!-looked up into his dark, grim face, that was all quivering with emotion, and thanked him. Her unchildlike pride and unabating dignity excited the young master's curiosity, and he hit upon the device of the miniature axe, which he was now quick to see pleased the little lady well.

"Come in a minute," said he, stepping back, "and I will show you about Here, Joe, stamp this handle, 'Judith Danton!' Now, miss, you can walk about while it's being done."

But she hesitated yet. So he said, in an apologetic tone,

"You know it was the best thing I could do for the children to keep them out of harm's way. I wouldn't like to see any boy or girl go limping round the street or maimed for life—the right hand cut off, maybe—by any thing I owned."

That seemed to be a conclusive explanation; and Judith consented, under his guidance, to examine the works. And so Mill Hamilton showed her about and explained the machinery.

They had been good friends since that day.

Then had come a time when Judith walked along the river banks, and listened to the singing of the wild ducks floating down the stream, as to the sound of music from the further shore; for there was nothing nearer than the further bank; and there stood the factory, and there lived Mill Hamilton, and he to her in those days was the music of a dream. Sometimes he would row her in a boat up or down the river to famous aquatic gardens, where the pond lilies

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bloomed: and when she sat with the white and yellow blossoms in her hands and under her feet, the very boat half filled with them, rejoicing in them with such serious delight, a satisfaction that seemed to him so deep, so little girlish, mindful of them even to forgetfulness of him—for around her uncle's house was no room for flower blooming, and she prized every living sprig, or branch, or stem he broke for her, for its living beauty's sake—his ambition rose to a height that left secondary his old purpose of freeing himself from debt before he would desire or strive for any earthly thing.

He called the pride of Judith "dignity," and was not afraid of it. Nothing could have suited him so well—he thought no style, no manner of beauty, so well as Judith Danton's quiet grace. Other girls were livelier, were gayer; made him laugh more heartily, gave a keener brightness to the passing hour. But that was not what he wanted. Not the thoughtless gayety of unreflecting youth! Here was a mind that could discern the ends of life, and was able to strive for what itself should love; or for that which its love should struggle after, in fearless sympathy.

One Saturday evening when work was done, and school tasks out of mind, they were out together in a boat, and not by accident. Their talk was usually bounded by the events of their quiet lives, at least by the limits of Granby; but this night they ventured further. Judith said:

"I don't know why it fascinates me so, looking at that loop, but it seems when it opens its great jaws and Richards puts in the axe, and all the rough edges are taken off, just as if some horrible misfortune were taking hold of me, and was cutting off all the rough edges—there are enough of them. But trouble don't always do that. And I don't know but a little more of it would make me a great deal worse instead of better."

"You can't know much of trouble, I should think," said Mill, in a light way; but his eyes turned full upon her with more seriousness in them even than usual.

"No, not much," she answered, leaning over the side of the boat to watch the innumerable tiny fishes that were darting right and left before the progress of the boat, as if it were some dire, harmful thing.

"It's a poor kind of character trouble makes worse, you know," said he; and Judith reflected on the words after a manner that made it likely she never would forget them.

"I know that," she answered seriously, "and that's what scares me. For it seems as if I should defy it, and set myself against it, not in a good way, not in the right way."

Then the young oarsman would fain encourage her.

"Oh, if you think so, there would be no danger, I guess. It's those that don't fear who are in danger always."

"Do you think so?"

"Why, yes; if you feared a thing you would be on your guard against it, wouldn't you?"

"I don't know that," she answered, promptly, as if she had in some strait made herself experimentally acquainted with the force of the whole argument. "It is the very thing. It seems to me that I should defy my own fear. I wouldn't have a loop in a factory, I know, if I owned one."

"You'd make a poor hand at trimming axes, then, I can tell you," said Mill. "A loop is a capital thing. It is one of the inventions. I paid a pretty sum for getting that one up; but you can't guess the labor it saves. I should think you'd hate the trip-hammer then, it's such a noisy thing."

"No; I don't hate the hammer. It seems to say that nothing can put you down; put it down, I mean." She corrected herself, with the very least show of confusion.

He did not accept the amendment, but spoke up with more than usual confidence, emboldened even by her embarrassment.

"That's because you know I am determined to succeed," said he. "I am. You listen sometime and see if it don't say so, when it comes down with such vim. It's a good thing for a man to know what he wants to do; for then, ten to one, he'll do it." As Mill said this, he was all unconscious of the fact that he had so much modified his original plan that one disposed to sarcasm might have smiled just here a very significant smile on him. But Judith's face was only expressive of the serious interest that was full of understanding, which made him think how excellent a helper she would be in this business of life; and made him believe that what he had begun to wish for was even already ordained.

"If it is a good thing for a man, then it is for a woman," said she.

"Yes;" he looked satisfied of it, and yet curious

"Did you ever have a trouble though, with thinking about it in the first place, what you would do?" she asked, as one comrade might ask of another, concerning this curious business of human life.

"No," he said. "I was in the trade from the time I began. I was in a factory at Millport, and I always liked it. I found out some things about the machinery, and was a good hand at working. So of course I kept to the business. I'm not sorry for that. It's what I was prepared for, and knew about."

"Just as I am for teaching. But I do not like it. I never said so before to any one," she said, half scared it seemed that she had confessed so much as this. "It is what I shall do, of course. But I am not sure that I can do it well. It is different making axes. You can select your material. You would not think of using lead instead of steel for edge-tools."

"No, indeed," he laughed. Somehow her perplexity pleased him; but not because it pained her, surely. He felt in himself so strong, so



equal to all the emergencies of doubt; and the eager impulse of helpfulness never more strongly than now in Judith's behalf. But he must explain this, for when he laughed she looked surprised and pained.

"Does your uncle expect it of you?" he asked. "I mean, does he know what you mean to do?"

"Yes; it has always been the plan. I comfort myself with thinking how long it has taken me to learn any thing. And it is the way with every thing I know, little by little. But I shall feel as if it was all my fault if I have such dunces in my school as I've seen among girls that you'd think had never any thing but books in their hands."

"Just look at these lilies there," said Mill; "isn't there a difference? But they both had their chance, only, I suppose, it wasn't in the little one to grow like the big one. And the yellow one couldn't be white. Neither could the white one be a yellow. That's the way you must look at it. Nature is at the bottom, do your best. I think you'll make a teacher."

"I'll do my best," she said, encouraged. "Uncle has his hands full without me. But they have been very kind to me. Maybe I can do something for the children some day. But I'm afraid it's a long while yet.'

"Do you mean to go away from Granby?" asked Mill, rowing faster, and looking toward the banks as if in momentary expectation ofhe would have been greatly puzzled to say what.

"Yes; uncle and I have been talking about it. I can do better if I go South. I may get a salary there, in some good school, when I have my diploma.'

"Then you mean to graduate?"

"Yes; but I must teach a little first. I'm going to begin in the fall. I have a place promised, and that's the reason I've been so busy all summer. You were asking me about it." And that was why he had all this information, she would have him remember.

Mill thought that before she went away from Granby he should be able to give her some advice about the school teaching. But then, as he knew, girls and other people are not to be relied on entirely in the matter of accepting counsel. Only, he thought he had remarked that Judith was more reasonable than some others, and would, he could not doubt, be glad of his advice.

But, as might have been predicted, before Judith had fixed upon the hour of departure from Granby she revised her purpose of going away at all. The not attractive vision of plodding days and anxious nights, wild wills, and selfish hearts, and ignorant understandings, had faded out of sight. She might begin her life's work nearer home-share with Mill Hamilton more than friendly confidences, and more than honest counsel. He would not willingly endure the thought that she should pass away from his sight so far that he might not seek her in his

came from church; or lend her books; he had denied himself in so many things since he could remember, his voluntary actions had all involved self-subjection. Why should he not at last cease from this life-penance? But all plans of prudence, all ambitious aims, brought themselves into what strange subjection, to the strong desire that with a sort of fierceness supplanted all others, and would take no other answer than that Judith herself should give.

What he had hoped, expected of her, she really fulfilled They had worked together. The old shed gave place in time to the solid stone structure now occupied by Hamilton's workmen. From poor lodgings the young pair passed into a decent cottage in the heart of the town. At last the handsome house was built by the river side, and gradually the rough grounds were brought into their present orderly state; the fine lawn grew in beauty year by year; the conservatories, grapery, flower-gardens began to shine conspicuous features of the place; fabulous fruits ripened on their walls of brick and of glass; and people magnified these splendors to suit their own sense of fitness.

EUROPEAN SOUVENIRS.

DO not absolutely believe that I am the Wandering Jew. I can not reconcile myself to the idea that I am an illustration of the Pythagorean doctrine of metempsychosis. And yet I seem to have seen and known every body, and to have shared in many of the great occurrences which in the aggregate have made up history. Even as the witches in Macbeth presented to the astonished gaze of the regicide a line of kings, so does my memory bring upon the canvas a host of royal and imperial personages who have all filled a conspicuous place in history.

I go back to the summer of 1814. The arms of the coalesced sovereigns of Europe had at length crushed the colossal power of Napoleon, and the Emperor Alexander I., of Russia, the King Frederick William III., of Prussia, with sundry Hetmans, Grand Dukes and Duchesses, Marshals and Princes, assembled in England as guests of the Prince Regent, afterward George IV. The friendship which an illustrious military member of the aristocracy entertained for our family led to my being taken to a public ball given in honor of those distinguished visitors, and I gazed at each celebrity with eyes of admiration and veneration, for all had been actors in the momentous scenes which distinguished the war growing out of the French Revolution. The Russian Emperor was tall and handsome, but the expression of his face was rather that of an amiable than a resolute sovereign; he of Prussia was heavy in the extreme, as if tobacco and lager-bier had done their worst with him. Old "Vorwärts," Field-Marshal Blucher, challenged universal regard, for he was the type of a brave old soldier, and he had won the hearts of the English by coming ("mit my whole army!"). evening stroll; or on Sundays join her as she to the assistance of Wellington at the very crisis

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Platoff, the Hetman of the Cosof Waterloo. sacks, attracted some notice; but he was quite surpassed, as an object of public curiosity, by a rough Cossack of the Don whom he had brought over from St. Petersburg. This Cossack wore a scarlet tunic, a fur cap, and a pair of very large, baggy, brown trowsers, which so completely took the fancy of the fashionable men of the day that "Cossacks" became the rage. With the women, the terribly long mustaches of this Northern lancer were the main objects of admiration. It was said that when he sat on the coach-box, side by side with Platoff's Jehu, his mustaches used to be passed in at the carriage window for convenience of stowage. Sharing with the hirsute adornments of the Cossack, the delight and astonishment of the fair sex, the bonnets of the Duchess of Oldenburg, the sister of Alexander of Russia, soon became la mode. Indeed, this was emphatically the era of monstrosities in dress. The Prince Regent, afterward George IV., affected coats with long, thin swallow tails, commencing somewhere between the shoulderblades and extending to the ground. Never was the caricaturist more actively employed; never did John Bull, always more or less ridiculous in his costume, present so many marks for the shafts of the satirist. Songs and ballads were made and roared about the streets and in the theatres, having the glaring eccentricities of dress for their themes. I recall a couple of doggerel verses sang by a rustic:

- "But the folks in the street, by the Lord, make me stare, So comical droll is the dress that they wear! The gentlemen's waists are atop of their backs And their large Cossack trowsers do fit them like sacks.
- "Then the ladies their dresses are equally queer, They wear such large bonnets their face can't appear; It puts me in mind-don't think I'm a joker-Of a coal-scuttle stuck on the head of a poker! Then they wear on their heads green leaves such a power, My thoughts always run on a great cauliflower; While to keep off the flies and to hide from beholders They wear a large cabbage set over their shoulders.

But I digress. The Prince Regent was a tremendous fop at this epoch. Always a beau, he had, however, trusted in youth to the advantage of a fine person and a peculiar grace of manner for the means of conquest; but now he was getting obese, pursy, and bloated. Brummell had pronounced the damaging "Who's your fat friend?" and the corset-maker was called in to confine within presentable limits the "increasing belly," born of gross indulgence. His unpopularity was enormous. Although his regal position as the locum tenens of his insane old father had been embellished by a series of military successes which brought peace to the world, the British people could not forget that he had always been to them a costly spendthrift; that he was a bad husband, a gambler, a false and fickle friend, a sensualist-in short, he was personally detested by the masses. But he had his admirers among people of grand ideas, for his-in all that related to selfish enjoyment-were singular-· ly grand, if it be not paradoxical to associate

General officer who took me to the ball told me some years later that when, at the Prince's table, the conversation turned upon the sums voted for emperors and kings (suggested by recent discussions of the sum allotted to Napoleon at Elba), the Prince remarked that the man who could not subsist on £100,000 (\$500,000) per annum ought to be ashamed of himself! A gentleman present, whose income did not exceed £2000 a year, ventured to ask his Royal Highness how it would be possible for any one to spend so large a sum upon himself in the course of twelve months? "Oh! nothing more easy," replied "Fum the Fourth." "Indeed it would require a little economizing!" " As how, Sir?" "Why," H. R. H. condescended to reply, "in the first place, a man would require a good town-house in one of the fashionable squares, and that, with the servants, would cost £5000 or £6000 a year. Then he would need his box at the opera, his open and closed carriages, his horses for the Park, his club, his whist, a considerable wardrobe, a good cellar of wine for his friends, and a snug little sum for his menus plaisirs. Of course he would have a country-house in some charming situation, with park, deer, ferme ornée, a sheet of water, fishing apparatus, etc., and a lawn for archery and fêtes champêtres. In another county-say Leicestershire, good for fox-hunting-he would keep his hounds and a mansion. It would be impossible for him to descend to shoot upon another man's grounds, and he therefore would require a shooting-box of his own in Norfolk. He would naturally have a yacht and his aquatic residence at the Isle of Wight; and when to this you add that he must go to the Continent for the autumn or bleak winter, and shake his elbow at Frascati's or one of the maisons de jeu at Baden or Homburg, I think you will say that £100,000 is not out of the way!"

To a people whose happy simplicity of habit leads them to assign no more than \$25,000 a year to their President, such a stupendous income as £100,000 may appear an impossibility. Yet have I known several noblemen and gentlemen whose incomes ranged between £50,000 and £100,000. The Dukes of Devonshire, Northumberland, and Buccleugh, the Marquis of Westminster, Earl Cardigan, Lord Ellesmere, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and others, have enormous rentals. My late friend, Sir Joseph Bailey, a great iron-master in Wales, owned property in eight counties, had nine clerical livings in his gift, and employed 12,000 persons. He had several magnificent houses. Though originally a poor boy, uneducated and friendless, he had worked his way upward; and as he advanced in wealth he cultivated a taste for literature and the arts. At Glen Usk, in Breconshire, he had a superb library and many beautiful paintings and pieces of sculpture. His house—his palace, rather—contained sixty best bedrooms, each twenty to thirty feet square; and he told me that it was good economy to grandeur with individual gratification. The have them filled throughout the winter, and



their occupants. As how? "I will tell you," said Sir Joseph. "The hares, rabbits, and pheasants in my preserves play the very deuce with my grain. They would eat up the value of £1000 in a few weeks. Now if I invite forty or fifty friends with their wives down here, and each man brings his gun, I get my fields and coppices cleared of the marauders, and have my table well supplied with game into the bargain!" This was buying a character for hospitality at a cheap rate. Sir Joseph found land the grand source of wealth and consequence, and he coveted every acre on which his eye rested. He lent money on the mortgage of land, and invariably foreclosed if the borrower made default. One lady, a buxom widow, owned a small property in the very heart of the Glen Usk estate. Bailey moved heaven and earth to get it into his hands. He begged, entreated, offered large sums; but the widow had a pride in possession, and would not relinquish an inch. Indeed Bailey's anxiety only made her value the estate the more. He was quite a Sir Giles Overreach in his agrarian covetousness. Sir Joseph, in his seventy-fifth year, was very anxious to be raised to the peerage, and offered to give £30,000 to any one who could induce Lord Palmerston to recommend his elevation to the Queen. But Palmerston was inexorable - he would not listen to any thing "so unconstitutional." words! Bailey was opposed to Palmerston in politics: it was of small account that he could make two or three Conservatives vacate their seats in Parliament, and replace them by Whigs of Palmerston's choice. The Premier never attempted to conciliate a fee, or to serve any man who was not of his own party and active in collecting votes on a division. Bailey actually sought to attract the Queen's favor by giving £3000 to the Wellington College, and £2000 to the Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows. All in vain! Her Majesty never moves in such matters excepting by the advice of her Prime Minister. Bailey died a baronet, leaving an immense property to his grand-children. He had lost his eldest son and heir.

Among the richest of the parvenus was the late Sir Robert Peel. I knew him well. He was a man of fine taste and an enlarged mind: he did not fear to share with the Duke of Wellington the obloquy attendant upon political apostasy. For years he opposed himself to Catholic emancipation and the Corn Laws, but at last took a prominent part in effecting the first and abolishing the second in the presence of public expediency. Peel took me down to Drayton Manor to show me his pictures. He had a glorious gallery, and loved to encourage artists. Not merit only, but struggling, mistaken genius, like Haydon's, found a munificent friend in Peel. He loved Landseer, Maclise, and Mulready. Yet, with all his ease and kindness in private, Sir Robert could not get over a certain hauteur in public. He probably found it necessary to assume a lofty carriage among | Vernon asked him about the pictures—their val-

plenty of Champagne at the dinner-table for | the titled nobility, who despised les nouveaux riches. I was much struck with this at the funeral of poor Tom Campbell-he who wrote the "Battle of the Baltic" and "Gertrude of Wyoming." Peel's head was thrown back very superciliously as he stood at the edge of the grave; and when the officiating clergyman uttered the name of "Jesus," at which all present reverently bowed, Peel condescended to a slight inclination—as much as to say, "Well, I suppose I must give way a little on such occasions."

> The mention of Sir Edwin Landscer recalls to my recollection an incident illustrative of his power of sketching likenesses from memory. The late Mr. Vernon, who bequeathed his gallery to the British public, and which now adorns the South Kensington Museum, invited Sir Edwin to his house in the country to paint a favorite horse. While Landseer was there he went to divine service at an old parish church, musty and ivy clad, a few miles off. On his return his opinion of the preacher was challenged. "Oh, for a young man it was well enough; but it was not what you had led me to expect." "Young man!" ejaculated Vernon; "why, my dear Sir, - is at least sixty, and for seventeen years has been avowedly the finest preacher in the county!" "Then I must have heard some one else." "Oh no; our rector never misses. He was here yesterday, so he can not be ill." Landseer persevered, and at length said, "I'll give you a sketch of the man I heard." Vernon put paper and pencil before him, and in five minutes Sir Edwin had produced a life-like portrait of rather a heavy-looking curate. "Why," cried Vernon, "that's the Reverend James ----, who officiates at ---, twenty miles off! I never saw such a portrait! You must know him." "I heard and saw him to-day for the first time." And so it proved. The rector and the curate had changed places for once.

> The history of the Vernon Gallery is singular. Mr. Vernon had no particular taste for pictures. He was rich, and lent money. One of his debtors, who resided near him, had failed to fulfill his bond. Vernon put an execution on his house. While the bailiffs were in occupation the poor heart-broken debtor died. Vernon went to the house to see whether the property, when disposed of, would cover the amount of his claim. He saw some fine pictures on the walls; he also saw the wailing widow. Struck by her beauty, and commiserating her grief, he suspended hostile operations, and desired she would continue at her abode. He renewed his visits; each time he was more pleased with the widow; and when a decent period had elapsed he declared himself enamored of her, and said that if she would become his wife not a chattel she had been accustomed to see in her house should be removed. All should be transferred to her new dwelling. The widow-long obdurate-melted, and Vernon became the owner of the pictures. He had a favorite nephew-Heath, the optician-living with him. I knew Heath—a man of cultivated taste.



ue—their painters. Heath took the opportunity of dwelling upon the claims of artists to munificent patronage, and told his uncle that no more noble use could be made of the gifts of fortune than the encouragement of painting. Vernon took the hint, at once gave commissions to various artists of the highest repute, and soon accumulated that noble collection which is now public property and bears the name of the do-

In juxtaposition with the Vernon gift is the donation of Mr. Sheepshanks. This gentleman, a Lancashire cotton-spinner, had cultivated a taste for the arts for some years. Not very long ago he became the purchaser of a charming picture representing Marie Antoinette mending the coat of Louis XVI. in the Temple. The painter being a Royal Academician, the painting was exhibited at the National Gallery. The Queen saw it, and at once expressed a desire to become its possessor. Mrs. Sheepshanks refused to part with it. All negotiation was unavailing. The Queen's wishes had enhanced its value. To the surprise of the public, therefore, the whole of the Sheepshanks gallery was presented, a few years later, to the nation. Was this the result of Mr. S.'s annoyance at his wife's disloyal selfishness? Was it the amende made, through the public, to the mortified Sovereign?

The triumph of Captain Ericsson, after so many years of hopeless toil in the caloric interest, reminds me of the struggles of the great pioneer of the overland communication with India, poor Thomas Waghorn. It is now upward of thirty years since Waghorn arrived in Bombay, full of a scheme for navigating a steamer round the Cape of Good Hope, which steamer, that it might carry a sufficiency of fuel for the whole trip, was only to take the mails and one passenger. On the day of Waghorn's arrival a meeting was held by the merchants to receive proposals from a Mr. Taylor for the formation of a company which was to open a communication with India via the Red Sea. Waghorn's scheme was scouted. Taylor received great encouragement, as far as promises could be relied upon, and he started for Europe with a party of friends, traveling up the Persian Gulf and Euphrates en route to Constantinople; but the whole party was murdered by the Yezedees near Diarbekir. On the receipt of the news in India Waghorn changed his tactics, and declared for the Red Sea route, offering to return to Europe with mercantile letters. But the "Ducks"-as the Bombay people are familiarly called in India-thought him mad or eccentric. Certainly he was afflicted with monomania—he could think, speak, dream of nothing but "steam." It became necessary, when in his company, to avoid all allusion to any thing which could supply him with an excuse for bursting out on his favorite topic. Kettles, smoking tureens, condensed vapor, one shunned; for he watched, as a cat watches for a mouse, for an opportunity of bringing in steam navigation. On one unfortunate occasion I introduced him to a Major he could not offer an impromptu reply to an

Hawkins, a military engineer, saying, "Waghorn, make the acquaintance of my esteemed friend, Major Hawkins." "Steamed, Sir, did you say?" exclaimed Waghorn; "I am delighted." He seized Hawkins by the button and victimized him. Mad as he was, however, Waghorn contrived to carry his point with the London merchants and the ministry. He besieged the office of the Foreign Secretary, he worried the Premier, tortured the Duke of Wellington, and bullied the public through the press. At length the merchants consented to test his repeated asseverations that letters could be carried to India, via Egypt and the Red Sea, in half the time that it required to send them round the Cape of Good Hope. They intrusted him with a large packet and the means of paying his expenses. He set out, traveled express to Marseilles, went on a French vessel to Alexandria, hastened across the desert on a camel, hired a small vessel at Kosseir, and sailed down to India, accomplishing the feat in less than two months. All skepticism now vanished. If this feat could be accomplished by sailing vessels, what might not a steamer achieve? A company was formed; Waghorn was rewarded with a lieutenancy in the Royal Navy, and soon drank himself to death: and thenceforward India was brought 10,000 miles nearer to England. Mighty have been the results!

Macaulay was in India when the Waghorn triumph was achieved. I dined with him on the day when the news reached Calcutta of Waghorn's arrival in Bombay. The dinner party was not a large one; Macaulay never entertained upon a grand scale; but the guests were numerous enough to form an audience sufficiently acceptable to the garrulous histori-The difficulties which Waghorn had overcome suggested a brilliant after-dinner speech on the obstacles which had ever opposed themselves to great enterprises and inventions, and we had-what was Macaulay's forte in writing as well as speech making—a gorgeous array of historical illustrations. Peter the Hermit, Columbus, Vasco de Gama, Newton, John Hunter, Humphrey Davy, Fulton, and a host of minor pioneers of human knowledge were brought on the tapis with powerful effect. It was at once a treat and a trouble to hear Macaulay talk. All that he said he said well; no man could say it better; but there was too much of it. sense of oppressiveness came over the listener at the end of the first half hour. But Macaulay could not help it. Abundance of ideas begat affluence of speech, and when once he started a subject familiar or agreeable to him he could not stop himself until he had talked an essay for the Edinburgh Review. He said of Charles James Fox that he wrote speeches, and of Sir James Mackintosh that he spoke essays. He might have said the very same thing of himself.

It was often predicted of Macaulay, when in the House of Commons, that though he could make a brilliant oration with some preparation,

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This was a mistake. I have heard opponent. Macaulay in argument with Hallam, the historian, and Dr. Bloomfield, the late Bishop of London, at the Johnson Club, and was perfectly astonished at the felicity with which he overturned false reasonings, and the fertility of his illustrations derived from the Greek, Latin, and Italian poets. He was never at a loss. The whole region of polite literature was at his com-

Dr. Daniel Wilson, the Bishop of Calcutta, vehemently admired "Tom Macaulay." had known him from boyhood; for Wilson was one of the noble band of anti-slavery men who fought the good fight until emancipation was effected. Zachary Macaulay, Wilberforce, Clarkson, Buxton, and Brougham were the others. Dr. Wilson was a zealous missionary, and would have done something in the way of Hindoo conversion if his spirit had been more catholic. But he was a most intolerant Episcopalian, and could not bring himself to co-operate heartily with Presbyterians, Baptists, or Methodists. He even refused to allow them to aid in the establishment of Infant Schools. His sermons were sometimes grand-often eccentric. His elevation to a bishopric turned the poor man's head; and from the simple Vicar of Islington he became one of the most sycophantic and pompous of prelates. He called his house in Calcutta "the Episcopal Palace." He was always "My Lord Bishop," and in his prayers for the rulers of India he gave the magnates all their titles at full length—somewhat thus: "Bless, O Lord, the Right Honorable the Governor-General of India, His Excellency the noble Lord William Cavendish Bentinck, Grand Cross of the Bath -bless the wise and brave Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Edward Burnes, Knight of the Tower and Sword, Grand Cross of the Bath, and Lieutenant-Governor of the Windward and Leeward Islands," etc., etc. Wilson, though a sincere Christian and an able and orthodox preacher, was, after all, a good deal of an actor, and often amused his congregation by his pulpit drolleries.

Apropos of actors. Macready, who was used so scurvily at the Astor-Place house, is enjoying the otium cum dignitate at Sherborne, in the west of England, devoting his leisure to the editorship of school books, and sometimes "reading" in small towns for the benefit of literary institutions. Happy in his retirement, he nevertheless looks back with pleasure upon his visit to America, where, by his professional efforts, he retrieved the losses he had experienced in his management of Drury Lane. Macready was without exception the most irritable of all those despotic monarchs, theatrical managers, and had consequently less of the affection of the actors than any man similarly situated. He observed the coldest distance, the most stately reserve, in all his professional intercourse with the better actors and actresses, and treated the "little people" with disdain and harshness. Sometimes they resented

Macbeth at the Princess's Theatre. The man who was to play the "First Murderer," perseveringly walked down to the centre of the stage in the banquet scene, completely obscuring the King from view. "Good God! man," exclaimed Macready, "what do you mean? Go back, and advance to that point," indicating a plank considerably to the left. The man retired, came forward again-still too much in advance. "Heavens! man, are you mad? I say—are you -are you mad? Go back-go back, Sir!" and thrusting his right hand into the bosom of his waistcoat and twisting his hair about with the left, he frantically walked up and down the stage. The poor "Murderer" repeated the entrée: it was not the thing. "Carpenter, carpenter!" at length ejaculated Macready, in a state of frenzy. "O God!" The carpenter came. "Look," said the excited Macbeth, "do you see that plank there-there?" "I do, Sir." "Well, get a brase-headed nail and a hammer." They were brought. "Now drive the nail into that spot," pointing to the place which he wished "the Murderer" to occupy. It was done. "Now you, Sir," addressing the unfortunate cause of his anger, "look at that nail. Come down to that spot -not an inch further-and wait there till I come down." The night arrived. The banquet scene is set. The "Murderer" gets his cue, and he enters. Macready looks anxiously toward him. The man has suddenly stopped, and is turning round and round, apparently hunting with his eyes for something he has dropped on the ground. The audience titter. Macready's gall arises. He advances to the man-"In the name of God, what are you doing?" "Sure," says Paddy, the assassin, "ain't I looking for that blessed nail of yours?" The audience roars. Macready bursts into the part-"There's blood upon thy face," etc., and gradually recovers his self-possession. But Pat had had his revenge.

The freaks of actors and managers would fill a volume. Kemble, Cooke, and Kean have supplied a perfect fund to the compilers of dramatic ana. Even upon the French stage, where every word and action is subjected to the discipline of the ever-present police, eccentricities have had their occasions of display. Only a few years since, when I was staying in Paris, Frederic Lemaistre, the great master of melodrama, gave loose to one of his whims, and was the cause of one of those jeux d'esprit which the French are so quick to appreciate. There was a drama in which Lemaistre played, as usual, the part of an assassin. He stabs a woman to the heart. The gens d'armes appear; he is questioned as to the crime; and he replies, with rare audacity, "Je l'ai attaqué-elle m'a resistée-je l'ai assassiné!" But one night our actor had exceeded his usual potations-never very weakand his insolence on such occasions was magnificent. He immolates his victim-Madame Dorval; she falls dead, after the approved arrangement. The police enter and interrogate the author of the homicide—"What have you his tyranny. On one occasion he was rehearsing done? What have you to say for yourself?"

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The audience breathlessly await the daring re- | American lady, who stood some paces behind ply, which invariably rouses them to a pitch of enthusiasm. But Lemaistre doggedly replies, "Rien!"-Nothing! The question is repeated. Our intoxicated Murderer makes no other answer. The audience wax angry; murmurs arise; Lemaistre hastily quits the stage. The gamins in the gallery are infuriated; they vociferate; they yell; they threaten the chandeliers, the scenery, the benches. The uproar is tremendous. The manager is in despair. At the very crisis of his fate, behold the dead woman rises to her feet, and advances to the front of the lamps. All is hushed—a French audience remembers what is due to a woman, and especially one who has risen from the dead in their service. What is she going to say?-"Messieurs et Mesdames, il m'a attaqué—je l'ai resistée—il m'a assassinće!" The magic words have been spoken. The absurdity of the situation has added to them fresh piquancy. A spontaneous roar of laughter, a vehement burst of applause recognizes the movement of the spirituelle actress, and peace is restored.

How the accidental use of a single word will unlock the portals of memory! Spirituel is not "spiritual," in its modern acceptation, yet how instantaneously it transports the mind to one of the disturbing theories of the age! Every body has read Bulwer's "Strange Story." It has been "nuts" to the Swedenborgians. To one who neither believes nor disbelieves—who neither takes upon trust nor cares to investigate—the story is simply perplexing. There is, however, one passage in it which carries me back to a phenomenon which has always been a puzzle and a bewilderment to me. It is that in which Margrave refers to the Pythoness-one of those virgins whom the priests of Delphi were accustomed to seek in their travels in Thrace or Thessalv, and employ to administer their oracles. These virgins were rare—a peculiar organization was requisite to their fitness; and their faculties were so much strained by the execution of their imposed duties that the vital functions were speedily exhausted, and "no pythoness ever retained her life more than three years from the time that her gift was elaborately trained and developed."

I have seen two of these pythonesses in the course of my life. The most interesting, if not the most marvelously gifted, was a girl whom they called Isa Pruderie. She was brought upon the platform of the Hanover Square Rooms by an American lady and a French gentleman. In person Isa was large and handsome; her attire was that of a Druidical priestess, a Norma -at least of the stage Norma. When the audience was seated the Frenchman requested that any one who desired to witness a proof of the marvelous powers of the pythoness would write on a card what subject in history, painting, or sculpture, illustrated by a single figure, he or she would wish the pythoness to personate. I wrote on a card the single word "Judith." The

her, and the lady—a "medium"—now made a few passes with her hand and retired. Presently the pythoness arose—evidently with an effort. Gradually her brows contracted into a frown. In her trance she looked upon the sleeping Holofernes; she stretched out her right handclutched, apparently, the sword - uplifted it, and, with a stroke, severed the head of the chieftain. Then she stooped down, as if to pick up the caput mortuum, and supposing she held it aloft in her left hand, triumphantly pointed to it with the sword in her right, thus realizing in her graceful pose one of the magnificent pictures extant of the remarkable deed recorded in the Book of Judith. About twenty subjects of a similar nature were, in like manner, suggested, and she executed them all with ineffable grace and exactitude. But the effort exhausted her: she was quite a pitiable object when she had finished her performance.

Now the thing which staggered me in all this was, first, the means of interpreting to the pythoness the will of the individual strangers among the auditory; secondly, the means by which she had acquired such an abounding knowledge of the most striking events in sacred and profane history, and the chefs d'œuvre of art by which they had been illustrated. There could be no collusion, no confederacy, between the "virgin" and the people who subjected her to the severe ordeals.

But the experiments did not stop here. Upon a second visit the pythoness was desired-by a writing on a card which she did not see-to descend from the platform-to walk into the auditorium as if her path was strewed with eggs-to select the author of "David Copperfield" and conduct him to the platform. She arose—the sweat upon her brow; she moved forward, stopped, staggered, appeared to pick her way, found Charles Dickens, and bore him back with her to the stage. Then it was the people were told what she had been desired to do; and Dickens assured them he was entirely ignorant of her purposes, and was quite unknown to her.

The second pythoness was a small, shriveled, prematurely old woman - quite a galvanized mummy. Her forte lay in performing on the piano any air that had ever been composed. Its title was inscribed on a eard and read by the medium. In a moment she rose and executed the air. She, and the first named girl, died within three years of their first employment in the task of divination and execution. How account for these marvels in Nature?

By what train of thought I am led to electricity and the gallows it is unnecessary to stop and inquire; but the next strange individual who presents himself to my memory is one of the hangmen of Middlesex—an aide of the celebrated Jack Ketch, Calcroft. I was in a second-class. carriage going from London to Uxbridge. One, man only was my fellow-passenger. He was a tall, athletic, broad-shouldered, big-calved navvy girl had been thrown into a state of come by the | -a term by which, in England, the stoutest la-



borers are designated—the laborers who make | Quakers is a queer lot about here; and they'd railways and excavate canals. His eyes had a sinister expression. I did not care to encounter their gaze, but looked out at the window and up at the wires of the electric telegraph. Presently, almost unconsciously, I said-" Marvelously quick is the speed of the fellow! If you or I were to attempt to run to France from the pressing attentions of our tailor, a message sent by the machine would stop us at Dover!'

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the navvy -"That's a hit at my clothes. I ain't got no tailor. How should I?"

"I beg your pardon," I replied; "I meant no offense: I merely intended to illustrate the rapidity of the electric communication. It was through this that Tawell was caught and hanged." Tawell was a Quaker, who had poisoned a woman and fled to London; but before he could arrive, the wires flashed the news of the crime, and Tawell was arrested by the police. The man replied: "That's only a come offyou meant to sneer at my toggery." I felt net tled at the fellow's refusal to accept my explanation, and thinking that he would, perhaps, lay violent hands upon me, I assumed a bold air, and looking him full in the face, retorted-"Since you think so, you are welcome to your thoughts. Make the most of them." This took him aback. After a pause, he said: "Tawell never was hung." "You are talking nonsense, my friend." "No, I ain't; it was a dummy which was hanged instead, AND I HANGED IT!" I looked at him with astonishment. "Really?" "Yes; d'ye think I'm telling a lie?" And he drew the back of his hand across his mouth, as men of the lower orders are wont to do before they commit some act of violence. I saw the necessity for firmness-or, at least, for an assumption of it. I replied, "I don't mean to say you lie, but the fact is so new to me-so staggering -and-and-so you say you are a hangman!" "Yes; I does a bit of work now and then for Mr. Calcroft out of town:" and he closed his eyes and looked so horribly savage that I fancied he was about to "do a bit of work" for me. A thought suddenly flashed across me. "And so you say that you did not hang Tawell, but that you hanged a dummy? Did you know it was a dummy at the time?" "In course I did." "Then, my friend, you have been one of a conspiracy to defeat the laws, and as we are now nearing the station, I'll give you in charge to a policeman!" He turned pale. "I don't care; and you'd better give the Sheriff and all the rest on 'em in charge; and the Times reporter, too; they all knew on it:" and here we reached Uxbridge; the door was opened and he got out. I followed him, and meeting a policeman on the platform, I pointed to my fellowtraveler, who was slowly moving away, and asked, "Is that a hangman?" "Yes," said the officer, "he does the work in this county." "Did you ever hear that Tawell, the Quaker, was not hanged?" "Well, Sir, people do say it; but how true it was I don't know. The before it was set before the guests; and all

spend any amount o' money to save one of their set."

I did not pursue my inquiries further, but walked into the town to see a friend who was the editor of one of the county papers. He was also the correspondent and reporter to the Times. I had occasion to insert a paragraph and some advertisements in his paper. The wall of the office was covered with old placards, specimens of job-printing. Among them was a show-bill of the Bucks (Buckinghamshire) Herald, announcing that a certain issue would contain a "full report of the trial and execution of Tawell, the Quaker, for the murder of"-I forget the name. This tempted me to refer to the interview with the hangman. My friend, who always hesitated a little in his speech, now stammered considerably. "Did-did-d-did he tell y-you that he h-h-hanged a dummy?" I repeated the conversation, word for word. I saw that my friend looked pale and tried to divert the subject. I dropped it. "Could he have been a party to the scheme—if scheme there were? The Times people would not have allowed it. The discovery would have led to indignant 'leaders.'"

"That"-said a friend, well acquainted with the arcana of the "Thunderer," to whom I was relating the above adventure-"that would depend upon the amount of the spoil transmitted to Printing-House Square. The pseudo organ of British sentiment is corrupt to the core. Why did Alsager, the writer for years of the money article, cut his jugular? Because he was dismissed by old Walter, the proprietor. And why did Walter dismiss him? Not for perverting facts in order to lower the value of certain stocks -purchase at a discount — then invent new facts, or perhaps tell the truth-run up the same stocks and sell at a premium; but because he did not tell Walter what he was doing, and allow him to share the plunder!'

One souvenir more, and I drop the pen. Soyer-Alexis Soyer-the prince of hosts! Soyer's books were beyond the multitude. His style of cookery-like Isambert Brunel's style of engineering-involved, it was said, an enormous outlay. The leverage demanded by these great men for their several operations was money. Soyer, by means of his demand for this necessity, nearly ruined the Reform Club, as Brunel sacrificed the first proprietors of the Great Eastern. Yet Soyer showed by his culinary campaign in the Crimea that he could economize when the poor soldiers were wasteful; and that he was as skillful in ministering to the palates of the sick who crowded the hospitals at Scutari as to the palled appetites of the Luculluses of Pall Mall. Soyer's idea of a dinner was original and to my notion, judging by results, the perfection of gastronomic ingenuity. He would allow of no greater number than eight persons. There were to be no knives used at table; no salt, for every dish should be properly seasoned



joints, birds, etc., carved and put together again before they were placed upon the table. To each dish there should be a separate wine. Soyer had made this particular feature of aristology his special study. He considered deeply the affinities of certain solids with certain fluids. The effect of the repast so conducted was no headache the next day; no need of hock and sodawater before breakfast. I was present at such a dinner upon one occasion. We sat to table at half past seven, and we rose at one in the morning to—order a supper of deviled bones, which, with whisky-punch, wound up our innocent orgies!

One incident in connection with this Barmecidal feast is worth recording. Soyer's wife (his first, then living) was an artist. She had called at the Club in the morning; the Club was in course of its annual white-washing. Upon one of the newly-washed panels Madame sketched her own portrait. "There!" said she, to one of the servants, "tell Monsieur that that lady called and left her card!" The next day she died. Soyer would never allow the portrait to be effaced. The papering of the room and a collection of pictures occupied the greater portion of the walls, but the little esquisse remained intact for years.

AFTER VICKSBURG.

A H, God! shall tears, poured out like rain, And deathly pangs, and praying breath, And faith as deep and strong as death, Be given—and all in vain?

Thou claimest martyrs—they are given—What shall the stern demand suffice? From out our darkened homes arise Strong cries that startle Heaven.

We murmur not—enduring all
With broken hearts but silent lips;
With all our glories in eclipse,
And some beyond recall.

We stand beside our dead—our eyes
In patient sufferance raised to Thee;
And kiss the still brows reverently—
Behold our sacrifice!

Behold our sacrifice! We give
The best blood of a suffering land!
A nation's heart by its own hand
Is stricken—that Right may live!

No failure this! God's own right hand A victory shall write it down! The years shall strengthen its renown; Be proud of it, oh Land!

Thou Christ! The Godhood of thy brow Paled 'neath the throes of mortal pain; But all thy glory glows again, Thrice-haloed, 'round thee now!

Give us the martyr's steadfast power, So, passing our Gethsemane, Our glory shall but brighter be For this, our trial hour!

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MRS. HENDERSON'S ANNI-VERSARY.

TORA HENDERSON sat at work in her room—third-story front of a boarding-house, with an out-look upon little Abingdon Square, with its bit of a park, "as large as a pocket-handkerchief," its vista down Hudson Street and up Eighth Avenue, and its surrounding of very modest-looking brick houses.

To-day—a sultry June morning, when, for the sake of the little air that might be stirring outside, she was obliged to have the windows open—the noise was unpleasant enough, certainly; and if physical discomfort ever can excuse a fretful look, we need not wonder at the cloud that lowered on Nora's brow as she sat stitching steadily upon the child's frock in her hands.

Little Tom, a six-months' old baby, and the destined wearer of the frock, was lying upon the floor, making desperate efforts to kick his feet out from the tanglement of long-clothes about them, and keeping the while an impatient murmur to be taken up, which did not tend assuredly to quiet the mother's nerves. Ellen, the nurse, was down stairs washing for baby, and the two little girls—hardly more than babies themselves at four and two years—were racing over the floor in a romp with little Jack Norris; all three trying, as it seemed to poor Mrs. Henderson, to make the greatest uproar of which their small feet and lungs were capable. She was obliged to endure the disturbance without and within as well as she might, going on at the same time with her work, and coaxing little teasing Tom between the stitches to lie quiet on the floor, instead of insisting on his right to a place in his mother's lap.

Mrs. Henderson had a great many such days as this—two at least in every week, when, for the sake of Ellen's washing and ironing, she had to have the sole care of the children. She loved children heartily, not simply because they were her own, but because they were children; and she had a cheerful, pleasant way of adapting herself to their wants and wishes, entertaining and "keeping them good," which too many mothers even lack. But of late years so much more work had accumulated on her hands that she never had time to give herself up to them as she used to do. . There was a frock for Tom, or an apron for Annie, or a sack for Kate forever on her mind; and if any of my readers have ever tried to accomplish these various matters, and at the same time keep three little children contentedly occupied within the bounds of one room for a whole summer morning, they will appreciate poor Nora's difficulties without further comment.

They will forgive her, too, perhaps, more readily than her husband did, who could not understand why she was so much more silent and dull in the evenings than she used to be. He could not see any reason for her being "tired" so often: she wasn't delicate; she had no house-keep-

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN children-remarkably good children, too-and she had a nurse that she herself acknowledged to be "a treasure" to look out for them. Why in the world need she put on that complaining look, and answer him in that "jerky" way so often? Was it his fault that he was not a rich man, and couldn't give her a town-house and a country-house, with twenty servants to wait on her? It was little enough, after all, that she had to do, as far as he could see. Those three babies! Their sewing couldn't amount to much. And as for himself, why, she made his shirts, of course, as it was a wife's duty to do, and a few other little matters besides. Where was the good of having a wife if she couldn't do as much as that? Mr. Henderson felt himself an injured husband whenever Nora looked, as she too often felt, tired and spiritless; and on the evening of the special day in question his sense of grievance obtained a fresh impetus. He had come home bright and cheerful enough himself. A good day at the office, a lunch at Delmonico's, and a pleasant walk up Broadway, refreshed by various glasses of iced soda, had kept him in capital spirits. He naturally expected to find his wife in a sympathetic humor. He pictured to himself her light little figure, in the white dress that he liked best, standing between the parted curtains, and her brown eves brightening with pleasure as she caught sight of him turning the Bleecker Street corner. Then how she would meet him at the door of their own room with her welcoming kiss; and how the children, in their pretty summer frocks (she did keep them always nicely dressed, he would say that), would flock around "papa;" and there would be a variety of small questions to ask and small events to narrate; and then dinner would come; and after that he would give her a pleasant surprise. Yes, really, he would take her to Wallack's, or Niblo's, or any where she preferred; and he felt, as he came to this conclusion, as lordly and generous as if he were about to perform some truly virtuous and self-denying action.

It was decidedly aggravating to have all these pleasant anticipations reversed by Nora's "sulkiness" when he did reach home. No brown eyes watched for his coming, and no white dress fluttered to meet him. Tired-out and dispirited, exhausted by heat and fatigue, Nora had felt little inclined to make a careful toilet for that evening. She had put on listlessly the first dress that came to her hand, and it happened to be one that her husband disapproved of, mainly because it had short sleeves. She was sitting in a corner of the sofa, still at work upon little Tom's frock, when she heard his step upon the stairs. Her spools and scissors were in her lap; it would have been an effort to lay them by and get up to meet him; so she sat still, only looking up to acknowledge his entrance, and that with a face by no means sunny or smiling.

"There it goes again!" was his mental com-

ing cares to bother her; there were but three he marched across the room and began to play with little Tom; and a merry frolic began between them, which Nora watched with only halfpleased eyes.

"He might have spoken to me, I think," was her unexpressed feeling. "He might sometimes come to kiss me, instead of expecting me always to be the first to greet him. I suppose he is vexed now, just because I didn't get up when he came in. If he were as tired as I, and with such a headache! But he never cares how I feel!"

Mr. Henderson, on the other hand, had his own dissatisfied reflections. "What's the use of a man's coming home in a good-humor if this is all the thanks he gets for it?" he grumbled, in-"Short sleeves, too, when she knows how I detest bare arms at a public dinner-table and her hair pushed back in that abominable way. Upon my word, Nora!" he said aloud at last, "you must be glad to see your husband this evening. You haven't spoken a word since I came into the room."

"I have not been spoken to," Nora answered, coldly.

"Precious little encouragement you give any body to speak to you; sitting there like Patience on a monument!

"Better that than im-patience, I suppose," she said, carelessly.

"Yes! if it only was patience, or you had any thing to be patient about. But it's temper, that's what it is!"

The injustice of the charge, the unkindness of tone and word, were too much to be borne. "What had she done to deserve such an attack?" and the hot tears rushed to her eyes and dropped unrestrained upon her work, while she sat in proud silence, too hurt and indignant to vouchsafe an answer or attempt a defense. This all the help or comfort that was given her after her weary day; when she had tried so hard not to be cross, when she felt so far from well, when a little word of tenderness or appreciation would have lightened her heart so much!

He did not know what thoughts were swelling in his wife's heart, what grievous disappointment, what untold yearning. Her tears, that he could not help seeing, were only another proof of ill-temper; her silence was just obstinacy and sullenness. Altogether she was excessively aggravating, and he excessively illused; and having arrived at this conclusion just as Ellen came up with the children's supper, he turned his back upon Nora, took out the evening paper, and absorbed himself in the war-correspondence until the bell rang for dinner. Nora folded up her work and brushed away her tears to go down with him; but he marched past her with a scornful whisper, loud enough for Ellen to hear,

"If I were you, I'd find something to cover up my arms with before I showed myself at the dinner-table."

And poor Nora's cup overflowed with this And without condescending to speak to her, last drop of bitterness. Instead of going down to dinner she turned aside into her sleepingroom, and throwing herself on the bed, gave
vent to the convulsive sobs and tears with which
she had been struggling so long. "Oh dear!
could she help it when she had so much to do,
how wretched she was! Why did she ever
marry? Why did she give any man the power
to neglect and misunderstand, and actually insult her so!"

and might have avoided it. If she only could
manage so as not to feel so tired and low-spiritcould she help it when she had so much to do,
and was so burdened all the time with the sense
of something undone, even when she had tried
her best! There were little Tom's short-clothes
not half finished vet, and Kate's appropriate

Meanwhile Mr. Henderson devoted himself to the roast ducks and green pease down stairs with a very good appetite, notwithstanding his deep sense of injury at his wife's misconduct, increased as it was by her failure to follow him down to dinner. "In the sulks for the night, I suppose," was his affectionate comment, as he returned to the sitting-room and saw that she was not there. So he seated himself once more to the evening papers and a cigar. But neither proved very good company. "There was nothing in the papers," of course. There was a desperate dearth of war news not to be supplied by the most ingenious romancing of our cleverest "correspondents." Mr. Henderson threw down the Post and the Express together. Nora did not come out from her retirement, and her husband began to find smoking alone, with nobody to look at or speak to, rather a dull performance.

It came into his mind that he would punish her by going out and spending the evening somewhere away from her. "A good plan to bring her to her senses," he thought. "If I were to treat her so whenever she get into a tantrum, it would do her good, I dare say. I'll have to turn over a new leaf, I see."

Painful necessity for so benevolent and magnanimous a soul! but he submitted to it with the composure of a man serenely conscious of his own virtue, and took pains to slam the door sufficiently loud to leave Nora in no doubt as to his departure. Little Tom, waking up with a start and a cry at the sudden noise, found it rather too loud; and Nora had enough to do for a while, in soothing him to sleep again, to keep her from any active demonstration of distress. "It can't be temper, of course; he is a man," she thought, sarcastically. And she rocked little Tom, with a dreary half-wish in her heart that he might never grow out of his loving and innocent babyhood, to put on the power and the caprice, the strength and the tyranny, of manhood.

But softer feelings came over her by-and-by, as the twilight deepened about her, and the child's long lashes drooped again in peaceful slumber. Tears, born not of passion but regret, gathered slowly in her eyes, and self-reproachful thoughts formed themselves in her mind. She had not given him any wifely welcome, she remembered, when he came home, and she had answered his complaint with the coldness and indifference which were always so irritating to him. No matter if she was tired and not well—tween her procking-chai and the drop ing. Little was put awa particular or prevent her membered, when he came home, and she had answered his complaint with the coldness and indifference which were always so irritating to him. No matter if she was tired and not well—the feeling proving imagining to twice two members, and the drop ing. Little was put awa put awa

manage so as not to feel so tired and low-spirited when he came home; but, oh dear, how could she help it when she had so much to do. and was so burdened all the time with the sense of something undone, even when she had tried her best! There were little Tom's short-clothes not half finished yet, and Kate's aprons all giving way at once, and Morris talking about a set of new shirts already. One pair of hands to do them all in these languid summer days; one weary heart and tired brain to satisfy in addition the exacting demands of the eager children always clamorous for "mamma's" attention; one sensitive spirit, so easily discouraged by harshness, so easily cheered and brightened by a little sympathy, to bear the burden of the whole! It was no wonder that the young wife's head drooped and her tears fell fast, with the hopeless sense of a task beyond her strength to fulfill. If her husband could have looked into her heart and read all its sadness and self-reproach and earnest desire to do right, especially its steadfast love for him in the face of all unkindness, his confidence in his own judgment might have been somewhat diminished, and his virtuous determination to "punish" her into better behavior, slightly modified.

As it was he made his way down stairs in a severely self-satisfied state of mind. He would go over to the l'alace Garden and spend the evening, he concluded; but Dr. Norris met him at the hall-door with a—

"Hallo, Henderson! you're not going out? Come up stairs and have a cigar and a game of cribbage!"

And cribbage being a weakness with him, Mr. Henderson decided that the Norrises' room would answer the punishing purpose as well as the Palace Garden. So he accepted the Doctor's invitation, and found himself scated presently in their pretty parlor at the back of the house, whose open windows looked down into quite a respectable city-garden, and revealed some pleasant glimpses of the river, which lay two or three streets below. A cool breeze was blowing up from the water; and instead of the rattle of wheels and glare of gas-lamps in the square, there was a humming of insect life in the trees and a flashing of fire-flies in the grapevines and shrubbery, decidedly more agreeable.

Mrs. Norris was taking her ease in a bamboo rocking-chair, with a new magazine in her hands, and the drop-light shaded to perfection for reading. Little Jack, her only "encumbrance," was put away for the night; and not only were her anxieties over for that day, but she had no particular cares on her mind for the morrow to prevent her enjoying her present ease to the full. Mr. Henderson made a mental comparison between her plump, fresh-colored, merry-looking face, and Nora's wan, spiritless countenance; feeling provoked at the difference, but never imagining that Nora's two more children and twice two more cares were quite sufficient to account for it.

The cribbage-board put an end to his thoughts of her, however, and for half an hour the two gentlemen were happily oblivious of wives or any other vexations; a state of bliss cut short suddenly by a summons for the Doctor to hasten to a patient. So the good Doctor was compelled to break up his game and depart, leaving Mr. Henderson to be entertained by his wife, which was a position not exactly to the gentleman's liking at this present moment; for a curious presentiment assailed him, the moment they were alone together, that Mrs. Norris would begin to talk about his wife; and although so entirely "void of offense" in his own clear conscience, still he would have preferred any other subject just now.

Accordingly he began something about the war; and by way of adapting himself to her feminine comprehension, alluded to the noble assistance which the women of the North were every where rendering, by their contributions of clothing for the soldiers. It was a matter that Mrs. Norris was enthusiastic about. made dozens of hospital garments with her own hands, and even thus early in the season had begun to knit blue-yarn stockings. So the talk went on swimmingly for a while, till an unlucky remark of his own brought down the very attack he had been dreading.

"I shall have to give Nora a lecture, to make her more patriotic," he said. "She has taken no part at all in this work, as yet, though your example ought to shame her into it."

"Indeed it ought to do no such thing," Mrs. Norris exclaimed, quickly. "Mrs. Henderson has quite enough work at home without setting the first stitch for the soldiers. It would be a perfect shame to require it of her, with those three babies on her hands, and so much sewing always to be done."

She spoke with emphasis, and he was nettled at once. "I don't see," he answered, coldly, "that she has any more to do than the generality of wives and mothers. I know a great many ladies who attend these associations and work bravely for them, who have more children than Nora, and household cares besides, from which she is entirely free."

"Not entirely," laughed Mrs. Norris, "as long as there are such piles of little frocks and aprons for her nurse to wash and iron. The great incubus of housekeeping, you know, is the laundry, and Nora has to suffer from it in spite of the privilege of boarding. She had the whole care of the children till two o'clock to-day, and will have to have the same to-morrow, as I suppose you are aware, Sir."

No, he had not been aware of any such thing. That is, he knew in a general way that Ellen did the children's washing and ironing, and thereby lessened by several dollars the monthly bills presented by his washer-woman. But as to there being any disagreeable consequences resulting to Nora from this economy, he did not know any thing about it, and never had thought any

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of it just now, and answered accordingly, in his most sarcastic manner, that it must be a hardship, truly, for a mother to take care of her own children two or three hours. Men were unreasoning and selfish brutes, however, always: women, suffering angels. The only wonder was that the delicate creatures ever consented to burden themselves with the miseries of matrimony.

"They never would if it was in human nature to take warning from other people's experience," Mrs. Norris retorted. "But every woman imagines when she sets her foolish little heart upon some man, that her case is to be an exception, and her own husband to embody all the virtues which her friends lack. And the oddity of it is, that a great many of them-Mrs. Henderson for one-never get over the delusion in spite of proof palpable to the contrary.

It was an artful speech, and Mrs. Norris laughed inwardly at Mr. Henderson's amused and complacent smile. No flattery so subtle to a man as for other people to let him see that they know his wife is fond of him; and his irritation began to subside visibly. Mrs. Norris was not slow to follow up her advantage, for in truth the gentleman's presentiment had been a faithful one, and she had been longing some time for just this opportunity "to give him a piece of her mind about his poor little wife." "She did not approve of interfering between husband and wife, of course; but a sensible word from a disinterested spectator often carried weight, and any way she meant to tell him the truth, now that she had a good chance."

The result proved her sagacity; for Mr. Henderson, still further mollified by a few more adroit touches, was led on to speak more freely of Nora than he had ever done to any one before. Mrs. Norris gave him her most sympathizing attention, contradicting and disapproving nothing that he said until she had beguiled him into giving her a full history of his griev-

Then, with all her womanly tact and diplomacy, she began the defense, and managed it so skillfully that, while she avoided wounding his sensitive pride and self-love, she yet contrived to make him see that his wife had actual hardships to endure.

"You know," she said, in the half-playful, half-earnest tone she had adopted, "that you men have no patience with details. You never see, unless they are brought up in array before you by some strong-minded female like myself. the little cares and worries that are trifles one by one, but, in the aggregate, break a woman's heart sometimes. Summing up Norah's duties in a general way, they seem nothing remarkable. But look at them in detail; picture her, hour by hour, bending over her needle, nursing her baby, telling stories and inventing amusements for the little girls, taking no exercise for days together, and having so little change or variety in her life-is it strange that her health thing about it. He resented being made to think suffers and her spirits fail? that instead of be-

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ing merry and bright when you come home, she is too weary often to be any thing but impatient, and even cross? I should be ten times worse in her place. I should treat the Doctor to nerves and hysterics, and be 'on the rampage' generally, until his eyes were opened to the understanding of cause and effect."

"But what can I do?" exclaimed Mr. Henderson. "Is it my fault that she makes herself sick for want of exercise? I tell her to go out every day; I want her to do it; and if she will not, am I to blame?"

"Yes, if through being your wife she has so much to do that she can not find time for going out," said Mrs. Norris, gravely.

"And you mean to tell me that my wife is really overworked to that extent?"

"I do." And her eves met his with fearless earnestness.

"Upon my word, this is news to me," he began, haughtily; "exceedingly pleasant news, I must confess.'

"I am sure it is new to you. I never should have told you otherwise," Mrs. Norris answered,

"Then pray what is the remedy, and in whose hands does it lie?"

"Oh, the remedy is easily found when once the disease is acknowledged," she answered, with a bright look at him. "First and foremost, if I were acting physician I should take her up to Fort Lee, or Hastings, or some of those places on the river, and give her a month or six weeks of country air. Next, I should buy a set of shirts ready-made, for once, instead of letting her make the new ones that she says you need. And lastly, I should make her a present of a sewing-machine."

"A trip to the country, and a sewing-machine!" he repeated, elevating his eyebrows and curving his lip. "Couldn't you prescribe something a little more costly, Mrs. Norris? are such trifles, you know, to a man of my means."

"I'll save my money, and buy me a farm," Mrs. Norris sang, significantly. "Do tell me, Mr. Henderson''-and her hand touched lightly the cigar-case peeping out of his coat pocket-"how much per annum those little trifles cost? ditto the lunches at Delmonico's, and the sodawater tickets at Rushton's, and the oysters at Dorlon's? not to speak of newspapers by the dozen daily, and billiards when the fancy takes you. Several sewing-machines, I should think, might be purchased with the sum total."

"A woman's invariable argument," he answered. "You all of you seem to consider a cigar your natural enemy, instead of recognizing it, as you should, as one of the chief preservers of domestic peace. If you did but know it, it is worth all it costs in its soothing effect upon a man's temper."

"Oh, then," she retosted, quickly, "instead of a sewing-machine, you had better get Nora a box of cigars. If it is a panacea for you, why

over trifles, when we both have the same desire at heart. And, seriously, I ask you if you do not think it would be worth while to economize in some of the little luxuries I mentioned, and spend the money saved in an article that would lighten your wife's labors so much?"

"Do you really think a sewing-machine would be of so much use to her?" he asked, incredulously.

"Do I? I will tell you how much I think of it. If I had only half Mrs. Henderson's sewing to accomplish, I would have a machine if I had to live in calico dresses till it was paid for; and that really would be a sacrifice, though you mayn't appreciate it."

Mrs. Norris laughed as she glanced down at her flounced grenadine dress, and lace undersleeves, delicate as frost-work. She had a feminine fondness for handsome apparel, and the calico would have been a trial.

"But the ridiculous things cost so enormously," Mr. Henderson said, with a shrug of his shoulders. "My sister-in-law has one-an ugly papier-mache gimcrack-that she gave a hundred and fifty dollars for. It stands in her dining-room, for ornament, I suppose; at any rate, I've never seen the thing in use yet."

"Perhaps she bought it for ornament," Mrs. Norris suggested; "but Nora would want hers for use; and a simple black-walnut one, that could be bought for fifty dollars, would answer every purpose."

"Could you really get one—that would be worth having, I mean—for so little?"

"Yes; the machinery is the same as in those that cost double, only the outside effect is not so handsome."

"Well, I don't believe Nora could learn to manage it. She's a little stupid, any way," he said; but the twinkle of fun in his eye contradicted the fib, and Mrs. Norris guessed that her arguments had not been thrown away. There was no time to pursue the subject farther, however, for the Doctor made his appearance just then, very warm, and a good deal excited—as he was apt to be when he had conquered a critical case. His wife pinned up her lace undersleeves, and set about concocting some iced lemonade for his refreshment; and Mr. Henderson, after disposing of his share of the beverage, and listening a while to the Doctor's tirade against "the insanity of people who would eat things that they knew were poison," said good-night, and made his way up to his own apartments again.

Every thing was dark and quiet there—the gas turned down low, the children asleep, the nurse gone to bed. He went softly into Nora's chamber, and bent over her sleeping face with a tenderer feeling than he had had toward her in a long time. There was just light enough in the room to reveal the paleness and sadness that hovered there even in sleep, and he could not help noticing now how much sharper and thinner the outlines of her face had grown. "Poor shouldn't it be for her? But we won't quarrel little thing! she has had a pretty hard time



lately," he thought, pitifully, and, with a very unwonted feeling of penitence and regret, he stooped over and kissed her lips—very lightly, as he thought, not wishing to waken her; but that unlucky mustache! Its curled edges tickled her nose in an exasperating way impossible to endure, and with a violent start Nora sprang up in bed, and opened her eyes wide upon her husband.

There was a moment's pause and hesitation on both sides; then, with a hasty, impulsive motion, Nora hid her face upon her husband's shoulder, and with a half-sob came out the womanly confession.

"I didn't mean to be cross, Morris: I'm sorry."

"You were not half so cross as I, Nora," he said, tenderly. "I ought not to have spoken to you so; but then, you know, I can't bear to see that horrid injured look."

"But, Morris, I didn't mean it. I didn't know how I looked. I only felt tired, and sick, and—" Her voice broke down, and the tremulous quiver of her lip betrayed the tears that she would not let fall.

Mr. Henderson put his arms around her and laid her gently back upon the pillow. "There, never mind; it's all right now, and we won't talk about it any more," he said. And Nora, since her lips were sealed with his kiss, could only keep silence; but she was not quite satisfied for all.

"It is what he always says—we won't talk about it any more"—she thought; "when, if he would only let me talk about it as I want to, I could make him understand some things that he never will understand—no, never. Ah, well; I suppose I must not mind. I will do the best I can, and try not to expect any thing more from Morris. He is like all other men; they can not comprehend a woman's trials. But I will try not to be so foolish and faithless again." She remembered this resolve afterward, and grateful tears came with the memory.

The next afternoon Mr. Henderson came home earlier than usual. Nora had not even heard his step upon the stair, when he made his appearance suddenly in the room and tossed a brown paper parcel at her feet.

"You said you wanted some cloth for my new shirts," he explained, in answer to her questioning look. "I happened to think about it on my way home, so I stopped and bought it."

"Yes, I did want some," she answered, "but you're not in a hurry for the shirts, are you, Morris? I would like to get through with little Tom's short frocks before I begin upon them."

"Bother little Tom's short frocks! they're a nuisance. It's a pretty case if a full-grown man has got to play second fiddle to that snip."

"Ah, but Morris, you don't need the shirts, and he—"

"Don't I, then? Look here at these wristbands frayed at the edges, and see this long darn on the bosom! This isn't the only one in that condition either. I must really have some new

shirts, Nora, immediately; Tom Poppet will have to wait till his father is served. Hey, Pop, what do you say to it? and Mr. Henderson gave baby a toss-up that elicited a shout of laughter, proving Master Tom's entire indifference to the subject under discussion.

Nora swallowed a sigh, and said nothing; but her needle flew in and out of the little sleeve she was working on with unusual rapidity.

"Why don't you look at the cloth and see if it is the right sort?" asked Mr. Henderson, presently. "There is some linen, too, for the collars and things. I want to know what you think of it."

"I'll open it in a minute," Nora said, with an effort. It did seem so selfish in him—this perfect indifference to any body's convenience but his own—that she could hardly refrain from speaking out the sharp reproach that sprung to her lips. She was heartly thankful for the grace that kept her silent, when she opened the parcel; for within the paper folds lay—not a formidable roll of cloth, suggestive of days of weary stitching, but a half dozen finished shirts, stiff in their newness, and shining with the peculiar gloss that belongs to ready-made linen.

"Well, what do you think of it? will it do?" and her husband's eyes, full of mischievous enjoyment, met her wondering look.

"Why, Morris!" she began, and broke down suddenly, her eyes brimming with those ever-ready tears. But for once Morris did not mind seeing them. He knew they sprung from pleasure, not pain, and in a sudden impulse of tenderness he vowed to himself that she should never shed any bitterer tears than these—at least through his causing.

It was a rash vow, perhaps, but Nora gained somewhat by it nevertheless. Her husband found that her quick appreciation and loving gratitude paid him well for any little token of consideration on his part; and he began to take more pains than he had hitherto done to win this new pleasure for himself. Instead of stretching himself on the sofa after dinner with a book and a cigar, as of old, he found it pleasant to take Nora out, sometimes to a concert or a play, but oftener merely for a walk in Washington Park, or an omnibus-ride down Broadway. It was surprising how much enjoyment grew out of these simple recreations. Nora was so bright and entertaining, so full of her old pretty, affectionate ways, on such occasions, that it was impossible for him to be bored; and he began to realize dimly that he had lost a great deal of true happiness in suffering himself to slip away from her as he had done of late, engrossing himself with his own employments and amusements and caring so little for hers.

"What has come over you, Morris?" she asked, laughingly, one day. "You have grown so good suddenly that I am afraid something is going to happen to you."

"What are the signs and tokens of my goodness?"

"Oh, they are too numerous to mention.

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For one thing, you don't smoke any more. What's the reason of that?"

- "I had just been thinking," he answered, "that you have met with a change yourself. You haven't cried, or had the sulks, in a week. That's remarkable!"
 - " It's a slander!"
- "Well, perhaps it isn't quite so long a time. Five days, then!" and he ran off, laughing, having the last word.

An hour or two later Mrs. Norris came in with her bonnet and mantle on. "I have to go down town this morning," she said, "and I hate to go alone. Can you possibly give me your company, busy bee?"

"Yes, I believe I can," Nora answered. "I have actually finished the last of these interminable little frocks, and I think I may take a holi-

day. Where are you going?"

"A friend of mine wants to buy a sewingmachine, as a wedding-present for a lady; and knowing nothing about the article himself, he has imposed the task of selection upon me. In my turn, I impose it upon you, for I think your judgment will be better than mine in the matter."

"What a sensible wedding-present it will be! Who is the lady that is to be married? Any one I know?"

The attention of Mrs. Norris was suddenly concentrated on a pretty crochet-pattern in Nora's work-basket, and she forgot to reply. Mrs. Henderson did not repeat the question, not caring much about it, but went to change her dress for the expedition.

"I really believe I could manage it," said Nora to Mrs. Norris, as they went out of the store, after the purchase had been made. "Oh, dear! I wish I could afford to have one. What a help it would be to me, with all my sewing!"

"Why don't you tease your husband to get one for you?" asked Mrs. Norris. "You really ought to have one."

"Oh, we can't afford it. It's quite impossible." They had had a pleasant day, however, and when Mr. Henderson came home in the evening, he was duly entertained with a recital of their experiences. Of course he laughed at them, and snubbed the sewing-machine, wondering how her grandmother had managed to survive without it, and what the world would come to if many more inventions to make a woman lazy were discovered. If Nora had any fanciful hope that she might coax him into buying one for her, it was quite dispelled by his manner of speaking. However, the whole thing was put out of her mind presently by a startling announcement of his that they were all to go into the country the first of July.

Dr. Norris had a patient up at Fort Lee, and in some of his journeys there had discovered just the nicest place in the world to board. An old-fashioned house, with plenty of wide, airy rooms, kept by the tidiest and best-natured of farmers' wives, who promised unlimited milk for the children, and fresh eggs and vegetables for the

grown folks. Mrs. Norris and little Jack were to go, and they, with the Henderson tribe, would fill the house; so they could have every thing their own way. Mr. Henderson could come up every evening in the steamboat, and get back to the city in good season in the morning; and the Doctor would come up Sundays. It was all settled.

A week after this the grand flitting took place. Two carriages and an express wagon excited the admiration of Abingdon Square, and Nora was in a great flutter of anxiety to see that baby's cradle, and the children's bath-tub, and her own rocking-chair were all safely bestowed, and none of the trunks and carpet-bags forgotten.

The house, when they reached it, answered all their expectations. Mrs. Norris, who was an old stager at country boarding, declared that they had found a hidden treasure, and Nora was more than satisfied with her first experience of the sort.

The days flew by there in a careless, happy indolence that was very delightful to the little "busy bee." The children lived in the meadow from morning till night. They sailed boats in the brook; they made mud-pies; they had tea-parties on the rocks. Their mother hardly saw them except when they came in to meals, and at night, when they laid their little rosy, sun-browned faces on the pillow, and, tired out with play and happiness, dropped off to the soundest of slumbers.

Nora and Mrs. Norris rambled in the woods, climbed the Palisades, and explored the ravine to its most romantic recesses. It was a life of perfect enjoyment to Mrs. Henderson, or would have been if the "busy bee" in her had not cried out against such long idleness. She had hardly touched a needle since she came; and there was her great work-basket filled with unfinished sewing that she had fully intended to complete during her stay at Fort Lee.

"This must be put a stop to," she said, emphatically, one evening.

They were lounging on the low piazza in the moonlight; Mrs. Norris sitting in the door-way, wishing that the Doctor was there, and Mr. Henderson stretching his lazy length along the wooden bench, with his head in Nora's lap, and wishing for nobody.

- "What must be put a stop to?" he asked, rousing up at her decided manner.
- "Such laziness. Mine, I mean, not yours—you can lie still. I shall be perfectly good for nothing if I live in this way much longer. Why, do you know I have not done an hour's sewing since I came to Fort Lee?"
 - "So much the better."
- "No such thing. It is abominable waste of time, and I am going to work to-morrow morning. That's decided."
- "Do you happen to remember what day tomorrow represents?" asked Mr. Henderson.
- "What day?" she repeated. "To-morrow is Wednesday, and it represents the middle of the week."



"To-morrow is the 21st of July, and it represents our wedding-day," he said, quietly.

"Oh, Morris!" Her face flushed vividly. "How ashamed I am! but then I never did forget it before: now did I?"

"Shall you go to work to-morrow?" asked

Mrs. Norris, mischievously.

"No, I think not," was the laughing answer.
"I must have one more holiday at least. And,
Morris, you and the Doctor must come up an
hour earlier than usual." And so it was settled.

Nora made herself bewitching in her prettiest white dress, and let her curls fall over her cheeks in brown abundance. The children were in a high state of excitement, and Ellen was delighted to have a chance "to dress them once more," as she said. They lived in calico frocks and gingham aprons at Fort Lee; but Ellen made them "gorgeous" for this occasion, in tucked cambric and blue sashes. They all went down "like a May-party," as Mr. Henderson said when he met them, to welcome the two gentlemen at the steamboat landing and escort them up to the house. And there was so much merry chatter going on among them all as they walked up the shady road that Nora never noticed a cart, containing a large wooden box, that passed them by on the way. Mrs. Norris did, and she and Mr. Henderson exchanged conscious glances. Then she proposed suddenly that they should turn aside a little, just to show the Doctor a pretty spot where the brook made a bend, and the water foamed so charmingly among a bed of rocks.

This detained them ten minutes or more, and before they reached the house the cart, empty now, passed them again. It had left broad tracks, however, running through the open gateway, and on the piazza were still further signs of it in a large empty packing-case, and a litter of straw scattered around.

"What is all this?" Nora exclaimed. "Mrs.

Sigly has had a box from the city!"

"Come and see what was in it," said Mr. Henderson, and he led Nora into the parlor. Something new in the disposition of the furniture caught her eye at once, but she was hardly prepared for the surprise which awaited her in the shape of a sewing-machine—the very one upon which she had practiced that day with so much interest.

Her husband put his arms around her and kissed her, as she stood in speechless astonishment. "It is for my little busy bee!" he said, lovingly. "It will make her work easier for her in future, and help her not to forget her weddingday next time."

"What do you think of the 'sensible weddingpresent' now, Nora? and do you think you know the lady?" asked Mrs. Norris.

On Christmas-day Nora presented her husband with a set of shirts made up on her sewing-machine; and at the same time she sent, as "a thank-offering," a dozen hospital wrappers to the Sanitary Commission. They were not her first contributions either. Thanks to the help of the Vol. XXVI.—No. 154.—L L

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machine, she had time now to work for those outside of her own household; and more than one of our brave soldiers marched with comfort last winter, protected by the warm mittens and thick stockings which she had knitted.

LITTLE JENNY.

PRESS the sweet lips together— They've no word more to say; Press the sweet eyes together— They look no love to-day;

Lay the sweet hands together—
Sweet bonds that no longer enthrall;
Lay the sweet feet together—
They run no more at my call;

Put the sweet curls together—
They'll glisten no more in the sun;
Put the sweet curls together,
And leave to me only one—

Only this, to kiss and to kiss
When my heart is like to break;
Put the sweet curls together,
To pillow no more my cheek.

Darling, she so loved the flowers.
Yet holds them so loosely now!
Can it be that in lovelier bowers
Thou'rt careless of us below?

O Jenny! my life! my child!
These cold lips with kisses I smother!
O Jenny! my brain will go wild!
Oh answer the cry of a mother!

The robin this morning was here,
The sparrow again I heard;
Yet listened no longer the ear
Which welcomed the earliest bird.

Ah! how could the robin sing,
When no answering shout he found?
Or float on a joyous wing,
And her little feet so bound?

Don't bury her, please, very deep,
Nor drop any stones on the cover;
I think she will smile in her sleep
At my step on the grass above her.

Oh! not too deep—too deep— Too far from the blossoming clover; She will smile, ay, e'en in this sleep, At my kiss on the grass above her.

And throw in the flowers above,
"Twould grieve her to miss them so;
They ever seemed glad of her love,
And are doubly akin to her now.

O God! with her earliest breath I gave her to Thee that morn When close by the gates of Death My own little darling was born!

And now to the same dark gate
I come with more sorrow and pain;
And here with my darling I wait
To give her to Thee again!

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OUR PROPHETS.

THE present aspect of things in Christendom is not such as to be especially flattering to our boasted seers, especially to those who stood godfathers to the new age, and undertook to speak for the whole future career of this new child of time. The illuminists who, about a century ago, saw the breaking up of the old order of thought and action, who felt the first tremblings of the earthquake that was to shake the old priesthoods, hardly expected such a posture of affairs as now exists in Europe and America. Imagine a meeting of the movement men, or radical thinkers, of the year 1763, and compare the probable programme of events which they would have marked out for the hundred years since with what has actually occurred. Suppose Voltaire, who was then at Ferney in the height of his glory, to have called around him, at his famous villa, Diderot, with a select few of the corps of writers who were hard at work upon that great Encyclopedia that was in his view wholly to dethrone the old idols and enthrone the new science; add to them Rousseau, who had just horrified the strait-laced portion of Paris, both Protestant and Catholic, by his "Emile"-that eloquent plea for nature above conventionalism in education; also Hume, who had just finished his "History of England;" and Franklin, who had completed one mission to England, and was on the eve of a new mission thither that was full of revolutionary omens-fancy these, and any other philosophers or radicals whom you please, gathered in the saloon, or chatting under the trees of Ferney upon the probable doings of mankind for the coming century, and note down the words that fall from their lips. We can not say precisely what their statements would be, but we may be quite sure that they would be very nearly the reverse of the facts of subsequent history. They would have made witch work for the most part with the old faiths, manners, thrones, and priesthoods, and hardly left an old idea or institution standing. Grim Father Time, who does not give us their exact prophecy, gives us his own stubborn chronicle of reality; and teaches us that, with all our new light, a great many old things keep their foothold—that Europe still has her kings, that France is not yet ruled by philosophers, the Pope is not driven from Rome, nor Diderot's Cyclopedia put into the Vatican Library in place of the Acts of the Councils; nor is America yet the undisputed home of liberty, the empire of the rights of man. The reign of ideas has not yet taken the place of the rule of constables and soldiers, nor has the Perpetual Peace yet been inaugurated, which St. Pierre so cloquently set forth, with Rousseau for a disciple and Kant for a successor. Such armies and navies as now exist in Europe are no proof that the lion and the lamb are lying down together; and our pacific America is astonishing the world by the vastness of her armaments

In fact, the whole host of theorists, alike the most materialistic and the most ideal schools. have been strangely disappointed in the issue of affairs; and it is clearly seen now that all speculative opinions must give way before the stubborn facts and forces that in every age are developing themselves, whether we are expecting them or not. All thinkers of the doctrinaire class-and these are by far the most numerous of our schools of the prophets-are especially liable to disappointment, and are generally wrong in their predictions, from the simple, but not always obvious fact, that not opinions, but interests and powers rule the world; and the most plausible abstractions, however eloquently affirmed, are compelled to wait the slow method of historic development before they can become vital forces, and pass from a doctrinal into a dynamical relation. When was the doctrine of the rights of man ever affirmed more eloquently and bravely than by the French radicals, whether of the Gironde or of the Mountain? and when was it ever made clearer that this noble idea must travel in the slow historic and evolutionary path to triumph, instead of jumping at once to victory in an ideal enthusiasm or revolutionary paroxysm? Our America illustrates the same truth; and it was never more clear to us than now that our noble Declaration of Independence waits upon time for its fulfillment, and as yet men are not born nor bred fully free and equal in this country, and millions of whites as well as blacks among us come into the world and live with depressing encumbrances upon them. The right of suffrage, if extended to all, does not make all equal, and may sometimes establish a tyranny of its own by enabling the many to oppress the few. Nor is entire equality before the civil law here wholly secure, nor is the poor man nor the rich man here always a match for his oppressor in the courts of justice or the ballot-box. To affirm an ideal, even honestly, is not to make it good in practice; and the castles of the brain, like those in the air, amount to little until built patiently in wood, or iron, or stone. Nay, any shelter is better than none in a storm, and a log-hut in the wilderness is better to the backwoodsman than a fairy palace in the air. The peril of all prophets lies in taking their air castles as established facts, and overlooking the slow processes of time and history.

Library in place of the Acts of the Councils; nor is America yet the undisputed home of liberty, the empire of the rights of man. The reign of ideas has not yet taken the place of the rule of constables and soldiers, nor has the Perpetual Peace yet been inaugurated, which St. Pierre so eloquently set forth, with Rousseau for a disciple and Kant for a successor. Such armies and navies as now exist in Europe are no proof that the lion and the lamb are lying down that the lion and the lamb are lying down that the lion and the lamb are lying down that the world by the vastness of her armaments and the extent and carnage of her civil war.



toward a certain grade in its ebb and flow. Undoubtedly the progress of mathematical science has given new precision for forethought, and we look ahead with far more certainty than men did in ages when the higher calculus, such as now measures the stars and tides, was unknown, and when the rudiments of common arithmetic were and spirit, the inspirations of genius, the enthutaught to but few. We have certainly gone very far in our knowledge of physical forces and laws, and in our great industrial enterprises and financial plans we are able to make a tolerably satisfactory estimate of the time and means required for the execution of our purpose. Yet no calculation can take in all the factors of our fortune, nor reckon with certainty upon all the things and forces that shape the future. Given the solar system and the law of gravitation, and we can calculate the path and position of each planet and satellite. But here on earth there are no such exact limits of objects and forces. We can not tell how many globes there are in this terrene firmament, nor what are their attributes, nor what their movements. All that we do on earth is subject to countless interferences; and he is a marvelous man who ever saw a single plan of his own travel as calmly and uninterruptedly upon its path to its aim as this great globe in its sea of unresisting ether in its orbit about the sun. If we build even a solid stone-wall, we must wait on the temper of the weather and the moods of the men; and what should be done in a week may linger through the month; and if we send a stout ship upon her usual voyage, whether by wind or steam, no prescience of ours can master all the factors of her course and say precisely what weather she may encounter, what health or humor may possess her crew, or at what hour or even day she will reach her destination. Wherever we use material or men there is a margin of contingency that no prudence can wholly prejudge. If our field of action were as smooth as a billiard table, and our plans as rounded and even as the balls, and our means as definite as the cue, the issue of the game would be by no means wholly clear; and no mathematician can calculate exactly the path of a single ball to its mark over a bed, where a single hair upon the cloth or the least tremor of the player's hand may deflect it somewhat from its course. How much more uncertain is the game of life, as in a day's business, a contested election, a battle, a lawsuit, a journey! Who can number and define the balls and cues, or measure the table, or know all about the players upon that broad and changing field of affairs? Mr. Buckle has reduced history, as nearly as any writer, to the movements upon a billiard table or chess board; and according to him history deals only with two classes of topics-recounting, first, the ways in which man has been influenced by physical phenomena or by the outer world; and, secondly, the effect on such phenomena which the wit and toil of man have been able to produce. But, on this estimate, how vast and varied trate the facts, principles, and powers that are are the field and the forces, and how little as likely to shape our future.

yet we know the laws of nature, and the wit and toil of man that, according to him, are making history for us! But how miserably defective is Buckle's definition; and how constantly history is showing that life rests not only upon the facts of physical nature, but upon the world of thought siasm of heroes, and the guidance of providential men! Even if the inductive method were the only mode of reasoning, it would be long before inductive science would become prophecy, and map out the field and the facts that are to come. But it is not the only mode, and our great deductive and intuitive thinkers are constantly giving new turns to thought and action by their arguments and insight. Yet neither our philosophers nor our seers, with all their light, have yet told us what is to come, and we find ourselves opening the newspaper every morning to see for ourselves what a day has brought forth. Even where we think prophets have anticipated us, we wait for the fulfillment to teach us what was prophecy, and what was dream; and skeptics will doubt whether the prophet imagined or foreknew the event, and the result were a lucky coincidence rather than a superhuman prescience. We believe, indeed, that a vein of mystery runs through human life, and the things that are seen seem to border upon the things that are unseen; and without believing all that the old supernaturalists or the new spiritualists claim for their positions, we can never ridicule all pretensions to supernatural illumination. It may be that many persons are now forewarned of approaching danger or death; and we do not laugh at the excellent friends who tell us stories of such things. We have read, with great interest, a recent dissertation in German, by Lasaulx, which recounts the prophetic gifts of men of genius, and tries to show that the greatest events in the history of mankind have been foretold by genius, whether the coming of Christ, the discovery of America, or the rise of Napoleon. But whatever may be the worth of such predictions, they wait for the event before they are accepted as such; and until the event stamps them as such, they remain in a throng of obscure passages that might have equal claims to prescience if the event justified it. No; we are traveling on even now, not knowing what is to come; and the great thinkers and seers who help us the most do not so much show us what is coming, as give us the true light to go by and the true laws of conduct. They give us the star, and the compass, and the helm; but we must take the voyage for ourselves, and make our own log-book. We, as a nation, have all the lights of history, all the sages and lawgivers of our country and our race to instruct us; but how could we know what the two last years would bring upon us until we saw for ourselves-and who can tell us what this present year is to bring forth? Let us, in a very general way, review our position, and from a glance at our history illus-

Our future is surely a sealed book, and no | have become a ruling power in the world. thoughtful man is willing to risk his reputation by openly saying what is coming to us as a nation. Our history has been full of surprises; and why should we wonder that in the present very peculiar emergencies we are still looking for surprises, and are aware of the uncertainties before us? What seems to us most solid and reliable is not wholly so, and the material conditions of our national life can not be predicted with entire certainty. We have reason to expect, for example, crops of grain so abundant as to feed our own people, and win not only stores of gold but guaranties of peace from Europe; yet, while we are secure against famine, we are not sure that every harvest will sustain our present affluence: and the rain and heat, the worm and the mildew, are mighty elements in deciding the welfare of nations. How wonderfully the present condition of our country has been brought about by facts purely material? Thus, without the cotton plant the present rebellion could apparently never have been, and slavery would either have died out as a non-paying institution, or, if it had continued to exist, it would have been so moderate and feeble as to fear to be aggressive, and content to hold an apologetic and defensive attitude. Nor would the cotton interest have dared to assail the integrity of the Union had that staple found equally successful culture elsewhere, and had New England, Great Britain, and France been able to supply their mills readily by the growth of other fields. The fathers of our Constitutional Republic, when discussing the destinies of the country, little thought what an humble thing was to shake it to its foundations, and that the downy fibres of the plant that had begun to rival flax in furnishing them with shirts and paper, was to weave the cord to bind a rebellious confederacy together, and to threaten to weave the shroud of the old Union? What a commentary upon the force of mere abstractions, and the bearing of political and metaphysical We might have discussed States theories! rights and the rights of man for ages, but not until the discussion turned upon a great material interest, and the cotton plant lifted up its white banner-fitting standard of the phantom of Death on the Pale Horse of the Apocalypsenot until then did the abstract questions become civil and military conflicts, and the appeal pass from the court of opinion to the arena of war. We may conceive of some similar novelty in agriculture working new revolutions in our affairs. If flax could pay up its old score against cotton, and replace it by some new process of culture or manufacture, or could some new plant be discovered that would supply cheaper clothing, or could cotton be grown elsewhere in such quantity and cheapness as to break down the Southern market, the future of our country would be signally changed.

But even in agricultural products we are greatly dependent upon human skill, especially upon human invention, and without Eli Whitney's ingenuity the great Southern staple could never | names stand for men who are facts of nature as

ferson, we believe, in 1798 signed Whitney's patent, and he probably never gave his signature to any document more important, excepting the Declaration of Independence, nor one more destined to test the power of that great instrument of our civilization. Whitney hit upon the principle of his machine in Georgia: but the inventive genius that originated it was born in him: for quite sure we are that while accomplishment. learning, and, to a certain extent, talents are made, genius is born; and the inventor deserves a place among the poets, although he may put his creations into wood or iron instead of verse or prose. Genius is born, not made; and who shall presume to set any limits to the power of native gifts over the destinies of men and nations? With us as a nation, more, externally, perhaps, has been owing to the genius of our inventors than to that of our poets, soldiers, or statesmen; and our Franklin, Whitney, and Fulton have made a stronger mark upon the country and age than any of our authors. Thus far in the present war mechanical genius has won the first honors; and no soldier nor statesman has written his name in history as boldly as the inventor of our new iron-clad ships, with their peculiar structure and armament. But for Timby's Revolving Turret, partially adapted by Ericsson to the Monitor, our troops might have been driven from Fortress Monroe, and our great cities have been ravaged. What new inventions are to come from these fertile brains, or what daring genius is to revolutionize the art of war. and thereby perhaps secure the reign of peace?

The womb is the sealed book of our great apocalypse; and who knows what wonders shall come out of it, or what great or strong men shall be born? Probably all marked aptitudes, as well as gifts of signal genius, are inborn; and what a commentary upon the chances of fortune and the vicissitudes we give, simply by reading the names of the men who have figured in history within a hundred years! Burke, Pitt, Fox, Hume, Adam Smith, Watt, Wollaston, Voltaire, Rousseau, Robespierre, Napoleon, Wellington, Goethe, Schiller, Kant, Byron, Burns -what have these men and the like done for Europe, and what would Europe have done without them? Who could have predicted them, or who can tell who are to be their successors on the scroll of fame? We think sometimes that great Nature is exhausted, that her game is played out, and that she can only repeat herself; but she is always surprising us by her wealth, and, in the language of Wall Street, she is never so hard up as not to have something over to lend to her needy children. We, as a people, have not had a large proportion of men of great genius in public affairs, whether in the Cabinet, the Senate, or the Camp, yet we have abounded in men whose leading characteristics we can not but regard as inborn. Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Adams, Madison, Jefferson, Jackson, Clay, Webster, Calhoun-these

well as of education, and we must trace to the | yet gone up, and the greatest movement known womb a portion of the elements of their power over the nation and the age. Thus Washington is not usually called a man of native genius; but surely we can not deny that he had peculiar native gifts for his position, and that his remarkable balance of character, his union of so much judgment with so much courage, such equanimity with force, such patience with high spirit, that this rare balance was the felicity of his birth as well as of his breeding, and we owe to his mother no small part of the good service that he has done to his country. We surely make a very sorry estimate even of genius when we limit it solely to intellectual originality, and deny it to signal active force, or allow genius to Shakspeare, Milton, and Burns, and deny it to Frederick, Napoleon, and Nelson. We have for a long time believed that there is a genius of the will quite as marked and inborn as that of the intellect or the imagination. What we want perhaps more than any thing else is a man of great will to put power into the right direction at this crisis of affairs. We seem to have men who think and speak and write very well, but no man of inspired force to be master of the situation. Our plan seems to have been good enough, and if what has been put upon paper had only been carried out with a mighty hand, the nation would have been saved before this. Andrew Jackson was not a man of any great intellectual originality; but he surely was an original character, and by his native force of will he has left more traces of himself upon American history than any one of his great contemporaries. Daniel Webster, we think, overthrew Calhoun and Hayne in argument; but what would the triumph in the Senate chamber have amounted to if it had not been backed up by bayonet and cannon? What good would Webster's argument have done had not Jackson sent the Frigate Constitution to Charleston Harbor, and threatened to hang the Nullifiers skyhigh if they did not stop their nonsense? have of late needed Jackson's iron will. James Buchanan had possessed it, he would not have left a broken nation to his successors, nor have allowed his Cabinet to brow-beat him and to plunder the Treasury and the arsenals. If Abraham Lincoln had had it, the rebellion apparently might long ago have been crushed, and we should not have been writing in our present vein of the uncertainties of the future. If our Generals had their fair share of it, their campaigns would not have been so feeble in result compared with the grandeur of their promise. Discipline undoubtedly goes far toward making a soldier; but a great soldier must have a good foundation to build upon, and native force of will is essential to his greatness. There is genius for the camp as well as for the Cabinet and the library.

We are waiting for a strong man to appear in the Cabinet or the field, and are ready to salute him by acclamation as hearty as ever shouted "God save the King!" But the shout has not the assent of the great body of intelligent per-

among nations has been thus far without an efficient head. Yet there is original power in the nation. The man is somewhere who is to shape the history of the country for the next half century. The rebels may have found their man, but we have not; and some of our most conspicuous leaders, who have been foremost to tell us of the good times that are coming as the result of their measures, shrink back affrighted from the ghosts that their own spell has raised, and are astonished that the water-imp, who is making a deluge by his everlasting pouring of water, will not sink back into his corner and become a broomstick or a blockhead, according to the old ballad, once more.

It may be that no great man appears to lead us because God, in his providence, means to make us a great people, and insists that we shall go alone or be our own leaders-a desirable result indeed, yet hard to reach without previous training under an effective master; for the great eras of the regeneration of the people have been ushered in by some commanding personage manifestly born for his high mission. All the Christian ages have repeated the first of these ages, and the born of God has led forth the procession of the new-born of humanity, as the incarnation precedes the regeneration. Generally the people rally at the call of some providential leader: and there is in all large bodies of men, like all masses of matter, a certain passivity that waits the touch of a master hand, the magic of a master spirit, as the great ocean waits the rising of the moon to lift up its waters, and the broad acres look to the sunshine and the rain to soften and fertilize their glebe. We as a people are ready for a leader, and if no man in keeping with our good culture and moral convictions appears with the requisite gifts of command, we are in danger of being run away with by some strong, unscrupulous man who may put himself at the head of the passions and interests of the hour. The devil will be likely to send us a leader if we do not accept one from God, and there are some mutterings and murmurs of the popular breath that do not seem to portend an avatar wholly from the celestial spheres.

What is to move and lead our people this year or the next ten years? Who is the man, what is the idea, what the policy, what the end? Who knows? Our shrewdest wire-pullers have been puzzled to know what to do or which way to turn, and some of them have gone through as many attitudes, postures, marches, and counter-marches, as the figurantes of an old-fashioned dance, or the German cotillion. Our people are, in the main, a thoughtful, serious, and prudent people; yet what they will do, or whose lead they will follow, is less clear than it would otherwise be, from the fact that it does not take much to change votes enough from one side to the other to make the former minority the present majority. It would be easy to tell what our people would do, if every leading measure must have



sons; but public action is not always a fair test of the real weight or quality of public opinion, since a few thousand votes that bear in themselves no great intellectual or moral weight may shift the balancing power from one side to the other, and like the ballast-car on a steamboat may make the vessel and all within it lean to the other side. A nation in its corporate capacity must act as one mass, and the whole must move one way or the other, like a great boulder on the mountain side, which, however nicely poised upon its base and easily moved, perhaps by the hand of a child or the weight of a chamois, must move as one body, or as one body remain at rest. It is hard, of course, to predict how a sufficient number of persons may be acted upon to change the centre of gravity, and to turn the body politic from one side to the other. It is all the more hard to predict this, because, while some persons are changing in one direction, others are moving in the opposite direction; and the result depends not upon a single change, but upon the resultant of all the changing forces. Undoubtedly, if we watch all the moving elements either in any masses of matter or of persons, the tendencies in the course of time will be seen to arrange themselves according to a certain method, and the winds and the tides of nature and the movements of public opinion have a certain method in their seeming madness. Watch the winds and tides for an hour, and all may seem caprice, and you can not tell the will of the waters and the air; but continue the observation for a year, and a system of natural laws opens upon you, and you are ready to risk lives and property upon the result. So with the elements of public opinion. Their motions for a day or year seem to be arbitrary and capricious, wholly beyond the power of our calculation; but observe a nation through a course of years, and we note an approach to consistent and continuous habit, or to a historical and constitutional life both of ideas and purposes. There are, indeed, exceptional periods in the body politic as in the human body, when the general currents of circulation are changed, and the relations of functions are disturbed, or fevers and manias in society as in medicine. Yet these exceptions prove the rule, and every nation tends to resume its old ways after the revolutionary fit is over. The method of civilization is historic and evolutionary, not theoretic and revolutionary; and revolutions generally do good, not by breaking up the ancient order, but by removing the obstacles in the way of the rightful evolution of that order. Our American Revolution restored to us our liberty as British freemen, and guaranteed our liberty under laws very little different from the old colonial system. Our revolution was the method of evolution, and was historic, not merely ideal. Our institutions in the States and the Central Government are very much what they have been tending to become since the colonies were planted, and begun to approximate toward a central and protective head. We keep all the old habits of local liberty and central defense, and the extreme | marvelous personal depravity, as from excessive

measures that would merge the States in the nation, or the nation in the States, have never been popular. The political system of America has been more and more distinctly defining itself since our Independence was declared; and it is as clear now as ever, that the old Constitution was a fair and full embodiment of our organic national life, and the will of our people, with short exceptional periods, confirms that stated distribution of powers.

But who can tell what is to come, now that the Deluge is upon us? After the Deluge, what? That is the great question. Are all State lines to be obliterated, and are we to be swallowed up, as some desire, by a great centralized authority? or are the States to usurp the National powers, and to set themselves up as independent sovereignties? Who can tell? The signs of the times are very odd in one respect. It is strange that the two portions of our country in arms against each other are in some respects acting precisely against their nominal theory; and while the seceding States are urging union so strongly with each other, the loval States are foreboding, and in some respects provoking, disunion with each other. Secession is quite sure, in its own opinion, of being one. while Unionism is evidently afraid of becoming many. We have no great fears of the separation of the Northern States from each other, because we are confident that mutual interest, pride, history, and habit will keep them together. We are not disposed to discuss in these columns merely partisan questions; but we are free to say that the recent signs of reaction in our Northern States come less from want of lovalty to the National Government than from suspicion of excessive centralization, and from determination to preserve personal or local rights inviolate. It can not be denied that we have been in danger of having our historic rights trenched upon in the heats of war and the necessary invigoration of the central authority. We ought to submit to all necessary military prerogative with patience and loyalty, yet we are sacredly to keep our essential liberties as citizens, and to resist all arbitrary arrests that trample upon State laws and personal security. We trust that a wholesome and not a pernicious use will be made of this jealousy of centralization, by suppressing the rebellion which is the occasion of it, and by making the nation so homogeneous and peaceful as to have no need of an enormous standing army, an increasing public debt, and a military dictator. If we finish the rebellion at once upon any system of established liberty and order that restores the States and the nation to normal and stable relations, we resume our old health of circulation and simplicity of government. It is clear to us that of late the Central Government has had too much pressure of blood upon the head, and the concentration of so much patronage in the hands of a few is not well either for patron or client. The enormous peculation of contractors comes, we think, not so much from any



temptation, and it is never well for the public | Messiah began His life in a stable, and ended it virtue either for wine or money to flow in rivers through the land. The remedy for this excessive centralization is to be found, not in cutting off the head, but in duly stirring the members, and so bringing the head to its proper health and functions. Sustain our fundamental laws. and return to our old equilibrium soon, and we can easily manage our debt, disband most of our army, keep down turbulence at home, and rebuke insolence from abroad.

What is to be the immediate issue of the present quarrel we can not venture to predict, and in civil war, as in drought, all signs fail, and weather-prophets are ridiculous. The rebellion is stronger every way than we supposed—not only more determined, but more sagacious, persistent, and self-sacrificing, and able not only to bring a great force into the field, but to give it an intensity of purpose rarely equaled in history. How will time tell upon the two parties. and who will be the first to yield?—this is the question that time only can settle. Endurance wins, and in the long run bottom carries the day against speed. We have the most bottom, so far as numbers, arts, and wealth are concerned; but the persistent will—this is the enduring power; and he whose will is most abiding is upon the rock, while his vacillating rival is upon the drifting sand. Evidently there must be a limit to the persistency of one or both parties, and so enormous a fire must before long burn out. What both parties wish is clear; but what both really will is not so clear, and we wait for an unequivocal development of the will of the people as to the amount of life, and treasure, and tranquillity which they are determined to spend in the war.

Some things may occur to change the pulse of the people and create new social and political conditions. The rise of a great military leader would stir the heart of the nation anew, and the signs of a decided disposition in the Southern slaves to seize their own liberties under some commanding chief of their own blood would change the aspects of affairs both at home and abroad. We wait, moreover, upon the action of European courts to a certain extent, and are quite sure that France would head a powerful mediation, if not a formidable intervention, if the way to do it were as clear as the will. As the signs now appear, the problem is not solved as to what the year is to bring forth, and we take comfort not so much in any rosy anticipations of immediate victory and peace, as in trust in the general drift of our civilization, and in the benign providence of Him who is Lord of Nations and Light of Men. Our religion does not enable us to write history in advance, and predict the issue of battles, crops, and elections; but it does assure us of the final triumph of Christian civilization in its faith, energy, and humanity. Yet God's ways are always taking us by surprise, and few things go as we expected. The Christian religion began not as Jew or Gentile believed. For its conquering and to conquer.

upon a cross; and all succeeding ages have in some way repeated the paradox. Thus far in the war God has not fulfilled our impatient hopes, nor given us the expected return for the seas of blood and treasure. But that we have not won the good expected is no proof that we have not won any good. We have developed powers that else would have slumbered; and we have brought our country nearer than ever to our hearts by paying the price of blood, which, when loyally given, is never paid in vain. We can not read the record of the great disappointments of human hopes in history in utter despair, nor believe that noble purposes and deeds have ever utterly failed. Europe has not yet won all the liberty for which the zealots of the Protestant Reformation and the French Revolution labored, suffered, and died. Yet liberty has not lost but gained by their efforts; and even the despots whose will is called law are bound to respect the instincts of the age, and sometimes to do for the people better than the people have sometimes done for themselves. The annals of despotism are not therefore wholly without food for hope.

Our greatest hope is not, however, to rest upon the success of this or that cherished plan, but upon the accomplishment of our providential destiny. Our ruling ideas and forces are to be determined and adjusted, and we are to decide what shall be the nature of the relation that shall exist between the only two sections of our country that are marked by characteristics essential-That North and South must in ly diverse. some respects always differ as they always have done, we sufficiently affirm when we say that heat and cold are not the same, and the black race is not the white one; but that North and South shall always, or for many years quarrel, we can not believe. The two will adjust their relations to each other in some way that shall be for the common good, and in the end there must be virtually but one nation in which the dualism of character shall secure true unity of life, as in the family the household is all the more one because the husband and the wife are not the same, but are man and woman.

The prophet we can not play, but the patriot and the moralist we ought to be in good earnest without any play. We are to stand by our country, and, in simple loyalty, sustain its laws, its credit, and its honor. When the issue comes we shall be ready to meet it whatever it may be; and the nation and mankind will then never charge us with any wrong to liberty, order, humanity, or religion. We shall find, as we look and read on, that the book of destiny, though sealed, is still a book, and each seal as it is broken is revealing more and more of the writing of God, and showing our history to be part of His great and glorious Apocalypse. The red dragon and the horned monsters appear, but the Eternal Word on snow-white steed goes forth



QUAM.

HAD been several months in Florida and had never had a cart-ride, when one charming May afternoon my young friend Josie came bursting into my room with a face radiant with expectation, and exclaimed. "Hurrah for a ride! Wouldn't you like a ride to Baymont this evening, Miss Jenny, in real 'cracker' style, with father to accompany us on horseback? Don't say 'No' now! The air from the beach will do us good, and you can find a plenty of new flowers on the way.'

I had no thought of saying "No" to such a proposal, and we were ordered to be ready in half an hour.

Baymont was a little plantation a few miles down the coast, accessible by land by the very worst of roads, through pine woods and marshy prairie. There was never any difficulty in making the excursion on horseback, or, in more peaceable times, in the boat; but we had been ill, and were unable to go so far by the former method, and the report of a great black warsteamer down the bay had driven nearly all small craft from the waters of Tampa.

The ugliest horse on the place, old "Sancho." was just the fellow for such an expedition. He was accordingly caught, and collared, and saddled, instead of harnessed. A leather strap passed over the saddle to support the cart-tongues, while iron chain-traces kept the beast at a respectful distance.

The cart was a narrow two-wheel vehicle, scarcely larger than a New York hand-cart. The back-board let down for ingress, but was firmly secured against a too unceremonious egress. It was altogether a most rustic arrangement, equaled by nothing I had ever seen, except a fur-trader's team from the Selkirk Settlements; but snug, nevertheless, and capable of containing three seats if arranged tête-à-tête. We had but two leather-bottomed chairs, with sundry cushions and blankets for stowing away the juveniles. The dogs barked tumultuously, and the darkeys stood grinning around, while we deposited, first a basket of refreshments, then ourselves in the "little red carriage"—as they called it-bandying their jokes all the time on poor "Sancho," who stood patiently biding his time. One of the younger ones evidently expected to be promoted to the sent of honor—the saddleas such teams usually take a mounted driver; but after an aside consultation, it was decided that with five, old and young, in the vehicle, a fat postillion might prove too much for Sancho's strength or courage. Mrs. C--- could hold the lines, while the General directed movements from his charger.

"All ready now!" was the word of command as our escort, having made an end of inspection, vaulted into the saddle. "Call off Crocket! Let Cæsar come along! Toshe, let us through the gates!" Those were the final orders, and ly two miles from our starting-place the cart had in a few minutes we had passed the outer gate had some heavy shocks, and we some sorry jolts.

the horses' fetlocks, and the sun pouring down with tropical fervor.

"This way," said the General, turning aside, after a little, into a forest trail. "We will have less sand and more shade now."

"Isn't it pleasant here, and cool too?" the children asked And we all responded "cool and pleasant," though somehow the words fell sideways from my lips; for just that minute the cart passed from the summit of a ragged palmetto root to a deep rut below, threatening an overturn of chairs, and, as I fully believed, a general annihilation.

"Do look at Miss Jenny!" said Mrs. Claughing immoderately. "She looks 'like she was skeered,' as the darkeys say!"

"I am not frightened," I replied, putting as brave a face as I could upon the matter; "but I do think we shall all get cured of dyspepsia this time."

"I think it's nice!" said Josie. "Oh, almost as good as a stage-ride!"

With bruises scarcely yet healed from a terrible stage-ride across the peninsula, I replied, more truthfully than before, that I thought it was just about equal to a Florida stage-ride.

The woods were really grand, with their tall pines towering heavenward, reminding one of Tom Hood's trees, whose "giant tops stood close against the sky." The myriad flowers beneath them elicited perpetual praise. Sometimes we could reach out and pull one, or break some blossoming shrub as we moved slowly forward. I found the bejaria here—a beautiful rhododendron, with orange-like buds and fragrance-and mistook it at first for an azalia, though its blooms are regular, and much larger and whiter. Here, too, for the first time, I found the gay "Coral-tree" (Erythrina), with its lance-like scarlet banners. At every turn there was something new.

Leaving the "piny woods," as they are denominated, we entered an oak opening-not the gnarled old oaks of the Northern country, but the deep, glossy evergreen of the South, the noblest of American forest trees. Throughout this whole region their branches are hung with the graceful tillandsia, whose drooping undulations always reminded me of church-yard willowsbeautiful, but "mournfully solemn." Unlike the summer willow, however, the tillandsia is a perpetual weeper, never fading, never brightening with change of season or lapse of years. My first night's journey in Florida was through a forest of these solemn-draped trees. I gazed upon them like one fascinated, peering down every dim wood-path to see if some spectral army were not in procession there, until a stranger's voice broke the spell by inquiring whether I shuddered from the night air or from fear.

To a little sandy prairie, covered with coarse sedge grass, dotted with myriad flowers, we came after leaving the opening. Though scarceand were on the public highway, with sand to We were not sorry, therefore, to come to this



bit of prairie, although no sign of a road was visible. The General led the way, and dismounting soon to hand me a new variety of the Deer-grass (Rhexia Virginica), discovered that one of our wheels was losing a tire. Here was a dilemma! We had passed no house; there was not one for two miles ahead. We could not go forward to Baymont, that was certain; and we were not strong enough to walk back. The wheel had to be strengthened in some way. With the aid of a pocket-knife two or three wooden wedges were shaped, and then forced between the tire and rim, shrunken with recent drought. With watchful care we might hope to reach home in safety.

In the pine-woods on the other side of the prairie was a well of water by a deserted house. It would not be very far out of our way, the General said, if we took the beach road back to town. We could go there, wet the cart-wheel, and get a fine glimpse of the bay, since we had lost the one we were promised. The diversion was voted unanimously.

Then, as we drove slowly along, they told me the history of the house we were approaching. A planter from Georgia, who had a beautiful young invalid wife, built and furnished it for a temporary residence. It was in a charming spot; a natural opening in the forest, elevated so as to command a fine view of the water as well as of the surrounding country, sloping gradually down to the bay. Oleanders in full bloom, and orange-trees bending with unripe fruit, stood all around the rustic cottage. Broad verandas were on every side, with vines running wild even to the roof and chimney. The cottage looked charming still; but the negro-houses in the vard, with the palma-christi growing rank and neglected around them, looked deserted and deso-

Many reminiscences of the house were recalled as we sat by the well before it, from the day the strangers first took possession, until the sadder one when the young wife was laid under the pines near by to await a removal to the land of her childhood; since which time it had stood tenantless and forsaken. I could not help thinking, while listening to the mournful story, how many such hopes of returning health had been disappointed; how many, like that fair stranger, had closed their eyes amidst scenes unfamiliar, afar from friends and home.

"I think the wheel will stand a drive on the beach now," the General said, as he dashed a final bucket of water upon it. "If so we will not lose our trip entirely."

We started forward again. The bay was spread out blue and broad before us, dotted only here and there with a sail; for the rumor of warvessels had daunted even the bold fishermen of Tampa. One solitary ship lay at anchor in the distance, the latest arrival from Havana. We did not wonder, gazing on the lovely scene, that men visionary and poetical, searching through the New World for a Fountain of Youth, should listening to the foregoing conversation, or was

"Tempe." We only marveled that the successor of the Spaniard could have so changed and corrupted the name from its sweet original.

It was only a few hundred yards from the cottage down to the water-side, but the path, which had been a winding one, was so overgrown as to be pursued with extreme difficulty. With our careful escort we reached the end of it in safety, and discovered suddenly a smoke on the shelly beach, and a young negro sitting over it. We had come upon him so suddenly there was no chance to escape, even had he desired it, for one bound of Cæsar would have brought him back in an instant.

- "A little darkey roasting oysters," said Josie. "Let's all get out and have some!"
- "Hush!" said her cousin, "I'll bet he's a runaway.

The General waited neither to listen to nor make comments, but dismounted directly, and stood face to face with the negro.

- "What are you doing here?" he inquired,
- "Roasting birds, Sir," he replied, handing up a living young mocking-bird, while on the coals before him lay the body of another half-cooked.
- "Whose boy are you?" was the next ques-

The lad pointed down the bay, and said in a frightened tone, "My massa lives away down there, Sir; I'se forgot his name."

- "No you haven't," said the General, taking his saddle-strap and proceeding to tie the young runaway's hands.
- "Don't tie me, Sir," said the boy, "I've been looking for you. I want to go home with you, Sir!"
- "Do you know me?"
- "No, Sir, don't know you; but been hunting for you, Sir. Want to live with you. Won't you buy me, Sir?"
- "I can not unless I know your master's name," the General said, smiling.
- "He lives way down to ole Tampa, Sir." Mr. Clay-don't you know him?"
- "I know Mr. Clay, but he lives more than twenty miles from here. Is he your master?"
 - "Yes, Sir."
 - "What is your name?"
 - "Ouam."
 - "How long since you left home?"
 - "Two days, Sir."
 - "Did your master whip you?"
 - "No, Sir; said he'd cut my yers off!"
 - "Did you believe him?"
 - "Yes, Sir; said so two times."
 - "Who else is with you here in the woods?"
 - "Nobody, Sir."
- "Don't tell me a lie, now. I believe there are more of you here, and I want to know just how many."
 - "Ain't no more, Sir."

Was the boy telling truth, we asked ourselves, as we sat silent and almost breathless, have called that green, flowery-skirted bay there a company of fugitives waiting in that



lonely spot an escape to the expected war-steamer? A number of persons had lost negroes recently; might they not be banded together for freedom? It was a serious question to us invalid women and children, unarmed and helpless. We knew the General had not even a pistol with him, and we were more than two miles from a human habitation.

"Isn't this a most singular adventure?" he said, turning to us, with his bridle-rein in one hand and the end of the saddle-strap which bound the fugitive in the other. "The breaking down, the turning aside, and finally coming to this spot so foreign to our purpose."

It was singular; and we were not sorry to give up our beach ride, and find ourselves once more out of the thick woods and in the direct path, rugged though it was, leading toward home.

Quam made no effort to escape, but went trudging along before us, chatting with the General, and assuring him every now and then "he was out hunting for him." There was an expression of imbecility on his otherwise fine face, and his simple words and ways interested us so much that before we reached home he had won half a dozen friends.

"What will you do with him, General?" I asked, with a little visible anxiety, perhaps, as that gentleman assisted me from the "red carriage."

"Torture him," he replied, with ill-concealed gravity, "after the manner of all slave-owners. According to the laws of this State, I must either lodge the boy in jail or become responsible for his value if he escapes."

Josie's arms were around her father's neck in a moment.

"I know what you would say," he said, "and will not send the little fellow any farther than the kitchen to appease his hunger. I prefer to accept the responsibility of keeping him."

Not many days after we saw an elderly gentleman riding up the carriage-way. The dogs having, as usual, given fair warning of the approach of a stranger, every negro was out peeping through the paling, ready to open the gate. I should have said every one but Quam, who was missing, which led Aunt Lissy to remark, "Spec dat ar's Quam's ole masser. 'Pears like the chile knew he's comin'. If dat's him he's got the gift of ugly powerful large."

The man certainly looked plain-featured enough to justify Aunt Lissy's remark, as he alighted and came up to the piazza where we were seated to inquire for the "gentleman of the house." He was directed to the office. In half an hour or so the General came from thence with the stranger, and after seeing him mounted, and dispatching an avant courrier to the highway, he joined us upon the piazza.

"Well, Josie, I have bought Quam," he said, addressing himself to his daughter.

- "For how much, papa?"
- "One thousand dollars."
- "Isn't he cheap?"

"I don't know how that will prove. He is a stout, able-bodied boy; and though I don't need him exactly, I feel an attachment for the little scamp. You will have something now to make you remember the broken cart-ride."

Mr. Clay had scarcely reached the outer gate before Quam made his appearance in the yard, turning somersaults and performing other gymnastic feats, to the great amusement of the children, black and white, who all rushed out to question him, delighted with the little rogue's smartness.

"Where were you, Quam, all the time the old fellow was here? Do tell us?"

"Hid in de ditch."

"In the ditch! Oh, Quam! It's full of moccasins. Weren't you afraid?"

"Seed one—dats all. Warn't afeared ob him."

"Father has bought you," said Josie, "and given you to me. Aren't you glad?"

He grinned, turned a new somersault, and was off without any further expression of his feelings on the subject.

Quam soon became a great favorite, simple as he seemed. His persistence in insisting that he was out hunting for the General was amusing, and so greatly attached his new master to him that he was allowed many privileges not in the usual order. One of these was a boat to row on the river when his day's work was done, with Uncle Charles to teach him the practice of the oars. Charles, who was a most accomplished boatman, declared his pupil to be "a right smart chance," and said he would soon be able to pull the ladies across the Hillsboro.

And yet there was something mysterious about the boy, who, oaf-like one hour, was any thing but a fool the next. When alone he was always talking to himself, and gesticulating like an orator. Ask the darkeys what he said, and they uniformly told the same story, "'Pears like he don't know hisself! All fetich, like ole Quambo his fader, who come from Guinea!" But there seemed too much method in the boy's manœuvres; he played his games too skillfully into his own hands to warrant a full belief in his simplicity, notwithstanding his curious questions and monkey tricks.

As Uncle Charles predicted, the boy soon became a "right smart" oarsman; but that was not the boundary of his ambition. Climbing to an old loft one day he discovered some half-worn sails. The next Sunday morning one of these was attached to his yawl, and Quam went boldly forth to try his skill as sailor. The whole family watched his assay from the front piazza, and orders were given to one of the men to get another boat ready in case of accident.

"De berry debil in him for dare," old Horace said, as he departed to obey the command, rather reluctantly we thought; for we heard him mutter, "A triflin, no account nigger no how."

There was a stiff breeze on the bay, and word was sent to the young adventurer by no means to go out of the river; so up and down, over



every way for his special accommodation. Sometimes the little sail dipped almost to the water's edge, and the light craft seemed almost sure to overturn; but the next minute, by some lucky turn, it was all right again; and Quam, like all novices, was learning wit by experience and observation.

Wearied at length with watching his rash movement, the General gave orders to call him in; and after various unsuccessful attempts he brought his boat up squarely to the wharf, and for the rest of the day was a hero.

Every Sunday morning the trial was repeated until it became no unusual thing to see Quam's sail, no larger than the wing of the petrel, floating away among the green islands of the bay. The water seemed to be his favorite element.

"Ain't vou afeared, Gineral, that boy o' yourn will be off one o' these times?" inquired a "poor white trash" one day.

"Not in the least; nothing would tempt that boy to leave me!"

"Wa'al, maybe you're right and I'm wrong; but a thousand are a heap o' money to put in a leaky boat, and I allus notice these runaway chaps is mighty onsartin."

Notwithstanding the General's confidence there was something in the man's words that impressed me as an echo of my own thoughts; but as I was only a Northerner, and knew very little about the strong ties of the "Institution." I hadn't a word to say.

Quam had been in the family several months, and all the while "contented as a kitten," as Aunt Lissy was wont to affirm, and so he appeared, and as happy too. Though he had made considerable progress in navigation he still talked gibberish and played the fool as much as ever. Uncle Charles said there was not a better field hand on the place, though "Mar's Jesse and Miss Josie would clean done spile him sure."

Late in autumn a sugar-planter who lived on the bay came to hire a hand to cut cane. Quam was just the boy he wanted, having been accustomed to the work on his old master's plantation. Having little for him to do at home, he was let for a month, and went off cutting capers and chewing a whip-stock, thus signifying to the other darkeys how he would soon be luxuriating on the sweet, juicy stalks of the cane, of which they are immoderately fond.

"Oh, Quam! bring me home some green stalks," called out Josie, as he rode away.

"And bring me some red ones," said her cousin.

"And me all the little rattoons," said black Toshe.

Quam only grinned, chewed his stick, and promised nothing.

A day or two after we sat fishing on the wharf in the warm sunshine. I was thinking how at that very moment the chill November winds might be howling, or the rains sobbing around my far away New England home. For eye and both ears open upon the hall lounge.

and across he went, as though the wind were | nearly half a year no word nor message from that home had reached the wanderer, and busy fancy had conjured a thousand ills during those long months of suspicious silence. I could not help feeling sad, though the tall pomegranatetrees, gay with myriad scarlet bells, hung over us, and the sweet cape-jessamines were white with snowy blossoms all around, and the air was full of the fragrance of roses. I said we were fishing, but the mottled sheep-heads were playing around one hook guiltless of bait, for I was thinking and not fishing.

> "Mr. Beaucardie's new boat is coming up here to the wharf," said one of the girls, arousing me from my reverie. "Look! Miss Jennie. Isn't it a beauty?"

> It was a beauty indeed; light and graceful, and bright, too, with its green paint, as any tropical bird. It had two sails, white as snow, I might have affirmed: but Josie said as white as cotton; for what did she, a child of the "sunny South," know of snow, or of its whiteness? The boat just stopped in passing to drop us a string of golden bananas, the fruit of fruits, to my taste, when freshly plucked. The Beaucardies were on their way to one of the orange-groves of old Tampa, and promised us an abundance of sweet China oranges, grape-fruit, and shaddock on their return.

> A week went by, and we saw nothing of the pretty boat and promised fruit. But in the mean time the planter who had hired Quam came to say he had quit two nights before, and taken with him his best cane-knife, a loss he could not replace on account of the blockade. He believed the culprit was lurking about home somewhere, and demanded an investigation. The negroes were all summoned to confession, but no one had seen any thing of Quam since he went off chewing the whip-stock.

> "What had become of the boy, and why had he taken the cane-knife?" were questions we asked ourselves, and asked one another. The darkeys said he had gone to the swamps, and wanted the knife to dig roots with, and to defend himself if hunted. The General shook his head, said the boy had only got home-sick, and would not be long missing. We hoped he was right, for we had been told dark stories of the wolves and panthers, alligators and rattlesnakes of the Florida swamps, and the thought of poor Quam thus companioned was not pleasant.

> A strict watch was set that night, induced by the belief that he might come home to sleep and be off again in the morning for fear of punishment. Crocket - the sagacious old black blood-hound, whose youth had been spent in hunting Seminoles in the tangled evergladeswas stationed with a negro by the outer gate; while another man, with the yellow bull-dog, watched an opposite avenue. Aunt Lissy was counseled to lie down in the kitchen, as it was not unlikely the poor fellow might be hungry and seek there for food; and the General declared his own intention of sleeping with one

Josie lingered and cast most appealing glances to me. Knowing what was in her mind, and that she wished me to make an appeal for Quam in case he was caught, I said-"You will allow us to hold a court in the morning and try the offender before you inflict upon him any of Solomon's judgments, will you not, General?"

"He richly deserves a whipping, and should have had it too, if he had run away from home," he replied, laughing. "As it is, I think it will be sufficient punishment to send him back with the knife, and make him ask Mr. M'Loud's forgiveness.'

We were "calculating without our host."

Neither dog-bark nor footfall disturbed the calm summer-like air of that autumn night. No Quam came for the roasted yams which Aunt Lissy had left for him on the kitchen table; no dusky form disturbed the blanket and straw that made his bed in the corner of the tool-shop. The only sounds heard during the night were the footsteps of his master, as he stole softly out to assure himself of the vigilance of the watch.

The next morning found us all a little "blue," and it was proposed to go to Idleboro-a little retreat away in the pine woods to which the family some two years before had fled from yellowfever. As it had the reputation of being the resort of fugitives and cow-hunters, Josie suggested we might possibly see or hear something of Quam.

As we galloped along the solitary way every charred stump and tree seemed dodging us. It needed little imagination to induce the belief that the whole forest was alive with runaways, although the entire seven miles were passed without sight of a single human being. None but a practiced eye, I am certain, would ever have tracked the way to that silvan solitude.

The mansion, which was of unhewn logs, consisted of one capacious apartment, with unhewn floor, and wooden shutters in place of windows. The kitchen, commonly a detached building in the South, lacked only a floor to rival the fam-By residence, while the stables equaled either in pretension; yet a family accustomed to both comforts and luxuries bore away so many pleasant recollections of a five months' residence here as to make it a spot of lasting interest. They had their horses, their books, a violin, and guitar. Only a little away, following a path they pointed out, was a bend of the Hillsboro where they went to fish for perch and mullet, and occasionally they took a tent and went over to Rocky Point for oysters, camping out all night upon the beach, and returning next day with carts heavily laden with the precious bivalves. Thrice a week a negro left in town came to a shanty in the woods and dropped the mail, with such stores as they needed from time to time. And this was Idleboro.

We were looking for Quam, who had probably never heard of the place. There was not a print in the sand around to show that any foot had pressed it for weeks; so after taking our lunch and gathering a flower or two, as memo- own escape from "Dixie," but have nowhere

rials of a spot which one at least of the party would never revisit, we mounted again and were off on a new route homeward. Two hours brought us to the great gate, beside which Toshe was asleep in the sun until aroused by Crocket to duty.

"Mr. Frazer wants to see Mar'ser Jesse! Spec he's hearn tell suffin bout Quam," she said, rubbing her eyes open as we entered.

"Frazer is a croaker," said the General, "who does not believe in niggers. He thinks the world was made just large enough for white people!"

"So," I could not help reflecting, "thinks many a poor white man, in a land where every avenue of labor is choked and effectually closed by servitude."

The man met us in the yard, and said, while we were dismounting, "Wa'al, Gineral, Beaucardie's lost his boat!"

"Ah! how was that? The blockaders got hold of it?"

"Edzactly! That's what we think, without no trouble of coming for it. You see Beaucardie's been down to old man Phillippe's for a week or so. Wednesday night he loaded his boat with oranges and oysters, reckoning on a right smart start in the morning. But when morning come, boat and all was missing."

"It may have got detached, and floated off." "It got unhitched, any how. A man down on one of the keys below Old Tampa noticed a boat just about daybreak, with one man in it all to himself, putting acrost the bay in the direction of the light-house. Thar's where the warsteamers is, you know, just outside, and the

man calculated somebody was going with news to the Yankees. He hailed the boat to the top of his lungs, but it had a fair breeze, and was going it with oars besides, and it hadn't no notion to stop and let on about its business. The man thinks it got fetched up in a squall though afore it reached the vessel, as a powerful tough one come on that forenoon. But if it didn't go down, the Yankees has got it fairly."

"Was the man black or white?" the General asked, with a flushed cheek and flashing eyes.

"That's what he couldn't well tell. He wore a wide-brim palmeter all pulled down over his face till his color was no account. Then it warn't fairly light; but M'Loud says it was your boy for sure!'

"I think it was," said the General, with the air of one awaking to a painful conviction. "I think I was deceived in Quam, and that he is a grand rascal!"

There were no more watches set for the runaway, though it was not certain he took the boat, as two or three white men disappeared about the same time; but as the white men had boats of their own, every one believed it, especially as he was reputed to have been at the plantation of his old master, which adjoined Phillippe's, the very night the boat disappeared.

Several months after the event I made my



met Quam. Amidst a group of contrabands at Hilton Head was one who favored him in his monkey tricks, but it was not he. A ragged young darkey with a feather in his cap, beating a drum down by the New York Battery, afterward arrested my attention, and caused me to sing out, "Stop, driver!" Face to face with the sable drummer, I expected to hear him say, "I was looking for you, Miss;" but the creature only stared in stupid astonishment, leaving me to repeat my first order, "On to the St. Nicholas!" Quite recently I fancied I had found him sure in a group of "citizens of African descent" on Pennsylvania Avenue, not far from the foot of Capitol Hill. It proved to be only another of my blunders, and Quam is still "non est inventus!" Whether his little sail-boat reached the blockaders in safety, and he still lives, or whether, through the stormy waves of the Bay of Tampa, he passed to the immortal freedom of the skies, I can not tell. If any of the readers of this article can solve the mystery, I beg for a sequel.

LEMORNE VERSUS HUELL.

THE two months I spent at Newport with Aunt Eliza Huell, who had been ordered to the sea-side for the benefit of her health, were the months that created all that is dramatic in my destiny. My aunt was troublesome, for she was not only out of health, but in a lawsuit. She wrote to me, for we lived apart, asking me to accompany her—not because she was fond of me, or wished to give me pleasure, but because I was useful in various ways. Mother insisted upon my accepting her invitation, not because she loved her late husband's sister, but because she thought it wise to cotton to her in every particular, for Aunt Eliza was rich, and we—two lone women—were poor.

I gave my music-pupils a longer and earlier vacation than usual, took a week to arrange my wardrobe—for I made my own dresses—and then started for New York, with the five dollars which Aunt Eliza had sent for my fare thither. I arrived at her house in Bond Street at 7 A.M., and found her man James in conversation with the milkman. He informed me that Miss Huell was very bad, and that the housekeeper was still in bed. I supposed that Aunt Eliza was in bed also, but I had hardly entered the house when I heard her bell ring as she only could ring it—with an impatient jerk.

"She wants hot milk," said James, "and the man has just come."

I laid my bonnet down, and went to the kitchen. Saluting the cook, who was an old acquaintance, and who told me that the "divil" had been in the range that morning, I took a pan, into which I poured some milk, and held it over the gaslight till it was hot; then I carried it up to Aunt Eliza.

"Here is your milk, Aunt Eliza. You have sent for me to help you, and I begin with the earliest opportunity."

"I looked for you an hour ago. Ring the bell."

I rang it.

coming than I do."

"Your mother is well, I suppose. She would have sent you, though, had she been sick in bed."
"She has done so. She thinks better of my

The housekeeper, Mrs. Roll, came in, and Aunt Eliza politely requested her to have breakfast for her niece as soon as possible.

"I do not go down of mornings yet," said Aunt Eliza, "but Mrs. Roll presides. See that the coffee is good, Roll."

"It is good generally, Miss Huell."

"You see that Margaret brought me my milk."

"Ahem!" said Mrs. Roll, marching out.

At the beginning of each visit to Aunt Eliza I was in the habit of dwelling on the contrast between her way of living and ours. We lived from "hand to mouth." Every thing about her wore a hereditary air; for she lived in my grandfather's house, and it was the same as in his day. If I was at home when these contrasts occurred to me I should have felt angry; as it was, I felt them as in a dream—the china, the silver, the old furniture, and the excellent fare soothed me.

In the middle of the day Aunt Eliza came down stairs, and after she had received a visit from her doctor, decided to go to Newport on Saturday. It was Wednesday; and I could, if I chose, make any addition to my wardrobe. I had none to make, I informed her. What were my dresses?—had I a black silk? she asked. I had no black silk, and thought one would be unnecessary for hot weather.

"Who ever heard of a girl of twenty-four having no black silk! You have slimsy muslins, I dare say?"

"Yes."

"And you like them?"

"For present wear."

That afternoon she sent Mrs. Roll out, who returned with a splendid heavy silk for me, which Aunt Eliza said should be made before Saturday, and it was. I went to a fashionable dress-maker of her recommending, and on Friday it came home, beautifully made and trimmed with real lace.

"Even the Pushers could find no fault with this," said Aunt Eliza, turning over the sleeves and smoothing the lace. Somehow she smuggled into the house a white straw-bonnet, with white roses; also a handsome mantilla. She held the bonnet before me with a nod, and deposited it again in the box, which made a part of the luggage for Newport.

On Sunday morning we arrived in Newport, and went to a quiet hotel in the town. James was with us, but Mrs. Roll was left in Bond Street, in charge of the household. Monday was spent in an endeavor to make an arrangement regarding the hire of a coach and coachman. Several livery-stable keepers were in attendance, but nothing was settled, till I suggested that Aunt Eliza should send for her own car-

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returned on Thursday with coach, horses, and William her coachman. That matter being finished, and the trunks being unpacked, she decided to take her first bath in the sea, expecting me to support her through the trying ordeal of the surf. As we were returning from the beach we met a carriage containing a number of persons with a family resemblance.

When Aunt Eliza saw them she angrily exclaimed, "Am I to see those Uxbridges every day?"

Of the Uxbridges this much I knew—that the two brothers Uxbridge were the lawyers of her opponents in the lawsuit which had existed three or four years. I had never felt any interest in it, though I knew that it was concerning a tract of ground in the city which had belonged to my grandfather, and which had, since his day, become very valuable. Litigation was a habit of the Huell family. So the sight of the Uxbridge family did not agitate me as it did Aunt Eliza.

"The sly, methodical dogs! but I shall beat Lemorne yet!"

"How will you amuse yourself then, aunt?"

"I'll adopt some boys to inherit what I shall save from his clutches.'

The bath fatigued her so she remained in her room for the rest of the day; but she kept me busy with a hundred trifles. I wrote for her, computed interest, studied out bills of fare, till four o'clock came, and with it a fog. Nevertheless I must ride on the Avenue, and the carriage was ordered.

"Wear your silk, Margaret; it will just about last your visit through—the fog will use it up."

"I am glad of it," I answered.

"You will ride every day. Wear the bonnet I bought for you also."

"Certainly; but won't that go quicker in the fog than the dress?"

"Maybe; but wear it."

I rode every day afterward, from four to six. in the black silk, the mantilla, and the white straw. When Aunt Eliza went she was so on the alert for the Uxbridge family carriage that she could have had little enjoyment of the ride. Rocks never were a passion with her, she said, nor promontories, chasms, or sand. She came to Newport to be washed with salt-water; when she had washed up to the doctor's prescription she should leave, as ignorant of the peculiar pleasures of Newport as when she arrived. She had no fancy for its conglomerate societies, its literary cottages, its parvenue suits of rooms, its saloon habits, and its bathing herds.

I considered the rides a part of the contract of what was expected in my two months' performance. I did not dream that I was enjoying them, any more than I supposed myself to be enjoying a sea-bath while pulling Aunt Eliza to and fro in the surf. Nothing in the life around me stirred me, nothing in nature attracted me. I liked the fog; somehow it seemed to emanate from me instead of rolling up from the ocean, and to represent me. Whether I went alone or | Eliza graciously asked him to take a seat in the

James was sent back the next day, and | not, the coachman was ordered to drive a certain round; after that I could extend the ride in whatever direction I pleased, but I always said, "Any where, William." One afternoon, which happened to be a bright one, I was riding on the road which led to the glen, when I heard the screaming of a flock of geese which were waddling across the path in front of the horses. I started, for I was asleep probably, and, looking forward, saw the Uxbridge carriage, filled with ladies and children, coming toward me; and by it rode a gentleman on horseback. His horse was rearing among the hissing geese, but neither horse nor geese appeared to engage him; his eyes were fixed upon me. The horse swerved so near that its long mane almost brushed against me. By an irresistible impulse I laid my ungloved hand upon it, but did not look at the rider. Carriage and horseman passed on, and William resumed his pace. A vague idea took possession of me that I had seen the horseman before on my various drives. I had a vision of a man galloping on a black horse out of the fog, and into it again. I was very sure, however, that I had never seen him on so pleasant a day as this! William did not bring his horses to time; it was after six when I went into Aunt Eliza's parlor, and found her impatient for her tea and toast. She was crosser than the occasion warranted; but I understood it when she gave me the outlines of a letter she desired me to write to her lawyer in New York. Something had turned up, he had written her; the Uxbridges believed that they had ferreted out what would go against her. I told her that I had met the Uxbridge carriage.

"One of them is in New York; how else could they be giving me trouble just now?"

"There was a gentleman on horseback beside the carriage."

"Did he look mean and cunning?"

"He did not wear his legal beaver up, I think; but he rode a fine horse and sat it well."

"A lawyer on horseback should, like the beggar of the adage, ride to the devil."

"Your business now is the 'Lemorne?"

"You know it is."

"I did not know but that you had found something besides to litigate."

"It must have been Edward Uxbridge that you saw. He is the brain of the firm."

"You expect Mr. Van Horn?"

"Oh, he must come; I can not be writing letters.

We had been in Newport two weeks when Mr. Van Horn, Aunt Eliza's lawyer, came. He said that he would see Mr. Edward Uxbridge. Between them they might delay a term, which he thought would be best. "Would Miss Huell ever be ready for a compromise?" he jestingly asked.

"Are you suspicious?" she inquired.

"No; but the Uxbridge chaps are clever."

He dined with us; and at four o'clock Aunt



carriage with me, making some excuse for not going herself.

"Hullo!" said Mr. Van Horn when we had reached the country road, "there's Uxbridge now." And he waved his hand to him.

It was indeed the black horse and the same rider that I had met. He reined up beside us, and shook hands with Mr. Van Horn.

"We are required to answer this new complaint?" said Mr. Van Horn.

Mr. Uxbridge nodded.

"And after that the judgment?"

Mr. Uxbridge laughed.

"I wish that certain gore of land had been sunk instead of being mapped in 1835."

"The surveyor did his business well enough, I am sure."

They talked together in a low voice for a few minutes, and then Mr. Van Horn leaned back in his seat again. "Allow me," he said, to introduce you, Uxbridge, to Miss Margaret Huell, Miss Huell's niece. Huell vs. Brown, you know," he added, in an explanatory tone; for I was Huell vs. Brown's daughter.

"Oh!" said Mr. Uxbridge, bowing, and looking at me gravely. I looked at him also; he was a pale, stern-looking man, and forty years old certainly. I derived the impression at once that he had a domineering disposition, perhaps from the way in which he controlled his horse.

"Nice beast that," said Mr. Van Horn.

"Yes," he answered, laying his hand on its mane, so that the action brought immediately to my mind the recollection that I had done so too. I would not meet his eye again, however.

"How long shall you remain, Uxbridge?"

"I don't know. You are not interested in the lawsuit, Miss Huell?" he said, putting on his hat.

"Not in the least; nothing of mine is involved."

"We'll gain it for your portion yet, Miss Margaret," said Mr. Van Horn, nodding to Mr. Uxbridge, and bidding William drive on. He returned the next day, and we settled into the routine of hotel life. A few mornings after, she sent me to a matinée, which was given by some of the Opera people, who were in Newport strengthening the larynx with applications of brine. When the concert was half over, and the audience were making the usual hum and stir, I saw Mr. Uxbridge against a pillar, with his hands incased in pearl-colored gloves, and holding a shiny hat. He turned half away when he caught my eye, and then darted toward me.

"You have not been much more interested in the music than you are in the lawsuit," he said, seating himself beside me.

"The tutoyer of the Italian voice is agreeable, however."

"It makes one dreamy."

"A child."

"Yes, a child; not a man nor a woman."

"I teach music. I can not dream over 'one, two, three.'"

"You—a music teacher!"

"For six years."

I was aware that he looked at me from head to foot, and I picked at the lace on my invariable black silk; but what did it matter whether I owned that I was a genteel pauper, representing my aunt's position for two months, or not?

" Where ?"

"In Waterbury."

"Waterbury differs from Newport."

"I suppose so."

"You suppose!"

A young gentleman sauntered by us, and Mr. Uxbridge called to him to look up the Misses Uxbridge, his nieces, on the other side of the hall.

"Paterfamilias Uxbridge has left his brood in my charge," he said. "I try to do my duty," and he held out a twisted pearl-colored glove, which he had pulled off while talking. What white nervous fingers he had! I thought they might pinch like steel.

"You suppose," he repeated.

"I do not look at Newport."

"Have you observed Waterbury?"

"I observe what is in my sphere."

" Oh!"

He was silent then. The second part of the concert began; but I could not compose myself to appreciation. Either the music or I grew chaotic. So many tumultuous sounds I heard—of hope, doubt, inquiry, melancholy, and desire; or did I feel the emotions which these words express? Or was there magnetism stealing into me from the quiet man beside me? He left me with a bow before the concert was over, and I saw him making his way out of the hall when it was finished.

I had been sent in the carriage, of course; but several carriages were in advance of it before the walk, and I waited there for William to drive up. When he did so, I saw by the oscillatory motion of his head, though his arms and whiphand were perfectly correct, that he was inebriated. It was his first occasion of meeting fellow-coachmen in full dress, and the occasion had proved too much for him. My hand, however, was on the coach door, when I heard Mr. Uxbridge say, at my elbow,

"It is not safe for you."

"Oh, Sir, it is in the programme that I ride home from the concert." And I prepared to

"I shall sit on the box, then."

"But your nieces?"

"They are walking home, squired by a younger knight."

Aunt Eliza would say, I thought, "Needs must when a lawyer drives;" and I concluded to allow him to have his way, telling him that he was taking a great deal of trouble. He thought it would be less if he were allowed to sit inside; both ways were unsafe.

Nothing happened. William drove well from habit; but James was obliged to assist him to dismount. Mr. Uxbridge waited a moment at



the door, and so there was quite a little sensation, which spread its ripples till Aunt Eliza was reached. She sent for William, whose only excuse was "dampness."

"Uxbridge knew my carriage, of course," she said, with a complacent voice.

"He knew me," I replied.

- "You do not look like the Huells."
- "I look precisely like the young woman to whom he was introduced by Mr. Van Horn."

"Oh ho!"

"He thought it unsafe for me to come alone under William's charge."

"Ah ha!"

No more was said on the subject of his coming home with me. Aunt Eliza had several fits of musing in the course of the evening while I read aloud to her, which had no connection with the subject of the book. As I put it down she said that it would be well for me to go to church the next day. I acquiesced, but remarked that my piety would not require the carriage, and that I preferred to walk. Besides, it would be well for William and James to attend divine service. She could not spare James, and thought William had better clean the harness, by way of penance.

The morning proved to be warm and sunny. I donned a muslin dress of home manufacture and my own bonnet, and started for church. I had walked but a few paces when the consciousness of being free and alone struck me. I halted, looked about me, and concluded that I would not go to church, but walk into the fields. I had no knowledge of the whereabouts of the fields; but I walked straight forward, and after a while came upon some barren fields, cropping with coarse rocks, along which ran a narrow road. I turned into it, and soon saw beyond the rough coast the blue ring of the ocean-vast, silent, and splendid in the sunshine. I found a seat on the ruins of an old stone-wall, among some tangled bushes and briers. There being no Aunt Eliza to pull through the surf, and no animated bathers near, I discovered the beauty of the sea, and that I loved it.

Presently I heard the steps of a horse, and, to my astonishment, Mr. Uxbridge rode past. I was glad he did not know me. I watched him as he rode slowly down the road, deep in thought. He let drop the bridle, and the horse stopped, as if accustomed to the circumstance, and pawed the ground gently, or yawed his neck for pastime. Mr. Uxbridge folded his arms and raised his head to look seaward. It seemed to me as if he were about to address the jury. I had dropped so entirely from my observance of the landscape that I jumped when he resumed the bridle and turned his horse to come back. slipped from my seat to look among the bushes, determined that he should not recognize me; but my attempt was a failure—he did not ride by the second time.

"Miss Huell!" And he jumped from his saddle, slipping his arm through the bridle.

"I am a runaway. What do you think of the Fugitive Slave Bill?"

- "I approve of returning property to its owners."
- "The sea must have been God's temple first, instead of the groves."
- "I believe the Saurians were an Ofthodox cribe."
 - "Did you stop yonder to ponder the sea?"
 - "I was pondering 'Lemorne vs. Huell."

He looked at me earnestly, and then gave a tug at the bridle, for his steed was inclined to make a crude repast from the bushes.

"How was it that I did not detect you at once?" he continued.

"My apparel is Waterbury app

" Ah!"

We walked up the road slowly till we came to the end of it; then I stopped for him to understand that I thought it time for him to leave me. He sprang into the saddle.

• Give us good-by!" he said, bringing his horse close to me.

"We are not on equal terms; I feel too humble afoot to salute you."

"Put your foot on the stirrup then."

A leaf stuck in the horse's forelock, and I pulled it off and waved it in token of farewell. A powerful light shot into his eyes when he saw my hand close on the leaf.

"May I come and see you?" he asked, abruptly. "I will."

"I shall say neither 'No' nor 'Yes.'"

He rode on at a quick pace, and I walked homeward, forgetting the sense of liberty I had started with, and proceeded straightway to Aunt Eliza.

"I have not been to church, aunt, but to walk beyond the town; it was not so nominated in the bond, but I went. The taste of freedom was so pleasant that I warn you there is danger of my 'striking.' When will you have done with Newport?"

"I am pleased with Newport now," she answered, with a curious intonation. "I like it." "I do also."

Her keen eyes sparkled.

"Did you ever like any thing when you were with me before?"

"Never. I will tell you why I like it: because I have met, and shall probably meet, Mr. Uxbridge. I saw him to-day. He asked permission to visit me."

"Let him come."

"He will come."

But we did not see him either at the hotel or when we went abroad. Aunt Eliza rode with me each afternoon, and each morning we went to the beach. She engaged me every moment when at home, and I faithfully performed all my tasks. I clapped to the door on self-investigation—locked it against any analysis or reasoning upon any circumstance connected with Mr. Uxbridge. The only piece of treachery to my code that I was guilty of was the putting of the leaf which I brought home on Sunday between the leaves of that poem whose motto is,

"Mariana in the moated grange."



On Saturday morning, nearly a week after I | said. saw him on my walk, Aunt Eliza proposed that we should go to Turo Street on a shopping excursion; she wanted a cap, and various articles besides. As we went into a large shop I saw Mr. Uxbridge at a counter buying gloves; her quick eye caught sight of him, and she edged away, saying she would look at some goods on the other side; I might wait where I was. As he turned to go out he saw me and stopped.

"I have been in New York since I saw you," he said. "Mr. Lemorne sent for me."

"There is my aunt," I said.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I shall not go away soon again," he remarked. "I missed Newport greatly."

I made some foolish reply, and kept my eyes on Aunt Eliza, who dawdled unaccountably. He appeared amused, and after a little talk went

Aunt Eliza's purchase was a rose-colored moire antique, which she said was to be made for me; for Mrs. Bliss, one of our hotel acquaintances, had offered to chaperon me to the great ball which would come off in a few days, and she had accepted the offer for me.

"There will be no chance for you to take a walk instead," she finished with.

"I can not dance, you know."

"But you will be there."

I was sent to a dress-maker of Mrs. Bliss's recommending; but I ordered the dress to be made after my own design, long plain sleeves, and high plain corsage, and requested that it should not be sent home till the evening of the ball. Before it came off Mr. Uxbridge called, and was graciously received by Aunt Eliza, who could be gracious to all except her relatives. I could not but perceive, however, that they watched each other in spite of their lively conversation. To me he was deferential, but went over the ground of our acquaintance as if it had been the most natural thing in the world. But for my life-long habit of never calling in question the behavior of those I came in contact with, and of never expecting any thing different from that I received, I might have wondered over his visit. Every person's individuality was sacred to me, from the fact, perhaps, that my own individuality had never been respected by any person with whom I had any relation-not even by my own mother.

After Mr. Uxbridge went, I asked Aunt Eliza if she thought he looked mean and cunning? She laughed, and replied that she was bound to think that Mr. Lemorne's lawyer could not look otherwise.

When, on the night of the ball, I presented myself in the rose-colored moire antique for her inspection, she raised her eyebrows, but said nothing about it.

"I need not be careful of it, I suppose, aunt?" "Spill as much wine and ice-cream on it as

you like."

"I think I like this mass of rose-color," she Digitized by Vol. XXVII-No. 154.-M M

"Your hair comes out in contrast so brilliantly. Why, you have not a single ornament on!"

"It is so easy to dress without."

This was all the conversation we had together during the evening, except when she introduced some acquaintance to fulfill her matronizing duties. As I was no dancer I was left alone most of the time, and amused myself by gliding from window to window along the wall, that it might not be observed that I was a fixed flower. Still I suffered the annovance of being stared at by wandering squads of young gentlemen, the "curled darlings" of the ball-room. I borrowed Mrs. Bliss's fan in one of her visits for a protection. With that, and the embrasure of a remote window where I finally stationed myself, I hoped to escape further notice. The music of the celebrated band which played between the dances recalled the chorus of spirits which charmed Faust:

> "And the fluttering Ribbons of drapery Cover the plains, Cover the bowers, Where lovers, Deep in thought, Give themselves for life."

The voice of Mrs. Bliss broke its spell.

"I bring an old friend, Miss Huell, and he tells me an acquaintance of yours."

It was Mr. Uxbridge.

"I had no thought of meeting you, Miss Huell."

And he coolly took the seat beside me in the window, leaving to Mrs. Bliss the alternative of standing or of going away; she chose the latter.

"I saw you as soon as I came in," he said, "gliding from window to window, like a vessel hugging the shore in a storm."

"With colors at half-mast; I have no dancing partner."

"How many have observed you?"

"Several young gentlemen."

"Moths."

"Oh no, butterflies."

"They must keep away now."

"Are you Rhadamanthus?"

"And Charon, too. I would have you row in the same boat with me."

"Now you are fishing."

"Won't you compliment me. Did I ever look better?"

His evening costume was becoming, but he looked pale, and weary, and disturbed. But if we were engaged for a tournament, as his behavior indicated, I must do my best at telling. So I told him that he never looked better, and asked him how I looked. He would look at me presently, he said, and decide. Mrs. Bliss skimmed by us with nods and smiles; as she vanished our eyes followed her, and we talked vaguely on various matters, sounding ourselves and each other. When a furious redowa set in which cut our conversation into rhythm he In the dressing-room Mrs. Bliss surveyed me. | pushed up the window and said, "Look out."

I turned my face to him to do so, and saw

the moon at the full, riding through the strip of sky which our vision commanded. From the moon our eyes fell on each other. After a moment's silence, during which I returned his steadfast gaze, for I could not help it, he said:

"If we understand the impression we make upon each other, what must be said?"

I made no reply, but fanned myself, neither looking at the moon, nor upon the redowa, nor upon any thing.

He took the fan from me.

"Speak of yourself," he said,

"Speak you."

- "I am what I seem, a man within your sphere. By all the accidents of position and circumstance suited to it. Have you not learned it?" the
- "I am not what I seem. I never wore so splendid a dress as this till to-night, and shall not again."

He gave the fan such a twirl that its slender sticks snapped, and it drooped like the broken wing of a bird.

"Mr. Uxbridge, that fan belongs to Mrs. Bliss."

He threw it out of the window.

- "You have courage, fidelity, and patience this character with a passionate soul. I am sure that you have such a soul?"
 - "I do not know."
- "I have fallen in love with you. It happened on the very day when I passed you on the way to the Glen. I never got away from the remembrance of seeing your hand on the mane of my horse."

He waited for me to speak, but I could not; the balance of my mind was gone. Why should this have happened to me—a slave? As it had happened, why did I not feel exultant in the sense of power which the chance for freedom with him should give?

- "What is it, Margaret? your face is as sad as death."
 - "How do you call me 'Margaret?"
 - "As I would call my wife-Margaret."

He rose and stood before me to screen my face from observation. I supposed so, and endeavored to stifle my agitation.

"You are better," he said, presently. "Come go with me and get some refreshment." And he beckoned to Mrs. Bliss, who was down the hall with an unwieldy gentleman.

"Will you go to supper now?" she asked.

"We are only waiting for you," Mr. Uxbridge answered, offering me his arm.

When we emerged into the blaze and glitter of the supper-room I sought refuge in the shadow of Mrs. Bliss's companion, for it seemed to me that I had lost my own.

- "Drink this Champagne," said Mt. Uxbridge.
 "Pay no attention to the Colonel on your left;
 he won't expect it."
 - "Neither must you."
 - "Drink."

The Champagne did not prevent me from reflecting on the fact that he had not yet asked whether I loved him. The spirit chorus again floated through my mind:

"Where lovers,
Deep in thought,
Give themselves for life."

I was not allowed to give myself—I was taken.

"No heel-taps," he whispered, "to the bottom naff."

- "Take me home, will you?"
- "Mrs. Bliss is not ready."
- "Tell her that I must go."

He went behind her chair and whispered something, and she nodded to me to go without her.

When her carriage came up, I think he gave the coachman an order to drive home in a round-about way, for we were a long time reaching it. I kept my face to the window, and he made no effort to divert my attention. When we came to a street whose thick rows of trees shut out the moonlight my eager soul longed to leap out into the dark and demand of him his heart, soul, life, for me.

- "I struck him lightly on the shoulder; he seized my hand.
 - "Oh, I know you, Margaret; you are mine!"
 "We are at the hotel."

He sent the carriage back, and said that he would leave me at my aunt's door. He wished that he could see her then. Was it magic that made her open the door before I reached it?

- "Have you come on legal business?" she
 - "You have divined what I come for."
- "Step in, step in; it's very late. I should have been in bed but for neuralgia. Did Mr. Uxbridge come home with you, Margaret?"
- "Yes, in Mrs. Bliss's carriage; I wished to come before she was ready to leave."
- "Well, Mr. Uxbridge is old enough for your protector, certainly."
 - "I am forty, ma'am."
 - "Do you want Margaret?"
 - "I do."
- "You know exactly how much is involved in your client's suit?"
 - "Exactly."
- "You know also that his claim is an unjust one."
 - "Do I?"
- "I shall not be poor if I lose; if I gain, Margaret will be rich."
- "' Margaret will be rich!" he repeated, absently.
- "What! have you changed your mind respecting the orphans, aunt?"
- "She has, and is—nothing," she went on, not heeding my remark. "Her father married below his station; when he died his wife fell back to her place—for he spent his fortune—and there she and Margaret must remain, unless Lemorne is defeated."
- "Aunt, for your succinct biography of my position many thanks."
- "Sixty thousand dollars," she continued. "Van Horn tells me that, as yet, the firm of



Uxbridge Brothers have only an income—no capital."

"It is true," he answered, musingly. The clock on the mantle struck two.

"A thousand dollars for every year of my life," she said. "You and I, Uxbridge, know the value and beauty of money."

"Yes, there is beauty in money, and"—looking at me—"beauty without it."

"The striking of the clock," I soliloquized, "proves that this scene is not a phantasm."

"Margaret is fatigued," he said, rising. "May I come to-morrow?"

"It is my part only," replied Aunt Eliza, "to see that she is, or is not, Cinderella."

"If you have ever thought of me, aunt, as an individual, you must have seen that I am not averse to ashes."

He held my hand a moment, and then kissed me with a kiss of appropriation.

"He is in love with you," she said, after he had gone. "I think I know him. He has found beauty ignorant of itself; he will teach you to develop it."

The next morning Mr. Uxbridge had an interview with Aunt Eliza before he saw me.

When we were alone I asked him how her eccentricities affected him; he could not but consider her violent, prejudiced, warped, and whimsical. I told him that I had been taught to accept all that she did on this basis. Would this explain to him my silence in regard to her?

"Can you endure to live with her in Bond Street for the present, or would you rather return to Waterbury?"

"She desires my company while she is in Newport only. I have never been with her so long before."

"I understand her. Law is a game, in her estimation, in which cheating can as easily be carried on as at cards."

"Her soul is in this case."

"Her soul is not too large for it. Will you ride this afternoon?"

I promised, of course. From that time till he left Newport we saw each other every day, and though I found little opportunity to express my own peculiar feelings, he comprehended many of my wishes, and all my tastes. I grew fond of him hourly. Had I not reason? Never was friend so considerate, never was lover more devoted.

When he had been gone a few days, Aunt Eliza declared that she was ready to depart from Newport. The rose-colored days were ended! In two days we were on the Sound, coach, horses, servants, and ourselves.

It was the 1st of September when we arrived in Bond Street. A week from that date Samuel Uxbridge, the senior partner of Uxbridge Brothers, went to Europe with his family, and I went to Waterbury, accompanied by Mr. Uxbridge. He consulted mother in regard to our marriage, and appointed it in November. In October Aunt Eliza sent for me to come back to Bond Street and spend a week. She had

some fine marking to do, she wrote. While there I noticed a restlessness in her which I had never before observed, and conferred with Mrs. Roll on the matter. "She do be awake nights a deal, and that's the reason," Mrs. Roll said. Her manner was the same in other respects. She said she would not give me any thing for my wedding outfit, but she paid my fare from Waterbury and back.

She could not spare me to go out, she told Mr. Uxbridge, and in consequence I saw little of him while there.

In November we were married. Aunt Eliza was not at the wedding, which was a quiet one. Mr. Uxbridge desired me to remain in Waterbury till spring. He would not decide about taking a house in New York till then; by that time his brother might return, and if possible we would go to Europe for a few months. I acquiesced in all his plans. Indeed I was not consulted; but I was happy—happy in him, and happy in every thing.

The winter passed in waiting for him to come to Waterbury every Saturday; and in the enjoyment of the two days he passed with me. In March Aunt Eliza wrote me that Lemorne was beaten! Van Horn had taken up the whole contents of his snuff-box in her house the evening before in amazement at the turn things had taken.

That night I dreamed of the scene in the hotel at Newport. I heard Aunt Eliza saying, "If I gain, Margaret will be rich." And I heard also the clock strike two. As it struck I said, "My husband is a scoundrel," and woke with a start.

ELSIE VANE.

RIPE, red lips, and a dimpled chin;
Cheeks where the lily and rose were wed,
And hair of so pale an amber shade
It seemed a halo around her head.
Bright was the smile of her baby mouth,
And all so deep the blue of her eyes,
That when they opened their ivory lids
They must have caught the hue of the skies.

I said, when a boy, "I will buy me ships, The wind shall waft them across the sea, I will fill them with cargoes rich and rare; A prince among merchants I will be—Heavily laden my ships shall come home With fruits and spices and costly wines; And I will sail in the best of them all, . To visit the land where the red gold shines.

"I will build me a palace of marble high: Smyrnian carpets shall cover the floors, The walls shall be frescoed with curious art, And inlaid with gold the ivory doors; And Elsie Vane, she shall be my queen, With pearls in her hair as white as milk, She shall sit on a throne of arabesque, And rest on a couch of tufted silk."

I have bought me no ships, though I've grown a man; I have built me no palace of marble high; Only a poet unknown to the world, And not a prince among merchants, am I—And Elsie Vane, she died when a child; An angel came to her bed one day, He kissed her lids till she fell asleep, And bore her soul on his wings away.

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THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.



CHAPTER XVI.

MR. CROSBIE MEETS AN OLD CLERGYMAN ON HIS WAY TO COURCY CASTLE.

FOR the first mile or two of their journey Crosbie and Bernard Dale sat, for the most part, silent in their gig. Lily, as she ran down to the church-yard corner, and stood there looking after them with her loving eyes, had not been seen by them. But the spirit of her devotion was still strong upon them both, and they felt that it would not be well to strike at once into any ordinary topic of conversation. And, moreover, we may presume that Crosbie did feel much at thus parting from such a girl as Lily Dale, with whom he had lived in close intercourse for the last six weeks, and whom he loved with all his heart-with all the heart that he had for such purposes. In those doubts as to his marriage which had troubled him he had never expressed to himself any disapproval of Lily. He had not taught himself to think that she was other than he would have her be, that he might thus give himself an excuse for parting from her. Not as yet, at any rate, had he had recourse to that practice, so common with men who wish to free themselves from the bonds with which they have permitted themselves to be bound. Lily had been too sweet to his eyes, to his touch, to all his senses, for that. He had enjoyed too keenly the pleasure of being with her, and of hearing her tell him that she loved him, to allow of his being personally tired of her. it," said Crosbie.

He had not been so spoiled by his club life but that he had taken exquisite pleasure in all her nice country ways, and soft, kind-hearted, womanly humor. He was by no means tired of Lily. Better than any of his London pleasures was this pleasure of making love in the green fields to Lily Dale. It was the consequences of it that affrighted him. Babies, with their belongings, would come; and dull evenings, over a dull fire, or else the pining grief of a disappointed woman. He would be driven to be careful as to his clothes, because the ordering of a new coat would entail a serious expenditure. He could go no more among countesses and their daughters, because it would be out of the question that his wife should visit at their houses. All the victories that he had ever won must be given up. He was thinking of this even while the gig was going round the corner near the parsonage house, and while Lily's eyes were still blessed with some view of his departing back; but he was thinking also, that moment, that there might be other victory in store for him; that it might be possible for him to learn to like that fireside, even though babies should be there, and a woman opposite to him intent on baby cares. He was struggling, as best he knew how; for the solemnity which Lily had imparted to him had not yet vanished from his spirit.

"I hope that, upon the whole, you feel contented with your visit?" said Bernard to him, at last.

"Contented? Of course I do."

"That is easily said, and civility to me perhaps demands as much. But I know that you have, to some extent, been disappointed."

"Well, yes. I have been disappointed as regards money. It is of no use denying it."

"I should not mention it now, only that I want to know that you exonerate me."

"I have never blamed you—neither you nor any body else, unless, indeed, it has been myself."

"You mean that you regret what you've done?"

"No, I don't mean that. I am too devotedly attached to that dear girl whom we have just left to feel any regret that I have engaged myself to her. But I do think that, had I managed better with your uncle, things might have been different."

"I doubt it. Indeed I know that it is not so, and can assure you that you need not make yourself unhappy on that score. I had thought, as you well know, that he would have done something for Lily—something, though not as much as he always intended to do for Bell. But you may be sure of this, that he had made up his mind as to what he would do. Nothing that you or I could have said would have changed him."

"Well, we won't say any thing more about it." said Crosbie.



Then they went on again in silence, and arrived at Guestwick in ample time for the train.

"Let me know as soon as you get to town," said Crosbie.

"Oh, of course. I'll write to you before that."

And so they parted. As Dale turned and went, Crosbie felt that he liked him less than he had done before; and Bernard, also, as he was driving him, came to the conclusion that Crosbie would not be so good a fellow as a brother-in-law as he had been as a chance friend. "He'll give us trouble in some way, and I'm sorry that I brought him down." That was Dale's inward conviction in the matter.

Crosbie's way from Guestwick lay, by railway, to Barchester, the cathedral city lying in the next county, from whence he purposed to have himself conveyed over to Courcy. There had, in truth, been no cause for his very early departure, as he was aware that all arrivals at country houses should take place at some hour not much previous to dinner. He had been determined to be so soon upon the road by a feeling that it would be well for him to get over those last hours. Thus he found himself in Barchester at eleven o'clock, with nothing on his hands to do; and, having nothing else to do, he went to church. There was a full service at the cathedral, and as the verger marshaled him up to one of the empty stalls a little spare old man was beginning to chant the Litanv. "I did not mean to fall in for all this," said Crosbie to himself, as he settled himself with his arms on the cushion. But the peculiar charm of that old man's voice soon attracted him-a voice that, though tremulous, was yet strong; and he ceased to regret the saint whose honor and glory had occasioned the length of that day's special service.

"And who is the old gentleman who chanted the Litany?" he asked the verger afterward, as he allowed himself to be shown round the monuments of the cathedral.

"That's our precentor, Sir; Mr. Harding. You must have heard of Mr. Harding." But Crosbie, with a full apology, confessed his ignorance.

"Well, Sir, he's pretty well known too, though he is so shy like. He's father-in-law to our dean, Sir; and father-in-law to Archdeacon Grantly also."

"His daughters have all gone into the profession, then?"

"Why, yes; but Miss Eleanor-for I remember her before she was married at all-when they lived at the hospital-"

"At the hospital?"

"Hiram's Hospital, Sir. He was warden, you know. You should go and see the hospital, Sir, if you never was there before. Well, Miss Eleanor—that was his youngest—she married Mr. Bold as her first. But now she's the dean's lady."

"Oh! the dean's lady, is she?"

Mr. Harding might have been dean himself if he'd liked. They did offer it to him."

"And he refused it?"

"Indeed he did, Sir."

"Nolo decanari. I never heard of that before. What made him so modest?"

"Just that, Sir; because he is modest. He's past his seventy now-ever so much; but he's just as modest as a young girl. A deal more modest than some of them. To see him and his grand-daughter together!"

"And who is his grand-daughter?"

"Why, Lady Dumbello, as will be the Marchioness of Hartletop.'

"I know Lady Dumbello," said Crosbie-not meaning, however, to boast to the verger of his noble acquaintance.

"Oh, do you, Sir?" said the man, unconsciously touching his hat at this sign of greatness in the stranger; though in truth he had no love for her ladyship. "Perhaps you're going to be one of the party at Courcy Castle.'

"Well, I believe I am."

"You'll find her ladyship there before you. She lunched with her aunt at the deanery as she went through yesterday, finding it too much trouble to go out to her father's at Plumpstead. Her father is the archdeacon, you know. They do say—but her ladyship is your friend!"

"No friend at all-only a very slight acquaintance. She's quite as much above my line as she is above her father's."

"Well, she is above them all. They say she would hardly as much as speak to the old gentleman."

"What, her father?"

"No, Mr. Harding-he that chanted the Litany just now. There he is, Sir, coming out of the deanery."

They were now standing at the door leading out from one of the transepts, and Mr. Harding passed them as they were speaking together. He was a little, withered, shambling old man, with bent shoulders, dressed in knee-breeches and long black gaiters, which hung rather loosely about his poor old legs—rubbing his hands one over the other as he went. And yet he walked quickly-not tottering as he walked, but with an uncertain, doubtful step. The verger, as Mr. Harding passed, put his hand to his head, and Crosbie also raised his hat. Whereupon Mr. Harding raised his, and bowed, and turned round as though he were about to speak. Crosbie felt that he had never seen a face on which traits of human kindness were more plainly written. But the old man did not speak. He turned his body half round, and then shambled back, as though ashamed of his intention, and passed

"He is of that sort that they make the angels of," said the verger. "But they can't make many if they want them all as good as he is. I'm much obliged to you, Sir." And he pocketed the half-crown which Crosbie gave him.

"So that's Lady Dumbello's grandfather," "Yes, indeed. And what do you think, Sir? said Crosbie to himself, as he walked slowly



round the close toward the hospital, by the path which the verger had shown him. He had no great love for Lady Dumbello, who had dared to snub him—even him. "They may make an angel of the old gentleman," he continued to say; "but they'll never succeed in that way with the grand-daughter."

He sauntered slowly on over a little bridge; and at the gate of the hospital he again came upon Mr. Harding. "I was going to venture in," said he, "to look at the place. But per-

haps I shall be intruding?"

"No, no; by no means," said Mr. Harding.
"Pray come in. I can not say that I am just at home here. I do not live here—not now.
But I know the ways of the place well, and can make you welcome. That's the warden's house.
Perhaps we won't go in so early in the day, as the lady has a very large family. An excellent lady, and a dear friend of mine—as is her husband."

"And he is warden, you say?"

"Yes, warden of the hospital. You see the house, Sir. Very pretty, isn't it? Very pretty. To my idea it's the prettiest built house I ever saw"

"I won't go quite so far as that," said Crosbie.

- "But you would if you'd lived there twelve years, as I did. I lived in that house twelve years, and I don't think there's so sweet a spot on the earth's surface. Did you ever see such turf as that?"
- "Very nice indeed," said Crosbie, who began to make a comparison with Mrs. Dale's turf at the Small House, and to determine that the Allington turf was better than that of the hospital.
- "I had that turf laid down myself. There were borders there when I first came, with hollyhocks, and those sort of things. The turf was an improvement."

"There's no doubt of that, I should say."

"The turf was an improvement, certainly. And I planted those shrubs, too. There isn't such a Portugal laurel as that in the county."

"Were you warden here, Sir?" And Crosbie, as he asked the question, remembered that, in his very young days, he had heard of some newspaper quarrel which had taken place about Hiram's hospital at Barchester.

"Yes, Sir. I was warden here for twelve years. Dear, dear, dear! If they had put any gentleman here that was not on friendly terms with me it would have made me very unhappy—very. But, as it is, I go in and out just as I like; almost as much as I did before they—But they did not turn me out. There were reasons which made it best that I should resign."

"And you live at the deanery now, Mr. Harding?"

"Yes; I live at the deanery now. But I am not dean, you know. My son-in-law, Dr. Arabin, is the dean. I have another daughter married in the neighborhood, and can truly say that my lines have fallen to me in pleasant places."

Then he took Crosbie in among the old men, into all of whose rooms he went. It was an alms-house for aged men of the city; and before Crosbie had left him Mr. Harding had explained all the circumstances of the hospital, and of the way in which he had left it. "I didn't like going, you know; I thought it would break my heart. But I could not stay when they said such things as that—I couldn't stay. And, what is more, I should have been wrong to stay. I see it all now. But when I went out under that arch, Mr. Crosbie, leaning on my daughter's arm, I thought that my heart would have broken." And the tears even now ran down the old man's cheeks as he spoke.

It was a long story, and it need not be repeated here. And there was no reason why it should have been told to Mr. Crosbie, other than this—that Mr. Harding was a fond, garrulous old man, who loved to indulge his mind in reminiscences of the past. But this was remarked by Crosbie, that, in telling his story, no word was said by Mr. Harding injurious to any one. And yet he had been injured-injured very deeply. "It was all for the best," he said, at last; "especially as the happiness has not been denied to me of making myself at home at the old place. I would take you into the house, which is very comfortable-very; only it is not always convenient early in the day, where there's a large family." In hearing which Crosbie was again made to think of his own future home and limited income.

He had told the old clergyman who he was, and that he was on his way to Courcy. "Where, as I understand, I shall meet a grand-daughter of yours."

"Yes, yes; she is my grandchild. She and I have got into different walks of life now, so that I don't see much of her. They tell me that she does her duty well in that sphere of life to which it has pleased God to call her."

"That depends," thought Crosbie, "on what the duties of a viscountess may be supposed to be." But he wished his new friend good-by, without saying any thing further as to Lady Dumbello, and at about six o'clock in the evening had himself driven up under the portico of Courcy Castle.

CHAPTER XVII.

COURCY CASTLE.

COURCY CASTLE was very full. In the first place, there was a great gathering there of all the Courcy family. The earl was there—and the countess, of course. At this period of the year Lady De Courcy was always at home; but the presence of the earl himself had heretofore been by no means so certain. He was a man who had been much given to royal visitings and attendances, to parties in the Highlands, to—no doubt necessary—prolongations of the London season, to sojournings at certain German watering-places, convenient, probably, in order



that he might study the ways and ceremonies of German Courts-and to various other absences from home, occasioned by a close pursuit of his own special aims in life; for the Earl De Courcy had been a great courtier. But of late gout, lumbago, and perhaps also some diminution in his powers of making himself generally agreeable, had reconciled him to domestic duties, and the earl spent much of his time at home. The countess, in former days, had been heard to complain of her lord's frequent absence. But it is hard to please some women—and now she would not always be satisfied with his presence.

And all the sons and daughters were thereexcepting Lord Porlock, the eldest, who never met his father. The earl and Lord Porlock were not on terms, and indeed hated each other as only such fathers and such sons can hate. The Honorable George De Courcy was there with his bride, he having lately performed a manifest duty, in having married a young woman with money. Very young she was not-having reached some years of her life in advance of thirty; but then, neither was the Honorable George very young; and in this respect the two were not ill-sorted. The lady's money had not been very much—perhaps thirty thousand pounds or so. But then the Honorable George's money had been absolutely none. Now he had an income on which he could live, and therefore his father and mother had forgiven him all his sins. and taken him again to their bosom. And the marriage was matter of great moment, for the elder scion of the house had not yet taken to himself a wife, and the De Courcy family might have to look to this union for an heir. The lady herself was not beautiful, or clever, or of imposing manners-nor was she of high birth. But neither was she ugly, nor unbearably stupid. Her manners were, at any rate, innocent; and as to her birth-seeing that, from the first, she was not supposed to have had any-no disappointment was felt. Her father had been a coal-merchant. She was always called Mrs. George, and the effort made respecting her by every body in and about the family was to treat her as though she were a figure of a woman, a large well-dressed resemblance of a being, whom it was necessary for certain purposes that the De Courcys should carry in their train. Of the Honorable George we may further observe, that, having been a spendthrift all his life, he had now become strictly parsimonious. Having reached the discreet age of forty, he had at last learned that beggary was objectionable; and he therefore devoted every energy of his mind to saving shillings and pence wherever pence and shillings might be saved. When first this turn came upon him both his father and mother were delighted to observe it; but, although it had hardly yet lasted over twelve months, some evil results were beginning to appear. Though possessed of an income, he would take no steps toward possessing himself of a house. He hung by the paternal mansion, either in town or country;

horses, and had even contrived to obtain his wife's dresses from the maternal milliner. In the completion of which little last success, however, some slight family dissent had showed itself.

The Honorable John, the third son, was also at Courcy. He had as yet taken to himself no wife, and as he had not hitherto made himself conspicuously useful in any special walk of life his family were beginning to regard him as a burden. Having no income of his own to save, he had not copied his brother's virtue of parsimony; and, to tell the truth plainly, had made himself so generally troublesome to his father. that he had been on more than one occasion threatened with expulsion from the family roof. But it is not easy to expel a son. Human fledgelings can not be driven out of the nest like young birds. An Honorable John turned adrift into absolute poverty will make himself heard of in the world-if in no other way, by his ugliness as he starves. A thorough-going ne'er-do-well in the upper classes has eminent advantages on his side in the battle which he fights against respectability. He can't be sent to Australia against his will. He can't be sent to the poor-house without the knowledge of all the world. He can't be kept out of tradesmen's shops; nor, without terrible scandal, can he be kept away from the paternal properties. The earl had threatened, and snarled, and shown his teeth; he was an angry man, and a man who could look very angry; with eyes which could almost become red, and a brow that wrinkled itself in perpendicular wrinkles, sometimes very terrible to behold. But he was an inconstant man, and the Honorable John had learned to measure his father, and in an accurate balance.

I have mentioned the sons first, because it is to be presumed that they were the elder, seeing that their names were mentioned before those of their sisters in all the peerages. But there were four daughters-the Ladies Amelia, Rosina, Margaretta, and Alexandrina. They, we may say, were the flowers of the family, having so lived that they had created none of those family feuds which had been so frequent between their father and their brothers. They were discreet, high-bred women, thinking, perhaps, a little too much of their own position in the world, and somewhat apt to put a wrong value on those advantages which they possessed, and on those which they did not possess. The Lady Amelia was already married, having made a substantial if not a brilliant match with Mr. Mortimer Gazebee, a flourishing solicitor, belonging to a firm which had for many years acted as agents to the De Courcy property. Mortimer Gazebee was now member of Parliament for Barchester. partly through the influence of his father-in-law. That this should be so was a matter of great disgust to the Honorable George, who thought that the seat should have belonged to him. But as Mr. Gazebee had paid the very heavy expenses of the election out of his own pocket, and as drank the paternal wines, rode the paternal George De Courcy certainly could not have paid

them, the justice of his claim may be questionable. Mrs. Gazebee was now the happy mother of many babies, whom she was wont to carry with her on her visits to Courcy Castle, and had become an excellent partner to her husband. He would perhaps have liked it better if she had not spoken so frequently to him of her own high position as the daughter of an earl, or so frequently to others of her low position as the wife of an attorney. But, on the whole, they did very well together, and Mr. Gazebee had gotten from his marriage quite as much as he expected when he made it.

The Lady Rosina was very religious; and I do not know that she was conspicuous in any other way, unless it might be that she somewhat resembled her father in her temper. It was of the Lady Rosina that the servants were afraid, especially with reference to that so-called day of rest which, under her dominion, had become to many of them a day of restless torment. It had not always been so with the Lady Rosina; but her eyes had been opened by the wife of a great church dignitary in the neighborhood, and she had undergone regeneration. How great may be the misery inflicted by an energetic, unmarried, healthy woman in that condition-a woman with no husband, or children, or duties, to distract her from her work-I pray that my readers may never know.

The Lady Margaretta was her mother's favorite, and she was like her mother in all thingsexcept that her mother had been a beauty. The world called her proud, disdainful, and even insolent; but the world was not aware that in all that she did she was acting in accordance with a principle which had called for much self-abnegation. She had considered it her duty to be a De Courcy and an earl's daughter at all times; and consequently she had sacrificed to her idea of duty all popularity, adulation, and such admiration as would have been awarded to her as a well-dressed, tall, fashionable, and by no means stupid young woman. To be at all times in something higher than they who were manifestly below her in rank—that was the effort that she was ever making. But she had been a good daughter, assisting her mother, as best she might, in all family troubles, and never repining at the cold, colorless, unlovely life which had been vouchsafed to her.

Alexandrina was the beauty of the family, and was in truth the youngest. But even she was not very young, and was beginning to make her friends uneasy lest she, too, should let the precious season of hay-harvest run by without due use of her summer's sun. She had, perhaps, counted too much on her beauty, which had been beauty according to law rather than beauty according to taste, and had looked, probably, for too bounteous a harvest. That her forehead, and nose, and cheeks, and chin were well-formed, no man could deny. Her hair was soft and plentiful. Her teeth were good, and her eyes were long and oval. But the fault of her face was this—that when you left likes i:."

her you could not remember it. After a first acquaintance you could meet her again and not know her. After many meetings you would fail to carry away with you any portrait of her features. But such as she had been at twenty, such was she now at thirty. Years had not robbed her face of its regularity, of ruffled the smoothness of her too even forehead. Rumor had declared that on more than one, or perhaps more than two occasions, Lady Alexandrina had been already induced to plight her troth in return for proffered love; but we all know that Rumor. when she takes to such topics, exaggerates the truth, and sets down much in malice. The lady was once engaged, the engagement lasting for two years, and the engagement had been broken off owing to some money difficulties between the gentlemen of the families. Since that she had become somewhat querulous, and was supposed to be uneasy on that subject of her hay-making. Her glass and her maid assured her that her sun shone still as brightly as ever; but her spirit was becoming weary with waiting, and she dreaded lest she should become a terror to all, as was her sister Rosina, or an object of interest to none, as was Margaretta. It was from her especially that this message had been sent to our friend Crosbie; for during the last spring in London she and Crosbie had known each other well. Yes, my gentle readers; it is true as your heart suggests to you. Under such circumstances Mr. Crosbie should not have gone to Courcy Castle.

Such was the family circle of the De Courcys. Among their present guests I need not enumerate many. First and foremost in all respects was Lady Dumbello, of whose parentage and position a few words were said in the last chapter. She was a lady still very young, having as yet been little more than two years married. But in those two years her triumphs had been many -so many, that in the great world her standing already equaled that of her celebrated motherin-law, the Marchioness of Hartletop, who, for twenty years, had owned no greater potentate than herself in the realms of fashion. But Lady Dumbello was every inch as great as she; and men said, and women also, that the daughter-inlaw would soon be the greater.

"I'll be hanged if I can understand how she does it," a certain noble peer had once said to Crosbie, standing at the door of Sebright's, during the latter days of the last season. "She never says any thing to any one. She won't speak ten words a whole night through."

"I don't think she has an idea in her head," said Crosbie.

"Let me tell you that she must be a very clever woman," continued the noble peer. "No fool could do as she does. Remember, she's only a parson's daughter; and as for beauty—"

"I don't admire her for one," said Crosbie.

"I don't want to run away with her, if you mean that," said the peer; "but she is handsome, no doubt. I wonder whether Dumbello likes i:."



Dumbello did like it. It satisfied his ambition to be led about as the senior lackey in his wife's train. He believed himself to be a great man because the world fought for his wife's presence; and considered himself to be distinguished even among the eldest sons of marquises, by the greatness reflected from the parson's daughter whom he had married. He had now been brought to Courcy Castle, and felt himself proud of his situation because Lady Dumbello had made considerable difficulty in according this week to the Countess de Courcy.

And Lady Julia de Guest was already there, the sister of the other old earl who lived in the next county. She had only arrived on the day before, but had been quick in spreading the news as to Crosbie's engagement. "Engaged to one of the Dales, is he?" said the countess, with a pretty little smile, which showed plainly that the matter was one of no interest to herself. "Has she got any money?"

"Not a shilling, I should think," said the Lady Julia.

"Pretty, I suppose?" suggested the count-

"Why, yes; she is pretty—and a nice girl. I don't know whether her mother and uncle were very wise in encouraging Mr. Crosbie. I don't hear that he has any thing special to recommend him—in the way of money, I mean."

"I dare say it will come to nothing," said the countess, who liked to hear of girls being engaged and then losing their promised husbands. She did not know that she liked it, but she did; and already had pleasure in anticipating poor Lily's discomfiture. But not the less was she angry with Crosbie, feeling that he was making his way into her house under false pretenses.

And Alexandrina also was angry when Lady Julia repeated the same tidings in her hearing. "I really don't think we care very much about it, Lady Julia," said she, with a little toss of her head. "That's three times we've been told of Miss Dale's good fortune."

"The Dales are related to you, I think?" said Margaretta.

"Not at all," said Lady Julia, bristling up. "The lady whom Mr. Crosbie proposes to marry is in no way connected with us. Her cousin, who is the heir to the Allington property, is my nephew by his mother." And then the subject was dropped.

Crosbie, on his arrival, was shown up into his room, told the hour of dinner, and left to his devices. He had been at the castle before, and knew the ways of the house. So he sat himself down to his table, and began a letter to Lily. But he had not proceeded far, not having as yet indeed made up his mind as to the form in which he would commence it, but was sitting idly with the pen in his hand, thinking of Lily, and thinking also how such houses as this in which he now found himself would be soon closed against him, when there came a rap at his door, and before he could answer the Honorable John entered the room.

"Well, old fellow," said the Honorable John, "how are you?"

Crosbie had been intimate with John De Courcy, but never felt for him either friendship or liking. Crosbie did not like such men as John De Courcy; but nevertheless, they called each other old fellow, poked each other's ribs, and were very intimate.

"Heard you were here," continued the Honorable John; "so I thought I would come up and look after you. Going to be married, ain't you?"

"Not that I know of," said Crosbie.

"Come, we know better than that. The women have been talking about it for the last three days. I had her name quite pat yesterday, but I've forgot it now. Hasn't got a tanner; has she?" And the Honorable John had now seated himself upon the table.

"You seem to know a great deal more about it than I do."

"It is that old woman from Guestwick who told us, then. The women will be at you at once, you'll find. If there's nothing in it, it's what I call a d—— shame. Why should they always pull a fellow to pieces in that way? They were going to marry me the other day!"

"Were they indeed, though?"

"To Harriet Twistleton. You know Harriet Twistleton? An uncommon fine girl, you know. But I wasn't going to be caught like that. I'm very fond of Harriet—in my way, you know; but they don't catch an old bird like me with chaff."

"I condole with Miss Twistleton for what she has lost."

"I don't know about condoling. But upon my word that getting married is a very slow thing. Have you seen George's wife?"

Crosbie declared that he had not as yet had that pleasure.

"She's here now, you know. I wouldn't have taken her, not if she'd had ten times thirty thousand pounds. By Jove, no. But he likes it well enough. Would you believe it now? he cares for nothing on earth except money. You never saw such a fellow. But I'll tell you what, his nose will be out of joint yet, for Porlock is going to marry. I heard it from Colepepper, who almost lives with Porlock. As soon as Porlock heard that she was in the family way he immediately made up his mind to cut him out."

"That was a great sign of brotherly love," said Crosbie.

"I knew he'd do it," said John; "and so I told George before he got himself spliced. But he would go on. If he'd remained as he was for four or five years longer there would have been no danger; for Porlock, you know, is leading the deuce of a life. I shouldn't wonder if he didn't reform now, and take to singing psalms or something of that sort."

"There's no knowing what a man may come to in this world."

"By George, no. But I'll tell you what, they'll find no change in me. If I marry it will



not be with the intention of giving up life. say, old fellow, have you got a cigar here?"

"What, to smoke up here do you mean?"

"Yes; why not? we're ever so far from the women."

"Not while I am occupier of this room. Besides, it's time to dress for dinner."

"Is it? So it is, by George! But I mean to have a smoke first, I can tell you. So it's all a lie about your being engaged, eh?"

"As far as I know, it is," said Crosbie. And then his friend left him.

What was he to do at once, now, this very day, as to his engagement? He had felt sure that the report of it would be carried to Courcy by Lady Julia De Guest, but he had not settled down upon any resolution as to what he would do in consequence. It had not occurred to him that he would immediately be charged with the offense, and called upon to plead guilty or not guilty. He had never for a moment meditated any plea of not guilty, but he was aware of an aversion on his part to declare himself as engaged to Lilian Dale. It seemed that by doing so he would cut himself off at once from all pleasure at such houses as Courcy Castle; and, as he argued to himself, why should he not enjoy the little remnant of his bachelor life? As to his denying his engagement to John De Courcy -that was nothing. Any one would understand that he would be justified in concealing a fact concerning himself from such a one as he. The denial repeated from John's mouth would amount to nothing-even among John's own sisters. But now it was necessary that Crosbie should make up his mind as to what he would say when questioned by the ladies of the house. If he were to deny the fact to them the denial would be very serious. And, indeed, was it possible that he should make such denial with Lady Julia opposite to him?

Make such a denial! And was it the fact that he could wish to do so-that he should think of such falsehood, and even meditate on the perpetration of such cowardice? He had held that young girl to his heart on that very morning. He had sworn to her, and had also sworn to himself, that she should have no reason for distrusting him. He had acknowledged most solemnly to himself that, whether for good or for ill, he was bound to her; and could it be that he was already calculating as to the practicability of disowning her? In doing so must he not have told himself that he was a villain? But in truth he made no such calculation. object was to banish the subject, if it were possible to do so; to think of some answer by which he might create a doubt. It did not occur to him to tell the countess boldly that there was no truth whatever in the report, and that Miss Dale was nothing to him. But might he not skillfully laugh off the subject, even in the presence of Lady Julia? Men who were engaged did so usually, and why should not he? It was generally thought that solicitude for the lady's feelings should prevent a man from talking openly | said Crosbie.

of his own engagement. Then he remembered the easy freedom with which his position had been discussed throughout the whole neighborhood of Allington, and felt for the first time that the Dale family had been almost indelicate in their want of reticence. "I suppose it was done to tie me the faster," he said to himself, as he pulled out the ends of his cravat. "What a fool I was to come here, or indeed to go any where, after settling myself as I have done!"

And then he went down into the drawing-room.

It was almost a relief to him when he found that he was not charged with his sin at once. He himself had been so full of the subject that he had expected to be attacked at the moment of his entrance. He was, however, greeted without any allusion to the matter. The countess, in her own quiet way, shook hands with him as though she had seen him only the day before. The earl, who was seated in his arm-chair, asked some one, out loud, who the stranger was, and then, with two fingers put forth, muttered some apology for a welcome. But Crosbie was quite up to that kind of thing. "How do, my lord?" he said, turning his face away to some one else as he spoke; and then he took no further notice of the master of the house. "Not know him, indeed!" Crippled though he was by his matrimonial bond, Crosbie felt that, at any rate as yet, he was the earl's equal in social importance. After that, he found himself in the back part of the drawing-room, away from the elder people, standing with Lady Alexandrina, with Miss Gresham, a cousin of the De Courcys, and sundry other of the younger portion of the assembled community.

"So you have Lady Dumbello here?" said Crosbie.

"Oh yes; the dear creature!" said Lady Margaretta. "It was so good of her to come, you know."

"She positively refused the Duchess of St. Bungay," said Alexandrina. "I hope you perceive how good we've been to you in getting you to meet her. People have actually asked to come."

"I am grateful; but, in truth, my gratitude has more to do with Courcy Castle and its habitual inmates than with Lady Dumbello. Is he here?"

"Oh yes! he's in the room somewhere. There he is, standing up by Lady Clandidlem. He always stands in that way before dinner. In the evening he sits down much after the same fashion."

· Crosbie had seen him on first entering the room, and had seen every individual in it. He knew better than to omit the duty of that scrutinizing glance; but it sounded well in his line not to have observed Lord Dumbello.

"And her ladyship is not down?" said he.

"She is generally last," said Lady Margaretta.

"And yet she has always three women to dress her," said Alexandrina.

"But when finished, what a success it is!" said Crosbie.



"Indeed it is!" said Margaretta, with energy. Then the door was opened, and Lady Dumbello entered the room.

There was immediately a commotion among them all. Even the gouty old lord shuffled up out of his chair, and tried, with a grin, to look sweet and pleasant. The countess came forward, looking very sweet and pleasant, making little complimentary speeches, to which the viscountess answered simply by a gracious smile. Lady Clandidlem, though she was very fat and heavy, left the viscount, and got up to join the group. Baron Potsneuf, a diplomatic German of great celebrity, crossed his hands upon his breast and made a low bow. The Honorable George, who had stood silent for the last quarter of an hour, suggested to her ladyship that she must have found the air rather cold; and the Ladies Margaretta and Alexandrina fluttered up with little complimentary speeches to their dear Lady Dumbello, hoping this and beseeching that, as though the "Woman in White" before them had been the dearest friend of their infancy.

She was a woman in white, being dressed in white silk, with white lace over it, and with no other jewels upon her person than diamonds. Very beautifully she was dressed; doing infinite credit, no doubt, to those three artists who had, between them, succeeded in turning her out of hand. And her face, also, was beautiful, with a certain cold, inexpressive beauty. She walked up the room very slowly, smiling here and smiling there; but still with very faint smiles, and took the place which her hostess indicated to her. One word she said to the countess and two to the earl. Beyond that she did not open her lips. All the homage paid to her she received as though it were clearly her due. She was not in the least embarrassed, nor did she show herself to be in the slightest degree ashamed of her own silence. She did not look like a fool, nor was she even taken for a fool; but she contributed nothing to society but her cold, hard beauty, her gait, and her dress. We may say that she contributed enough, for society acknowledged itself to be deeply indebted to her.

The only person in the room who did not move at Lady Dumbello's entrance was her husband. But he remained unmoved from no want of enthusiasm. A spark of pleasure actually beamed in his eye as he saw the triumphant entrance of his wife. He felt that he had made a match that was becoming to him as a great nobleman, and that the world was acknowledging that he had done his duty. And yet Lady Dumbello had been simply the daughter of a country parson, of a clergyman who had reached no higher rank than that of an archdeacon. "How wonderfully well that woman has educated her!" the countess said that evening, in her dressing-room, to Margaretta. The woman alluded to was Mrs. Grantly, the wife of the parson and mother of Lady Dumbello.

The old earl was very cross because destiny and the table of precedence required him to take out Lady Clandidlem to dinner. He almost inhimself an old man.

sulted her as she kindly endeavored to assist him in his infirm step rather than to lean upon him.

"Ugh!" he said, "it's a bad arrangement that makes two old people like you and me be sent out together to help each other."

"Speak for yourself," said her ladyship, with a laugh. "I, at any rate, can get about without any assistance"—which, indeed, was true enough.

"It's well for you!" growled the earl, as he got himself into his seat.

And after that he endeavored to solace his pain by a flirtation with Lady Dumbello on his left. The earl's smiles and the earl's teeth, when he whispered naughty little nothings to pretty young women, were phenomena at which men might marvel. Whatever those naughty nothings were on the present occasion, Lady Dumbello took them all with placidity, smiling graciously, but speaking hardly more than monosyllables.

Lady Alexandrina fell to Crosbie's lot, and he felt gratified that it was so. It might be necessary for him, as a married man, to give up such acquaintances as the De Courcys, but he should like, if possible, to maintain a friendship with Lady Alexandrina. What a friend Lady Alexandrina would be for Lily, if any such friendship were only possible! What an advantage would such an alliance confer upon that dear little girl; for, after all, though the dear little girl's attractions were very great, he could not but admit to himself that she wanted a something - a way of holding herself and of speaking, which some people call style. Lily might certainly learn a great deal from Lady Alexandrina; and it was this conviction, no doubt, which made him so sedulous in pleasing that lady on the present occasion.

And she, as it seemed, was well inclined to be pleased. She said no word to him during dinner about Lily; and yet she spoke about the Dales and about Allington, showing that she knew in what quarters he had been staying; and then she alluded to their last parties in London-those occasions on which, as Crosbie now remembered, the intercourse between them had almost been tender. It was manifest to him that at any rate she did not wish to quarrel with him. It was manifest, also, that she had some little hesitation in speaking to him about his engagement. He did not for the moment doubt that she was aware of it. And in this way matters went on between them till the ladies left the room.

"So you're going to be married too," said the Honorable George, by whose side Crosbie found himself seated when the ladies were gone. Crosbie was employing himself upon a walnut, and did not find it necessary to make any answer.

"It's the best thing a fellow can do," continued George; "that is, if he has been careful to look to the main chance—if he hasn't been caught napping, you know. It doesn't do for a man to go hanging on by nothing till he finds himself an old man."



- rate."
- "Yes; I've got something in the scramble, and I mean to keep it. Where will John be when the governor goes off the hooks? Porlock wouldn't give him a bit of bread and cheese and a glass of beer to save his life—that is to say, not if he wanted it."
- "I'm told your elder brother is going to be married."
- "You've heard that from John. He's spreading that about every where to take a rise out of me. I don't believe a word of it. Porlock never was a marrying man, and, what's more, from all I hear, I don't think he'll live long."

In this way Crosbie escaped from his own difficulty, and when he rose from the dinner-table had not as vet been driven to confess any thing to his own discredit.

But the evening was not yet over. When he returned to the drawing-room he endeavored to avoid any conversation with the countess herself, believing that the attack would more probably come from her than from her daughter. He therefore got into conversation first with one and then with another of the girls, till at last he found himself again alone with Alexan-

- "Mr. Crosbie," she said, in a low voice, as they were standing together over one of the distant tables, with their backs to the rest of the company, "I want you to tell me something about Miss Lilian Dale."
- "About Miss Lilian Dale!" he said, repeating her words.
 - "Is she very pretty?"
 - "Yes, she certainly is pretty."
- "And very nice, and attractive, and clever, and all that is delightful? Is she perfect?"
- "She is very attractive," said he; "but I don't think she's perfect."
 - "And what are her faults?"
- "That question is hardly fair, is it? Suppose any one were to ask me what were your faults, do you think I should answer the question?"
- "I am quite sure you would, and make a very long list of them too. But as to Miss Dale, you ought to think her perfect. If a gentleman were engaged to me, I should expect him to swear before all the world that I was the very pink of perfection."
- "But supposing the gentleman were not engaged to you?'
 - "That would be a different thing."
- "I am not engaged to you," said Crosbic. "Such happiness and such honor are, I fear, very far beyond my reach. But, nevertheless, I am prepared to testify as to your perfection any where.'
 - "And what would Miss Dale say?"
- "Allow me to assure you that such opinions as I may choose to express of my friends will be my own opinions, and not depend on those of any one else."
 - "And you think, then, that you are not mind?

"You've feathered your own nest, at any | bound to be enslaved as yet? How many more months of such freedom are you to enjoy ?''

> Crosbie remained silent for a minute before he answered, and then he spoke in a serious voice. "Lady Alexandrina," said he, "I would beg from you a great favor.'

- "What is the favor, Mr. Crosbie?"
- "I am quite in earnest. Will you be good enough, kind enough, enough my friend, not to connect my name again with that of Miss Dale while I am here?"
 - "Has there been a quarrel?"
- "No, there has been no quarrel. I can not explain to you now why I make this request; but to you I will explain it before I go."
 - "Explain it to me!"
- "I have regarded you as more than an acquaintance—as a friend. In days now past there were moments when I was almost rash enough to hope that I might have said even more than that. I confess that I had no warrant for such hopes, but I believe that I may still look on you as a friend?"
- "Oh yes, certainly," said Alexandrina, in a very low voice, and with a certain amount of "I have always retenderness in her tone. garded you as a friend."
- "And therefore I venture to make the request. The subject is not one on which I can speak openly, without regret, at the present moment. But to you, at least, I promise that I will explain it all before I leave Courcy.'

He, at any rate, succeeded in mystifying Lady Alexandrina. "I don't believe he is engaged a bit," she said to Lady Amelia Gazebee

- "Nonsense, my dear. Lady Julia wouldn't speak of it in that certain way if she didn't krow. Of course he doesn't wish to have it talked about."
- "If ever he has been engaged to her he has broken it off again," said Lady Alexandrina.
- "I dare say he will, my dear, if you give him encouragement," said the married sister, with great sisterly good-nature.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LILY DALE'S FIRST LOVE-LETTER.

Crosbie was rather proud of himself when he went to bed. He had succeeded in baffling the charge made against him without saying any thing as to which his conscience need condemn him. So, at least, he then told himself. The impression left by what he had said would be that there had been some question of an engagement between him and Lilian Dale, but that nothing at this moment was absolutely fixed. But in the morning his conscience was not quite so clear. What would Lily think and say if she knew it all? Could he dare to tell to her, or to tell any one, the real state of his



As he lay in bed, knowing that an hour remained to him before he need encounter the perils of his tub, he felt that he hated Courcy Castle and its inmates. Who was there, among them all, that was comparable to Mrs. Dale and her daughters? He detested both George and John. He loathed the earl. As to the countess herself, he was perfectly indifferent, regarding her as a woman whom it was well to know, but as one only to be known as the mistress of Courcy Castle and a house in London. As to the daughters, he had ridiculed them all from time to time-even Alexandrina, whom he now professed to love. Perhaps, in some sort of way, he had a weak fondness for her; but it was a fondness that had never touched his heart. He could measure the whole thing at its worth -Courcy Castle with its privileges, Lady Dumbello, Lady Clandidlem, and the whole of it. He knew that he had been happier on that lawn at Allington, and more contented with himself, than ever he had been even under Lady Hartletop's splendid roof in Shropshire. Lady Dumbello was satisfied with these things, even in the inmost recesses of her soul; but he was not a male Lady Dumbello. He knew that there was something better, and that that something was within his reach.

But, nevertheless, the air of Courcy was too much for him. In arguing the matter with himself he regarded himself as one infected with a leprosy from which there could be no recovery, and who should, therefore, make his whole life suitable to the circumstances of that leprosy. It was of no use for him to tell himself that the Small House at Allington was better than Courcy Castle. Satan knew that heaven was better than hell; but he found himself to be fitter for the latter place. Crosbie ridiculed Lady Dumbello, even there among her friends, with all the cutting words that his wit could find; but, nevertheless, the privilege of staying in the same house with her was dear to him. It was the line of life into which he had fallen, and he confessed inwardly that the struggle to extricate himself would be too much for him. All that had troubled him while he was yet at Allington, but it overwhelmed him almost with dismay beneath the hangings of Courcy Castle.

Had he not better run from the place at once? He had almost acknowledged to himself that he reponted his engagement with Lilian Dale, but he still was resolved that he would fulfill it. He was bound in honor to marry "that little girl." and he looked sternly up at the drapery over his head as he assured himself that he was a man of honor. Yes; he would sacrifice himself. As he had been induced to pledge his word, he would not go back from it. He was too much of a man for that!

But had he not been wrong to refuse the result of Lily's wisdom when she told him in the field that it would be better for them to part? He did not tell himself that he had refused her people as the Dales, and he bore her little saroffer merely because he had not the courage to casm with the utmost good-humor. accept it on the spur of the moment. No. "He

had been too good to the poor girl to take her at her word." It was thus he argued on the matter within his own breast. He had been too true to her; and now the effect would be that they would both be unhappy for life! He could not live in content with a family upon a small income. He was well aware of that. No one could be harder upon him in that matter than was he himself. But it was too late now to remedy the ill effects of an early education.

It was thus that he debated the matter as he lay in bed-contradicting one argument by another over and over again, but still in all of them teaching himself to think that this engagement of his was a misfortune. Poor Lily! Her last words to him had conveyed an assurance that she would never distrust him. And she also, as she lay wakeful in her bed on this the first morning of his absence, thought much of their mutual vows. How true she would be to them! How she would be his wife with all her heart and spirit! It was not only that she would love him; but in her love she would serve him to her utmost; serve him as regarded this world, and, if possible, as regarded the

"Bell," she said, "I wish you were going to be married too.

"Thank'ye, dear," said Bell. "Perhaps I shall some day."

"Ah! but I'm not joking. It seems such a serious thing. And I can't expect you to talk to me about it now as you would if you were in the same position yourself. Do you think I shall make him happy?"

"Yes, I do, certainly."

"Happier than he would be with any one else that he might meet? I dare not think that. I think I could give him up to-morrow, if I could see any one that would suit him better." What would Lily have said had she been made acquainted with all the fascinations of Lady Alexandrina De Courcy?

The countess was very civil to him, saying nothing about his engagement, but still talking to him a good deal about his sojourn at Allington. Crosbie was a pleasant man for ladies in a large house. Though a sportsman, he was not so keen a sportsman as to be always out with the gamekeepers. Though a politician, he did not sacrifice his mornings to the perusal of blue-books or the preparation of party tactics. Though a reading man, he did not devote himself to study. Though a horseman, he was not often to be found in the stables. He could supply conversation when it was wanted, and could take himself out of the way when his presence among the women was not needed. Between breakfast and lunch on the day following his arrival he talked a good deal to the countess, and made himself very agreeable. She continued to ridicule him gently for his prolonged stay among so primitive and rural a tribe of

"Six weeks at Allington without a move!



Why, Mr. Crosbie, you must have felt yourself | girls, and after them moderate hopes, and again to be growing there."

"So I did—like an ancient tree. Indeed, I was so rooted that I could hardly get away.'

"Was the house full of people all the time?"

"There was nobody there but Bernard Dale, Lady Julia's nephew."

"Quite a case of Damon and Pythias. Fancy your going down to the shades of Allington to enjoy the uninterrupted pleasures of friendship for six weeks."

"Friendship and the partridges."

"There was nothing else, then?"

"Indeed there was. There was a widow with two very nice daughters, living, not exactly in the same house, but on the same grounds.'

"Oh. indeed. That makes such a difference, doesn't it? You are not a man to bear much privation on the score of partridges, nor a great deal, I imagine, for friendship. But when you talk of pretty girls-"

"It makes a difference, doesn't it?"

"A very great difference. I think I have heard of that Mrs. Dale before. And so her girls are nice?"

"Very nice indeed."

"Play croquet, I suppose, and eat syllabubs on the lawn? But, really, didn't you get very tired of it?"

"Oh dear, no. I was happy as the day was long."

"Going about with a crook, I suppose?"

"Not exactly a live crook; but doing all that kind of thing. I learned a great deal about pigs."

"Under the guidance of Miss Dale?"

"Yes; under the guidance of Miss Dale."

"I'm sure one is very much obliged to you for tearing yourself away from such charms, and coming to such unromantic people as we are. But I fancy men always do that sort of thing once or twice in their lives; and then they talk of their souvenirs. I suppose it won't go beyond a souvenir with you?"

This was a direct question, but still admitted of a fencing answer. "It has, at any rate, given me one," said he, "which will last me my life!"

The countess was quite contented. Lady Julia's statement was altogether true she had never for a moment doubted. That Crosbie should become engaged to a young lady in the country, whereas he had shown signs of being in love with her daughter in London, was not at all wonderful. Nor, in her eyes, did such practice amount to any great sin. Men did so daily, and girls were prepared for their so doing. A man in her eyes was not to be regarded as safe from attack because he was engaged. Let the young lady who took upon herself to own him have an eye to that. When she looked back on the past careers of her own flock she had to reckon more than one such disappointment for her own daughters. Others besides Alexandrina had been so treated. Lady De Courcy had had her grand hopes respecting her | would be regarded as being already one day be-

after them bitter disappointments. Only one had been married, and she was married to an attorney. It was not to be supposed that she would have any very high-toned feelings as to Lily's rights in this matter.

Such a man as Crosbie was certainly no great match for an earl's daughter. Such a marriage, indeed, would, one may say, be but a poor triumph. When the countess, during the last senson in town, had observed how matters were going with Alexandrina, she had cautioned her child, taking her to task for her imprudence. But the child had been at this work for fourteen years, and was weary of it. Her sisters had been at the work longer, and had almost given it up in despair. Alexandrina did not tell her parent that her heart was now beyond her control, and that she had devoted herself to Crosbie forever; but she pouted, saying that she knew very well what she was about, scolding her mother in return, and making Lady De Courcy perceive that the struggle was becoming very weary. And then there were other considerations. Mr. Crosbie had not much certainly in his own possession, but he was a man out of whom something might be made by family influence and his own standing. He was not a hopeless, ponderous man, whom no leaven could raise. He was one of whose position in society the countess and her daughters need not be ashamed. Lady De Courcy had given no expressed consent to the arrangement, but it had come to be understood between her and her daughter that the scheme was to be entertained as admissible.

Then came these tidings of the little girl down at Allington. She felt no anger against Crosbie. To be angry on such a subject would be futile, foolish, and almost indecorous. It was a part of the game which was as natural to her as fielding is to a cricketer. One can not have it all winnings at any game. Whether Crosbie should eventually become her own son-in-law or not, it came to her naturally, as a part of her duty in life, to bowl down the stumps of that young lady at Allington. If Miss Dale knew the game well and could protect her own wicket, let her do so.

She had no doubt as to Crosbie's engagement with Lilian Dale, but she had as little as to his being ashamed of that engagement. Had he really cared for Miss Dale he would not have left her to come to Courcy Castle. Had he been really resolved to marry her he would not have warded all questions respecting his engagement with fictitious answers. He had amused himself with Lily Dale, and it was to be hoped that the young lady had not thought very seriously about it. That was the most charitable light in which Lady De Courcy was disposed to regard the question.

It behooved Crosbie to write to Lily Dale before dinner. He had promised to do so immediately on his arrival, and he was aware that he



yond his promise. Lily had told him that she would live upon his letters, and it was absolutely necessary that he should furnish her with her first meal. So he betook himself to his room in sufficient time before dinner, and got out his pen, ink, and paper.

He got out his pen, ink, and paper, and then he found that his difficulties were beginning. I beg that it may be understood that Crosbie was not altogether a villain. He could not sit down and write a letter as coming from his heart, of which as he wrote it he knew the words to be false. He was an ungenerous, worldly, inconstant man, very prone to think well of himself, and to give himself credit for virtues which he did not possess; but he could not be false with premeditated cruelty to a woman he had sworn to love. He could not write an affectionate, warm-hearted letter to Lily without bringing himself, at any rate for the time, to feel toward her in an affectionate, warm-hearted way. Therefore he now sat himself to work, while his pen yet remained dry in his hand, to remodel his thoughts, which had been turned against Lily and Allington by the craft of Lady De Courcy. It takes some time before a man can do this. He has to struggle with himself in a very uncomfortable way, making efforts which are often unsuccessful. It is sometimes easier to lift a couple of hundred-weights than to raise a few thoughts in one's mind which at other moments will come galloping in without a whistle.

He had just written the date of his letter when a little tap came at the door, and it was opened.

"I say, Crosbie," said the Honorable John, "didn't you say something yesterday about a cigar before dinner?"

"Not a word," said Crosbie, in rather an angry tone.

"Then it must have been me," said John.
"But bring your case with you, and come down
to the harness-room, if you won't smoke here.
I've had a regular little snuggery fitted up there;
and we can go in and see the fellows making
up the horses."

Crosbie wished the Honorable John at the mischief.

"I have letters to write," said he. "Besides, I never smoke before dinner."

"That's nonsense. I've smoked hundreds of cigars with you before dinner. Are you going to turn curmudgeon, too, like George and the rest of them? I don't know what's coming to the world! I suppose the fact is, that little girl at Allington won't let you smoke."

"The little girl at Allington—" began Crosbie; and then he reflected that it would not be well for him to say any thing to his present companion about that little girl. "I'll tell you what it is," said he. "I really have got letters to write which must go by this post. There's my cigar-case on the dressing-table."

"I hope it will be long before I'm brought to such a state," said John, taking up the cigars in his hand. "Let me have the case back," said Crosbie.
"A present from the little girl, I suppose?" said John. "All right, old fellow! you shall

have it."

"There would be a nice brother-in-law for a man!" said Crosbie to himself, as the door closed behind the retreating scion of the De Courcy family. And then, again, he took up his pen. The letter must be written, and therefore he threw himself upon the table, resolved that the words should come and the paper be filled:

"Dearest Lily,—This is the first letter I ever wrote to you, except those little notes when I sent you my compliments discreetly; and it sounds so odd. You will think that this does not come as soon as it should; but the truth is that, after all, I only got in here just before dinner yesterday. I staid ever so long in Barchester, and came across such a queer character. For you must know I went to church, and afterward fraternized with the clergyman who did the service; such a gentle old soul—and, singularly enough, he is the grandfather of Lady Dumbello, who is staying here. I wonder what you'd think of Lady Dumbello, or how you'd like to be shut up in the same house with her for a week?

"But with reference to my staying at Barchester, I must tell you the truth now, though I was a gross impostor the day that I went away. I wanted to avoid a parting on that last morning, and therefore I started much sooner than I need have done. I know you will be very angry with me; but open confession is good for the soul. You frustrated all my little plan by your early rising: and as I saw you standing on the terrace, looking after us as we went, I acknowledged that you had been right, and that I was wrong. When the time came, I was very glad to have you with me at the last moment. If you remember, Lily, you can not think how different this place is from the two former ones; nor how much I prefer the sort of life which belongs to the latter. Since then I have been what the world calls worldly, but you will have to cure me of that. I have questioned myself very much since I left you, and I do not think that I am quite beyond the reach of a cure. At any rate, I will put myself trustingly into the doctor's hands. I know it is hard for a man to change his habits; but I can with truth say this for myself, that I was happy at Allington, enjoying every hour of the day, and that here I am ennuyé by every body, and nearly by every thing. One of the girls of the house I do like; but as to other people, I can hardly find a companion among them, let alone a friend. However, it would not have done for me to have broken away from all such alliances too suddenly.

"When I get up to London—and now I really am anxious to get there—I can write to you more at my ease, and more freely than I do here. I know that I am hardly myself among these people—or rather, I am hardly myself as you know me, and as I hope you always will know me. But, nevertheless, I am not so overcome by the miasma but what I can tell you how truly I love you. Even though my spirit should be here, which it is not, my heart would be on the Allington lawns. That dear lawn and that dear bridge!

"Give my kind love to Bell and your mother. I feel already that I might almost say my mother. And Lily, my darling, write to me at once. I expect your letters to me to be longer, and better, and brighter than mine to you. But I will endeavor to make mine nicer when I get back to town.

"God bless you! Yours, with all my heart, A. C."

As he had waxed warm with his writing he had forced himself to be affectionate, and, as he flattered himself, frank and candid. Nevertheless, he was partly conscious that he was preparing for himself a mode of escape in those allusions of his to his own worldliness; if escape should ultimately be necessary. "I have tried,"

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he would then say; "I have struggled honestly, with my best efforts for success; but I am not good enough for such success." I do not intend to say that he wrote with a premeditated intention of thus using his words; but as he wrote them he could not keep himself from reflecting that they might be used in that way.

He read his letter over, felt satisfied with it, and resolved that he might now free his mind from that consideration for the next forty-eight hours. Whatever might be his sins he had done his duty by Lily! And with this comfortable reflection he deposited his letter in the Courcy Castle letter-box.

DEAD.

PRINKLE them over with pansy leaves,
The child-like robes she used to wear;
Fold them away from our troubled sight.
Oh, senseless fabrics! Still forbear
To bring her back so glad and fair.

Nay, did you think that the power of spells With Egypt's necromancers died? Draw from the depths of an ancient chest Its faded treasures cast aside:

The wearers' forms in them abide.

Smiling, you scatter these withered leaves:—Go gather roses blown to-day.

Never for us will there bloom again

Sweet flowers as those you cast away:

She wore them once, when fresh as they.

Look for no gems; ah! she did not need A borrowed radiance in those days. Can you remember the eyes that seemed To shed warm sunlight in their gaze? Not sparkling, gem-like, stony rays.

Silk-worms then wove her no costly webs; She wore these simple tissues here, Floating in brightness, as one but late Come, "trailing glories," from that sphere Whose splendors fade so early here.

Cover them over with pansy leaves, The types of tender thoughts, which lie Prisoned like them in the oaken chest, With girlhood's fading robes to die, Lest life with us be an endless sigh.

Leave us no magical forms to bid The fair young face of the Long Ago— Reverent eyes and untroubled brow— Rise vision-like to mock our woe; No, call her dead—it is better so.

Don't think, because she is dead, she lies At rest in the church-yard, cold and chill:— Life such as butterflies share in June, As gay as they, she is living still. She breathes, and speaks, and smiles at will.

But to the dreams of her ardent youth, The aspirations that once fed Blossoms of Eden within her soul— To us who watched that growth, and said She drew us heavenward—she is dead.

Yearly she comes to her early home:— The calm delights of summer days, Banners of flame in the autumn woods, From her scaled senses win no praise— So all unused to Nature's ways.

Sadly the eloquent priest of God Entreats the soul from earth to rise:— Never a tremulous cloud obscures The brilliant beauty of her eyes; So cold and dead her spirit lies. Hearts that are fresh as the morn in May, I hear you asking how she died:—
Was it the hour of a passion's might?
Or on some stormy sea, whose tide
Engulfed her love, and faith beside?

Favoring winds and the dawn arose To launch a ship for a southern shore. Snowy her sails as the foam she tossed From wave to wave. Such promise bore No ship of all that sailed before.

Never a pilot more true and bold; The helmsman, sleepless, sat as doom; Onward she sped, and the breeze from land Came fraught with sweet and strange perfume That blew from banks now bright with bloom.

Southward still sailing the breeze and sun With poppied kisses sealed the eyes. Vainly the pilot appealed, "Awake!" "O stay!" the helmsman said, 'To rise Would break this dream of Paradise."

Slowly the treacherous sands had moored The drifting bark to a foreign shore; Song of the sirens the helmsman lulled; At midnight only low wirds bore Faint calls from the isle they sought no more.

Slowly the cruel, deceitful waves
Destroyed the oaken timbers brown;
Lovely as cruel they flowed once more
Above the sands where fleets might drown.
But no one knew when the ship went down.

Now do you know?—It was thus she died; Thus slowly died to the life whose ways, Eternally bright with the smile of God, Are lone and dark to that lower gaze Which only looks to man for praise.

Woe to the ship that shall leave her course To drift for years in silent seas. Glorious isles for which youth embarked— Woe to the soul that turns from these To sit at rest in courts of ease.

This is the work you have wrought, O world! Is this your sepulchre painted fair? Show us the honors that will outweigh The womanhood you buried there!—
This is the fruit of selfish care.

This is the harvest of weak desire
For careless days and nights of mirth;
For robes that are rich as a queen should wear,
And winning flatteries. Were they worth
The stifling of that higher birth?

Bury the relics that will recall
The splendid life she might have led,
With its unfaltering toil and love.
And God grant balm to eyes that shed
Such tears as ours, now she is dead.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

UR Record closes on the 9th of February. The month has been marked by several serious reverses and some considerable successes.

The repulse of our attack upon Vicksburg was severe and decisive. The expedition, under the immediate command of General W. T. Sherman, rendezvoused at Memphis and Helena, and set out on its passage down the river on the 21st of December; passing down the Mississippi, it entered the Yazoo, which empties into the Mississippi about ten miles above Vicksburg, on the 26th. The design was to attack the city from the rear. Our troops advanced, but found the rear of the town strongly fortified. Severe fighting took place on the three following days, our troops forcing their way to within two miles of the city. The enemy in the mean while having received large reinforcements, made a determined attack upon our troops, forced them from the positions which they had won, and on Tuesday, the 30th, we occupied just the position of Saturday. The fleet took little part in the operations. The gun-boat Benton engaged a battery on the river; but after an hour's action was hauled off, having received some damage. Commodore Gwin, her commander, was mortally wounded. On the 2d of January General M'Clernand arrived and assumed the command. A council of war was held, at which the principal naval and military officers were present. It was determined that it was useless to attack Vicksburg with the present force, and the attempt was abandoned. Our loss is stated at 600 killed and 1400 wounded, and 400 prisoners. The loss of the enemy is unknown; their own accounts represent it to have been considerably less.—The expedition then set out up the Arkansas and White rivers, into Arkansas. Port Arkansas was captured on the 11th, with about 5000 prisoners; this was followed on the 20th by the capture of three other forts on the White River-St. Charles, Duval's Bluff, and Des Arc. The main body of the expedition returned to the front of Vicksburg, and having been largely reinforced, operations there have been recommenced. The troops were landed on the Louisiana side of the Mississippi, and an attempt was commenced to open the canal, begun last year, across the isthmus formed by a bend of the river, and thus turn the channel of the river from before Vicksburg. If this succeeds, Vicksburg will be left some miles distant from the channel, and its importance as commanding the navigation of the river will be destroyed. Port Hudson, 228 miles below Vicksburg, and 164 miles above New Orleans, will in that case be the only strong point commanding the Mississippi in the hands of the insurgents.

Galveston, Texas, was recaptured by the Confederates on New-Year's Day. Early in the morning four gun-boats, protected by cotton bales, came down the river, and commenced an attack upon the steamer Harriet Lane; this was captured by boarding, after her commander, Captain Wainwright, and almost all of his crew had been killed. The flag-ship Westfield was ashore in another channel, and took no part in the action. Commodore Renshaw, fearing that the vessel would fall into the hands of the enemy, ordered the crew to be transferred to transports, and the ship to be blown up. By some accident the explosion took place before the boat containing the Commodore himself got away, and he, Digitized by Vol. XXVI. No. 154.—N N

perished. A simultaneous attack was made by land upon our small force in the town, numbering only a few hundred, while the enemy, under General Magruder, are estimated at 5000. Our entire loss is stated at 160 killed, and 300 prisoners; though General Magruder, in his dispatch says, "I have taken 600 prisoners, and a large quantity of valuable stores, arms, etc. The Harriet Lane is but little injured.' It is reported that this vessel has succeeded in escaping the blockade, and is at sea, ready to prey upon our commerce.—On the 17th of January our fleet cruising off Galveston discovered a steamer, which on being hailed from the Hatteras, a small gun-boat, announced herself to be the English steam-sloop Spitfire. A boat was dispatched toward her, but it had hardly left the Hatteras when the stranger opened fire, and in a few minutes sunk our vessel; the boat's crew was subsequently picked up by another vessel of our fleet. It is not certainly known what vessel the stranger was; at first it was presumed to be the Alabama; but it is now generally supposed that it was the Confederate steamer Florida, formerly known as the Oreto, built at Liverpool, and sold to the enemy. It is known that she had escaped the blockade at Mobile. - On the 22d of January Sabine Pass, near Galveston, was also possessed by the Confederate fleet, upon which occasion, according to the dispatch of the commander, one ship, one schooner, a large amount of stores and ammunition, and 109 prisoners fell into their hands.

On the 8th of January the Confederates, 6000 strong, under General Marmaduke, made an attack upon Springfield, Missouri, the scene of several previous battles, in one of which the gallant General Lyon was killed. Our forces were greatly inferior in number, but succeeded in repulsing the attack, the enemy retreating with considerable loss, leaving their wounded in our hands.---- A skirmish took place on the 29th of January near Suffolk, in Virginia, in which a body of the enemy, under General Pryor, were repulsed in an attempt to cross the Blackwater, by our troops under General Corcoran. -The iron-clad steamer Montauk has had two or three engagements with the Confederate battery M'Allister, near Savannah, which defends the Ogeechee River, where the steamer Nashville is lying. The Confederate papers state that the turret of the Montauk was seriously injured; this, however, is contradicted by dispatches received by our Government, which say that she lay for hours under the guns of the fort, whose guns had no effect upon her. The immediate design of this attack by a single vessel appears to have been to test the qualities of the new "Monitors," to which class the Montauk belongs.—The enemy, in considerable force, made an attack, on the 3d of February, upon Fort Donelson, but were repulsed with considerable loss, while our own was very slight.

The Army of the Potomac has remained almost entirely quiet during the month. A second attempt to cross the Rappahannock was arranged by General Burnside, to be made on the 20th of January. It was hoped that the enemy would be taken by surprise. The Commanding General issued an order of the day announcing that the Army of the Potomac was "about to meet the enemy once more," and that the "auspicious moment had arrived to strike a great and mortal blow to the rebellion, and gain that decisive victory which is due to the counwith his first lieutenant and the whole boat's crew, I try." But on the previous night a severe rain-storm

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set in, which in a few hours rendered the roads impassable for artillery. The bridges over which the passage was to be made were not ready; and the enemy were found to be ready to dispute our passage; and the order for the advance was countermanded. It is affirmed, however, with apparent probability, that the failure to carry out the movement was owing to dissatisfaction on the part of some of our leading generals, quite as much as to the unfavorable change in the weather. At all events, on the morning of the 24th of January General Burnside, at his own request, was relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and General Hooker was appointed in his place. Generals Franklin and Sumner were at the same time "relieved" from the command of the right and left grand divisions of this army, and ordered to report to headquarters at Washington. The real grounds for this change still remain to be developed. General Burnside, in taking leave of his command, said to the army that "the short time that he has directed its movements had not been fruitful of victory, nor any considerable advancement of our line; but it has again demonstrated an amount of courage, patience, and endurance that, under more favorable circumstances, would have accomplished great results. Continue to exercise these virtues; give to the brave and skillful General who has so long been identified with your organization, and who is now to command you, your full and cordial support and co-operation, and you will deserve success." General Hooker, in assuming the command, said that he should require the cheerful and zealous co-operation of every officer and soldier. The enemy, he said, "in equipment, intelligence, and valor, is our inferior. Let us never hesitate to give him battle wherever we can find him." This order of the day closes with a cordial tribute to the late commander of this army.

On the 31st of January two Confederate iron-clad gun-boats, with three steamers, issued from the port of Charleston to attack our blockading fleet lying off the harbor. Our accounts of this affair came at first from Confederate sources, and must be taken with considerable allowance. According to these accounts the gun-boats first attacked the national gun-boat Mercedita, and in a few minutes sunk her, and also disabled another vessel, the Keystone State, when the remainder of our blockading fleet put out to sea and disappeared. Whereupon General Beauregard, commanding at Charleston, and Commodore Ingraham, the naval commander, issued a proclamation declaring that "About five o'clock this morning the Confederate States naval force on this station attacked the United States blockading fleet off the harbor of the city of Charleston, and sunk, dispersed, and drove off and out of sight for the time the entire hostile fleet. Therefore we, the undersigned commanders respectively of the Confederate States naval and land forces in this quarter, do hereby formally declare the blockade by the United States of the said city of Charleston, South Carolina, to be raised by a superior force of the Confederate States from and after this 31st day of January, 1863." It is further added that a vessel was placed by General Beauregard at the disposal of the foreign consuls at Charleston, in order that they might see for themselves that no blockade existed; that the French, British, and Spanish consuls accepted the invitation. and proceeding five miles beyond the usual anchorage of the blockaders could see nothing of them: that upon their return they held a meeting and unan-

raised.—Our own later reports, however, put a very different aspect upon the whole affair. According to them, the Anglo-Southern iron steamer Princess Royal, loaded with arms and ammunition, and having on board all the machinery for the construction of an iron ram, was captured in attempting to run the blockade; her captain and pilot made their escape in a small boat, got to Charleston, and the attack of the Confederate rams was made mainly for the purpose of recapturing the steamer. They attacked the Mercedita first. One ram, the Pulmetto State, struck her, causing her to heel over, and at the same time firing a shot which entered one of her boilers, causing the death of three persons. The Palmetto, supposing that the Mercedita was sinking. went against the steamer Keystone State, and sent a shot through her steam-drum, causing the death of 21 persons by shot and steam. The other ram advanced upon our gun-boat Housatonic, which was guarding the captured Princess Royal, which was got off safely and sent to Philadelphia, where she has arrived. She is a very valuable prize, having unusual speed. Thus foiled in their main object, the assailing rams returned to Charleston. Both the Mercedita and Keystone State were got off, the latter being disabled, the former scarcely injured. The Keystone State, in tow of another steamer, put out to sca, followed for a while by the other vessels to ascertain if she needed assistance. They resumed their position the same day; and on the next were joined by the Ironsides, our new mailed steamer. Thus it appears that there was no legal raising of the blockade. An attack was made, under cover of a heavy fog, upon our blockading fleet, which simply changed its position, and was for a time invisible in the fog, but never abandoned the blockade; but on the contrary reappeared off the harbor on the same day, augmented by reinforcements from our iron-clads, and were about to open a determined assault upon the defenses of Charleston. We record the different reports of this affair before Charleston because grave international complications may possibly grow out of it. If, as is claimed by the Confederate proclamation, the blockade was legally raised, then according to the interpretation which they put upon the law of nations in this respect, it can not be renewed until after an interval of sixty days, with due notice given, so that for this time Charleston will be a free port open to the traffic of the world. The cotton which remains in the Confederate States may be shipped through this port to Europe, and arms, ammunition, and clothing be received in exchange to any extent. We can not doubt that both France and England would gladly avail themselves of any plausible pretext for declaring the port of Charleston legally opened.

In Congress the principal business has been the consideration of the subject of raising funds for the support of the Government and for carrying on the war. Various modifications have been made in the bill reported by the Committee of Ways and Means, of which an abstract was given in our last Record. These amendments relate to points of detail, the general principles being retained. A joint resolution, appropriating \$100,000,000, to be reckoned in as a part of the amount to be raised under the proposed financial bill, passed both Houses. In his message approving of the resolution the President urged upon Congress the necessity of restricting the issue of paper currency, and of taxing the circulation of bank notes.—The debates have taken a wide imously agreed that the blockade had been legally range, covering, in effect, the whole conduct of the



war and the general policy of the Government. They embrace the general emancipation scheme, the employment of colored soldiers, and the arbitrary arrests made by authority of Government. In the discussion upon the bill for indemnifying the President and others for acts done in consequence of the suspension of the habeas corpus act Senator Saulsbury, of Maryland, in the course of a violent speech, styled the President "an imbecile;" he was called to order, and, persisting in his violent conduct, was placed in custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, and a motion for his expulsion was introduced. He subsequently apologized for his conduct, and the motion was withdrawn. Exciting debates have taken place upon bills introduced for indemnifying the States of Maryland, Missouri, and Western Virginia for the emancipation of their slaves. No definite action has been had as yet upon these important measures.

The Court-Martial appointed to try Major-General Fitz John Porter upon charges preferred by General Pope of grave misconduct before the enemy, and disobedience of orders, after a session of 45 days, found the accused guilty of the main points in the charge, and sentenced him to be "cashiered, and to be forever disqualified from holding any office of trust or profit under the Government of the United States." The sentence was formally approved and indorsed by the President on the 21st of January.

The Legislature of New York convened on the 1st of January. In the Senate there is a large Republican majority. In the House there are an equal number of Democrats and Republicans. A long struggle, marked at times by scenes of disgraceful confusion and excitement, took place for the election of Speaker. At length the Republicans agreed to vote for Mr. Callicot, a Democrat, for Speaker, with an understanding that they should have the Clerk, and that the remaining offices should be equally divided. Two Democrats, abandoning their party candidate, voted for Mr. Callicot, who was thus elected on the 26th, on the ninety-third ballot. A number of Democrats refused to act upon the Committees to which they were appointed by the Speaker. On the 3d of February the Legislature proceeded to the election of a United States Senator in place of Mr. King. In the House, on the first ballot, 64 votes were cast for Mr. Morgan, Republican, late Governor of the State, 62 for Mr. Corning, Democrat, and one each for Fernando Wood and General Dix. On the second ballot the Republicans all voted for General Dix, in order that a nomination could be made, so that the two Houses could go into joint ballot. At the joint session Mr. Morgan, who had been nominated by the Senate, was elected, receiving 86 votes, and Mr. Corning 70.-In Pennsylvania Charles R. Buckalew, Democrat, was elected to fill the seat, in the United States Senate, of David Wilmot, Republican, by two majority over Mr. Cameron, late Secretary of War, and now Minister to Russia.-In New Jersey James W. Wall, Democrat, was chosen by a vote of 53 to 22 for Mr. Field to fill the place of the late Senator Thompson. Mr. Wall was a few months ago arrested on charge of disloyalty.-In Illinois Wm. R. Richardson, Democrat, has been elected Senator, to fill the seat now occupied by Mr. Browning, Republican, whose term, however, does not expire until 1865.

The Message of President Davis, delivered on the 12th of January, gives a general summary of the affairs of the Confederacy, from a Southern point of view. He thinks if the South act with the same

vigor which they have already manifested that this will be the closing year of the war, which he says is now carried on for no other purpose than revenge and plunder. Though the advent of peace would be hailed with joy, yet the determination of the South was becoming stronger every day not to surrender their sovereignty and independence. The decision of the powers of Europe not to recognize the Southern Confederacy is severely condemned, and they are declared to be responsible for the continuance of the war and for the sufferings which it has caused to their subjects. Moreover, their decision prohibiting either party from bringing prizes into their ports was in reality effective against the Confederates alone, depriving them of the only means of maintaining with any approach to equality the struggle on the ocean. Another cause of grievance against the European Powers is their policy respecting the blockade, which Mr. Davis declares to be in direct contravention of the principles agreed upon in 1856, and to which the Southern Government had formally acceded. "Neutral Europe," he says, "remained passive when the United States, with a naval force insufficient to blockade the coast of a single State, proclaimed a paper blockade of thousands of miles of coast;" and the few ports before which any naval force was stationed were so insufficiently guarded that hundreds of entries have been effected. Upon a review of the whole matter. Mr. Davis asserts that foreign Governments, while proclaiming neutrality, have made this nominal rather than real, and that they have alternately waived and asserted the rights of neutrals "in such a manner as to bear with great severity upon us and to confer signal advantages upon the enemy." He adds, however, that the Governments of Europe are beginning to appreciate the true interests of mankind as involved in the war on this continent, and that it may be safely concluded that the claims of the Confederacy to a recognition will soon be acknowledged. Mr. Davis then goes on to charge the United States with having conducted the war with every conceivable atrocity. emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln is especially denounced, and Mr. Davis reiterates his purpose, unless otherwise directed by Congress. "to deliver to the several State authorities all commissioned officers of the United States that may hereafter be captured by our forces in any of the States embraced in this proclamation, that they may be dealt with in accordance with the laws of those States, providing for the punishment of criminals engaged in exciting servile insurrection." proclamation, he adds, renders any idea of a reconstruction of the Union impossible; for "it has established a state of things which can lead to but one of three possible consequences—the extermination of the slaves, the exile of the whole white population of the Confederacy, or absolute and total separation of these States from the United States.—In regard to the finances of the Confederacy, increased taxation is recommended, which he thinks will be cheerfully borne. He says in conclusion, that the armies of the Confederacy are larger and better equipped and disciplined than ever before; and that the war and blockade have stimulated the production of many articles for which the people had heretofore looked abroad; "our fields no longer whitened by cotton that can not be exported, are devoted to the production of cereals and the growth of stock formerly purchased with the proceeds of cotton."-The report of the Secretary of the Treasury shows

pair the ill effects of the failure of the Kentucky ture of the Government \$417,000,000, while its revenues, derived almost entirely from loans, were \$458,000,000.—A resolution has been introduced into the Confederate Congress for taking possession by the Government of all the cotton in the country, beyond the quantity required for domestic use. It makes it felony to sell, buy, or conceal cotton; punishes with death the sale or transfer of it to a citizen of the United States, or its exportation by any person, this right being vested in the Government. Owners of cotton are to deliver it to the Government at such times and places as may be directed by the President, and are to be paid for it in Confederate bonds at the rate of fifteen cents per pound.

Reid Sanders, son of George N. Sanders, who was formerly a prominent politician in New York, bearer of dispatches from the Confederate Government, was intercepted by our blockading fleet off Charleston, and a part of his dispatches secured. Portions of these have been made public. One from Mr. Ben-jamin, the Secretary of War, to Mr. Slidell at Paris, dated September 26, gives a resumé of the events of the preceding three months. It estimates the losses of the United States forces, by sickness, casualty, and capture during the campaign, at 349,500 men. Of these 100,000 are attributed to M'Clellan's army in the Peninsula; Hallcck's, in the West, at 100,000; Pope's, in Virginia, 30,000; and the partisan war in Missouri and Arkansas at 25,000. M'Clellan, it is said, entered the Peninsula with 100,000 men, received 58,000 reinforcements, and escaped with only 55,000.—Another dispatch to Slidell at Paris and Mason at London intimates that MM. Theron and Tabouele, French consuls at Galveston and Richmond, had been detected in an attempt to induce the State of Texas to secode from the Confederacy and form a separate nation. Mr. Benjamin endeavors to explain this action on the theory that the French Emperor, having determined to conquer Mexico and retain it as a colony, was desirous of interposing a weak power between the Confederate States and his new colony, in order that he might be secure against any interference wi h his plans in Mexico; or that the French Government, wishing to secure an independent source of cotton supply to offset that possessed by Great Britain in India and Egypt, desired to take under its protection the State of Texas, which, after having been acknowledged as an independent republic, would be in effect a mere French colony. The Secretary, by direction of the President, had ordered both of these consuls to leave the country, but had subsequently, having received satisfactory explanations, rescinded the order as respected M. Tabouele, the consul at Richmond; and he thinks it possible that M. Theron may have acted in the matter on his own responsibility, without orders from his Government. The whole matter, he adds, is one of great delicacy, and its treatment is left to Mr. Slidell, after having ascertained whether these movements were dictated by the French Cabinet.—In a dispatch to Mr. Mason, the Secretary expresses his gratification that Mr. Mason had not withdrawn from London in consequence of the discourtesy with which he had been treated by Earl Russell, "which exhibits a marked contrast between the conduct of the English and French statesmen now in office; the contrast is striking," he adds, "between the polished courtesy of M. Thouvenel and the rude incivility of Earl Russell." Further comments on this matter are delayed, because the President is busy in endeavoring to "re-

campaign, which had resulted in none of the happy consequences which had been anticipated, the only gain having been the capture of a large amount of supplies.—Dispatches from Mr. Memminger, Secretary of the Treasury, relating to sales of cotton, show that at the close of October 5 pence sterling, the price fixed upon for cotton, was considered equivalent to 25 cents; or in effect that a dollar in Confederate notes was reckoned to be worth 20 pence in London. He has two and a half millions in gold, which he wishes to use in paying for articles purchased in England; but as exchange can be had only in small quantities and at high rates, he proposes to transfer it to British creditors, in which case he presumes that the British Government would allow any of its vessels to convey it for them.-Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the Navy, writes that Mr. George N. Sanders has contracted in England for the construction of six iron-clad steamers, combining the capacities of freighting and fighting ships in a manner which will enable them to force the blockade .--Mr. St. John, the superintendent of the nitre and mining bureau, offers to purchase 1000 tons of nitre, to be paid for in Confederate notes or bonds at the rate of 90 cents a pound if delivered at any port east of the Mississippi River, or 50 cents if delivered at any port between the Rio Grande and the Mississippi.-Mr. Sanders writes to his son, "Mv steamers are really the only thing abroad in which the nation has really much interest. It is the only thing that offers succor and relief. Sinclair and Bullock's steamers are only preying on the enemy's commerce. We want more than that now. We want succor or we must die. All other projects sink into insignificance compared to the construction of my six steamers. So thinks Congress, and so thinks every intelligent man with whom I have conversed. These steamers can open and keep open the port of New Orleans to our commerce, and one week's trade will pay the nation three times their cost."

MEXICO.

There seems to be a strong determination on the part of the Mexicans to resist to the utmost the French invasion. This is expressed in the address of President Juarez to Congress, and in the reply of that body. Indirect reports have been received that the French received a severe check about the middle of December, near Jalapa. Acapulco, on the Pacific, was bombarded by four French vessels of war for three days, commencing on the 16th of January. The fire was returned from the forts, but the range of the guns was too small to be effective. The town was then abandoned, and the forts having been silenced, a party of the assailants landed and spiked or disabled the guns, after which the fleet departed.

EUROPE.

The French Chambers were opened on the 12th of January by a speech from the Emperor detailing the domestic and foreign affairs of the empire. He says in substance that his policy has been to increase the prosperity of France without abusing the power placed in his hands; and to maintain abroad, within the limits of treaties, the legitimate aspirations of nations toward a better position. In the East he has supported the Danubian Principalities in their desire for a union, and has given his support to the Christians in Syria and Montenegro in their grievances, without disavowing the supremacy of the Porte. He had defended the independence of Italy without tampering with revolution, and without abandoning the Pope, whom past engagements



bound him to support. Expeditions to China, Cochin China, and Mexico proved that there are no countries, no matter how far distant, where any attempt against the honor of France could remain unpunished. Personal interviews with most of the reigning sovereigns of Europe had given rise to friendly relations which were so many guarantees for the peace of Europe; and this peace could not be disturbed by the events which have just taken place in Greece. The army and navy expenses had been considerably diminished, and the floating debt of the empire had been reduced. The indirect revenues showed a continual increase, and the condition of the country would be flourishing if the war in America had not dried up one of the most fruitful sources of industry. The forced stagnation of labor had caused, in many districts, an amount of destitution to relieve which a grant would be asked, for the aid of those who were suffering from a misfortune to which it was not in the power of the Government to put a stop. "Nevertheless," adds the Emperor, "I have made the attempt to send beyond the Atlantic advices inspired by a sincere sympathy; but the great maritime Powers not having thought it advisable as yet to act in concert with me, I have been obliged to postpone to a more suitable opportunity the offer of mediation, the object of which was to stop the effusion of blood, and to prevent the exhaustion of a country the future of which can not be looked upon with indifference." In addition to the speech an official review of the foreign policy of the empire was issued in which the following passage occurs: "The Emperor has not refrained from acquainting the Cabinet at Washington that his Government is still ready to mediate, provided the American Government desires that France should facilitate the task of peace, either alone or collectively, in whatever form may be pointed out to her."-In respect to Mexico, the review says: "The Mexican question has entered an entirely military phase of which it will be requisite to await the issue. The Government of the Emperor confines itself to expressing its confidence that the expedition will soon terminate gloriously for our flag. The moment is not far distant when the success of our arms will secure the interests which have led our troops to Mexico, and those permanent guarantees which we have so long demanded."---The motives and objects of the French expedition to Mexico are more explicitly set forth in a letter from the Emperor to General Forey the commander of the forces. He says:

"There will no be wanting people who will ask you why we go to lavish men and money for the establishment of a regular government in Mexico. In the present state of the civilization of the world, the prosperity of America is not a matter of indifference to Europe, for it is she who feeds our manufactories and gives life to our commerce. We have an interest in this-that the Republic of the We have an interest in this—that the require to the United States be powerful and prosperous; but we have none in this—that she should selze possession of all the Mexican Gulf, dominate from thence the Antilles, as well as South America, and be the sole dispenser of the products of the New World. We see now by and experience how precarious is the fate of an industry which is reduced to seeking its chief raw material in one market alone, to all the vicissitudes of which it has to submit. If, on the other hand, Mexico preserves its independence, and maintains the integrity of its territory—if a stable Government is constituted with the assistance of France, we shall have restored to the Latin race on the other side of the ocean its strength and prestige; we shall have established our beneficent influence in the centre of America, and this influence, by presenting immense openings for our commerce, will procure us the materials indispensable to our industry, Mexico, thus regenerated, will always be favorable to us, not only from gratitude, but also because her interests will be in harmony with ours, and she will find a powerful support in her good relations with the European Powers.

To-day, then, our pledged military honor, the exigency of our policy, the interests of our industry and of our commerce, all make it a duty to march upon Mexico, and boldly plant there our flag; to establish either a monarchy, if it is not incompatible with the national sentiment of the country, or, at all events, a Government which promises some stability."

Mr. Milner Gibson, President of the British Board of Trade, and member of Parliament, addressed his constituents on the 20th of January, explaining and defending the conduct of the Cabinet, of which he is an important member. He said that during the year 1862, Great Britain had to import 11,632,000 quarters of wheat, an increase of one-third over the importations of the previous year, which were unprecedentedly large; besides this there were large imports of other provisions. About one-third of the whole came from the United States.

"Now," continues Mr. Gibson, "these large importations of foreign wheat and flour and other provisions into this country must to some extent have tended to mitigate the distress, and have enabled many to provide for the wants of others out of their own surplus means. But supposing that the Government of this country had been induced, as they were urged frequently, to involve themselves in inter-ference in the affairs of the United States—supposing by some rash and precipitate recognition of those who are ducting hostilities against the United States—called the Confederate States of America—we had brought ourselves into collision with the United States, where would have been this flour, and ham, and bacon, and eggs? I suppose if we had been compelled to take up arms against the United States by any unfortunate policy blockading would have been resorted to, and we should have been obliged to establish a blockade of the coast of America for the very purpose of keeping out of this country all this wheat, flour, and eggs which have gone to mitigate the distress of the cotton industry in the present alarming state of affairs. We have from the commencement carried out the doctrine of non-intervention. We have endeavored to preserve a strict neutrality between the two contending parties. It was impossible to avoid recognizing the belligerent rights of the South at the outset of the contest, because it was a contest of such magnitude, and the insurgents, as they were called, were so numerous and so powerful, that it would have been impossible to recognize them in any other capacity but as persons entitled to bear arms; and if we had not done so, and if their armed vessels found on the seas were treated as pirates, it must be obvious to every one that this would have been an unparalleled course of action. We were compelled to recognize the belligerent rights of the South, but there has been no desire on the part of the Government to favor either the one side or the other. My earnest desire is to preserve strict neutrality; and, whatever may be my individual feelings—for we must have our sympathies on the one side or the other-whatever may be my feelings as a member of Parliament and the executive administration, I believe it to be for the interest of England that this neutrality should be observed; and therefore, making the interest of my country paramount to all other considera-tions, I should suppress any feelings of sympathy for one side or the other, and endeavor to pursue a course of strict neutrality.

After arguing at length that the real cause of the war was the determination to establish a nation having slavery as its basis—declaring that he did not believe an empire having this foundation could be prosperous, happy, and enduring, and that therefore he could not desire to see such an one established in any part of the world—Mr. Gibson concluded:

"I will not predict the course which the events of this war may take; but looking at the map, which I did to-day, it appears to me that the geographical position of the North, so far as territory is concerned, is stronger than it was twelve months ago. They have suffered great defeats, and they have had some successes; but I find that the North are now possessed of larger territory than they were twelve months ago. Missouri, which was then debatable ground, they now possess; also Kentucky and West Virginia, and a portion of Louisiana. It therefore appears that the territory which the North possessed at the beginning of last year has not been lessened but increased in extent. These are facts which all may ascertain for themselves." The right honorable gentleman then stated that our policy must be strictly neutral, that the proposal from France for mediation had been respectfully declined, that

he should rejoice to see the war terminated, but that he | it was not because he caricatured the persons inthought we should abstain from interfering until the time came when we might be asked to give our good offices. If we were invited by the proper parties to take part in any negotiations for peace then we might do so; but if we un-dertook that office without being asked, and before the proper time, it would not tend to the promotion of our amicable relations with America.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THAT we are a peculiarly sensitive people, devouring with avidity every thing that is written about us, and falling into a frightful rage if every observer does not flatter us, is one of the oldest tales of travelers in America. The last does not fail to repeat it. The jovial, careless, utterly British Irishman who is sent by the London Times wherever there is a row, and whose business it is wherever it comes to a head to hit it off in a sprightly paragraph, has printed his book, and says that we are the most sensitive people in the world, insisting that every body who talks about us shall, etc., etc.

It makes very little difference, however, what we insist upon having, for the gay Irishman gives us just what he chooses. He leaves home with the profound conviction that he is going to see a nation in the last agonies of dissolution. He arrives and finds leading citizens of its chief city airily acquiescing in anarchy. He pushes on to its seat of goverument and finds only consternation and doubt. He moves southward and every where meets a ferocious delight at the imminence of chaos. He enters the councils of conspirators who talk loudly and much of liberty, but he has unfortunately passed a slave auction upon the way. Turning northward he encounters universal excitement and a great people rushing to arms and opening their purses. A whole continent hums and simmers around him. The advanced outpost of Saxon civilization is going into battle for the sacred old cause which is the substance of British history; but "Our Own," whose business is to describe rows, sees only the confusion, the haste, the inadequacy of the first efforts of a nation which from a long age of peace is suddenly summoned to war; and the bewildered reader, judging from his pages, would suppose that the nation was a horde of incompetent bunglers, knaves, fools, harlequins, and barbarians, and that of all tragical jests in history the most melancholy was the rise, progress, and bloody catastrophe of the United States of America.

The London Times, the most loathsome traitor to the cause of Anglo-Saxon civilization which its annals record, says of its correspondent's book: "The United States have been a vast burlesque on the functions of national existence, and it was Mr. Russell's fate to behold their transformation scene, and to see the first tumbles of their clowns and pantaloons. It was time for him to come away, though the shame of his retirement was theirs."

It was in the service of the paper that speaks this language that Mr. Russell kept the Diary. While he was here he fell into extreme disfavor. The reason does not seem to occur to him. It was not because he described the first battle of Bull Run as a panic and rout, for his descriptions were tame compared with those of our own newspapers; it was not because he said that the Government would fall without a struggle, for in saying that he but repeated what he heard and expressed what he saw in and was to play. He, too, has the praise of success a circle which he believed to represent the country; in creating an audience, for it is not very long since

vested with the national authority; it was not because of any ridiculous account of what he saw; but because he did not see the essential point through all the burlesques and accidents, and because, therefore, he told a tale essentially untrue, that he was so cordially disliked.

Had he come as a truly impartial observer he would not have been so universally contemned. But his position toward us was exactly that of Great Britain-affectedly neutral, not honestly so. He had already judged the case, and he could not be fair. He undertook to describe what he saw, but he could not truly see in his frame of mind. Yet with all the exceptions made, his Diary is not without instruction, and even great value, to the future historian as an outline drawing for which an American can supply the true spirit and coloring. The phenomena which he could not explain, and which he represents as grotesque, will have in history a very different significance. His book goes into the literature of the war; and like every book rises and wiil rise as a terrible judge of its author. Shrewd, interesting, graphic, humorous, bitter, contemptuous, skeptical, it is the comment of a chipmonk upon Niagara-of a happy-go-lucky Irish scribbler upon the most sober and momentous of modern events.

THE winter, until the first of February, was unprecedentedly mild. Perhaps it will continue so to the end, and be known as the warm winter. Our first thought now in any season is naturally of the soldiers; but it is not easy to say that the mildness which implies mud is more grateful to them or valuable to the country than a clear, bracing air, frozen ground, and snow. A forward movement of the army was frustrated by the elements. The failure caused the resignation of the General in command, and the "relief" of his chief subordinate Generals. Our history will have an account to settle with Virginia mud-a mud which is not so fatal upon the shoes of the soldiers as in the soul of the people.

In the city, meanwhile, it has been perpetual November. Fog, rain, drizzle, and slime must have refreshed the mind of any wandering John Bull who chanced to winter in the city. The war, become chronic, has ceased to be the visible excitement that it was. The exclusively military aspect of the metropolis is gone. The coming of General Wool has been somehow simultaneous with the disappearance of the crowds of gay uniforms that enlivened the civilian duskiness of Broadway. There has been a natural reaction from the nervous tension of the last two years-and Lavinia Warren has been the chief sensation of the town.

The theatres-crowded as seldom before-have produced no new actors of great note, excepting Mr. Bandemann, the German, and no new plays of importance. The old dramas, the old Irish farces, the old tragedies, have been performed; attesting, if nothing else, the inexorable desire of amusement in the popular mind. Mr. Bandemann, like his countryman, Fechter, in London, has mastered our language, and challenged our best players in their best parts. Happily choosing Shylock, a character to which his foreign accent was naturally forgiven. and which gives peculiar scope to the intellectual element of acting, in which the Germans are superior to us, he achieved a very decided success. Mr. Edwin Booth, early and late in the season, played



he used to play in New York quite unheeded, except and such as are familiar in every smaller town, are due to youth, beauty, and gentlemanly graces, time alone will reveal. There is, perhaps, too much discussion of his claims, too much partisanship, for an unequivocal and commanding genius like that of his father, or of Edmund Kean, or of Rachel. But it is equally undeniable that, in certain scenes-in look, and tone, and action—he is the character he plays.

The opera has languished. The German singers of whom we spoke last month flew to Philadelphia, and perched in Broad Street; and, happily for them, all their notes were golden-or, at least, as near as the financial condition of the country permits. There has been a steady good sense in the management of this opera which we heartily hope may continue. The Italians unrolled a glittering programme in Irving Place - and then every thing stopped, for the tenor fell ill. Without love there is no opera; and without a tenor there can be no love. The primi bassi must not attempt to woo. Even the baritone is inadequate to those vocal heights of passion which the opera requires. Possibly a wet foot or a draught of air, the slightest of checks befalling the tenor, imposed that lugubrious silence upon the Academy.

Nor have the concerts been many or remarkable, except the excellent Philharmonics and the delightful chamber music of Thomas and Mason. If, as is reported, Mr. Steinway is to build a neat hall for six or seven hundred persons, next to the Opera House, like Chickering's Rooms in Boston, chamber music will have its fit temple in New York. A barn like Irving Hall, with the best intention in the world, can never serve the purpose. Even yet the city of New York has no adequate hall for great occasions. Tripler Hall was the only one we ever had, and that lasted but a very few years-long enough, however, to print itself upon all our memories forever, with its cheerful space; its graceful gallery, railed with gold; its brilliant, festive aspect; and Jenny Lind singing "Non mi dir" upon its stage. The chamber music, or quartettes and trios, under the care of Messrs. Mason and Thomas, should be known by every lover of music. The concerts are usually given in Dodsworth's Hall, a pretty place for the purpose, and the performance is most excellent.

The bones and banjo are apparently as attractive as ever, under the name of Minstrelsy. The humor of the performance is past finding out, but the pathos is often inconceivably profound in many ways. Upon the whole, it is a most humiliating sensation with which the spectator contemplates the stage and the audience. The sentimental vulgarity or the coarse and comical vulgarity of the songs and scenes are equally appalling; while the intrinsic sadness of a genuine African melody, like all wild, native melodies cast in the minor key, is one of the most tragically significant sounds in nature. Sitting in a "Negro Minstrel Saloon" upon Broadway, some tone or association may loose your imagination, so that it shall fly over time and sea and land; and, as you listen, you are once more floating upon the hushed and melancholy Nile, drifting ever southward into mystery and silence, and hearing the slow, mournful, minor, monotonous reiteration, Ilum-meleagar malooshee; hum-meleagar-malooshee. That is a music which is not yet heard from the bones and the banjo.

The Lyceum, too, has in the city shared the general languor of the season. Courses of popular lectures such as the Mercantile Library used to give, assail the Lyceum are (are they not?) those most

by the judicious few. How much of his triumph is discontinued. Celebrated orators can still attract an audience, and special subjects, treated by savans and experts, will fill a hall. Mr. Milburn has delivered a course of lectures upon the Christian Fathers before the Young Men's Christian Association, which has also provided a free popular course for its members. Dr. Macgowan lectured upon Japan. Various clergymen engaged in a theological course, and sundry politicians have delivered before a political club the most vehement denunciations of persons and sections of the country by way of conciliating fraternal feeling and national good-will, while Mr. Wendell Phillips has delivered again his famous lecture upon the Lost Arts, and an oration in which he appeared as the champion of the Union and the Government.

But the "novelty" of the season upon the platform was Mr. Mason Jones, a young Irishman who came to this country entirely unknown and unheralded to the public; opened his budget of "orations," mainly upon Irish orators and authors, and for several evenings filled the Academy of Music with a delighted audience. The initiated could not but remark a very profuse advertising and placarding, and a very steady and strenuous system of highly-colored commendations in the papers. But an orator may justly plead that he must by some means inform the public that he has orations to deliver, or they will not know it and will not come. There is certainly no more harm in advertising an oration than a book. Then he will be very apt to urge that the public must be incessantly reminded that some of his orations have been delivered, and that the audience is charmed and is nightly increasing. Perhaps so: but let him carefully remember that a point is easily reached when the question is irresistible-" Is there any quackery in all this?" The best thing may be injured by the manner of its presentation to the public. No honorable man wishes to be advertised like a patent medicine, for instance; and although Jenny Lind was so supremely excellent that her connection with the great showman did not injure her prestige, a similar experiment would be dangerous until Jenny Lind comes again.

Mr. Jones's success has been decided. There has been a universal testimony to the interest of his orations, and the fluency and ease of his address. He has spoken in many of the Lyceums in New England and the West, and is unquestionably a most agreeable addition to the list of lecturers—a list which increases very slowly.

Despite its slow increase, however, the lecturesystem has withstood the annual attack made upon it by certain newspapers. If their allegations are true, it is the most insidious, infidel, and anarchical pest which Providence has ever suffered to desolate a doomed country. The lecturers, it seems, who are "itinerant," "vagabond," and "traveling," combine the malice of Marat with the conceit of Robespierre and the shallowness of Desmoulins. Their rhetoric is "tawdry" and "tinsel;" their ideas are puerile; their religion is infidelity; their politics are treason; they serve up sweet skim-milk for young ladies; common sense frowns at them; they have no influence whatever, and they are undermining society. Like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, they are all of them three gentlemen at once—and each is worse than the other. Indeed and indeed, the thing should be looked into. The more that the papers which so furiously



eminent for generous culture, for lofty aims, for unselfish principles, for love of justice, and humanity. If they were of another kind, if they were panders to the most mercenary interest, if they made cant do duty as religion, if they truckled to mobs, defended anarchy, and palliated bloody sedition, the berated Lyccum, like a gentleman in the fish-market, would probably smile at the shrill scolding and go on its way.

THE English poets have always been fond of Italy, and several of them—Milton, Byron, Shelley, Keats, and the Brownings—have been especially associated with Italy. To most of them it was a land of inspiring association and of present picturesqueness; but they did not enter into the life of the time. They looked upon Italy as Byron did upon Rome, and saw in her only the lone mother of dead empires. The real life of the Italians to-day was lost to them in the romantic glow of history and legend.

But when Mrs. Browning-with her eager, sensitive heart-went to live in Italy, every thrill of emotion in the Italian soul thrilled hers also. Familiar as her profound study had made her with the story and the literature of Italy, she found a deeper interest in the story of the men and women around her. And when Louis Napoleon seemed to speak the magic word that was to break the long spell that bound her, the poet's gratitude and joy at the return of the long-lost glory of Italy were so profuse that she seemed never weary of decorating with her choicest praises the man whom all the world distrusted. It would be interesting to know how Louis Napoleon received this homage. He knows England, and he knows that the verses were written by the most illustrious poet of her sex that England has produced. Did he smile as he saw himself enshrined in glowing verse as a lover of Italian liberty and friend of man? Did he sneer at the weakness of a woman who could really believe him to be what her fiery and melodious words described? Or did he secretly sigh to see what his actions and influence might have been, while he knew what they were?

We shall never know, for he does not tell secrets, and no one has yet been shrewd enough to guess them. But whatever verdict history has in reserve for the inscrutable man, it will be recorded that one of the noblest and most gifted women of his time believed, and testified her faith to the last, in the purity of his purpose and the generosity of his heart. To-day, when the sound of the French guns bombarding Acapulco ring across the continent through the tumult of our own war, it is hard to understand that he means honestly by all nations. Yet is not Victor Emanuel King of Italy?

Shelley is not more associated with Pisa and the valley of the Serchio, nor Milton with Vallombrosa, than the Brownings with Florence. They went there when they were married, and Mrs. Browning died there. There she wrote the Sonnets from the Portuguese, Aurora Leigh, and Casa Guidi Windows. There she was the delight of the few who intimately knew her, and who may say of Florence as Shelley did of Rome when his boy died, Non é piu com' era prima. And loving Italy as she did, she has become a part of Italy. The thoughtful traveler hereafter will go from Dante's stone to Fiesole, from Santa Croce to San Miniato, and from the house of Michael Angelo to the house of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. With a poetic grace of feeling traditional in a city which carried Cimabue's nicture of the Madouna in

festal procession from the studio to the church, the municipality of Florence have placed a marble slab in the wall of the house she occupied. The slab bears this inscription: "Elizabeth Barrett Browning lived, wrote, and died in this house. She was a woman who, with a woman's heart, possessed the wisdom of a sage and the spirit of a true poet, and made her poetry a golden band between Italy and England."

THE modern drama is fond of tracing itself back to the religious mysteries of the Church of the Middle Ages. Thence, it says, we deduce our moral descent and tradition. The instinct of the drama is older, if you please, than the Middle Ages. But that the Church did not scruple to use the form shows that it is not intrinsically wicked, and that the modern stage is not technically religious does not prevent its being a moral teacher.

To this famous and reiterated argument of the stage is opposed that of the pulpit: be the theory what it may, what is the fact? Are more people harmed or helped by you? If you were abolished to-morrow would one snare be removed or not?

Yet while the Protestant pulpit really considers the theatre but another name for a much worse place, the Romish Church still borrows the advantage of dramatic impressions for the furtherance of its purposes. An Irish archbishop lately proved the value of such means. There had been a bitter feud in his diocese between two factions. The quarrel was hereditary and apparently irreconcilable. The archbishop declared that the ordinary spiritual means of the Church had failed to reclaim them. The law was not strong enough to subdue them. Neither judge, nor jury, nor jails, nor convict dépôts, nor handcuffs, nor hard labor, had any terror for these fierce factions. So he applied to the Redemptorist Fathers. They drew out their forces like an army. They employed all their resources. For twenty-one days they assaulted this work of the devil, says the account, and at last they carried it by storm. They worked from dawn till midnight. They used masses, sermons, confessions, penances. Pictures of divine judgment were set before the imagination. Apparitions of saints and angels were narrated. It was a series of scenic, spiritual dramas, and at length the hard hearts of faction were softened. Two or three thousand of these hereditary enemies assembled in the chapel. One faction upon one side, the other upon the other. The archbishop in his robes, wearing his mitre, and holding his crozier, sat upon his throne. The Redemptorists, like returned victors, recounted their campaign. Then the great congregation of enemies rose simultaneously, lifted their hands to heaven, and vowed to fight no more. They then approached the altar in pairs; each penitent selecting his worst foe as his companion, clasped hands before the archbishop, and repeated from his lips the words of the vow.

That upon such rude fierce minds the awful solemnity of the oath was enhanced by the imposing pomp of the scene no one can doubt. But it must be a little hard for thoughtful and educated men to become the agents of such a work. It may be that the system of the Grand Lama is best adapted for the people of Thibet. But who, for that reason, would wish to see Fenelon or Dr. Channing the high-priest of the Grand Lama?

With a poetic grace of feeling traditional in a city The poet Uhland, of whose death we were speakwhich carried Cimabue's picture of the Madonna in inglast month, wrote two little stanzas some time



before he died, which the Cologne Gazette says were the last poems he ever wrote. They are very short, but they are full of his peculiar music, and the many lovers of the poet in this country will be glad to see them. The first is called:

AM MORGEN DES 27 MAI, 1861. Morgenluft so rein und kühl, Labsal thauend allem Volke, Wirst du dich am Abend-schwül Thürmen zur Gewitterwolke?

Which may be paraphrased thus:

ON THE MORNING OF THE 27TH MAY, 1961.

Morning air so pure and sweet,
Bringing balm to every dwelling,
Wilt thou in the evening heat
Into angry storm be swelling?

The other is called:

AUF DEN TOD EINES KINDES. Du kamst, du gingst mit leiser Spur, Ein flücht'ger Gast im Erdenland. Woher? wohin?—wir wissen nur; Aus Gottes Hand in Gottes Hand.

This may also be freely rendered:

UPON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

An evanescent guest below
You came, you went, without a stain;
Whither, and whence! We only know
Out of Gol's hand and back again.

It is a noble, sweet, and fitting swan-song of the man whose soul to the end was as pure as a child's. What fame is like that of universal love? So to live that when you die you shall be mourned as a lost friend in remote homes where your face was never seen—surely that is the loftiest ideal of life! Only the childlike men achieve it. Irving was such a man. So was Walter Scott. So was Ludwig Uhland.

A FEW months since, when the Queen of England was made a sorrowing widow, probably very few persons knew what a vital loss had befallen her. That Prince Albert played his part of dummy with great propriety—that he was a lucky fellow—that he made pretty ceremonial speeches—that he shot game in a preserve whence it could not escape—that he busied his soul about a new soldier cap—that he went regularly to chapel, and kept England supplied with heirs to the throne, was the sum of the general estimate of his gifts and occupations. Now and then, indeed, there was an angry snarl about his Coburg system-a sly German design upon European policy. But it never swelled into a threatening roar. John Bull smiled carelessly. The painters drew pictures of him in ribbon and dress-coat, sitting with the Queen in the midst of a swarm of children. The coarser caricatures poked fun at him in his capacity of royal father. The cider cellars roared over indecent songs of which he was the hero. The highest popular praise of him was that he was amiable. There was almost a good-natured contempt of the first subject in the realm. But Albert was the Queen's husband for more than twenty years; he was a foreigner; wars and grave political changes occurred during his life; by the necessity of his position he stood constantly, from the moment of his marriage,

"In that fierce light which beats upon a throne;" the husband should entirely sink his own individual existence in that of his wife; that he should aim at handsome, and a Queen's husband, not a breath of suspicion blew upon him. A foreigner and a Constentation—assume no separate responsibility be-

tinental Prince, his hands and heart were pure of any step that did not make for England. Refined, cultivated, liberal in all asthetic pursuits, his speeches were models, his pictures were excellent, his taste was masterly, and he convened the world in the peaceful field of the Great Exhibition—a greater and more glorious field than that of the Cloth of Gold.

Yet these things were unremarked. He was still the amiable Prince—the plaster to complete the pure marble of the state's figure-head—an inoffensive, negative gentleman; and when he died, the national sympathy was freely offered to a woman, solitary by her position, who had lost the blameless partner of her life. That that blameless life was nobly heroic, and that in his death England had lost one of the finest figures in her history, few could suspect and still fewer know.

But in the recent volume of his specches and addresses the Queen has permitted the publication of an extract from a diary which the Prince kept from the beginning of his residence in England. The editor of the volume says of this extract: "It affords Her Majesty a fitting opportunity for expressing in the most clear and ample manner that which for many years she has desired to express. During the Prince's life the Queen often longed to make known to the world the ever-present, watchful, faithful, invaluable aid which she received from the Prince Consort in the conduct of the public business. Her Majesty could hardly endure, even then, to be silent on this subject, and not to declare how much her reign owed to him. And now the Queen can no longer refrain from uttering what she has so long felt, and from proclaiming the irreparable loss to the public service, as well as to herself and to her family, which the Prince's death has occasioned."

The extract refers to the urgent request of the Duke of Wellington that Prince Albert would assume the command-in-chief of the army. In the simplest words the Prince records the interviews between the Duke and himself, and the reasons which led him to decline the offer. The public scarcely knew that the matter was discussed. The peculiar power of the position no man could more fully comprehend, but the glittering prize did not for a moment disturb his perception of duty. Indeed, it is that instinctive obedience to duty which will perpetuate his name as Albert the Good.

It is pleasant to know and record these things of a man whose feeling seems to have been so just in regard to our troubles; and to whose influence the ameliorating influence of the Queen upon the counsels of the British Government is doubtless greatly due. How truly this excellent man—and to use that word of a Prince is to praise him—estimated the duties and honorable obligations of his position as the Queen's husband, his own words, never before made public, clearly show. How faithfully he fulfilled them the history of the last twenty years in England distinctly reveals.

"A female sovereign," said Prince Albert, "has a great many disadvantages in comparison with a king; yet, if she is married, and her husband understands and does his duty, her position, on the other hand, has many compensating advantages, and, in the long run, will be found to be even stronger than that of a male sovereign. But this requires that the husband should entirely sink his own individual existence in that of his wife; that he should aim at no power by himself or for himself—should shun all ostentation—assume no separate responsibility be-



of hers-fill up every gap which, as a woman, she would naturally leave in the exercise of her regal functions-continually and anxiously watch every part of the public business, in order to be able to advise and assist her at any moment in any of the multifarious and difficult questions or duties brought before her, sometimes international, sometimes political, or social, or personal. As the natural head of her of her private affairs, sole confidential adviser in politics, and only assistant in her communications with the officers of the Government, he is, besides, the husband of the Queen, the tutor of the royal children, the private secretary of the sovereign, and her permanent minister.'

Few conspicuous stations, few positions of any kind, could be more amply comprehended, or more loyally filled than that of Prince Albert. Now that he is gone the English people will know the truth. He will pass into their history, and the posterity of the men who laughed at him will illustrate their annals and point the singular felicity of their institutions in moulding public character, by the name and career of Albert. But for all of us, and always, the story of his life, even as it is slightly hinted in what his wife chooses to tell in this volume, is refreshing and edifying. No American can cease to wonder how far his superior wisdom might have controlled the stubborn prejudice and incredible self-sophistication of the governing class in England in regard to American affairs. While the more clearly his character appears the more just appears the great praise of the Laureate:

"We know him now: all narrow jealousies Are silent; and we see him as he moved. How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise, With what sublime repression of himself. And in what limits, and how tenderly: Not swaying to this faction or to that; Not making his high place the lawless perch Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage ground For pleasure; but through all this tract of years Wearing the white flower of a blameless life, Before a thousand peering littlenesses, In that fierce light which beats upon a throne, And blackens every blot; for where is he Who dares foreshadow for an only son A lovelier life, a more unstain'd than his?"

Think that these words are spoken of him who stood where the English Georges, and the Second Charles, and the hideous James had stood, and that they are true!

ALTHOUGH John Bull has been playing toward this country the part of a political Tartuffe, and has deployed for our injury all those qualities which have made his name odious upon the Continent, and although, consequently, the question has been often gravely asked, how shall we escape a turn with this insufferable old bully? yet every thoughtful man will refuse to allow himself to be swept away by this feeling of exasperation, and will remember that next to our own war one with England is to be deprecated.

For it would be also of the nature of a civil war. We are mainly sprung from the Anglo-Saxon stock. Our language, our history, our political, social, and moral traditions are all derived from that civilization. The great bulwarks of English liberty are although with a clearer perception of the true founda-

fore the public, but make his position entirely a part | pher has shown, except Algernon Sidney and his school of early Republicans. It is the peculiar pride of Englishmen that they shut their eyes upon political principles, insisting that practice and not theory is the true thing for a statesman to consider: a sophism akin to that of Judge Nott in this country, who, assuming that morals have nothing to do with government, proceeds to declare that politics are but a science of expedients. The definition is true, but family, superintendent of her household, manager inadequate. For the inevitable rejoinder is, that inasmuch as nothing is expedient which violates a universal moral instinct, the only difficulty of the theory is that it omits human nature, which, in a theory of government, is a rather serious omission.

Macaulay, in his zeal to exalt what he considers practical at the expense of theoretical government, and so to justify the British system, which persistently refuses to acknowledge any moral basis for political society, can not help insinuating a sneer at us, while he openly laughs at the French political theorists of '89, and is curiously unjust to the memory of the great Englishman, who resisted Cromwell in the name of the people, Algernon Sidney. Yet Macaulay, with all sensible Englishmen, admits that the peace of the kingdom is secure only when the immemorial, unwritten, and traditional rights of Englishmen are secure; and the settlement of 1688 is nothing else but a recognition of these rights and the agreement of the Government to respect and defend them. Why then he and his school of political philosophers are unwilling to concede that those rights, whose denial produces revolution and war, are original rights of man, it is not easy to see, unless it be, possibly, that the French theorists ressoned foolishly from true premises—a reason not very creditable to a wise man. To infer that, because government is a system of expedients, there are no original rights, is a foolishness of which neither the Abbé Sièves nor Algernon Sidney would have been guilty, however inferior, as practical statesmen, Macaulay may have regarded them to Halifax or Lord Somers.

John Stuart Mill, in one of his masterly essays, each one of which is wise and acute beyond the British standard, says, with a trenchant truth that annihilates the axioms which Macaulay and the received British political writers mistake for practical political philosophy - "The English are fond of boasting that they do not regard the theory, but only the practice of institutions: but their boast stops short of the truth: they actually prefer that their theory should be at variance with their practice. If any one proposed to them to convert their practice into a theory, he would be scouted. It appears to them unnatural and unsafe either to do the thing which they profess, or to profess the thing which they do. A theory which purports to be the very thing intended to be acted upon fills them with alarm: it seems to carry with it a boundless extent of unforesecable consequences."

Since, then, whether the rights which can not be touched or fatally threatened by any power are original, or "prescriptive," or "immemorial," or the 'inborn, hereditary privilege of every Englishman,' the fact remains that respect for them is the only sure foundation of English peace and prosperity. Those rights are substantially the same for whose protection our Government is established. But as our fathers were neither afraid of causes nor of printhe great rights which our Government maintains, ciples, they were seen by them to be a constituent part of human nature itself. Really, therefore, the tions of liberty than any English political philoso- essence of the British and American civilization is



identical. The difference is in the structure of the | weight of character-a weight which years chiefly political system intended to secure those rights. The British limited monarchy, with its king, its aristocracy, its religious hierarchy, and its small governing class, is devised for the same purpose as our Republican Constitution, for the protection of the rights of the individual. The danger of the British system is clear enough. Macaulay, complacently priding himself upon being free from the sophistries of theory, shows himself in nothing wiser than when, unconsciously yielding to theory, in other words, to the perception of a principle, he declares that the next great danger in England will be the conflict between the Parliament and the people.

It is for such reasons, because of the fact that only in England and America, that is, in the Anglo-Saxon civilization, there is, either practically or theoretically, the recognition of human rights as the basis of tranquil society, that a possible war between the two countries is so sorely to be lamented. To avoid that disaster it must be borne constantly in mind that there are in England, as Disraeli said before Gasparin, two nations, the governing class and the governed mass. There is a separation between them of the most dangerous character, political privilege based upon wealth, with a system tending constantly to concentrate wealth in fewer hands. The extension of that privilege as rapidly and wisely as possible is the only hope of averting the catastrophe which the selfishness of riches necessarily precipitates—precisely as with us trade endeavoring to get the better of human rights has plunged us into civil war.

Our sympathy naturally belongs to the governed mass of England, and they instinctively reach out their hands to us, feeling that their future lies in the triumph of our cause. Our victory justifies the honest zeal of Bright, the profound faith of Mill, the clear perception of Cairnes, the common sense of Cobden. It carries with it surer peace to England by compelling the extension of political privilege. It is therefore venomously sneered at by the present exclusive holders of wealth and power, and ardently desired by those to whom our defeat brings a darker destiny. War between the countries at once alienates that sympathy without which our common future is obscure. Men act with their country, even if they act reluctantly. It is a case for the intelligent of both nations to keep themselves free from the rancor of prejudice, and not to confuse the sentiment of a people with the action of a Government. No more significant, no more sublime spectacle, appears in modern history than that of the men of Lancashire who are most sorely pinched by our war, looking at us with the light of hope in their dull eyes, on their pale lips, and haggard cheeks, and stretching out their thin hands empty of work to grasp ours across the sea, because despite the dazzling influence of wealth and power and the lordly society, whose word is so overpowering to the British mind, they see by faith that there will be no end to tumult, to war, to privation, and starvation, until Government is adjusted upon the only sound and universal expediency, the policy of Justice.

IT never occurred to this Easy Chair, so little do we imagine that others suppose us to be different from what we know ourselves to be, that his white hairs and somewhat shrunken, stooping form, should be a matter of speculation and even doubt to any. That he moves upon four legs seemed enough to an

supply. That the profound advice with which he not infrequently favors his readers should be supposed to proceed from any thing less than the most prolonged and ample experience he had not imagined, and a certain octogenarian flavor of style in all that he says, seemed to him no more able to escape observation than the subtle wisdom of Tupper, or the sagacious political philosophy of Train.

But here comes a letter from "Reader," which proves how vain are all our theories of what others think of us. Alluding to the remarks of the Easy Chair upon the opening of the New Year, which, as they mentioned his being contemporary with a threestory red brick house in Park Place and the palmy days of Putnam's Monthly, and, in fact, even as remembering the ancient Whig and Democratic Reviews, might have reasonably suggested a suspicion of his identity with that indefatigable sole, the Wandering Jew, his correspondent says, after sundry pleasant compliments grateful to the heart of unpraised age (and, indeed, the fact that he gives this specimen will incontestably establish his senility in the minds of the discerning): "You are so genial that manuscripts can no more help being attracted toward you than insects can help hovering about the fragrant blossoms of plum and cherry. "Such thoughts as these lead me to wonder what sort of body you are, whether Falstaff-like or thin as a spirit photograph. Sometimes I have doubts concerning you, and then myths and vampires float before my mental vision; but no, good Easy Chair, I will believe you to be some highly sensible old gentleman with a bald pate and a huge nose, who delights to scatter abroad the gifts of genius (sic). Now I am not a Thackeray or a Dickens. The truth is, the flame of my literary lamp has been blown out several times in consequence of taking the air, and yet for the life of me I can not withstand the magnetical yearnings of this letter toward you."

Certainly that is well expressed. No better or more satisfactory description of this Chair has ever been written. "Some highly sensible old gentleman, with a bald pate and a huge nose, who delights," etc., etc. The Easy Chair, with respectful compliments, presents this portrait, a card photograph, as it were, to his circle of kind friends. Fortunately for his nose, photography seizes the form, not the hue. You have but to add the four legs, and the likeness is complete.

- "Reader" presently touches another string:
- "When a child I had this verse for a copy:
- "Three things bear mighty sway with men-The sword, the sceptre, and the pen: Who can the least of these command In the first rank of fame shall stand.

Ah, dear Easy Chair, the penmanship of that copy had a sprawling imitation, owing to the tumultuous beatings of my heart. Age, or it may be the burial of so many of my literary offspring, has made the charms of authorship less pleasing to me, and for a long time I have considered it as quite a dead love, and blushed at it as one of the follies of youth. Oh! the tranquillity I derived from Cato's fear that 'eloquence would take away the desire of action.' The peace it brought me passed all understanding; but, prithee, what magic was in your New-Year's reverie to summon the ghost of dead authorship before me, to torment me, as it were, before my time?"

Well, dear "Reader," it is only one of the many Easy Chair to establish the fact of his extreme visionary forms of ambition that haunt every sensi-



tive mind. All men have the instinct of expression, as they have an intellectual nature. There are infinite varieties of it. When it rises to the highest point we call it genius, creative power. Yet the poet is wisely defined as he who sings what every body feels, and therefore would sing if he could. If any word of this Easy Chair's reawakens in you that slumbering desire—if, as he speaks, you feel the stirring in you of the wings upon which the immortals soar, he is sure not to be counted any less your friend because your heart replies to his words, as the long-silent harp, whose strings are struck by a wandering tone, vibrates responsive, with the vague yearning murmur of possible music.

Editor's Drawer.

ROM our army in Virginia we have frequent letters. This is the last one that has come to hand:

"We sometimes get hold of *Harper*, and then again we don't. When we do get a number it circulates through the camp until it is read all up.

"For the benefit of your readers who are not versed in the routine of a military life, I will say that at 8.45 in the morning all the sick men in the regiment are summoned by a call of the bugle to the surgeon's quarter to receive their daily allowance of quinine and blue-mass, and to get their excuse from duty for the day. The surgeon looks each one over, asks what is the trouble with him; and if he thinks proper gives him his dose and his excuse, and back he goes to his quarters, a happy man for that day. Yesterday morning among others came a tall, fine-looking fellow, the picture of health, for an excuse for the day. When his turn came the surgeon looked at him in surprise, and said,

" 'Well, Sir, what's the matter with you?'

"'Well, doctor,' said he, putting on a most wobegone look, and rubbing his eyes, 'my eyes are sore, and it hurts me to dress to the right!"

"He didn't get his excuse that day."

SQUIRE C—, of our county, had been a toper in times past, but upon the approach of the Maine Law excitement reformed, and became a zealous advocate of that measure. Being at a public auction one day soon after the law and the excitement had gone under, he came across a barrel of the ardent which was being retailed by the quart. His taste was forthwith revived, but the memory of his late services in the Temperance ranks would not permit him to buy a dram and drink it in public. But he could not leave, and so he occupied his time in passing and repassing the fragrant whisky-barrel. Presently he met Josh —, whose notions of propriety were not quite so strict, and lifting a dime from his pocket placed it in Joshua's open hand, saying,

"Josh, you take this dime and go down to that barrel and buy a quart, and when you see me coming call out, 'Squire, won't you come and have something to drink?'"

Joshua was pleased and soon had the quart, when the Squire bore down toward him, with head up, and apparently unconscious of a drop being within a score of miles, when Joshua, true to his orders, cried out,

"Squire, won't you come and have something to drink?"

"Well, I don't care if I do," replied the thirsty man, "being as we are old friends."

"Oh! stop a bit," said Joshua. "You're one of the cold-water fellows, and I only jest asked to try you!"

The Squire left, a wiser and a dryer man.

OUR Western correspondence is increasing in richness and variety. A correspondent in Madison, Wisconsin, mentions a legal incident worth repeating:

Judge Stone and P. S. Starr, Esq., two prominent lawyers, started for home, from Madison, where they had been attending court. Both were somewhat addicted to the ardent, and carried a bottle with them. When they arrived at George P——'s, a half-way station, they both alighted to replenish the bottle and get warm. Let Judge Stone tell the rest in his own words:

"I got into the buggy and rode along. Before I had gone a great ways it occurred to me that I had forgotten something. I looked under the seat, and ascertained that my books were all there. I felt in my pockets, and discovered my papers to be all right. I concluded that I must be mistaken, and drove along, although I was unable to rid myself entirely of the conviction that I had left something. Finally I arrived at my destination, and was met by a friend, who asked, 'Where's Starr?' 'That's it, I declare! I've left Starr!"

Some thirty years ago, at one of the militia musters in Vermont, old Parson S—, a beloved and much-respected clergyman from the town of S—, was chaplain of the brigade. The Brigade Inspector, having gone the rounds of the companies, began inspecting field-officers. He came along to Chaplain S—, who was quietly sitting on his horse, and inquired, roughly,

"Where are your arms?"

Chaplain S— meekly replied: "I believe, Sir, I bave all with me the law requires."

"Not by a long sight," said the Inspector. "Never let me see you on parade again without them."

Chaplain S submissively bowed his head, but said nothing.

After the parade was over, the officers being seated at the dinner-table (the Inspector among the number), Chaplain S—— was called upon for a blessing. He prayed eloquently for the rank and file, General, Colonel, Majors, and lastly the Inspector, who was especially remembered in the following words:

"Remember our Inspector: pardon his honest blunders; and give him more wisdom."

That blessing gave them all a hearty appetite (the Inspector excepted), and every one admitted that old Parson S—— was "posted."

RARELY have we had a better story, or a better told story, than this, from a reverend gentleman in Missouri:

The life of a preacher in a new country, from a secular point of view, is hardly as smooth and free from difficulty as a position in more cultivated and populous communities usually appears to be. The people are thinly scattered here and there, engaged in different pursuits, though chiefly agricultural. Being collected from all parts of older States, and gathered from every class of society, they meet upon the same common ground, upon terms of easy familiarity, and restrained by no irksome conventionalities. People in a new country generally have a pretty lyard time of it. They live a sort of "rough-



and-tumble" life, wearing out their best efforts in a struggle for existence. Under these circumstances the material sometimes absorbs completely the spiritual; and the people not unfrequently "get so far behind" with the preacher that they have frequently to be powerfully "stirred up" from the pulpit.

On one occasion we had a visit from the presiding clder of our district at one of our quarterly meetings. We had not paid our circuit preacher "ary dime," as the boys say, and we expected a scoring from the elder.

Well, we were not disappointed. The elder preached us a moving discourse from the text "Owe no man any thing." At the close of his sermon he came at once to the "subject in hand."

"Brethren," said he, "have you paid Brother any thing this year? Nothing at all, I understand. Well, now, your preacher can't live on the air, and you must pay up—pay up, that's the idea. He needs twenty-five dollars now, and must have it! Steward, we'll take up a collection now."

Here some of the audience near the door began to "slide" out.

"Don't run! don't run!" exclaimed the elder. "Steward, lock that door and fetch me the key!" he continued, coming down out of the pulpit and taking his seat by the stand-table in front.

The steward locked the door, and then deposited the key on the table by the side of the elder.

"Now, steward," said he, "go round with the hat. I must have twenty-five dollars out of this

crowd before one of you shall leave this house."

Here was a "fix." The congregation were taken all aback. The old folks looked astonished; the young folks tittered. The steward gravely proceeded in the discharge of his official duties. The hat was passed around, and at length deposited on the elder's table. The elder poured out "the funds" on the table, and counted the amount.

"Three dollars and a half! A slow start, brethren! Go round again, steward. We must pull up a heap stronger than that!"

Around went the steward with his hat again, and finally pulled up at the elder's stand.

"Nine dollars and three quarters! Not enough yet. Go round again, steward!"

Around goes the steward the third time.

"Twelve dollars and a half! Mighty slow, brethren! 'Fraid your dinners will all get cold before you get home to eat 'em! Go round again, steward!

By this time the audience began to be fidgety. They evidently thought the joke was getting to be serious. But the elder was relentless. Again and again circulated the indefatigable hat, and slowly, slowly, but surely, the "pile" on the table swelled toward the requisite amount.

"Twenty-four dollars and a half! Only lack half a dollar. Go round again, steward!'

Just then there was a tap on the window from the outside; a hand was thrust in holding a half-dollar between the thumb and finger, and a young fellow outside exclaimed.

"Here, Parson, here's your money! Let my gal out o' there! I'm tired of waitin' for her.'

It was "the last hair that broke the camel's back;" and the preacher could exclaim, in the language of "Ike Turtle," "This 'ere meetin's done bust up!"

THE most humiliating instance of absence of mind

self in the fall of 1860, in forgetting my own name, at a "Mite Society" held at the residence of a Mr. Ross, in Buffalo. After having been introduced to some twenty different persons, and having mingled promiscuously in the assemblage for an hour. I brought up near what proved to be one of the pleasant-faced and very social deacons.

Said he, "My name is Deacon Barnes, and pray what is yours?"

I looked in the Deacon's face astonished. "What's my name? Yes; that's the question—what is my name?" I believe the Deacon thought me insane, or a fool. But it is an absolute fact, that for a space of two minutes I had no more idea of what my name was, or who I was, than if I had never been named, or had never been "borned!" A mental bankrupt! And all the while the simple-hearted Deacon stood before me, like some awful personage. "What did I understand your name to be, Sir?" That's the question! I was as dull as the last link of a Dutch Bologna in July. At last, to my present and great relief, it flashed across my truant mind who I might be, or was-viz., Mr. Saunders.

"God bless me! my name is Saunders!" I ejaculated, emphatically.

Saunders was the name of the individual with whom I boarded; and the Deacon calls me Saunders to this day, although he has been informed that my real name is Peter C. Robinson.

A LITERARY friend in Toledo, Ohio, refreshes us with this excellent anecdote of a man of letters in Indiana:

A friend, who is an amateur geologist, recently visited a town in the interior of Indiana. He took a letter to a Professor in a college located there, who possessed a very fine geological cabinet, which my friend was desirous to examine.

The latter presented himself at the Professor's house, and was cordially received. In due time the cabinet, which was in the library, was visited. While my friend was intent in looking over the interesting specimens before him the Professor was giving him verbally a pretty full inventory of his library. He branched off into literature. He overwhelmed my friend with his knowledge of authors. He came to speak of poets. Of all living bards Bryant was his favorite. There was so much vim in his productions. My friend ventured to suggest that Bryant was considered far from a dashing poet that, in fact, his Pegasus was rather tame than otherwise.

"Well," replied the Professor, "I will agree with you as to the latter. I always thought his Pegasus was tamer than any other of his poems!

My friend was seized just then with an immoderate fit of coughing, and soon after bid the learned Professor good-day.

A BRAVE captain of the 57th - Volunteers writes to the Drawer:

After every battle it is asserted by the army of croakers that the Army of the Potomac, or some particular corps or division thereof, is demoralized. A very amusing instance of said demoralization came under my notice during the late battle of Fredericksburg. A Zou-zou (from the city of brotherly love), having changed his base from the field of battle to the pontoon bridge, found himself arrested by the guard, and requested to show his pass or his wounds. Throwing down his gun and equipments, that ever came to my knowledge happened to my- | and raising his closed hands to his hips, preparatory



to the "pas Gymnastique," the irrepressible Zou-zou; ing to one of the F.F.s, and a bitter secessionist; the broke through the guard, saying, "Let me pass! let me pass! I'm demoralized!"

In Bear Valley, California, resides a devoted admirer of the Drawer, who writes us some humorous notices of Uncle Davy Wilson, a great "bar" hunter who lives in those parts. He says:

If Uncle Davy holds some different ideas about this world of ours from those of other people he always produces incontrovertible proof to support his

theories. He says:

"Some people who read a right smart bit purtend to say that this yer airth is round. Why there's even Sam Jinkins, the schoolmarster-and a likely chap he is too, if it waren't fur sich notions; he told me t'other day that it was round; and I jest told him nary bit of it. He couldn't fool old Uncle Davy that way; fur he'd cum across the plains, and seed fur hisself, and it wur jest as flat as a barn floor; and you could look right furnenst you on the ground, and see so fur that you couldn't see nothing; and I'll be blowed if you couldn't see the airth all the way jest as flat as a pancake! And then he said that the airth turned over every day and night, and went round the sun, and all that sort of thing; but I jest told him I knowed better, fur I laid a tater on a stump one morning, and the next morning it was there jest where I put it; and if the world had turned over where do you think that ta-ter would have ben? That ruther beat him, fur he kinder laughed, but couldn't tell me; and I jest told him then that this airth didn't move no way, fur if it should move the least bit there would be the tallest scattering of peoples that ever he seed. And I reckon he began to get skeered, fur he scattered when I said that; and from that day to this he hain't said any thing more to Uncle Davy about the world turning round."

EPIGRAMS FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.

ON A LAZY GLUTTON. In eating you are quick, In going you are slow Eat with your feet, friend Dick, And use your jaws to go!

MADAME TRIX.

Young Madame Trix quite oft doth go To see the handsome Doctor Fred: Don't wonder at her visits, though For her poor husband's sick abed!

> ON A LONG NOSE. Oh, Nosey! what a nose! I really fear it That, when it blows, Your ears can't hear it!

MAGDALENE

The rich old Magdalene whom you knew Wished me to marry her; so I told her That she was rich enough, that was true, But so old-I'd wait till she was older!

THE PLIGHT.

"I flee that I may come again!" Cried Fix, the best of bravest men: Which means (for so it seems to me), "I flee that I again may flee!"

In the village on the Delaware River opposite Smith's Island are two gentlemen, as diametrically opposite to each other in almost every particular as any two men can possibly be. The one an eminent the flag from them, and returned safely back to his

other a Quaker schoolmaster, perfectly orthodox in the cut of his coat and hat, a thorough abolitionist, and withal a man of as much tact and talent as the other. They had often come in contact with each other in law matters, and there was no love lost between them. A short time ago the lawyer had a case of considerable importance in which the schoolmaster was to be a material witness on his adversary's side, and as his testimony would probably turn the scale, it was extremely desirable that the lawyer should know in advance, if possible, what the other would say, that he might frame his case accordingly. So he took out a writ that enabled him to obtain the schoolmaster's evidence' before a magistrate previous to the case coming into court. When broad-brim came before the magistrate, the lawyer put his questions in an arrogant manner, as usual with him; but knowing the ability of the man he had to deal with, he approached the important point by slow degrees, commencing at a remote distance. Presently, however, he put a question that touched the quick of the matter, and to his great disappointment received an answer that left him just as wise as he was before. He feared to repeat the question immediately, and so fell back, and went over the ground a second time, putting his interrogatories in pretty much the same form as before; to each of which broad-brim almost invariably replied, in the coolest manner possible, "I have answered that question already." Finally the witness demanded why, and by what authority he was brought there? The magistrate handed him the writ, which, drawing down his spectacles, he proceeded to read, in his own peculiar slow and solemn manner, as follows:

"A writ to take the evidence of aged, infirm, and going witnesses."

"Well," said he, "I am not very aged; and I believe I am not infirm; so I suppose I must be a going witness; and I am going!" said he, deliberately rising, putting on his hat, and walking out of the

The lawyer took nothing by his motion, and retired discomfited.

WHEN Parson Brownlow was in our town a good many people grumbled about the high price of admission to his lecture. A very rich, but stingy man, who had been all the time very profuse with expressions of his patriotism, exclaimed, in a crowd,

"Give Parson Brownlow half a dollar? No, Sir-ree! I'd a good deal sooner give it to a poor soldier!"

"Oh!" said a by-stander, "then give your half

dollar to Captain H- (an officer dismissed from the army for cowardice); they say he's a mighty poor soldier!"

ONE of our Indiana regiments was fiercely attacked by a whole rebel brigade in one of the late battles in Mississippi. The Indianians, unable to withstand such odds, were compelled to fall back about thirty or forty vards, losing-to the utter mortification of officers and men-their flag, which remained in the hands of the enemy. Suddenly a tall Irishman, a private of the color company, rushed from the ranks across the vacant ground, attacked the equad of rebels who had possession of the conquered flag with his musket, felled several to the ground, snatched lawyer, democrat, and high-toned aristocrat, belong- regiment. The bold fellow was, of course, imme-



diately surrounded by his jubilant comrades and greatly praised for his gallantry, his captain appointing him to a sergeaucy on the spot; but the hero of the occasion cut every thing short by the reply, "Oh, niver mind, Captin, say no more about it; I dropped my whisky-flask among the rebels and fetched that back, and I thought I might just as well bring the flag along!"

EVERY body, with few exceptions, has seen the puzzle made of rings and a couple of wire shuttles. Among the exceptions was Michael Murphy, not many years from the sod. Michael had watched the operation of shifting the rings from one wire to another, and asked the privilege of doing the trick himself. After a speechless effort for more than an hour he exclaimed, "Faith the man who first invinted that must ha' had soome one to show him how!"

It was customary, years ago, to publish from the pulpit, in Connecticut, bans of matrimony. On one occasion an old man rose and said, "I forbid the bans." On being asked to state his objections he replied, "I had resarved Dinah Curtis for myself." The objection was not deemed "good."

In a manufacturing city of New England, not many years since, there was a young man from the "gim of the say," employed as book-keeper in a large machine-shop and foundry. At one time two castings were made for a customer, each about three feet square and eight inches thick; one solid, the other having a circular hole in it about twenty inches in diameter. He entered both in his books as solid. Discovering his mistake, he computed the weight of a piece of cast iron twenty inches in diameter and eight inches thick, when he corrected his erroneous entry by giving the customer credit in the following manner:

"Mr. Smith, Cr.
"By one hole, weighing 432 pounds."

I suppose this is the heaviest hole on record.

A NEW contributor, writing from "Camp opposite Van Buren, Missouri," says:

I have an intelligent contraband glorying in the name of Sam. He came into my tent the other morning to build a fire, when I noticed the end of a red string hanging from the top of his head. I inquired,

"What is that on your head, Sam?"

"The palate of my mouth is down, Sir, and I tied a string in my hair to fetch it up, Sir!"

Last summer, at Memphis, I went into the kitchen of the hotel, where I was struck with the appearance of the presiding genius of the institution. He was coal black, with perfectly straight hair. I looked in vain for the Indian features, and finally, perplexed beyond endurance, I said,

"Uncle, where did you get that hair?"

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"Bought it here in town, Sir," was the ready reply.

The colored person was indulging in a second-hand wig.

Our here in Wyoming Valley we occasionally find something a little more rapid than the apostolically patient railway trains, which you mentioned in the Drawer some time ago, in telling of a minister who disembarked, preached, and returned at leisure to pursue his journey. And, by-the-way, in telling

that story there hung the tag end of a tale behind it, which must have escaped the narrator.

One of the legal legion entered the cars unprovided with a ticket, and when the conductor came along he demanded the addition of ten cents to the fare, as per rule in such cases. A rule not honorable, save in the breach—at least so the lawyer expressed his conviction, audibly. A few miles after the episode chronicled in the Drawer the train halted, and began to back interminably.

"What are we backing for now?" growled the

lawyer, in disgust.

"Why," responded his seat-fellow, quietly, "the conductor has lost the ten cents you gave him, and we're backing to look for it, as this Company has a note to pay to-morrow, which will go to protest if that money isn't found!"

An Indianian writes to the Drawer:

If the Drawer can produce a finer illustration of the profoundest ignorance than the following your host of readers in this community would like to see it. It actually occurred, and we think it hard to beat:

A few evenings since, while musing, "solitary and alone," upon the fortunes (or rather misfortunes) of war, especially the late Rappahannock disaster, a gentleman stepped into the drug store, inquired for two or three essential oils, took a seat, and with a countenance expressive of the highest admiration of his own wisdom, gave a short dissertation upon the virtues of the medicines called for; showing them to be "good for horses, and also for baiting bees." To all of which we nodded assent. He then inquired if we had "such a thing as stra-ta-qum?" Upon my giving him a negative answer, and expressing a doubt as to there being "such a thing," he confidently insisted that there was, as he "had been reading about their capturing elephants, and it said they used stra-ta-gum to bait them with, like they bait bees, and he would like to know what it was." Seeing he was so anxious about it, I turned to the Dispensatory to look for it, when, thinking no doubt it would facilitate the search, he said he "believed it was spelled s-T-R-A-T-A-G-E-M!" And thereupon we discovered the joke; and well we might, for if a "wayfaring man" had failed to see it at that point, he must indeed have been the prince of "fools.

After as much of an explanation as the circumstances would warrant, our friend left, seemingly much disappointed at not finding his "stra-ta-gum," and perhaps less troubled with an enlargement of the brain than when he first entered the drug store.

LAST December one of the quiet boroughs of Pennsylvania was suddenly thrown into a state of excitement by a report, afterward ascertained as false, that Stuart's rebel cavalry were within a few miles of town. During this excitement the Burgess, a very ignorant and illiterate man, issued a proclamation of which the following is a copy:

"fellows cidens I order yous to take up armes to defend our borow so I order yous to take up armes amedly and so do not delay

"by order of the Burgess," PETER VAN BRUNT, Burgess."

A Boy in Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada Territory, speaks for himself, and says: "I am a juvenile reader of your Drawer. I was a page in the Legislature of California which met last Janu-

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ary, and while there I witnessed and listened to manv hot debates. The patience and temper of a Bay County parson were well-nigh exhausted by the sharp sayings and witty repartees of an up-country member of the bar. When Christian forbcarance ceased to be a virtue, he rose to his feet and gave vent to his virtuous indignation: 'There is a wise saving in the Proverbs of Solomon, which would, I think, be very applicable in the case of the honorable member on the other side of the House; it is this -"A fool should be answered according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit." The lawyer slowly rose, and coldly delivered himself: 'Mr. Speaker, if the member from Contra Costa would make it his business to search the Scriptures a little more closely than he has done, I think he would find things there quite as applicable to himself as any thing well can be. One of the weapons which he has used in this debate bears a striking resemblance to the one which Samson wielded upon that memorable occasion when he met such an overwhelming host of his enemies-namely, "the jaw-bone of an ASS "

"There was no measure broached that day which met with any opposition from the parson, and a reconciliation was not effected between them until they had a little good-natured 'smile' together and a mutual understanding."

"THE enrolling officer of Salisbury District, Maryland, was very active and thorough in the performance of his duty. One day he went to the house of a countryman, and finding none of the male members of the family at home, made inquiry of an old woman about the number and age of the 'males' of the family. After naming several, the old lady stopped. 'Is there no one else?' asked the officer. 'No,' replied the woman, 'none except Billy Bray.'
'Billy Bray! where is he?' 'He was at the barn a moment ago,' said the old lady. Out went the officer, but could not find the man. Coming back, the worthy officer questioned the old lady as to the age of Billy, and went away, after enrolling his name among those to be drafted. The time of the drafting came, and among those on whom the lot fell was Billy Bray. No one knew him. Where did he live? The officer who enrolled him was called on to produce him; and, lo and behold, Billy Bray was a Jackass! and stands now on the list of drafted men as forming one of the quota of Maryland."

FROM the Far West a friend writes to us:

"Presuming a word or two from Oregon would not be uninteresting to the many readers of the Drawer, we send you a specimen of the good things that may be found safely stowed in the vault containing the records of this (Marion) county.

"It is a legal document that emanated from what once was, and now is considered by himself, a practicing attorney of this city. It is a demurrer to a complaint in an action in which Marion County is plaintiff and G. B. Wagnon defendant, brought for the recovery of a fine for violating a statute in the disposition of estray animals, and is, verbatim et literatim, as follows:

"And now comes G B Wagnon the Defnat in the a Bove Sute or Cause And files a Demurrer and says that the plaintiff Should not have Nor maintain his Action a Gainst Said Defanant for the following reasons first that he has not legal Capacity to su Because he was holding the Lucrative office of Justice of the peace when he tuck the oath of office as Treasurer of Marion County to suport the Constution of the State of Oregon which noman can hold too offices Except those Spesily mentioned in the

Constution Be Caus he can not suport and Vialate Boath at the saim time

"and furthur says that the county Court has not Leagal jurisdiction to try causes whar the County is aparty nomore than a judge or Justice of the peace has to try causes whar they ar l'lantiffs. And further says there is not that plain and concise Statement of the facts constituting the cause of action as there is no De Scription of Cauller markes nor Brands nor by hoom apraysed

"and further Says that he was not Seerved with a certifyed coppy of said Complaint—therefore the Defenant prays this honorable Cort to Dismiss the a Bove Sute this Still day of December 1859

"This gentleman was permitted to practice here upon showing a certificate of examination and admission to practice by some court of Indiana."

A PICTURE.

SHE is sitting close beside me, Gazing with eager eyes Up at the crimson cloud-isles Draping the western skies. Singing a passionate ballad, A song with musical flow, Of heroes who loved and battled In days of the Long Ago. Softly the odorous south wind Plays with her silken curls, While the blood-red scroll of the sunset Far in the west unfurls, And our happy hearts are pulsing In time with the swelling tune Which the thousand voices of Nature raise, An anthem to queenly June. Youth and hope and beauty, Heavens of golden light, Passion-flowers and crimson roses, Bloom in our hearts to-night.

Bloscoms of gorgeous summer, Radiantly unfold! Bloom, oh ether islands, Gemming the skies of gold! Birdlings, pour your music Forth on the evening breeze; Blow from you Eden valleys, O breath of the Southern Seas! For the life-streams, flowing lonely, Have blended in one to-day, And hand in hand together We'll tread life's opening way. Night and hate and anguish Lurk in our path no more, Through all the flower-strown vistas Opening on before!

Ha! has the vision vanished?
Slowly—with numbing pain—
The joyless forms of the real life
Flock to their place again.
Fifty years, on a lonely road,
Weary and faint I've trod;
Fifty years has that bright young head
Mouldered under the sod.
A palvied, passionless, weak old man,
A helpless, crouching form,
I sit, and list to the howling
Of the pitiless wintry storm!

Yet sometimes into my spirit
Come thronging those viaions blest;
Again those golden tresses
Are pillowed upon my breast;
Again we sit together,
Watching the radiant glow
Which the smilling skies shed round us
In that heaven of long ago.
And I look beyond the river then
To the bright, eternal shore,
Where the loved and lost of other years
Shall be mine for evermore!



"NEAR one of the rural villages in Ohio there dwelt, a few years since, an elderly gentleman who went by the familiar name of 'Uncle Jonathan.' He was a rigid member of the Lutheran Church, sober, exemplary, and withal possessed of considerable wealth. Like many of his neighbors in this region of country, he entertained a bitter prejudice toward 'Yankees;' and, notwithstanding his piety, he had avowed his intention of kicking out of his door the first Yankee clock-peddler that should enter.

"One sultry day in summer a covered wagon was drawn up to his gate; a keen-eyed, gaunt-looking individual alighted, and, rapping softly at the door, requested, in subdued tones, a drink of water. After drinking the traveler asked permission of the old gentleman to sit and rest a few minutes, saying he was overcome by the heat. The stranger said but little, and the old gentleman eyed him suspiciously. Presently the old man's eye began to brighten.

""What papers have you there?" said he, pointing to the stranger's pocket, which bore the appearance of a traveling post-office.

""Oh,' said the stranger, 'those are a few copies of our Lutheran Observer, that I carry to read along the road."

"'Then you belong to the Lutheran Church?"

"'Yes, Sir. Would you not like to look at a copy of the paper?'

"The old man was delighted; asked stranger to stay for dinner. Of course he accepted. As they were putting up the team the old gentleman remarked:

"'You drive a queer-looking wagon."

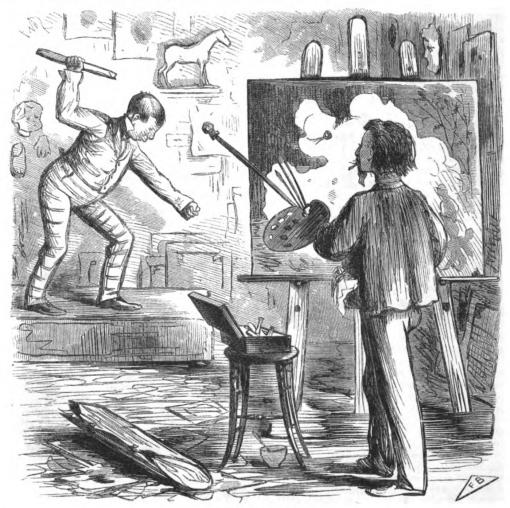
"'Yes,' said stranger; 'I have been out West, and have suffered several months from chills and fever. Wishing to get home to my family, and having no means of defraying my expenses, I purchased a few clocks to sell along the way.'

"Stranger staid, and fed himself and horses without money and without price. He did more. He sold Uncle Jonathan every clock on his wagon, and took his note, which he turned into money within two hours.

"'Well,' said the landlord, 'didn't I tell you that he would abuse you?'

""Very much mistaken,' said Yankee; 'the old man is a gentleman. Here, take these papers, I have no further use for them.'

"Uncle Jonathan is silent on the subject of Yankee clock-peddlers."



A BATTLE PIECE.

AETIST.—"Now, my good fellow, just look chivalrous and determined. Imagine that you are a Colonel, leading your gallant regiment right up against the batteries at Fredericksburg."

Inscription on a letter received at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, from Greensburg, Ohio:

"Haste thee on to Kansas State,
And do thou not thy speed abate;
For to James Crozier thou art bound,
And at Fort Leavenworth he may be found;
Follow the Regiment, and in Company D
You will find him in the 2d O. V. C."

A HIGHLY-INDIGNANT swain, away up in the Green Mountain State, punishes his fair one for trifling with his affections by forsaking her and sending the following lines:

"You thought yours was the power
To hold my love—how queer!
You found at last you had
The wrong pig by the ear!"

Two of the *Friends*, a country and a city Friend, had dealings. Some months since the country merchant called on the wholesale house to settle an account. In adjusting the details there was some difference in the views of the parties, and, as often happens, the country dealer was dissatisfied with

some of the charges of the city house. At last, however, every thing was settled, the money paid, and a receipt in full taken, when the country merchant addressed his city friend as follows:

"Friend Samuel, we have had dealings together more than thirty years, and I have always paid every dollar I owed when it was due, and have never asked any delay or favor; and we have now settled once more. If thee pleases I wish to say a few words before I go home."

"Certainly, friend Robert; I shall be happy to hear thee."

"Well, friend Samuel, I have known thee like a book for thirty years, and I must say that, though I have known a good many hard customers, thee is the meanest specimen of a white man I ever had any thing to do with."

Friend Samuel listened with as composed a countenance as if the speech had been complimentary in the highest degree, and replied:

"Friend Robert, did thee ever know my brother Amos?"

Neither said another word: the rejoinder was irresistible.



HARD ON SIMSON BORER.

Mr. Boren.—"You see, Miss Alice, I can't talk nonsense, as most young men do, to please the ladies. I wish I could do it, but.—"

MISS ALICE.—"Oh, Mr. Borer, you are too modest altogether. I assure you I never heard more nonsense in all my life than you have talked for the last two hours."



Fashions for March.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by Voigt from actual articles of Costume.



Figures 1 and 2.—Carriage Dress and Girl's Toiler.

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FIGURE 3.—HOME TOILET.

IN the CARRIAGE DRESS the robe may be of any choice colored plain taffeta. The Corsage is set on fulled around the neck, but close-fitting below, with a chemisette à la Vierge; the Vandyke is slightly basqué. The lines marking the dress may be pipings or velvet. The dress from which the drawing was taken is of pearl silk with pipings.

The GIRL'S DRESS consists of a garnet-colored pardessus, embroidered, over a salmon-colored merino.

The Home Toiler consists of a gored robe, which may be made of two different shades of the same material, the lighter forming the fullings, with velvet bands; or they may be of the same material as the dress, but of a darker shade.



HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

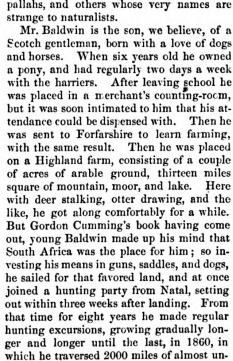
No. CLV.—APRIL, 1863.—Vol. XXVI.

ANOTHER AFRICAN HUNTER.*

make war upon it, and as long as great hunters to make known to the world that Southern Africa

S long as game exists upon our planet there | exist nobody will tire of reading their exploits will be men whose special mission is to and adventures. Gordon Cumming was the first

> was the Paradise of Nimrods. Every where else the hunter is limited to one or two species of prey. On our western prairies he is confined to bison; in India he must satisfy himself with tigers and wild hogs; in Ceylon he can, or rather could, bag tuskless elephants, and half-wild buffaloes; in Siberia he has only bears and wolves. But in South Africa he finds big-tusked elephants, lordly lions, mighty rhinoceroses and hippopotami, savage buffaloes, long-necked giraffes, large alligators, fat sea-cows, swift ostriches, sneaking hyenas, wild zebras and quaggas, and an almost innumerable variety of the deer tribe, such as oryxes, koodoos, inyalas, gnus, elands, springbocks, gemsbocks, leches, pallahs, and others whose very names are strange to naturalists.

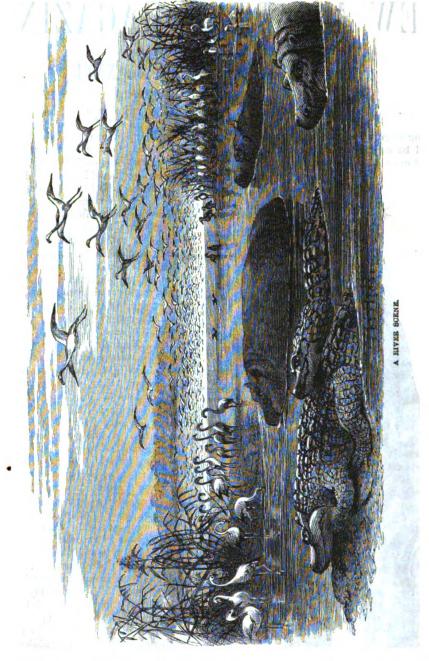


explored country, and reached the famous * African Hunting, from Natal to the Zambesi, including Lake Ngami, the Kalahari Desert, etc., from 1852 to 1860. By WILLIAM CHARLES BALDWIN, F.R.G.S. With numerous Illustrations. Harper and



WILLIAM CHARLES BALDWIN.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

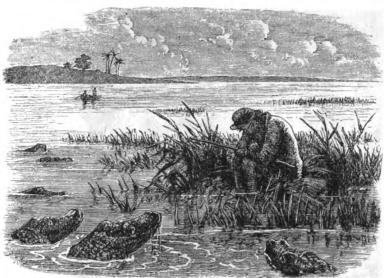


cataract of Mosiatunye-" Sounding Smoke"for which Livingstone, in the worst of taste, proposes to substitute the name of "Victoria Falls"-a name which we trust will not be accepted. Baldwin was the second white man who ever saw these falls, which from his account and those of Livingstone may fairly challenge the palm with Niagara.

The journals in which Mr. Baldwin records the incidents of his various expeditions were written in Kaffir kraals, or on wagon bottoms, now in ink, then in pencil, or, these failing, with strong tea or gunpowder and water. They fur-

hunter, as simple and direct as Robinson Crusoe. From these we propose to compile one more chapter of African life, supplementing in a way the articles for which at different times Cumming, Andersson, Livingstone, Burton, and Du Chaillu have furnished materials. The region over which Mr. Baldwin hunted mainly extended from Port Natal, 30° to the Zambesi in 17° south latitude, and from 25° to 33° east longitude, embracing a tract 900 miles from south to north, with an average breadth from east to west of 250 miles, covering an area about equal to the French Empire. In it are comprised the nish an almost daily record of the life of an African | British Colony of Natal, the country of the fero-





FAST ASLEEP.

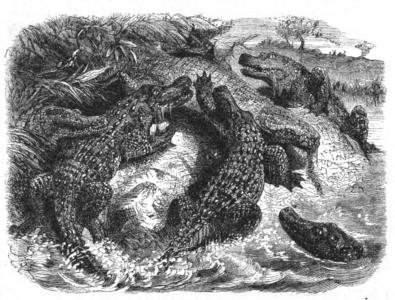
cious Zulus, the Transvaal Republic of the Dutch half-breeds, the great Kalahari Desert, or "Thirst-Land," and the well-watered tract about Lake Ngami, peopled by various tribes of the Kaffir race.

Nine whites, with three wagons and lots of Kaffirs, set out on the first trip for the purpose of shooting sea-cows at Saint Lucia Bay, 150 miles up the coast. The journey was an unfortunate one. It was commenced in January, the wet season. The rain fell every day. By day they waded through tall soaking grass; by night they slept under the wagons, and every morning found themselves in a muddy pool, with a lot of Kaffirs curled up at their feet, and a host of wet dogs on top of them. When they reached their hunting ground they found game enough; but it was fearful work to get it. Sea-cows and

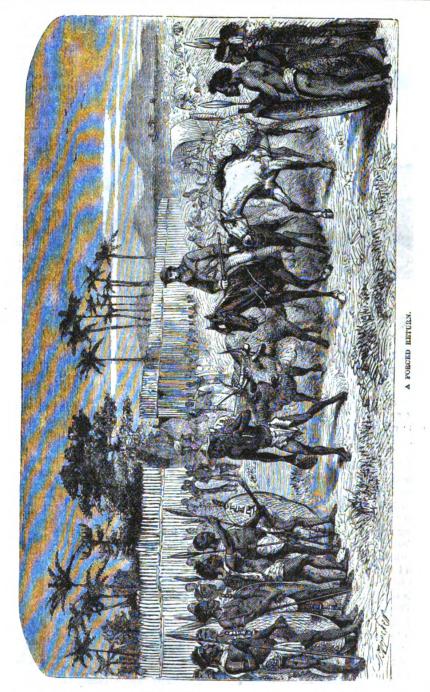
alligators lay basking on the sand banks surrounded by longlegged birds without number. The hunters worked in the morning up to their waists in mud and water, killing seacows, cutting out their tusks, salting the meat, and trying out the oil in the afternoons. At first Baldwin made light of the alligators, but one or two narrow escapes taught him wisdom. Once he came across a huge fellow lying asleep, and he was just about to give him a kick in the ribs, when the beast awoke, gave his tail a sweep that would have done for his assailant, and rolled like a log into the water. Again he was swimming across a muddy river, with his gun under his chin. when, looking back, he saw a huge alligator making for him, leaving a wake like a steamer. He dropped gun and just succeeded in gaining the bank. Again he was out shooting wild geese. One by one they disappeared under water as soon as they were hit. At last he waded out to secure one, and just

caught it by the leg as it was going down; it came in halves, an alligator securing the best part, and ready to treat the hunter in the same way. At another time, tired with wading, he sat down upon a reedy island in the shallows and fell fast asleep, awaking just in time to see half a dozen of the scaly brutes within a few yards, open-mouthed to make a meal of him. The alligators have a singular habit when one of their number has been shot on land, of clubbing together and shoving him into the water, where he sinks like a stone.

every morning ool, with a lot and a host of they reached game enough;
Sea-cows and The result of this expedition was that all the hunters were attacked by fevers. Baldwin, after lying senseless in a Kaffir kraal for some days, recovered just sufficiently to drag himself to the wagons and knew nothing for many days; two others were taken in like manner and died; a



DEAD ALLIGATOR DRAGGED INTO THE WATER



third died a day or two after; and four more, who had taken a turn into the country in search for elephants, never returned. Of nine men who set out on this trip only two survived.

Eighteen months after (July, 1853) Mr. Baldwin set out on another expedition to the Zulu Country, then ruled by a ferocious chief named Panda, the son, we believe, of the terrible Dingan. They got within sight of Panda's kraal, an encampment two and a half miles in circuit, containing 2000 huts. The sable potentate was in bad humor; refused to see the strangers. "Do they think me a wild beast," he asked, "that The next year, 1854, the six months' trip was

they are so anxious to see me?" He refused to allow them to proceed, swearing by the bones of his mighty father, that if they crossed a brook, some twenty yards ahead, he would kill every soul of them. So they were obliged to turn back, passing his kraal through two lines of ferocious warriors, ready to fall upon them at the slightest signal. There was nothing to be done but to confine their hunting to the quarter permitted by the wily old chief, where the elephants were few, while they knew that beyond were herds, whose tusks would have been a fortune.



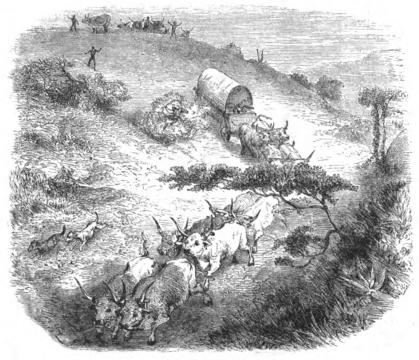




KNOCKED OVER BY A LIONESS. .

again up into the sea-cow and alligator region | da's country, over tremendously rough roads along the coast, where what with the spoils of these and now and then a stray elephant, and passed rather pleasantly and quite profitably.

which tried even the Cape wagons which are calculated for such service. Once on rising a an occasional adventure with a lion, the time steep hill they omitted the usual precaution of chaining the wheels when commencing the de-The next trip was made once more into Pan- scent, and the huge wagon went thundering



GOING DOWN HILL,

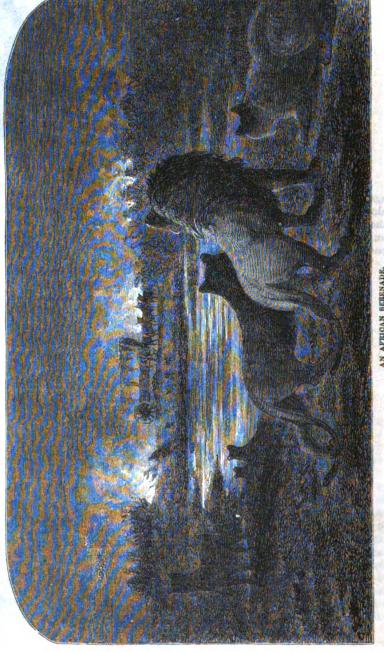


down at an alarming rate. Baldwin leaped out into a thorn bush and escaped with little injury; one of his Kaffirs was run over, and got his skull split open. He refused to have the wound sewed up, and the injured fellow was left behind, his comrades bleeding him between the shoulders, and rubbing gunpowder into his wound, their usual treatment for dangerous hurts. What success attended this pleasant prescription was never ascertained. This trip was commenced in October, 1856, for the purpose of looking up a party of hunters which Mr. Baldwin had sent out, and taking them supplies of ammunition. The rains soon set in. Game was scarce, and consequently lions showed themselves in closer neighbor-

hood to their camps at night than was altogether pleasant. One old fellow who had been unable to get his own dinner crawled up to a tree upon which the hunters had hung up their meat, and tried to claw it down, but not being able to reach it slunk off in the darkness, stumbling over the tent-ropes, and giving the Kaffirs a thorough scare.

Soon news came that the whole country was in an uproar. Old Panda, who had killed seven of his own brothers in order to make sure of a quiet life, was alive and well; but two of his sons set up a quarrel for the succession, and were on the point of fighting it out. Baldwin wished himself out of the country, for the sight of blood makes the Zulus worse than wild beasts, ready to knock on the head any thing that comes in their way. The weather too was fearful. When the sun shone the heat was unendurable; the gun-barrels fairly blistered the hands. and the heel-plate was too hot for the shoulders to bear. When, after six weeks' travel, he arrived at the place

where his hunters were to be, there was no trace of them. Then news came that the Zulus had killed five whites and all their Kaffirs. So leaving all his goods behind, Baldwin set off on his return. Approaching the Tugela River, the boundary of the Zulu Country, he was told that a great fight had taken place, that the streams were choked with dead, and that for fifteen miles one could walk over dead corpses. This was almost literally true. Men, women, and children were lying in every position. There were mothers with their children lashed to their backs both thrust through the shoulders, and warriors with all their war dresses untouched, all in the last stages of decomposition. The stench was



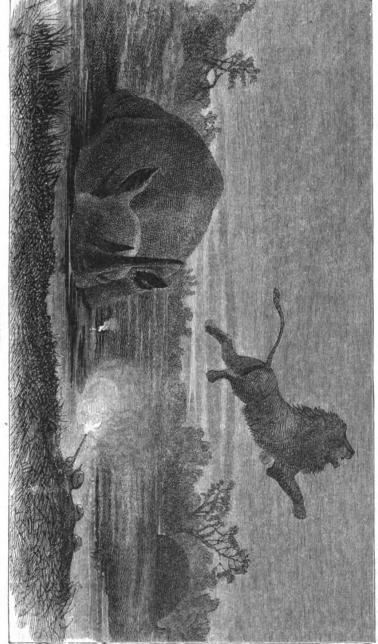


horrible, the tough-stomached Kaffirs even could near the coast, never reaching more than 100 not endure it, and for a while endeavored to avoid the putrid bodies; but they soon lay so thickly that this was impossible. It was computed that one-fourth of the Zulu nation had been destroyed here at a blow. They met a portion of the conquering army escorting Kitchwayo, the victorious prince, carrying branches of trees, and walking very stately and slowly, teaching him to be a king, they said. The warriors were boasting how many they had killed; one would count up five on his fingers, another three or ten; one famous warrior reckoned up twenty-men, women, and children.

Thus far Mr. Baldwin's trips had been made

miles into the interior. Next year (1857) he set out for the far interior. His hunting speculations seem to have prospered, for we find him in possession of a heavy wagon, with sixteen oxen and seven "salted" horses. A salted horse is one that has been up country and become acclimatized, and so commands a high price, for it is a peculiarity of this interior region that it is almost certainly fatal to horses from the coast. It was June, the winter of the Southern hemisphere. The nights were intensely cold, with hard frosts in the morning, and high cutting winds, but the days were lovely; even in midwinter orange and lemon trees were covered with

fruit. At this season, says Mr. Baldwin, it is the finest climate in the world. This is the Transvaal Republic, and the Boers, as the people are called, have little love for their English neighbors, who have seized on the coast. It is a favored region, but sparsely peopled. Baldwin was offered half of a farm of 3000 acres in exchange for a plow. There was plenty of small game to keep the larder supplied. Hyenas now and then came snarling around the wagon, frightening the Kaffirs; but lions kept at a respectful distance. But according to the general testimony of all travelers there is no calculating upon the conduct of the king of beasts. In nine cases out of ten he will take himself off when he sees you, but in the tenth case he will attack with a ferocity and determination worthy of his traditional reputation. Hyenas are a great annovance, and the Boers have a cruel way of teaching their dogs to face them. When they catch a hyena in a trap, they pass an iron chain through a slit in his leg, just above the hocks; he gnaws furiously at this, and breaks his teeth; he is then let go, and the dogs are set upon him; his teeth being gone he soon falls a



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Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN prey, and the dogs learn confidence.

The Dutch Boers are a simple people, fond of drinking, riding, shooting, and dancing, live to a good old age, and are, on the whole, very well off in the world. They are very moral, and usually marry early. Their mode of courtship is peculiar. The amorous swain asks the chosen fair one to "upsit" with him. If she is favorably disposed, when the old people have gone to rest, she brings out a candle, and remains as long as that burns. The degree of her favor is indicated by the length of the candle. If it is short, the interview is brief; if long, the upsitting may be protracted till morning; the candle is put in charge of the lover, who takes special care to keep it from the draft, and to prevent it from flickering and running down, so that it may burn as long as possible, for he must always retire the moment that it is out.

Mr. Baldwin protracted this journey through the country of the Boers, hunting by the way, and having many adventures with elephants, rhinoceroses, ostriches, and buffaloes, which are better told by the pencil of. the artist than they can be by any brief abstract which we can give from the pages of his journal. Upon the whole,

we are inclined to think the buffalo the most his dog answer the purpose of a coverlet. It dangerous customer which the African hunter will encounter. The giraffe affords capital sport, and is, besides, especially good eating. One giraffe hunt had a curious ending; one of the long-necked creatures receiving a death-shot twelve feet from the ground, where it remained ing the wild animals around could hardly stir. wedged fast, and died standing. Hot as the days were the nights were bitterly cold. Once Baldwin, out on a hunt, lost his wagon, and was unable to light a fire. So tethering his horse, terior. He passed Kobolong, the old residence he curled himself up, while lions, hyenas, and of Livingstone, which had been pillaged by the

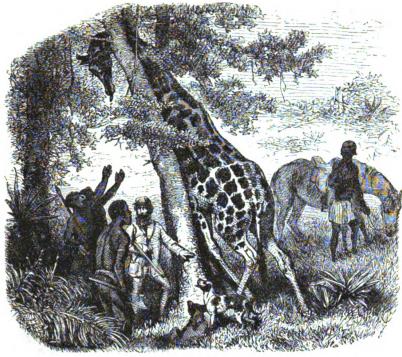


took a fierce fight to make the dog agree to this arrangement, but after a severe pommeling the hunter succeeded in bringing the dog to terms, and fastening him above with the stirrup leathers. The warmth of the dog kept his master alive. went headlong into a tree, with three forks about It must have been a cold night, for in the morn-

Baldwin kept his eye open to the main chance, sold his wagon and goods for oxen, made other arrangements, and set out further into the injackals were howling around, and tried to make Boers, made acquaintance with Sechele, the

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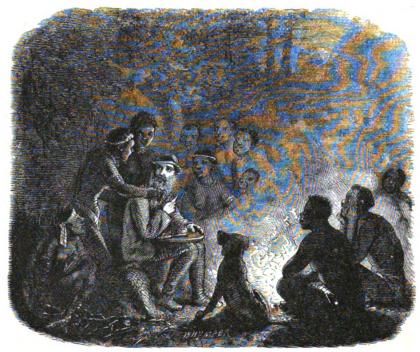
CEAPED BY A BUFFALO



chief of whom Livingstone speaks so highly, satisfied themselves by pulling it. In spite of who proved to be a sharp hand at a bargain, hunting time sometimes hung heavily. It was though he found a match in the Scotchman; and penetrated far into a part of Kaffir-land, another hunter in the region. These he would where no white men had been before. At one kraal he was quite a lion, on the strength of his beard of six months' growth, which the Kaffirs

a white day when he borrowed a few books from only read in small bits at a time, thus protracting the enjoyment to the utmost.

In December he turned homeward, now-it would not believe to be natural until they had being mid-summer-suffering greatly from want



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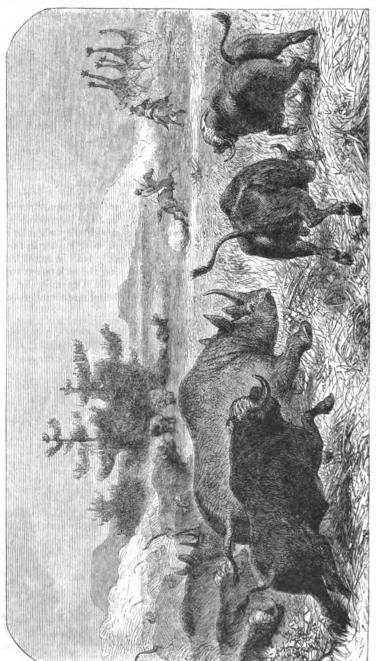
BALDWIN'S FEARD

of water, and got back to the Dutch settlements ing upon a good gun or the return of the boy. with a troop of 55 oxen.

Next spring (1858) he started again for the far interior. In a few days he reached the region where Gordon Cumming had his most famous elephant shooting; but found only one elephant's track. The season was the dryest on record, and traveling was no easy matter. Water, which is after air the great necessary of life, was found only at long intervals, and then of the poorest; the half-choked cattle would often not touch it; and the hunters could only worry it down when disguised with brandy.

desert, where he was more at the mercy of the Kaffirs than he had supposed. One of them brought him an old musket to be mended; in trying to do this the lock was broken, and the owner demanded a new one. He was obliged to comply. Not long after a party of roving Bamangwatos came along with a bit of a Masara boy whom they had picked up in the desert. The owner wanted to sell the black two-year old; and Baldwin being assured that they would probably abandon him in the desert when they got tired of him, bought him for the broken musket. He called the little fellow Leche, and he soon became a great favorite. About this time his own Kaffirs grew weary of the journey, and decamped in a body, leaving their master alone, with twenty oxen and only one attendant, and the poor little Leche. He had a doleful time of it for a few days all alone in the desert, though the urchin made himself generally useful, helping, little as he was, to kraal the oxen. However, in a day or two the runaways came back, and their defection was overlooked. Leche grew fat and happy with as much meat as he could eat. But in a few weeks it was all over for him. His old owners had come back, bringing the bro-

Baldwin had not another gun which he could spare, and so the child was carried off, shrieking and kicking. "It was a sore sight for me," says Mr. Baldwin, "to see my little manikin borne away; I could not have been fonder of one of my own. His large black diamond eyes, with their long lashes, used to twinkle like stars, and his little teeth, white and even as snow-flakes, were exposed in a double row as he saw me coming to the wagon well loaded with meat behind the horse, and he used to clap his little hands with delight and scream and dance again. By May Mr. Baldwin had got far up in the Black children are as patient as Job, never ask



ken musket, and insist-Pigitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

for any food, are very quick at learning; and where a white one would not leave his mother's apron, the black voungsters fetch wood and water, make a fire, and cook their own food, run about, show no fear, lend a hand at every thing, and sleep on the ground, rolled up like a ball before the fire." Several times afterward Mr. Baldwin bought slaves from these nomades of the desert in order to save them from

maltreatment; and

in return he got soundly abused in the colonial newspapers for trading in slaves.

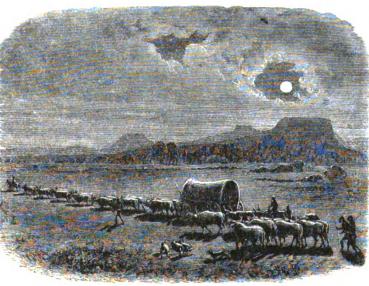
Lake Ngami was the point to which Baldwin's course was directed. He reached it about the middle of June, and gives no very favorable account of the country. It is flat, unhealthy, and uninteresting. It is three days' journey around the lake; but the fatal fly-the tsetse, whose bite is death to horses-renders it impossible to make the circuit on horseback. Moreover, the Kaffirs hereabout are in a chronic state of hostility, their great end in life being to steal each other's cattle. Lechulatebe, the most potent chief thereabout, accompanied Baldwin on his first visit to the lake. "He is not a bad fellow at heart," says the traveler, "but a dreadful beggar, and very covetous; he wants all your things on his own terms, and asks outrageous prices for his." However, when it came to



A LONELY NIGHT.

business, the Scotchman showed himself a match for any African whom he met, the pious Sechele not excepted. More than once he has occasion to chuckle over his good bargains in ivory.

After visiting the lake Lechulatebe gave his visitor a grand dinner. It was served in the open air, the attendants being the prettiest girls in the kraal, who knelt before the guests, dish in hand. Their clothing consisted of a skin around the loins, and no end of beads upon legs, neck, arms, and waist. The food consisted of roasted giraffe, swimming in fat and grease. A giraffe-steak seems to be no bad thing in its way—quite equal to the choicest beef; but if we may credit Mr. Baldwin, who has had ample experience, the choicest parts of an animal are those which we throw away. "The intestines," he says, "are the daintiest morsels." In an early part of his journal he sneered at the taste of the



TREKING BY NIGHT.

natives who took the paunch of an animal, filled it up with the viscera and all their miscellaneous contents, and cooked them together as a bonne bouche. A half dozen years' experience made him wise, and he now says, "Nothing approaches the parts most relished by the natives in richness of flavor, and racy, gamy taste. The Kaffirs know well the best parts of every animal. and laugh at our throwing them away." In the matter of eating we live and learn. Mansfield Parkyns, following Bruce, as-

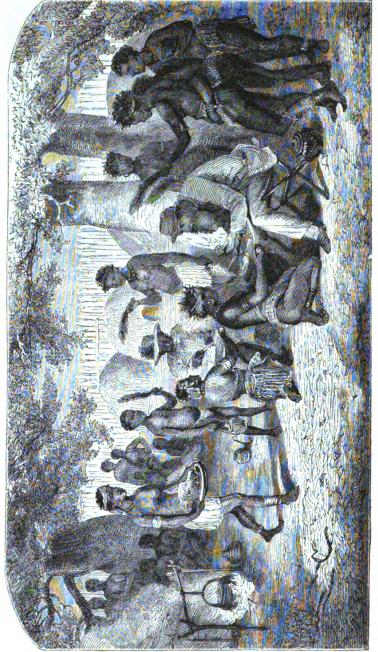


sures us that no man knows what a steak is until he has eaten it, as they do in Abyssinia, freshly cut and raw. Mr. Hall, whose experiences among the Esquimaux will soon appear, is rapturous over arctic cookery, which in his estimation puts to shame the sublimest achievements of the chefs of Delmonico or the Astor; and our gourmands who have come to appreciate "gamy" venison, "tender" snipe, and woodcock's "trail" may have something yet to learn from the cooks of a Kaffir kraal. We imagine, however, that Mr. Baldwin is hardly in earnest when he says, "They say perfect happiness does not exist in this world, but I should say a Kaffir chief comes nearer to it than any other mortal: his slightest wish is law, he knows no contradiction, has the power of life and death in his hands, can take any quantity of wives, and put them away at any moment; he is waited upon like an infant, and every wish, whim, and caprice is indulged to the fullest extent. He has ivory, feathers, and karosses brought to him from all quarters, which he can barter with the traders for every article of luxury.

Leaving the Lake Ngami region, and mak-

ing his way back through the desert, he came killed nothing of consequence; but, as he was near dying of fever and ague, suffered terribly from want of water, ran great peril of being burned up by a conflagration in the thick, dry grass and bush, lost several horses and cattle by the sickness of the country, and finally reached the Dutch settlements early in September.

In the spring of 1859 he set out on another trip into the far interior, with a larger outfit than ever before. When he reached Sechele's he had three wagons, about sixty oxen, eight horses, and thirteen servants; he had already lost on the two months' journey six horses, a few dogs,



on the verge of the elephant country, he looked for a good return for his investment, provided his horses would be so obliging as to live a few months longer. If they died, there was an end of elephant shooting. In a fortnight five more horses died, and the elephants were not reached. Still he pressed on. The air was so dry that an old seasoned gun-stock shrinks, and the fittings become loose; and the wagons, unless built of carefully seasoned timber, tumble to pieces. It was late in July before they had any elephant shooting of consequence; but then they

and been upset a few times. Thus far he had began to come upon them, though by no means







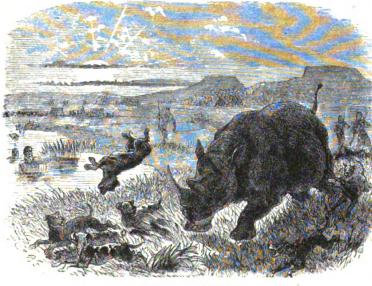
A PASS BY A SAVAGE ELEPHANT.

in such large numbers as they had hoped. At | best, elephant-hunting is hard work, and Mr. Baldwin found it especially so. Under date of July 22 he writes: "The elephants stand so far from the water that it is impossible to get back the same day. I have therefore come on with one wagon ten miles nearer to the standingplaces, and all our water has to be drawn that distance on a sledge which I have made. It is now the depth of winter, and the grass is as dry as old tinder, without the slightest nourishment in it; as a natural consequence, the oxen are as | the Kaffir chief, whose lot had seemed to the

dry as rakes. I grieve much for the poor willing horses, thirteen or fourteen hours under the saddle, at a foot-pace in a broiling sun threefourths of the time, then tied up to the wagon without food, and stinted in their allowance of water, which we have to draw ten miles at least, half the way through hack-thorns over a stony ground. These are among the hardships which we must undergo to get elephants. They are dearly paid for."

One day messengers came from Lechulatebe.

hunter only a year before the ideal of happiness. He had seen hard times since; his town had been burned down, all his stores destroyed, and no traders had come near him for along time. He wanted tea, coffee, sugar, powder, lead, and a horse. Baldwin sent what was asked, and told his people to get as much in return as they could. In exchange for a wagonload of miscellaneous stores, he got a wagonload of ivory. He also received a rather unprofitable present in the shape of a couple of half-starved Masara



RHINOCEROS AND DOGS.



boys, whom he thought it an act of Christian charity to take. They were poor emaciated things, who had received just enough roots, reeds, and offal to keep body and soul together. They were all head and stomach, lantern-jawed, hollow-eyed, gaunt, and famished, with a prematurely old look. Their appetites were tremendous, and Baldwin had to check them from devouring pieces of old shoe-leather, worn-out straps, and giraffe-hide an inch thick. They picked up wonderfully under full rations, and showed no deficiency of brains. Once, on account of some fancied wrong, the whole body of Baldwin's Kaffirs bolted off into the desert, taking with them these two six-year old urchins.

After a week the boys came back together. They had made their way alone fifteen miles through the desert. The lads were finally left in the care of the German missionaries.

One way and another, Mr. Baldwin managed to pick up a valuable cargo of ivory, ostrich-feathers, rhinoceros-horns, and other articles of African trade, as good as gold, and returned to Natal about New-Year's a richer man than when he set out.

Early in the spring of the next year (1860) Mr. Baldwin set out for his longest and last journey into the interior. We pass over the old incidents of horses and cattle dying, of thirst and heat, and the thousand other adventures of African traveling, and come to the 1st of August, when he ascertained to his satisfaction that he was within a day or two of the great falls of the Zambesi. He set off resolutely, determined to find them, walked all day and night, and toward morning heard their loud roar ten miles away. Just before daybreak he threw himself down close by the river, two miles above the falls. Livingstone's description of these wonderful falls is known to all readers. Baldwin says that this description underrates their magnificence. Livingstone estimates the width of the river at 1000 yards; Baldwin is sure that it is twice as great. Livingstone puts the depth of the plunge at 100 feet; Baldwin thinks it is as many yards. Livingstone was expected to arrive every day, and Baldwin waited to meet him. So on the 9th of August the two first Europeans who had ever gazed upon this wonder of the world stood together on its brink, and their names are carved together on a tree close by, the only place where the great explorer carved his name in all his long journey.

Masipootana, the captain under Livingstone's old friend Sekeletu, was angry that Baldwin had





come to the falls without consulting him; but now that he had come he must pay handsomely for the water he had used for drinking and washing, for the wood he had burned, and the grass that his horses had eaten. Moreover, it was a great offense that he had taken a plunge into the river from one of the chief's boats. If he had been drowned or devoured by a crocodile or a sea-cow, people would have said that he had been killed by the Makololos, and Sekeletu would have laid the blame upon Masipootana, who had in consequence suffered great uneasiness of mind -for all of which damage and injury of feeling recompense must be made. In consideration of all this Baldwin sent a half dozen pounds of the delights of African travel:

beads to Masipootana, who transmitted them to Sekeletu, who returned them to Baldwin. That matter was disposed of, but the captain had a more serious grievance. His father had lent a number of men to Livingstone on his former trip, and they had not come back; and besides the cannon and horses which the Doctor promised to send had not appeared. Baldwin, with good reason, was tired of the country and set out on his return, expecting to encounter on his way back one of his wagons with the attendant Kaffirs and half-breeds, whom he had sent on a hunting expedition in another direction. A few extracts from his journal will show some of "Sept. 9. I am now

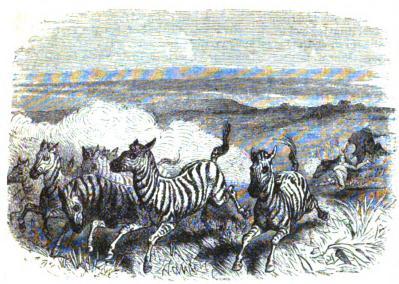


three days on my road back again-a weary, long journey, without water so far, and I shall be obliged to wait for rain before I can get out, besides which the veldt is full of a poisonous herb, which is certain death in a few hours to oxen."-"14th. All the vleys are dried up, and we only get a small quantity of water at the fountains after hard digging. In the early mornings, evenings, and nights it is so cold that there is ice in all the water vessels, while the days are intensely hot. Game of all kinds is as thin as deal boards, and the fare consequently very indifferent."-"20th. Sick and tired. I thought once I was in for the fever. The hack-thorns have torn all my clothes to rags; they are patched in twenty places, and I am hardly decent even for the veldt, where any mortal covering will do; nothing but leather has any chance, and that is too hot. A little bacon still left, though shaded from the sun in the very middle of the wagon, has almost melted away."-"30th. A Maccalacas chief besought me to shoot some game for him and his people, as they had fled from Mosilikatse, and were starving. Boccas shot twen-

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ELEPHANT CHASES

ty-three head in all, my-

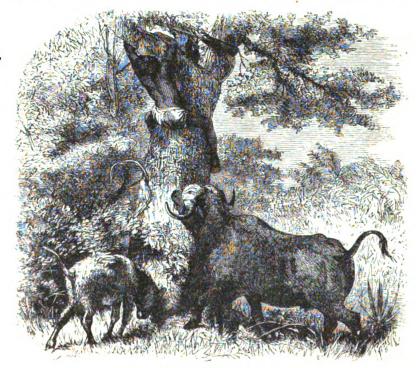


ZEBRA HUNT.

self seventeen, chiefly rhinoceros and buffalo, and | two elephants. Every vestige of the meat vanished like smoke, but we have left the poor fellows a large lot of dried flesh to go on with. The chief was very grateful, and sent me a present of four tusks, which paid well for powder and lead."

"Oct. 8. I take up my pen to kill time. I am out of sorts, both body and mind. There is neither grass, wood, nor water; the sun is intensely hot, and there is no shade of any sort. We have been laboring to get a supply of fresh waseveral places; but the water, though drinkable at first, after an hour's exposure to the sun is salt as brine. My oxen are dying daily. I make a post-mortem examination, but am no wiser. They swell up to an enormous size, drink gallons of this brackish stuff, and when opened are full of a nasty yellowish matter. The Masaras say there is not a drop of water ahead, and what is to be done I do not myself know. The Masaras showed me a white man's grave.

I can learn no particulars as to the person buried there; but a more desolate spot to lay one's bones in can hardly be conceived; I can only hope such a fate may not be mine. I was very near losing two of my horses. They went back in search of water at night, and at daylight we started on the spoor. Boccas was first; he saw two lions in waiting, fired at one, and jumped into a tree; fired again, wounding one, when they made off, and five minutes after the lost horses came trotting down to the water. The lions were as thin as planks; they had not ter for our oxen, and have dug large holes in killed any thing, and would have pounced on



TREED BY BUFFALOES.

the horses instantly, though it is not their usual [practice to kill game in the daytime."-"16th. How I have managed to kill the last five days, and how I am to get rid of the next ten or fifteen is a perfect puzzle. I can find nothing in the world to do, but very little to eat; wood next to none; and I have drunk almost enough brackish, nauseous water to share the fate of Lot's wife."-"19th. Dull and lonely as it is, I could manage to get over the day, but the nights are dreadful. When the sun goes down the wind invariably does the same; then come the mosquitoes, midges, gnats, and sand-flies, and the air is as close as a draw-well. I can hardly endure a rag over me, and lie on my back slapping right the sun. The pain is very great, and all for

and left, taking hundreds of lives without diminishing the buzz, and praying for morning or a breeze of wind, and getting up occasionally to look at the stars to see how far the night has advanced."-"24th. I have become wrinkled and haggard, and, if my telescope, which I use as a looking-glass, does not belie my appearance, prematurely aged."

"November 4. I think it is Sunday, but every thing is so monotonous I have nothing to mark the flight of time, and I may just as likely be out of my reckoning as not. I am in rags, and my flesh resembles boiled lobster more than any thing else, being literally roasted in

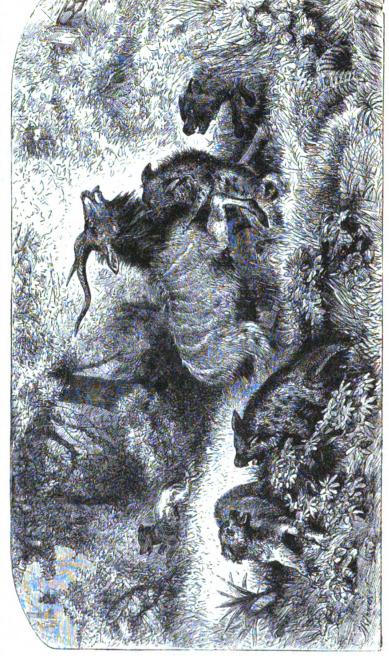
> the want of a needle. I had four in my hat on leaving the wagon, but they have all got lost. I might have saved the life of an ox or two had I only had a couple of pins. I bled one, and tried to take up the vein with a thorn in lieu of a pin; but it broke in the night, the vein burst open again, and the ox bled to death, and I have been afraid to venture a second time. The days are so intensely hot that it is impossible to stir, and the moon is seven days past the full; therefore I must wait now fourteen days, so as to have the full benefit of it; and then, if I hear nothing good previously, start myself in search, a good 250 miles, without other meat and drink than what my rifle will provide for me, and then back again another 250 miles. My waking thoughts and midnight dreams are of my missing wagon, and I can not help thinking that something serious has happened. The Kaffirs have only one punishment-death-for every offense, and Mosilikatse has been jealous of my hunting without his permission, as he claims the country, and there is no law here but of the stronger."-"9th. I have got over some sixty miles of the journey; twenty hours in the yoke without water."-"11th



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A fountain. Got here yesterday after a journey of three days. Nothing but sheer necessity shall ever compel me to come again to this thirst-land. The oxen, hollow and flatsided, did nothing but low, and when outspanned kept on the track, and would not stand or eat a mo-The ground ment. was so hot that the poor dogs to whom I gave water could not stand still to drink, but had to keep moving their feet. It is three days to the next water." — "17th. At the River Mesa, which I reached two days ago. Dog - tired, I went fast asleep as soon as I lay down, and never awoke till the morning star rose, when I heard lions roaring, and jumped up to see if my horses and oxen were all right. I was horrified at seeing no signs of either; sent the Kaffirs off at once; and now came the climax of all my misfortunes. January had never made the oxen fast, though he had seen five lions in the afternoon, and poor Ferus and Kebon lay dead within sixty yards of one another. They cost me £90, and I should have got at least £120 for them had I wished to sell. At sunset the Kaffirs

returned, reporting the death of two of my oxen, devoured by lions. In about eighteen days, if all goes well, I hope to reach Sechele's, where I may reckon on a few comforts from the German missionaries, but the wagon runs heavily, squeaking all the way, and the wheels are dry as tinder, and where to procure a bit of grease to smear them with I do not know."-"18th. Rain at last, but only in heavy passing showers. I am now outspanned under the very same tree as three years ago. I have led but a vagrant sort of life since then, doing very little good for myself or any body else, except supplying the ungrateful, half-



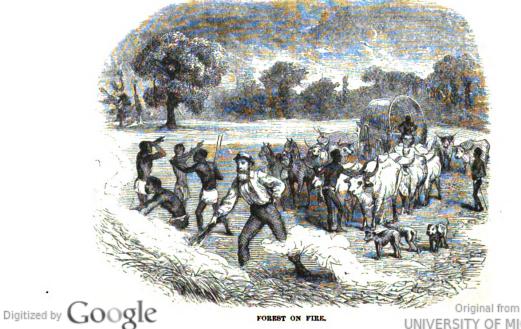
ance of flesh. I have journeyed over some twelve or fifteen thousand miles; been through the Transvaal Republic, Free State, and part of the Old Colony, twice down to Natal, and twice around Lake Ngami, and now over the Zambesi into Makololo and Batoka lands: and now I think it is nearly time to halt."

Here, too, we halt, though the perils and dangers of the journey were far from over; not the least of which was a most wonderful dinner got up for our hunter by worthy Mr. Schroeder, the German missionary at Sechele's place, a fortnight after this last entry, where he was stuffed starved Masaras and Maccalacas with abund- nigh to bursting. Thence, in a couple of months,



our adventurer reached Port Natal. Six weeks | mals for the mere love of sport. Except in the after, the missing wagon, loaded with ivory, made its appearance, selling, we infer, for enough to pay expenses and leave a margin for profit. His hunters had found elephants and other game so plentiful that they had remained behind longer than was expected. Four "guns" had killed in this expedition 61 elephants, 2 hippopotami, about 30 rhinoceroses, 4 lions, 11 giraffes, 21 clands, 30 buffaloes, 71 quaggas, about 200 of the smaller species of deer, besides an immense quantity of small game. It must be borne in mind that this was no wanton slaughter of ani-

rarest cases, every pound of flesh was made useful to the large party of Kaffirs who accompanied the hunters, or to the swarms of natives who follow in the train of a hunting party. Mr. Baldwin, after ten years of absence, returned to his native land, where he prepared for press the story of his African experiences, which we have endeavored to condense, leaving, however, the main adventures with wild beasts to be told by the pencil of the artist. To have given these in full would have required us to quote nearly the whole of his capital book.



FOREST ON FIRE.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



FROZEN ANIMALS IN THE MARKET.

A FEW DAYS IN MOSCOW.

HAT the great Napoleon thought when he gazed for the first time across the broad valley that lay at his feet, and caught the first dazzling light that flashed from the white walls and golden cupolas of the Kremlinwhether some shadowy sense of the wondrous beauties of the scene did not enter his soul—is more than I can say with certainty; but this much I know, that neither he nor his legions could have enjoyed the view from Sparrow Hill more than I did the first glimpse of the grand old city of the Czars as I stepped from the railroad dépôt, with my knapsack on my back, and stood, a solitary and bewildered waif, uncertain if it could all be real; for never yet had I, in the experience of many years' travel, seen such a magnificent sight, so wildly Tartaric, so strange, glowing, and incomprehensible. This was Moscow at last-the Moscow I had read of when a child—the Moscow I had so often seen burnt up in panoramas by an excited and patriotic populace-the Moscow ever flashing through memory in fitful gleams, half buried in smoke, and flames, and toppling ruins, now absolutely before me, a gorgeous reality in the bright noonday sun, with its countless churches, its domes and cupolas, and mighty Kremlin.

Stand with me, reader, on the first eminence, and let us take a birds-eye view of the city, always keeping in mind that the Kremlin is the

a vast, wavy ocean of golden cupolas and fancycolored domes, green-roofed houses and tortuous streets circles around this magic pile! what a combination of wild barbaric splendors! nothing within the sweep of vision that is not glowing and Oriental. Never was a city so fashioned for scenic effects. From the banks of the Moscva the Kremlin rears its glittering crest, surrounded by green-capped towers and frowning embattlements, its umbrageous gardens and massive white walls conspicuous over the vast sea of green-roofed houses, while high above all, grand and stern, like some grim old Czar of the North, rises the magnificent tower of Ivan Veliki. Within these walls stand the chief glories of Moscow-the palaces of the Emperor, the Cathedral of the Assumption, the House of the Holy Synod, the Treasury, the Arsenal, and the Czar Kolokol, the great king of bells. All these gorgeous edifices and many more crown the eminence which forms the sacred grounds, clustering in a magic maze of beauty around the tower of Ivan the Terrible. Beyond the walls are numerous open spaces occupied by booths and markets; then come the principal streets and buildings of the new city, encircled by the inner boulevards; then the suburbs, around which wind the outer boulevards; then a vast tract of beautiful and undulating country, dotted with villas, lakes, convents, and public buildings, inclosed in the far distance by the great outer wall, which forms a great nucleus from which it all radiates. What circuit of twenty miles around the city. The

Moscva River enters near the Presnerski Lake, of St. Basil, for instance, which is distinguished and taking a circuitous route, washes the base of the Kremlin, and passes out near the convent of St. Daniel. If you undertake, however, to trace out any plan of the city from the confused maze of streets that lie outspread before you, it will be infinitely worse than an attempt to solve the mysteries of a woman's heart; for there is no apparent plan about it; the whole thing is an unintelligible web of accidents. There is no accounting for its irregularity, unless upon the principle that it became distorted in a perpetual struggle to keep within reach of the Kremlin.

It is sometimes rather amusing to compare one's preconceived ideas of a place with the reality. A city like Moscow is very difficult to recognize from any written description. From some cause wholly inexplicable I had pictured to my mind a vast gathering of tall, massive houses, elaborately ornamented; long lines of narrow and gloomy streets; many great palaces, dingy with age; and a population composed chiefly of Russian nabobs and their retinues of serfs. The reality is almost exactly the reverse of all these preconceived ideas. The houses for the most part are low-not over one or two stories high-painted with gay and fanciful colors, chiefly vellow, red, or blue; the roofs of tin or zinc, and nearly all of a bright green, giving them a very lively effect in the sun; nothing grand or imposing about them in detail, and but little pretension to architectural beauty. Very nearly such houses may be seen every day on any of the four continents.

Still, every indication of life presents a very different aspect from any thing in our own country. The people have a slow, slouching, shabby appearance; and the traveler is forcibly reminded, by the strange costumes he meets at every turn; the thriftless and degenerate aspect of the laboring classes; the great lumbering wagons that roll over the stone-paved streets; the droskies rattling hither and thither with their grave, priest-like drivers and wild horses; the squads of filthy soldiers lounging idly at every corner; the markets and market-places, and all that gives interest to the scene—that he is in a foreign land; a wild land of fierce battles between the elements, and fiercer still between men; where civilization is ever struggling between Oriental barbarism and European profligacy.

The most interesting feature in the population of Moscow is their constant and extraordinary displays of religious enthusiasm. This seems to be confined to no class or sect, but is the prevailing characteristic. No less than three hundred churches are embraced within the limits of the city. Some writers estimate the number as high as five hundred; nor does the discrepancy show so much a want of accuracy as the difficulty of determining precisely what constitutes a distinct church. Many of these remarkable edifices are built in clusters, with a variety of domes and cupolas, with different names, and contain distinct places of worship—as in the Cathedral wretch, in short, as you would select for an un-

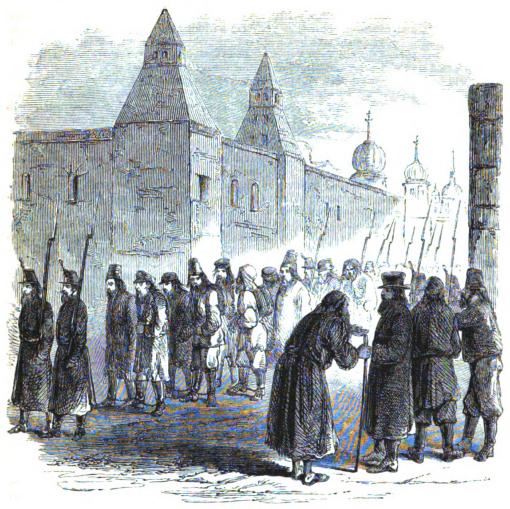
by a vast number of variegated domes, and embraces within its limits at least five or six separate churches, each church being still farther subdivided into various chapels. Of the extraordinary architectural style of these edifices, their many-shaped and highly-colored domes, representing all the hues of the rainbow, the gilding so lavishly bestowed upon them, their wonderfully picturesque effect from every point of view, it would be impossible to convey any adequate idea without entering into a more elaborate description than I can at present attempt.

But it is not only in the numberless churches scattered throughout the city that the devotional spirit of the inhabitants is manifested. Moscow is the Mecca of Russia, where all are devotees. The external forms of religion are every whereapparent-in the palaces, the barracks, the institutions of learning, the traktirs, the bathhouses; even in the drinking cellars and gambling-hells. Scarcely a bridge or corner of a street is without its shrine, its pictured saint and burning taper, before which every by-passer of high or low degree bows down and worships. It may be said with truth that one is never out of sight of devotees baring their heads and prostrating themselves before these sacred images. All distinctions of rank seem lost in this universal passion for prayer. The nobleman, in his gilded carriage with liveried servants, stops and pays the tribute of an uncovered head to some saintly image by the bridge or the road-side; the peasant, in his shaggy sheepskin capote, doffs his greasy cap, and while devoutly crossing himself utters a prayer; the soldier, grim and warlike, marches up in his rattling armor, grounds his musket, and forgets for the time his mission of blood; the tradesman, with his leather apron and laborworn hands, lays down his tools and does homage to the shrine; the drosky-driver, noted for his petty villainies, checks his horse, and, standing up in his drosky, bows low and crosses himself before he crosses the street or the bridge; even my guide, the saturnine Dominico-and every body knows what guides are all over the world - halted at every corner, regardless of time, and uttered an elaborate form of adjurations for our mutual salvation.

Pictures of a devotional character are offered for sale in almost every booth, alley, and passage-way, where the most extraordinary daubs may be seen pinned up to the walls. Saints and dragons, fiery-nosed monsters, and snakes, and horrid creeping things, gilded and decorated in the most gaudy style, attract idle crowds from morning till night.

It is marvelous with what profound reverence the Russians will gaze at these extraordinary specimens of art. Often you see a hardenedlooking ruffian-his face covered with beard and filth; his great, brawny form resembling that of a prize-fighter; his costume a ragged blouse, with loose trowsers thrust in his boots; such a





PRISONERS FOR SIBERIA.

for that character—take off his cap, and, with superstitious awe and an expression of profound humility, bow down before some picture of a dragon with seven heads or a chubby little baby of saintly parentage.

That these poor people are sincere in their devotion there can be no doubt. Their sincerity, indeed, is attested by the strongest proofs of self-sacrifice. A Russian will not hesitate to lie, rob, murder, or suffer starvation for the preservation of his religion. Bigoted though he may be, he is true to his faith and devoted to his forms of worship, whatever may be his shortcomings in other respects. It is a part of his nature; it permeates his entire being. Hence no city in the world, perhaps-Jerusalem not excepted-presents so strange a spectacle of religious enthusiasm, genuine and universal, mingled with moral turpitude; monkish asceticism and utter abandonment to vice; self-sacrifice and loose indulgence. It may be said that this is not true religion -not even what these people profess. Perhaps not; but it is what they are accustomed to from

mitigated ruffian if you were in want of a model | best traits of character—charity to each other, earnestness, constancy, and self-sacrifice.

On the morning after my arrival in Moscow I witnessed from the window of my hotel a very impressive and melancholy spectacle-the departure of a gang of prisoners for Siberia. The number amounted to some two or three hundred. Every year similar trains are dispatched, yet the parting scene always attracts a sympathizing crowd. These poor creatures were chained in pairs, and guarded by a strong detachment of soldiers. Their appearance, as they stood in the street awaiting the order to march, was very sad. Most of them were miserably clad, and some scarcely clad at all. A degraded, forlorn set they were; filthy and ragged; their downcast features expressive of an utter absence of hope. Few of them seemed to have any friends or relatives in the crowd of by-standers; but in two or three instances I noticed some very touching scenes of separation-where wives came to bid good-by to their husbands, and children to their fathers. Nearly every body gave them something to help them on their way-a few infancy, and it certainly develops some of their kopecks, a loaf of bread, or some cast-off article

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of clothing. I saw a little child timidly approach the gang, and dropping a small coin into the hand of one poor wretch, run back again into the crowd, weeping bitterly. These prisoners are condemned to exile for three, four, or five years—often for life. It requires from twelve to eighteen months of weary travel, all the way on foot, through barren wastes and inhospitable deserts, to enable them to reach their desolate place of exile. Many of them fall sick on the way from fatigue and privation; many die. Few ever live to return. In some instances the whole term of exile is served out on the journey to and from Siberia. On their arrival they are compelled to labor in the Government mines or on the public works. Occasionally the most skillful and industrious are rewarded by appointments to positions of honor and trust, and become in the course of time leading men.

In contemplating the dreary journey of these poor creatures—a journey of some fifteen hundred or two thousand miles—I was insensibly reminded of that touching little story of filial affection, "Elizabeth of Siberia," a story drawn from nature, and known in all civilized languages.

Not long after the departure of the Siberian prisoners I witnessed, in passing along one of the principal streets, a grand funeral procession. The burial of the dead is a picturesque and interesting ceremony in Moscow. A body of priests, dressed in black robes and wearing long beards, take the lead in the funeral cortége, bearing in their hands shrines and burning tapers. The hearse follows, drawn by four horses. Black plumes wave from the heads of the horses, and flowing black drapery covers their bodies and legs. Even their heads are draped in black, nothing being perceptible but their eyes. The coffin lies exposed on the top of the hearse, and is also similarly draped. This combination of sombre plumage and drapery has a singularly mournful appearance. Priests stand on steps attached to the hearse holding images of the Saviour over the coffin; others follow in the rear, comforting the friends and relatives of the deceased. A wild, monotonous chant is sung from time to time by the chief mourners, as the procession moves toward the burial-ground. The people cease their occupations in the streets through which the funeral passes, uncover their heads, and bowing down before the images borne by the priests, utter prayers for the repose of the dead. The rich and the poor of both sexes stand upon the sidewalks and offer up their humble petitions. The deep-tongued bells of the Kremlin ring out solemn peals, and the wild and mournful chant of the priests mingles with the grand knell of death that sweeps through the air. All is profoundly impressive: The procession of priests, with their burning tapers; the drapery of black on the horses; the coffin with its dead; the weeping mourners; the sepulchral chant; the sudden cessation of all the business of life, and the rapt attention of the multitude;

glitter of domes and cupolas on every side; the green-roofed sea of houses; the winding streets, and the costumes of the people—form a spectacle wonderfully wild, strange, and mournful. In every thing that comes within the sweep of the eye there is a mixed aspect of Tartaric barbarism and European civilization. Yet even the stranger from a far-distant clime, speaking another language, accustomed to other forms, must feel, in gazing upon such a scene, that death levels all distinctions of race—that our common mortality brings us nearer together. Every where we are pilgrims on the same journey. Wherever we sojourn among men.

"The dead around us lie, And the death-bell tolls."

The traktirs, or tea-houses, are prominent among the remarkable institutions of Russia. In Moscow they abound in every street, lane, and by-alley. That situated near the Katai Gorod is said to be the best. Though inferior to the ordinary cafés of Paris or Marseilles in extent and decoration, it is nevertheless pretty stylish in its way, and is interesting to strangers from the fact that it represents a prominent feature in Russian life—the drinking of tchai.

Who has not heard of Russian tea?—the tea that comes all the way across the steppes of Tartary and over the Ural Mountains?—the tea that never loses its flavor by admixture with the salt of the ocean, but is delivered over at the great fair of Nijni Novgorod as pure and fragrant as when it started? He who has never heard of Russian tea has heard nothing, and he who has never enjoyed a glass of it, may have been highly favored in other respects, but I contend that he has nevertheless led a very benighted existence. All epicures in the delicate leaf unite in pronouncing it far superior to the nectar with which the gods of old were wont to quench their thirst. It is truly one of the luxuries of life—so soft; so richly yet delicately flavored; so bright, glowing, and transparent as it flashes through the crystal glasses; nothing acrid, gross, or earthly about it—a heavenly compound that "cheers but not inebriates."

"A balm for the sickness of care, A bliss for a bosom unbless'd."

Come with me, friend, and let us take a seat in the traktir. Every body here is a tea-drinker. Coffee is never good in Russia. Besides, it is gross and villainous stuff compared with the tchai of Moscow. At all hours of the day we find the saloons crowded with Russians, French, Germans, and the representatives of various other nations-all worshipers before the burnished shrine of Tchai. A little saint in the corner presides especially over this department. The devout Russians take off their hats and make a profound salam to this accommodating little patron, whose corpulent stomach and smiling countenance betoken an appreciation of all the good things of life. Now observe how these wonderful Russians-the strangest and most incomprehensible of beings-cool themselves this the deep, grand, death-knell of the bells; the sweltering hot day. Each stalwart son of the



North calls for a portion of tchai, not a teacupful or a glassful, but a genuine Russian portion—a tea-potful. The tea-pot is small; but the tea is strong enough to bear an unlimited amount of dilution; and it is one of the glorious privileges of the tea-drinker in this country that he may have as much hot water as he pleases. Sugar is more sparingly supplied. The adept remedies this difficulty by placing a lump of sugar in his mouth and sipping his tea through it—a great improvement upon the custom said to exist in some parts of Holland, where a lump of sugar is hung by a string over the table and swung around from mouth to mouth, so that each guest may take a pull at it after swallowing his tea. A portion would be quite enough for a good-sized family in America. The Russian makes nothing of it. Filling and swilling hour after hour, he seldom rises before he gets through ten or fif-

teen tumblersful; and if he happens to be thirsty will double it-enough one would think to founder a horse. But the Russian stomach is constructed upon some physiological principles unknown to the rest of mankind-perhaps lined with gutta-percha and rivited to a diaphragm of sheet-iron. Grease and scalding-hot tea; quass and cabbage soup; raw cucumbers; cold fish; lumps of ice; decayed cheese and black bread, seem to have no other effect upon it than to provoke an appetite. In warm weather it is absolutely marvelous to see the quantities of fiery-hot liquids these people pour down their throats. Just cast your eye upon that bearded giant in the corner, with his hissing urn of tea before him, his batvina and his shtshie! What a spectacle of physical enjoyment! His throat is bare; his face a glowing carbuncle; his body a monstrous caldron, seething and dripping with overflowing juices. Shade of Hebe! how he swills the tea-how glass after glass of the steaming-hot liquid flows into his capacious maw, and diffuses itself over his skin; drops in globules from his forehead; won in the intoxication of love and tea; quar-



MUJIKS AT TEA.

smokes through his shirt; makes a piebald chart of seas and islands over his back; streams down and simmers in his boots! He is saturated with tea, inside and out—a living sponge overflowing at every pore. You might wring him out, and there would still be a heavy balance left in him.

These traktirs are the general places of meeting, where matters of business or pleasure are discussed; accounts settled and bargains made. Here the merchant, the broker, the banker, and the votary of pleasure meet in common. Here all the pursuits of human life are represented, and the best qualities of men drawn out with the drawing of the tea. Enmities are forgotten and friendships cemented in tea. In short, the traktir is an institution, and its influence extends through all the ramifications of society.

But it is in the gardens and various places of suburban resort that the universal passion for tea is displayed in its most pleasing and romantic phases. Surrounded by the beauties of nature, lovers make their avowals over the irrehis entire person! It cozes from every pore of | pressible tea-pot; the hearts of fair damsels are



rels between man and wife are made up, and | imposing. children weaned-I had almost said baptizedin tea. The traveler must see the families seated under the trees, with the burnished urn before them - the children romping about over the grass; joy beaming upon every face; the whole neighborhood a repetition of family groups and steaming urns, bound together by the mystic tie of sympathy, before he can fully appreciate the important part that tea performs in the great drama of Russian life.

This draws me insensibly toward the beautiful gardens of the Peterskoi-a favorite place of resort for the Moscovites, and famous for its chateau built by the Empress Elizabeth, in which Napoleon sought refuge during the burning of Moscow. It is here the rank and fashion of the city may be seen to the greatest advantage of a fine summer afternoon. In these gardens all that is brilliant, beautiful, and poetical in Russian life finds a congenial atmosphere.

I spent an evening at the Peterskoi which I shall long remember as one of the most interesting I ever spent at any place of popular amusement. The weather was charming-neither too warm nor too cold, but of that peculiarly soft and dreamy temperature which predisposes one for the enjoyment of music, flowers, the prattle of children, the fascinations of female loveliness, and the luxuries of idleness. In such an atmosphere no man of sentiment can rack his brain with troublesome problems. These witching hours, when the sun lingers dreamily on the horizon; when the long twilight weaves a web of purple and gold that covers the transition from night to morning; when nature, wearied of the dazzling glare of day, puts on her silver-spangled robes, and receives her worshipers with celestial smiles—are surely enough to soften the most stubborn heart. We must make love, sweet ladies, or die. There is no help for it. Resistance is an abstract impossibility. The best man in the world could not justly be censured for practicing a little with his eyes, when away from home, merely as I do, you know, to keep up the expression.

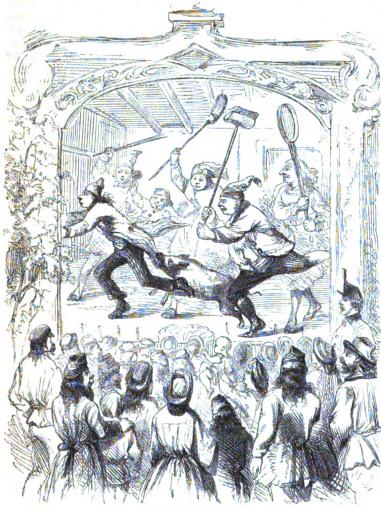
The gardens of the Peterskoi are still a dream to me. For a distance of three versts from the gate of St. Petersburg the road was thronged with carriages and droskies, and crowds of gaylydressed citizens, all wending their way toward the scene of entertainment. The pressure for tickets at the porter's lodge was so great that it required considerable patience and good-humor to get through at all. Officers in dashing uniforms rode on spirited chargers up and down the long rows of vehicles, and with drawn swords made way for the foot-passengers. Guards in imperial livery, glittering from head to foot with embroidery, stood at the grand portals of the gate, and with many profound and elegant bows ushered in the company. Policemen with cocked hats and shining epaulets were stationed at intervals along the leading thoroughfares to preserve order.

Nothing could be more fanciful. In every aspect it presented some striking combination of natural and artificial beauties, admirably calculated to fuscinate the imagination. I have a vague recollection of shady and undulating walks, winding over sweeping lawns dotted with masses of flowers and copses of shrubbery, and overhung by wide-spreading trees: sometimes gradually rising over gentle acclivities or points of rock overhung with moss and fern. Rustic cottages, half hidden by the luxuriant foliage, crowned each prominent eminence, and little by-ways branched off into cool, umbrageous recesses, where caves, glittering with sea-shells and illuminated stalactites, invited the wayfarer to linger a while and rest. Far down in deep glens and grottoes were retired nooks, where lovers, hidden from the busy throng, might mingle their vows to the harmony of falling waters; where the very flowers seemed whispering love to each other, and the lights and shadows fell, by some intuitive sense of fitness, into the form of bridal wreaths. Marble statues representing the Graces, winged Mercuries and Cupids are so cunningly displayed in relief against the green banks of foliage that they seem the natural inhabitants of the place. Snow-spirits, too, with outspread wings, hover in the air, as if to waft cooling zephyrs through the soft summer night. In the open spaces fountains dash their sparkling waters high into the moonlight, spreading a mystic spray over the sward. Through vistas of shrubbery gleam the bright waters of a lake, on the far side of which the embattled towers of a castle rise in bold relief over the intervening groups of trees.

On an elevated plateau, near the centre of the garden, stands a series of Asiatic temples and pagodas, in which the chief entertainments are held. The approaching avenues are illuminated with many-colored lights suspended from the branches of the trees, and wind under triumphal archways, festooned with flowers. The theatres present open fronts, and abound in all the tinsel of the stage, both inside and out. The grounds are crowded to their utmost capacity with the rank and fashion of the city, in all the glory of jeweled head-dresses and decorations of order. Festoons of variegated lights swing from the trees over the audience; and painted figures of dragons and genii are dimly seen in the background.

Attracted by sounds of applause at one of these theatres, I edged my way through the crowd, and succeeded, after many apologies, in securing a favorable position. Amidst a motley gathering of Russians, Poles, Germans, and French-for here all nations and classes are represented-my ears were stunned by the clapping of hands and vociferous cries of Bis! Bis! The curtain was down, but in answer to the call for a repetition of the last scene it soon rose again, and afforded me an opportunity of witnessing a characteristic performance. A wild Mujik has the impudence to make The scene inside the gates was wonderfully love to the maid-servant of his master, who ap-

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RUSSIAN THEATRE

pears to be rather a crusty old gentleman, not disposed to favor matrimonial alliances of that kind. Love gets the better of the lover's discretion, and he is surprised in the kitchen. The bull-dog is let loose upon him; master and mistress and subordinate members of the family rush after him, armed with sauce-pans, tongs, shovels, and broomsticks. The affrighted Mujik runs all round the stage bellowing fearfully; the bull-dog seizes him by the nether extremities and hangs on with the tenacity of a vice. Round and round they run, Mujik roaring for help, bulldog swinging out horizontally. The audience applauds; the master flings down his broomstick and seizes the dog by the tail; the old woman seizes master by the skirts of his coat; and all three are dragged around the stage at a terrific rate, while the younger members of the family shower down miscellaneous blows with their sticks and cudgels, which always happen to fall on the old people, to the great satisfaction of the audience. Shouts and shrieks and clapping of hands but faintly express the popular appreciation of the joke. Finally the faithflings a bunch of firecrackers at her oppressors and blows them up; and the Mujik, relieved of their weight, makes a brilliant dash through the door carrying with him the tenacious bulldog, which it is reasonable to suppose he subsequently takes to market and sells for a good price. The curtain falls; the music strikes up, and the whole performance is greeted with the most enthusiastic applause. Such are the entertainments that delight these humorous people -a little broad to be sure, but not deficient in grotesque spirit.

From the theatre I wandered to the pavilion of Zingaree gipsies, where a band of these wild sons of Hagar were creating a perfect furor by the shrillness and discord of their voices. Never was such terrific music inflicted upon mortal ears. It went through and through you, quivering and vibrating like a rapier; but the common classes of

Russians delight in it above all earthly sounds. They deem it the very finest kind of music. It is only the dilettante who have visited Paris who profess to hold it in contempt.

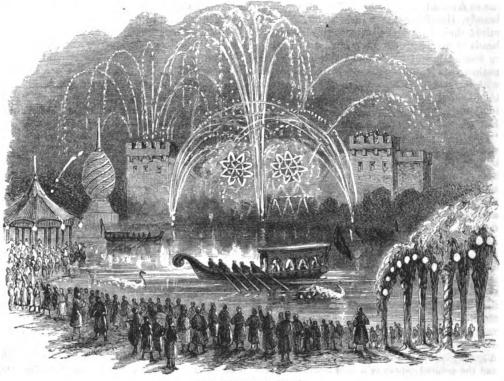
Very soon surfeited with these piercing strains, I rambled away till I came upon a party of ropedancers, and after seeing a dozen or so of stout fellows hang themselves by the chins, turn back somersaults in the air, and swing by one foot at a dizzy height from the ground, left them standing upon each other's heads to the depth of six or eight, and turned aside into a grotto to enjoy a few glasses of tea. Here were German girls singing and buffoons reciting humorous stories between the pauses, and thirsty Russians pouring down whole oceans of their favorite beverage.

rific rate, while the younger members of the family shower down miscellaneous blows with their sticks and cudgels, which always happen to fall on the old people, to the great satisfaction of the audience. Shouts and shrieks and clapping of hands but faintly express the popular appreciation of the joke. Finally the faithful maid, taking advantage of the confusion,

High overhead, dimly visible through the tops of the trees, the sky wears an almost supernatural aspect during these long summer nights. A soft golden glow flushes upward from the horizon, and, lying outspread over the firmament, gives a spectral effect to the gentler and more delicate sheen of the moon; the stars seem to shrink back into the dim infinity, as if unable to contend with the grosser effulgence of the great orbs that rule the day and the night. Unconscious whether the day is waning into the night, or the night into the morning, the rapt spectator gazes and dreams till lost in the strange enchantment of the scene.

At a late hour a signal was given, and the company wandered down to the lake, along the shores of which rustic seats and divans, overshadowed by shrubbery, afforded the weary an opportunity of resting. Here we were to witness the crowning entertainment of the evening-a grand display of fire-works. A miniature steam-boat, gayly decorated with flags, swept to and fro carrying passengers to the different landingplaces. Gondolas, with peaked prows and variegated canopies, lay floating upon the still water, that lovers might quench their flames in the contemplation of its crystal depths, or draw fresh inspiration from the blaze of artificial fires. Soon a wild outburst of music was heard; then from the opposite shore the whole heavens were lighted up with a flood of rockets, and the ears were stunned by their explosions. Down through the depths of ether came showers of colored balls, illuminating the waters of the lake with inverted streams of light scarcely less bright and glow-

ing. Anon all was dark; then from out the darkness flashed whirling and seething fires, gradually assuming the grotesque forms of monsters and genii, till with a deafening explosion they were scattered to the winds. From the blackened mass of ruins stood forth illuminated statues of the Imperial family, in all the paraphernalia of royalty, their crowns glittering with jewels, their robes of light resplendent with precious gems and tracery of gold. A murmur of admiration ran through the crowd. The Imperial figures vanished as if by magic, and suddenly a stream of fire flashed from a mass of dark undefined objects on the opposite shore, and lo! the waters were covered with fiery swans, sailing majestically among the gondolas, their necks moving slowly as if inspired by life. Hither and thither they swept, propelled by streams of fire, till, wearied with their sport, they gradually lay motionless, yet glowing with an augmented brilliancy. While the eyes of all were fixed in amazement and admiration upon these beautiful swans they exploded with a series of deafening reports, and were scattered in confused volumes of smoke. Out of the chaos swept innumerable hosts of whirling little monsters, whizzing and boring through the water like infernal spirits of the deep. These again burst with a rattle of explosions like an irregular fire of musketry, and shot high into the air in a perfect maze of scintillating stars of every imaginable color. When the shower of stars was over, and silence and darkness once more reigned, a magnificent barge, that might well have represented that of the Egyptian queen-its gay canopies resplen-



THE PETEREKOI GARDENS.

dent with the glow of many-colored lamps-swept | out into the middle of the lake, and

"---like a burnished throne Burn'd on the water."

And when the rowers had ceased and the barge lay motionless, soft strains of music arose from its curtained recesses, swelling up gradually till the air was filled with the floods of rich, wild harmony, and the senses were ravished with their sweetness.

Was it a wild Oriental dream? Could it all be real-the glittering fires, the gayly-costumed crowds, the illuminated barge, the voluptuous strains of music? Might it not be some gorgeous freak of the Emperor, such as the Sultan in the Arabian Nights enjoyed at the expense of the poor traveler? Surely there could be nothing real like it since the days of the Califs of Bardad!

A single night's entertainment such as this must cost many thousand rubles. When it is considered that there are but few months in the year when such things can be enjoyed, some idea may be formed of the characteristic passion of the Russians for luxurious amusements. It is worthy of mention, too, that the decorations, the lamps, the actors and operators, the material of nearly every description, are imported from various parts of the world, and very little is contributed in any way by the native Russians, save the means by which these costly luxuries are obtained.

On the fundamental principles of association the intelligent reader will at once comprehend how it came to pass that, of all the traits I discovered in the Russian people, none impressed me so favorably as their love of vodki, or native brandy, signifying the "little water." I admired their long and filthy beards and matted heads of hair, because there was much in them to remind me of my beloved Washoe; but in nothing did I experience a greater fellowship with them than in their constitutional thirst for intoxicating liquors. It was absolutely refreshing, after a year's travel over the Continent of Europe, to come across a genuine lover of the "tarantula"-to meet at every corner of the street a great bearded fellow staggering along blind drunk, or attempting to steady the town by hugging a post. Rarely had I enjoyed such a sight since my arrival in the Old World. In Germany I had seen a few cases of stupefaction arising from overdoses of beer; in France the red nose of the bon vivant is not uncommon; in England some muddled heads are to be found; and in Scotland there are temperance societies enough to give rise to the suspicion that there is a cause for them; but, generally speaking, the sight of an intoxicated man is somewhat rare in the principal cities of the Continent. It will, therefore, be conceded that there was something very congenial in the spectacle that greeted me on the very first day of my arrival in Moscow. A great giant of a Mujik, with a ferocious beard and the general aspect of a wild beast, came to-

very expressive of his condition. As he staggered up and tried to balance himself, he blurted out some unmeaning twaddle in his native language which I took to be a species of greeting. His expression was absolutely inspiringthe great blear eyes rolling foolishly in his head; his tongue lolling helplessly from his mouth; his under jaw hanging down; his greasy cap hung on one side on a tuft of dirty hair: all so familiar, so characteristic of something I had seen before! Where could it have been? What potent spell was there about this fellow to attract me? In what was it that I, an embassador from Washoe, a citizen of California, a resident of Oakland, could thus be drawn toward this hideous wretch? A word in your ear, reader. It was all the effect of association! The unbidden tears flowed to my eyes as I caught a whiff of the fellow's breath. It was so like the free-lunch breaths of San Francisco, and even suggested thoughts of the Legislative Assembly in Sacramento. Only think what a genuine Californian must suffer in being a whole year without a glass of whisky; nay, without as much as a smell of it! How delightful it is to see a brother human downright soggy drunk; drunk all over; drunk in the eyes, in the mouth, in the small of his back, in his knees, in his boots, clear down to his toes! How one's heart is drawn toward him by this common bond of human infirmity! How it recalls the camp, the one-horse mining town, the social gathering of the "boys" at Dan's, or Jim's, or Jack's; and the clink of dimes and glasses at the bar; how distances are annihilated and time set back! Of a verity when I saw that man, with reason dethroned and the garb of self-respect cast aside, I was once again in my own beloved State!

"What a beauty dwelt in each familiar face What music hung on every voice!"

Since reading is not a very general accomplishment among the lower classes, a system of signs answers in some degree as a substitute. The irregularity of the streets would of itself present no very remarkable feature, but for the wonderful variety of small shops and the oddity of the signs upon which their contents are pictured. What these symbols of trade lack in artistic style they make up in grotesque effects. Thus, the tobacco shops are ornamented outside with various highly-colored pictures, drawn by artists of the most florid genius, representing cigar - boxes, pipes, meerschaums, narghillas, bunches of cigars, snuff-boxes, plugs and twists of tobacco, and all that the most fastidious smoker, chewer, or snuffer can expect to find in any tobacco shop, besides a good many things that he never will find in any of these shops. Prominent among these symbolical displays is the counterfeit presentment of a jet-black Indian of African descent-his woolly head adorned with a crown of pearls and feathers; in his right hand an uplifted tomahawk, with which he is about to kill some invisible enemy; in his left a meerschaum, supposed to be the pipe of peace; ward me with a heel and a lurch to port that was a tobacco plantation in the back-ground, and a



group of warriors smoking profusely around a camp-fire, located under one of the tobacco plants; the whole having a very fine allegorical effect, fully understood, no doubt, by the artist, but very difficult to explain upon any known principle of art. The butchers' shops are equally prolific in external adornments. On the signboards you see every animal fit to be eaten, and many of questionable aspect, denuded of their skins and reduced to every conceivable degree of butchery. So that if you want a veal cutlet of any particular pattern, all you have to do is to select your pattern and the cutlet will be chopped accordingly. The bakeries excel in their artistic displays. Here you have painted bread from black-moon down to double-knotted twist: cakes, biscuit, rolls, and crackers, and as many other varieties as the genius of the artist may be capable of suggesting. The bakers of Moscow are mostly

French or German; and it is a notable fact that the bread is quite equal to any made in France or Germany. The wine-stores, of which there are many, are decorated with pictures of bottles, and bas-reliefs of gilded grapes-a great improvement upon the ordinary grape produced by nature.

If there is nothing new under the sun, there are certainly a good many old things to interest a stranger in Moscow. A favorite resort of mine during my sojourn in that strange old city of the Czars was in the markets of the Katai Gorod. Those of the Riadi and Gostovini Dvor present the greatest attractions, perhaps, in the way of shops and merchandise; for there, by the aid of time, patience, and money, you can get any thing you want, from saints' armlets and devils down to candlesticks and cucumbers. Singing-birds, Kazan-work, and Siberian diamonds are its most attractive features. But if you have a passion for human oddities rather than curiosities of merchandise, you must visit the second-hand markets extending along the walls of the Katai Gorod, where you will find not only every conceivable variety of old clothes, their waists; brawny fellows with a reckless,



OLD-CLOTHES' MARKET.

clocks, cooking utensils, and rubbish of all sorts, but the queerest imaginable conglomeration of human beings from the far East to the far West. It would be a fruitless task to attempt a description of the motley assemblage. Pick out all the strangest, most ragged, most uncouth figures you ever saw in old pictures, from childhood up to the present day; select from every theatrical representation within the range of your experience, the most monstrous and absurd caricatures upon humanity; bring to your aid all the masquerades and burlesque fancy-balls you ever visited, tumble them together in the great bag of your imagination, and pour them out over a vague wilderness of open spaces, dirty streets, high walls, and rickety little booths, and you have no idea at all of the queer old markets of the Katai Gorod. You will be just as much puzzled to make any thing of the scene as when you started, if not more so.

No mortal man can picture to another all these shaggy-faced Russians, booted up to the knees, their long, loose robes flaunting idly around their legs, their red sashes twisted around

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independent swagger about them, stalking like grim savages of the North through the crowd. Then there are the sallow and cadaverous Jewpeddlers, covered all over with piles of ragged old clothes, and mountains of old hats and caps; and leathery-faced old women—witches of Endor—dealing out horrible mixtures of quass (the national drink); and dirty, dingy-looking soldiers, belonging to the Imperial service, peddling off old boots and cast-off shirts; and Zingaree gipsies, dark, lean, and wiry, offering strings of beads and armlets for sale with shrill cries; and so on without limit.

Here you see the rich and the poor in all the extremes of affluence and poverty; the robust and the decrepit; the strong, the lame, and the blind; the noble, with his star and orders of office; the Mujik in his shaggy sheep-skin capote or tattered blouse; the Mongolian, the Persian, and the Caucasian; the Greek and the Turk; the Armenian and the Californian—all intent upon something, buying, selling, or looking on.

Being the only representative from the Golden State, I was anxious to offer some Washoe stock for sale—twenty or thirty feet in the Gone Case; but Dominico, my interpreter, informed me that these traders had never heard of Washoe, and were mostly involved in Russian securitics—old breeches, boots, stockings, and the like. He did not think my "Gone Case" would bring an old hat; and as for my "Sorrowful Countenance" and "Ragged End," he was persuaded I could not dispose of my entire interest in them for a pint of grease.

I was very much taken with the soldiers who infested these old markets. It was something new in military economy to see the representatives of an Imperial army supporting themselves in this way; dark, lazy fellows in uniform, lounging about with old boots and suspenders hanging all over them, crying out the merits of their wares in stentorian voices—thus, as it were, patriotically relieving the national treasury of a small fraction of its burden. They have much the appearance, in the crowd, of raisins in a plum-pudding.

The peasant women, who flock in from the country with immense burdens of vegetables and other products of the farms, are a very striking, if not a very pleasing feature in the markets. Owing to the hard labor imposed upon them, they are exceedingly rough and brawny, and have a hard, dreary, and unfeminine expression of countenance, rather inconsistent with one's notions of the delicacy and tenderness of woman. Few of them are even passably welllooking. All the natural playfulness of the gentler sex seems to be crushed out of them; and while their manners are uncouth, their voices are the wildest and most unmusical that ever fell upon the ear from a feminine source. When dressed in their best attire they usually wear a profusion of red handkerchiefs about their heads and shoulders; and from an unpicturesque habit they have of making an upper ture of some sort, and tying their apron-strings about a foot below, they have the singular appearance of being double-waisted or three-story women. They carry their children on their backs, much after the fashion of Digger Indians, and suckle them through an opening in the second or middle story. Doubtless this is a convenient arrangement, but it presents the curious anomaly of a poor peasant living in a one-story house with a three-story wife. According to the prevailing style of architecture in well-wooded countries, these women ought to wear their hair shingled; but they generally tie it up in a knot behind, or cover it with a fancy-colored handkerchief, on the presumption, I suppose, that they look less barbarous in that way than they would with shingled heads. You may suspect me of story-telling, but upon my word I think three-story women are extravagant enough without adding another to them. I only hope their garrets contain a better quality of furniture than that which afflicts the male members of the Mujik community. No wonder those poor women have families of children like steps of stairs! It is said that their husbands are often very cruel to them, and think nothing of knocking them down and beating them; but even that does not surprise me. How can a man be expected to get along with a three-story wife unless he floors her occasionally?

Ragged little boys, prematurely arrested in their growth, you see too, in myriads—shovelnosed and bare-legged urchins of hideously eccentric manners, carrying around big bottles of sbiteen (a kind of mead), which they are continually pouring out into glasses, to appease the chronic thirst with which the public seem to be afflicted; and groups of the natives gathered around a cucumber stand, devouring great piles of unwholesome-looking cucumbers, which skinny old women are dipping up out of wooden buckets. The voracity with which all classes stow away these vicious edibles in their stomachs is amazing, and suggests a melancholy train of reflections on the subject of cholera morbus. It was a continual matter of wonder to me how the lower classes of Russians survived the horrid messes with which they tortured their digestive apparatus. Only think of thousands of men dining every day on black bread, heavy enough for bullets, a pound or two of grease, and half a peck of raw cucumbers per man, and then expecting to live until next morning! And yet they do live, and grow fat, and generally die at a good old age, in case they are not killed in battle, or frozen up in the wilds of Siberia.

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ners and customs of the dealers, and enjoy their | amazement when, after causing them so much loss of time, I would hand over five kopeks and walk off. Some of them, I verily believe, will long entertain serious doubts as to the sanity of the California public; for Dominico, my guide, always took particular pride in announcing that I was from that great country, and was the richest man in it, being, to the best of his knowledge, the only one who had money enough to spare to travel all the way to Moscow, merely for the fun of the thing.

I may as well mention, parenthetically, that Dominico was rather an original in his way. His father was an Italian and his mother a Russian. I believe he was born in Moscow. How he came to adopt the profession of Guide I don't know, unless it was on account of some natural proclivity for an easy life. A grave, lean, saturnine man was Dominico-something of a cross between Machiavelli and Paganini. If he knew any thing about the wonders and curiosities of Moscow he kept it a profound secret. It was only by the most rigid inquiry and an adroit system of cross-examination that I could get any thing out of him; and then his information was vague and laconic, sometimes a little sarcastic, but never beyond what I knew myself. Yet he was polite, dignified, and gentlemanly-never refused to drink a glass of beer with me, and always knew the way to a traktir. To the public functionaries with whom we came in contact during the course of our rambles his air was grand and imposing; and on the subject of money he was sublimely nonchalant, caring no more for rubles than I did for kopeks. Once or twice he hinted to me that he was of noble blood, but laid no particular stress upon that, since it was his misfortune at present to be in rather reduced circumstances. Some time or other he would go to Italy and resume his proper position there. In justice to Dominico, I must add that he never neglected an opportunity of praying for me before any of the public shrines; and at the close of our acquaintance he let me off pretty easily, all things considered. Upon my explaining to him that a draft for five hundred thousand rubles, which ought to be on the way, had failed to reach me, owing, doubtless, to some irregularity in the mail service, or some sudden depression in my Washoe stocks, he merely shrugged his shoulders, took a pinch of snuff, and accepted with profound indifference a fee amounting to three times the value of his services.

I was particularly interested in the dog-mark-The display of living dog-flesh here must be very tempting to one who has a taste for poodle soup or fricaseed pup. Dominico repudiated the idea that the Russians are addicted to this article of diet; but the very expression of his eve as he took up a fat little innocent, smoothed down its skin, squeezed its ribs, pinched its loins, and smelled it, satisfied me that a litter of pups would stand but a poor chance of ever arriving upon his part as a national virtue. The Chinese better classes, to be sure, speak French and Ger

quarter of San Francisco affords some curious examples of the art of compounding sustenance. for man out of odd materials—rats, snails, dried frogs, star-fish, polypi, and the like; but any person who wishes to indulge a morbid appetite for the most disgusting dishes ever devised by human ingenuity must visit Moscow. I adhere to it that the dog-market supplies a large portion of the population with fancy meats. No other use could possibly be made of the numberless squads of fat, hairless dogs tied together and hawked about by the traders in this article of traffic. I saw one man-he had the teeth of an ogre and a fearfully carnivorous expression of eye-carry around a bunch of pups on each arm, and cry aloud something in his native tongue, which I am confident had reference to the tenderness and juiciness of their flesh. Dominico declared the man was only talking about the breed—that they were fine rat-dogs; but I know that was a miserable subterfuge. Such dogs never caught a rat in this world; and if they did, it must have been with a view to the manufacture of sausages.

A Russian peasant is not particular about the quality of his food, as may well be supposed from this general summary. Quantity is the main object. Grease of all kinds is his special luxury. The upper classes, who have plenty of money to spare, may buy fish from the Volga at its weight in gold, and mutton from Astrakan at fabulous prices; but give the Mujik his batvina (salt grease and honey boiled together), a loaf of black bread, and a peck of raw cucumbers, and he is happy. Judging by external appearances, very little grease seems to be wasted in the manufacture of soap. Indeed, I would not trust one of these Mujiks to carry a pound of soap any where for me, any more than I would a gallon of oil or a pound of candles. Once I saw a fellow grease his boots with a lump of dirty fat which he had picked up out of the gutter, but he took good care first to extract from it the richest part of the essence by sucking it, and then greasing his beard. The boots came last. In all probability he had just dined, or he would have pocketed his treasure for another occasion, instead of throwing the remnant, as he did, to the nearest

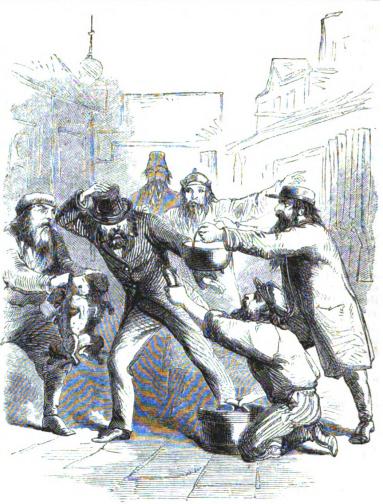
In respect to the language, one might as well be dropped down in Timbuctoo as in a village or country town of Russia, for all the good the gift of speech would do him. It is not harsh, as might be supposed, yet wonderfully like an East India jungle when you attempt to penetrate it. I could make better headway through a boulder of solid quartz, or the title to my own house and lot in Oakland. Now I profess to be able to see as far into a mill-stone as most people, but I can't see in what respect the Russians behaved any worse than other people of the Tower of Babel, that they should be afflicted with a language which nobody can hope to understand before his beard becomes grizzled, and at maturity if they depended upon forbearance the top of his head entirely bald. Many of the

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man: but even in the streets of Moscow I could seldom find any body who could discover a ray of meaning in my French or German, which is almost as plain as English.

Some people know what you want by instinct, whether they understand your language or not. Not so the Russians. Ask for a horse, and they will probably offer you a fat goose; inquire the way to your lodgings, and they are just as likely as not to show you the Foundling Hospital or a livery - stable; go into any old variety shop, and express a desire to purchase an Astrakan breast - pin for your sweet-heart, and the worthy trader hands you a pair of bellows or an old blunderbuss; cast your eye upon any old market-woman, and she divines at once that you are in search of a bunch of chickens or a bucket of raw cucumbers, and

offers them to you at the lowest market-price; | Do I look like a man who labors under a chronhint to a picture-dealer that you would like to have an authentic portrait of his Imperial Majesty, and he hands you a picture of the Iberian Mother, or St. George slaying the dragon, or the devil and all his imps: in short, you can get any thing that you don't want, and nothing that you do. If these people are utterly deficient in any one quality, it is a sense of fitness in things. They take the most inappropriate times for offering you the most inappropriate articles of human use that the imagination can possibly conceive. I was more than once solicited by the dealers in the markets of Moscow to carry with me a bunch of live dogs, or a couple of freshly-scalded pigs, and on one occasion was pressed very hard to take a brass skillet and a pair of tongs. What could these good people have supposed I wanted with articles of this kind on my travels? Is there any thing in my dress or the expression of my countenance-I leave it to all who know me-any thing in the mildness of my speech or the gravity of my manner, to indicate that I am scalded pigs, brass skillets or pairs of tongs? ence with which men in uniform are regarded;



PIGS, PUPS, AND PANS.

ic destitution of dogs, pigs, skillets, and tongs?

It is quite natural that the traveler who finds himself for the first time within the limits of a purely despotic government should look around him with some vague idea that he must see the effects strongly marked upon the external life of the people; that the restraints imposed upon popular liberty must be every where apparent. So far as any thing of this kind may exist in Moscow or St. Petersburg, it is a notable fact that there are few cities in the world where it is less visible, or where the people seem more unrestrained in the exercise of their popular freedom. Indeed it struck me rather forcibly after my experience in Vienna and Berlin, that the Russians enjoy quite as large a share of practical independence as most of their neighbors. I was particularly impressed by the bold and independent air of the middle classes, the politeness with which even the lower orders address each other, and the absence of those petty and vexatious restraints which prevail in some of the German States. The constant dread of infringing upon suffering particularly for bunches of dogs or the police regulations; the extraordinary defer-

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A PASSAGE OF POLITENESS.

nice and well-regulated mirthfulness, never overstepping the strict bounds of prudence, which I had so often noticed in the northern parts of Germany, and which may in part be attributed to the naturally orderly and conservative character of the people, are by no means prominent features in the principal cities of Russia.

Soldiers, indeed, there are in abundance every where throughout the dominions of the Czar, and the constant rattle of musketry and clang of arms show that the liberty of the people is not altogether without limit.

I saw nothing in the line of military service that interested me more than the Imperial Guard. Without vouching for the truth of the whole story connected with the history of this famous regiment, I give it as related to me by Dominico, merely stating as a fact within my own observation, that there is no question whatever about the peculiarity of their features. It seems that the Emperor Nicholas, shortly before the Crimean War, discovered by some means that the best fighting men in his dominions belonged to a certain wild tribe from the north, distinguished for the extreme ugliness of their faces. The most remarkable feature was the nose, which stood straight out from the base of the forehead in the form of a triangle, presenting in front the appearance of a double-barreled pistol. A stiff grizzly mustache underneath gave them a peculiarly ferocious expression, so that brave men quailed, and women and children fled from them in terror. The Emperor gave orders that all

the circumspect behavior at public places; the men in the ranks possessed of these frightful noses should be brought before him. Finding, when they were mustered together, that there was not over one company, he caused a general average of the noses to be taken, from which he had a diagram carefully prepared and disseminated throughout the empire, calling upon the military commanders of the provinces to send him recruits corresponding with the prescribed formula.

> In due time he was enabled to muster a thousand of these ferocious barbarians, whom he caused to be carefully drilled and disciplined. He kept them in St. Petersburg under his own immediate supervision till some time after the attack upon Sebastopol, when, finding the fortunes of war likely to go against him, he sent them down to the Crimea, with special instructions to the commander-in-chief to rely upon them in any emergency. In compliance with the Imperial order, they were at once placed in the front ranks, and in a very few days had occasion to display their fighting qualities. At the very first onslaught of the enemy they stood their ground manfully till the French troops had approached within ten feet, when, with one accord, they took to their heels, and never stopped running till they were entirely out of sight. It was a disastrous day for the Russians. The commander-in-chief was overwhelmed with shame and mortification. A detachment of cavalry was dispatched in pursuit of the fugitives, who were finally arrested in their flight and brought back. "Cowards!" thundered the

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enraged commander, as they stood drawn up before him, "miserable poltroons! dastards! Is this the way you do honor to your Imperial master? Am I to report to his most potent Majesty that, without striking one blow in his defense, you ran like sheep? Wretches, what have you to say for yourselves?"

"May it please your Excellency," responded the men, firmly and with unblenched faces, "we ran away, it is true; but we are not cowards. On the contrary, Sire, we are brave men, and fear neither man nor beast. But your Excellency is aware that nature has gifted us with noses peculiarly open to unusual impressions. We have smelled all the smells known from the far North to the far South, from the stewed rats of Moscow to the carrion that lies mouldering upon the plains of the Crimea; but, if it please your Highness, we never smelled

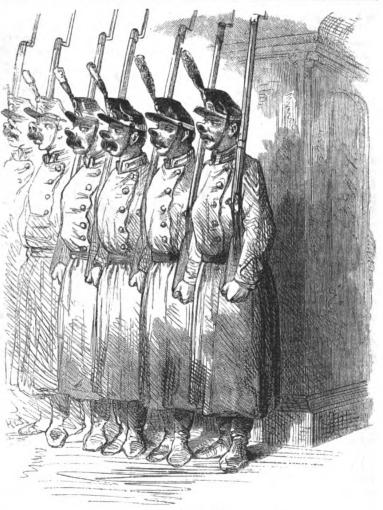
Frenchmen before. There was an unearthly that direction, each man of them suddenly graspodor about them that filled our nostrils, and struck a mysterious terror into our souls.'

"Fools," roared the commander-in-chief, bursting with rage, "what you smelled was nothing more than garlic, to which these Frenchmen are addicted.'

"Call it as you will," firmly responded the men with the noses, "it was too horrible to be endured. We are willing to die by the natural casualties of war, but not by unseen blasts of garlic, against which no human power can contend."

"Then," cried the commander, in tones of thunder, "I'll see that you die to-morrow by the natural casualties of war. You shall be put in the very front rank, and care shall be taken to have every man of you shot down the moment you undertake to run."

On the following day this rigorous order was carried into effect. The nose regiment was placed in front, and the battle opened with great looked behind, but, finding no hope of escape in your experience of this manly pastime in Amer-



IMPERIAL NOSEGAY.

ed up a handful of mud, and, dashing it over his nostrils, shouted "Death to the garlic-eaters!" and rushed against the enemy with indescribable ferocity. Never before were such prodigies of valor performed on the field of battle. The French went down like stricken reeds before the ferocious onslaught of the Imperial Guard. Their dead bodies lay piled in heaps on the bloody field. The fortunes of the day were saved, and, panting and bleeding, the men of Noses stood triumphantly in the presence of their chief. In an ecstasy of pride and delight he complimented them upon their valor, and pronounced them the brightest nosegay in his Imperial Majesty's service, which name they have borne ever since.

The present Emperor, Alexander II., is more distinguished for his liberal views respecting the rights of his subjects than for his military proclivities. In private life he is much beloved, and is said to be a man of very genial social qualities. His predominating passion in this spirit. The French troops swept down upon relation is a love of hunting. I have been told them like an avalanche. For an instant they that he is especially great on bears. With all



ica, I doubt if you can form any conception of the bear-hunts in which the Autocrat of all the Russias has distinguished himself. Any body with nerve enough can kill a grizzly, but it requires both nerve and money to kill bears of any kind in the genuine autocratic style. By an imperial ukase it has been ordered that when any of the peasants or serfs discover a bear, within twenty versts of the Moscow and St. Petersburg Railway, they must make known the fact to the proprietor of the estate, whose duty it is to communicate official information of the discovery to the Corresponding Secretary of the Czar. With becoming humility the Secretary announces the tidings to his royal master, who directs him to advise the distant party that his Majesty is much pleased, and will avail himself of his earliest leisure to proceed to the scene of action. In the mean time the entire available force of the estate is set to work to watch the bear, and from three to five hundred men armed with cudgels, tin pans, old kettles, drums, etc., are stationed in a circle around him. Dogs also are employed upon this important service. The advance trains, under the direction of the Master Hunter, having deposited their stores of wines, cordials, and provisions, and telegraphic communications being transmitted to head-quarters from time to time, it is at length privately announced that his Imperial Majesty has condescended to honor the place with his presence, and should the saints not prove averse, will be there with his royal party at the hour and on the day specified in the Imperial dispatch. The grand convoy is then put upon the track; dispatches are transmitted to all the stations; officers, soldiers, and guards are required to be in attendance to do honor to their sovereign master-privately, of course, as this is simply an unofficial affair which nobody is supposed to know any thing about. The Emperor having selected his chosen few; that is to say, half a dozen princes, a dozen dukes, a score or two of counts and barons—all fine fellows and affair, manufactured at a cost of only forty thousand rubles or so), where he is astonished to see a large concourse of his admiring subjects, gayly interspersed with soldiers, all accidentally gathered there to see him off. Now hats are removed, bows are made, suppressed murmurs of delight run through the crowd; the locomotive rung; arms are grounded; the princes, dukes, and barons—jolly fellows as they are—laugh and joke just like common people; bells ring again and whistles blow; a signal is made, and the Autocrat of all the Russias is off on his bearhunt!

In an hour, or two or three hours, as the case may be, the royal hunters arrive at the destined station. Should the public business be pressing it is not improbable the Emperor, availing himself of the conveniences provided for him by desirous of visiting the silver-mines of Siberia. Winans and Co., in whose magnificent present | Crack! thug! The smoke clears away. By of a railway carriage he travels, has in the mean Jove! his Imperial Majesty has done it cleverly;

time dispatched a fleet of vessels to Finland, ten or a dozen extra regiments of Cossacks to Warsaw, closed upon terms for a loan of fifty millions, banished various objectionable parties to the deserts of Siberia, and partaken of a game or two of whist with his Camerilla.

But now the important affair of the day is at hand-the bear-the terrible black bear, which every body is fully armed and equipped to kill, but which every body knows by instinct is going to be killed by the Emperor, because of his Majesty's superior skill and courage on trying occasions of this sort. What a blessing it is to possess such steadiness of nerve! I would not hesitate one moment to attack the most ferocious grizzly in existence, if I felt half as much confidence in my ability to kill it. But the carriages are waiting; the horses are prancing; the hunters are blowing their bugles; the royal party are mounting on horseback or in their carriages. as best may suit their taste, and the signal is given! A salute is fired by the Guard; huzzas ring through the air; and the Czar of all the Russias is fairly off on his hunt. Trees fly by: desert patches of ground whirl from under; versts are as nothing to these spirited steeds and their spirited masters, and in an hour or so the grand scene of action is reached. Here couriers stand ready to conduct the imperial hunters into the very jaws of death. The noble proprietor himself, bare-headed, greets the royal pageant; the serfs bow down in Oriental fashion; the dashing young Czar touches his hunting-cap in military style and waves his hand gallantly to the ladies of the household, who are peeping at him from their carriages in the distance. Once more the bugle is sounded, and away they dash-knights, nobles, and all—the handsome and gallant Czar leading the way by several lengths. Soon the terrific cry is heard-"Halt! the bear! the bear! Halt!" Shut your eyes, reader, for you never can stand such a sight as that—a full-grown black bear, not two hundred yards off, in the middle genuine bloods-proceeds unostentatiously to the of an open space, surrounded by five hundred dépôt, in his hunting carriage (a simple little men hidden behind trees and driving him back from every point where he attempts to escape. You don't see the men, but you hear them shouting and banging upon their pots, pans, and kettles. Now just open one eye and see the Emperor dismount from his famous charger, and deliver the rein to a dozen domestics, deliberately cock his rifle, and fearlessly get behind the nearwhizzes and fizzes with impatience; bells are est tree within the range of the bear. By this time you perceive that Bruin is dancing a pas seul on his hind legs, utterly confounded with the noises around him. Shut your eyes again, for the Emperor is taking his royal aim, and will presently crack away with his royal rifle. Hist! triggers are clicking around you in every direction, but you needn't be the least afraid, for although the bear is covered by a reserve of forty rifles, not one of the hunters has nerve enough to shoot unless officially authorized or personally

hit the brute plumb on the os frontis, or through | has now taken place, which renders necessary a a dreadful rate; cheers rend the welkin; pots, pans, and kettles are banged. High above all rises the stern voice of the Autocrat, calling for another rifle, which is immediately handed to him. Humanity requires that he should at once put an end to the poor animal's sufferings, and he does it with his accustomed skill.

Now the bear having kicked his last, an intrepid hunter charges up to the spot on horseback, whirls around it two or three times, carefully examines the body with an opera-glass, returns, and approaching the royal presence with uncovered head, delivers himself according to this formula: "May it please your most gallant and Imperial Majesty, THE BEAR IS DEAD!" The Emperor sometimes responds, "Is he?" but usually contents himself by waving his hand in an indifferent manner, puffing his cigar, and calling for his horse. Sixteen grooms immediately rush forward with his Majesty's horse; and being still young and vigorous he mounts without difficulty, unaided except by Master of Stirrups. Next he draws an ivory-handled revolver-a present from Colt of New York-and dashing fearlessly upon the bear, fires six shots into the dead body; upon which he coolly dismounts, and pulling forth from the breast of his hunting-coat an Arkansas bowie-knife-a present from the poet Albert Pike, of Little Rockplunges that dangerous weapon into the bowels of the dead bear: then rising to his full height. with a dark and stern countenance, he holds the blood-dripping blade high in the air, so that all may see it, and utters one wild stentorian and terrific shout-"Harasho, harasho!" signifying in English-"Good: very well!" The cry is caught up by the princes and nobles, who with uncovered heads now crowd around their gallant Emperor, and waving their hats, likewise shout "Harasho, harasho!"-"Good: very well!" Then the five hundred peasants rush in with their tin pans, kettles, and drums, and amidst the most amazing din catch up the inspiring strain, and deafen every ear with their wild shouts of "Harasho, harasho!" -- "Good: very well!" Upon which the Emperor, rapidly mounting, places a finger in each ear, and still puffing his cigar, rides triumphantly away.

The bear is hastily gutted and dressed with flowers. When all is ready the royal party return to the railroad dépôt, in a long procession headed by his Majesty, and brought up in the rear by the dead body of Bruin borne on poles by six-and-twenty powerful serfs. Refreshments in the mean time have been administered to every body of high and low degree; and by the time they reach the dépôt there are but two sober individuals in the entire procession—his royal Majesty and the bear. Further refreshments are administered all round, during the journey back to St. Petersburg; and notwithstanding he is rigidly prohibited by his physician from the use of stim-

the heart, it makes no difference which. Down modification of the medical ukase. At all events, drops Bruin, kicking and tearing up the earth at | I am told the bear is sometimes the only really steady member of the party by the time the Imperial pageant reaches the Palace. When the usual ceremonies of congratulation are over, a merry dance winds up the evening. After this the company disperses to prayer and slumber; and thus ends the great bear-hunt of his Majesty the Autocrat of all the Russias.

The Russians have little or no humor, though they are not deficient in a certain grotesque savagery bordering on the humorous. There is something fearfully vicious in the royal freaks of fancy of which Russian history furnishes us so many examples. We read with a shudder of the facetious compliment paid to the Italian architect by Ivan the Terrible, who caused the poor man's eyes to be put out that he might never see to build another church so beautiful as that of St. Basil. We can not but smile at the grim humor of Peter the Great, who, upon seeing a crowd of men with wigs and gowns at Westminster Hall, and being informed that they were lawyers, observed that he had but two in his whole empire, and he believed he would hang one of them as soon as he got home. A still more striking though less ghastly freak of fancy was that perpetrated by the Empress Anne of Courland, who, on the occasion of the marriage of her favorite buffoon, Galitzin, caused a palace of ice to be built, with a bed of the same material, in which she compelled the happy pair to pass their wedding night. The Empress Catherine II., a Pomeranian by birth, but thoroughly Russian in her morals, possessed a more ardent temperament. What time she did not spend in gratifying her ambition by slaughtering men, she spent in loving them:

"----for though she would widow all Nations, she liked man as an individual."

She never dismissed an old admirer until she had secured several new ones, and generally consoled those who had served her by a present of twenty or thirty thousand serfs. On the death of Lanskoi, it is recorded of her, that "she gave herself up to the most poignant grief, and remained three months without going out of her palace of Czarsko Selo," thus perpetrating a very curious practical satire upon the holiest of human affections. Her grenadier lover, Potempkin, according to the character given of him by the Count Segur, was little better than a gigantic and savage buffoon-licentious and superstitious, bold and timid by turns—sometimes desiring to be King of Poland, at others a bishop or a monk. Of him we read that "he put out an eye to free it from a blemish which diminished his beauty. Banished by his rival he ran to meet death in battle, and returned with glory." Another pleasant little jest was that perpetrated by Suwarrow, who, after the bloody battle of Tourtourskaya, announced the result to his mistress in an epigram of two doggerel lines. This was the terrible warrior who used to sleep almost naked in a ulating beverages, it is supposed that a reaction room of suffocating heat, and rush out to re-



view his troops in a linen jacket, with the thermometer of Reaumur ten degrees below freezing point. Of the Emperor Paul, the son of Catherine, we read that he issued an ukase against the use of shoe-strings and round hats; caused all the watch-boxes, gates, and bridges throughout the empire to be painted in the most glaring and fantastic colors, and passed a considerable portion of his time riding on a wooden rocking-horse-a degenerate practice for a scion of the bold Catherine, who used to dress herself in men's clothes and ride a-straddle on the back of a live horse to review her troops. Alexander I., in his ukase of September, 1827, perpetrated a very fine piece of Russian humor. The period of military service for serfs is fixed at twenty years in the Imperial Guard, and twenty-two in other branches of the service. It is stated in express terms that the moment a serf becomes enrolled in the ranks of the army he is free! But he must not desert, for if he does he becomes a slave again. This idea of freedom is really refreshing. Only twenty or twenty-two years of the gentle restraints of Russian military discipline to be enjoyed after becoming a free agent! Then he may go off (at the age of fifty or sixty, say), unless disease or gunpowder has carried him off long before, to enjoy the sweets of hard labor in some agreeable desert, or the position of a watchman on the frontiers of Siberia, where the climate is probably considered salubrious.

These may be considered royal or princely vagaries, in which great people are privileged to indulge; but I think it will be found that the same capricious savagery of humor-if I may so call it - prevails to some extent among all classes of Russians. In some instances it can scarcely be associated with any idea of mirthfulness; yet in the love of strange, startling, and incongruous ideas there is something bordering on the humorous. On Recollection Monday, for example, the mass of the people go out into the grave-yards, and spreading tablecloths on the mounds that cover the dead bodies of their relatives, drink quass and vodki to the health of the deceased, saying, "Since the dead are unable to drink, the living must drink for them!" Rather a grave excuse one must think for intoxication.

In the museum of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg stands the stuffed skin of his favorite servant—a gigantic Holsteiner—one of the most ghastly of all the grotesque and ghastly relies in that remarkable institution. It is not a very agreeable subject for the pencil of an artist, yet there is something so original in the idea of stuffing a human being and putting him up for exhibition before the public that I am constrained to introduce the following sketch of this strange spectacle.

In one of the arsenals is an eagle made of gun-flints, with swords for wings, daggers for feathers, and the mouths of cannons for eyes. A painting of the Strelitzes, in another, represents heaven as containing the Russian priests and all the faithful; while the other place—a region of fire and brimstone—contains Jews, Tartars, Germans, and negroes!

The winter markets of Moscow and St. Petersburg present some of the most cadaverous specimens of the startling humor in which the Russians delight. Here you find frozen oxen, calves, sheep, rabbits, geese, ducks, and all manner of animals and birds, once animate with life, now stiff and stark in death. The oxen stand staring at you with their fixed eyes and gory carcases; the calves are jumping or frisking in skinless innocence; the sheep ba-a at you with open mouths, or cast sheep's-eyes at the by-passers; the rabbits, having traveled hundreds of miles, are jumping, or running, or turning somersaults in frozen tableaux to keep themselves warm, and so on with every variety of flesh, fowl, and even fish. The butchers cut short these expressive practical witticisms by means of saws, as one might saw a block of wood; and the saw-dust, which is really frozen flesh and blood in a powdered state, is gathered up in buckets and carried away by the children and ragamuffins to be made into soup.

I can conceive of nothing humorous in these



SKINNED AND STUFFED MAN.

people which is not associated in some way with | too, they were made available as musicians. I the cruel and the grotesque. They have many noble and generous traits, but lack delicacy of feeling. Where the range of the thermometer is from a hundred to a hundred and fifty degrees of Fahrenheit their character must partake in some sort of the qualities of the climate-fierce, rigorous, and pitiless in its wintry aspect, and without the compensating and genial tenderness of spring; fitful and passionate as the scorching heats of summer, and dark, stormy, and dreary as the desolation of autumn.

I could not but marvel, as I sat in some of the common traktirs, at the extraordinary affection manifested by the Russians for cats. It appeared to me that the proprietors must keep a feline corps expressly for the amusement of their customers. At one of these places I saw at least forty cats, of various breeds, from the confines of Tartary to the city of Paris. They were up on the tables, on the benches, on the floor, under the benches, on the backs of the tea-drinkers, in their laps, in their arms-every where. I strongly suspected that they answered the purpose of waiters, and that the owner relied upon them to keep the plates clean. Possibly, on an uncultivated ear like mine.

have a notion the Russians entertain the same superstitious devotion to cats that the Banyans of India do to cows, and the French and Germans to nasty little poodles. To see a great shaggy boor, his face dripping with grease, his eyes swimming in vodki, sit all doubled up. fondling and caressing these feline pets; holding them in his hands; pressing their velvety fur to his eyes, cheeks, even lips; listening with delight to their screams and squalls, is indeed a curious spectacle.

Now I have no unchristian feeling toward any of the brute creation; but I don't affect cats. Nor can I say that I greatly enjoy their music. I heard the very best bands of tom-cats every night during my sojourn in Moscow, and consider them utterly deficient in style and execution. It belongs, I think, to the Music of Futurity, so much discussed by the critics of Europe during the past few years-a peculiar school of anti-melody that requires people yet to be born to appreciate it thoroughly. The discords may be very fine, and the passion very striking and tempestuous, but it is worse than thrown away



MUJIK AND CATS.

THE WIDOW THORN'S FIRST MARRIAGE.

WELL, I don't mind tellin' you, seein' you've been so long with us; maybe you'd like to hear it. It's an age a'most since I spoke about the past to any except my own kith and kin; but, somehow, you seem like one of the family."

With these preliminary observations the unfinished stocking was laid aside; the knittingneedles placed crosswise upon it, with the ball of blue yarn between; a tortoise-shell box drawn from the depths of a capacious apron-pocket, and a pinch of snuff extracted therefrom, which being duly administered, the narrative was begun:

"My sister Letty and I were all the children mother had. Letty was the older by two years; and a better girl than she never walked the earth, although I say it who, perhaps, oughtn't to. She wasn't pretty, to be sure; but a neater body no one need want to see—and when she was dressed she looked jest nice enough to be the wife of the best man in the land. However, Letty never seemed to think much about herself one way or t'other, but was forever a-fixin' of me when we went any wheres, and allers a-praisin' of my good looks. Whether I was handsome or not a'n't for me to say. At any rate, I had a good many beaus; all the young farmers for miles round, who'd 'a had me believe there was none like me whether I wanted to or no. The truth is, I was vain enough without bein' any more so, and by the time I was seventeen I thought I might marry a prince if I could only 'a sot eyes on one. There was Seth Potter, a tall, raw-boned fellow-they called him Long Potter-who come away over from Sal'sbury, on t'other side of the mountain. He married Sally Lewis. And then there was Ralph Higgins and Elam Jackson, and a whole string of others as long as my arm-all of 'em dead now and under the sod but Ralph, and he's nighten year older'n me. They say his mem'ry's pretty fur gone. My old man was the last to die. I suppose it'll be my turn next. But bless you! I feel as young as ever I did; only now and then my eves get kind o' dim, and here and there 's a year or two seems left out, much as if I'd been to sleep durin' that time. But this a'n't what I was agoin' to tell you. Be it?

"I didn't feel any the worse of the beans who run after me, except perhaps the gran'father of our gal; but I was young then, and thought of nothin' else but dress, and kitin' round to this and that frolic, and havin' all the fun there was to be got. But as I was sayin', there was one whom I did care a little concernin', and that was Luke Thorn. I hadn't thought much about marryin' of him one way or t'other. He was different from most of the young men, and I here, that runs 'cross lots to town, who should I couldn't help preferrin' keepin' company with meet, face to face, but young Squire Bonsall? him. I wish I'd liked him then as well as I did | I'd never more'n spoken to him before; and afterward, and thought more of the Bible and what's he do when he see me a-comin' but get what the minister said, and been in all like sis- down from his horse and wait by the big tree ter Letty—in such case I shouldn't have this to till I come up.

tell you, but something pleasanter maybe. Lord does every thing for good, though; so we're told.

"In the big house that stands on the hill, to the right, jest before you come to town, lived Squire Bonsall. He wasn't Squire no more'n you are at this minute, but we called him Squire -that is, the folks did all round these parts-and all because his father before him had been Squire. Hugh Bonsall was said to be the richest man in the county. He was about five-and-twenty years of age, and had the name of bein' the hardest drinker any wheres to be found. His father died jest after he come of age, and left him all his property, for the mother'd been dead long back. Old Squire Bonsall was a glum sort of man, who had allers held his head pretty high, in spite of what people said of him-for he wa'n't any better'n his neighbors for all he was so rich -and there was some talk of his havin' come to own what he did not by honest means quite. Be that as it may, he wasn't liked much, and there was no one to grieve for him but his own flesh and blood. The young Squire was rather handsome; at least all the women folks thought so, and I along with the rest. He was jest as different from Luke Thorn as could be, although, as I have said, the Squire was good-lookin'; and so was Luke. But their ways wa'n't alike, and there was little in common between 'em. Luke had blue eyes, and the Squire's were black. The Squire's hair was straight, and Luke's curly. They were both good-sized men, which was all the resemblance there was; and that a'n't much, as I take it.

"Luke, he lived on the next farm to this; it was his father's place. The old man Thorn was pretty well to do—and so was my father; but there were five others besides Luke, and only two of us. Bein' such near neighbors, of course there was a good deal of goin' back'ards and for-'ards 'twixt the two houses. The Thorn gals, they used to come through our garden to the right of us here; and we'd run in to them pretty often. They had the palin's took off their fence; for it was a short cut, you see, and saved us the trouble of goin' out into the road. In this way Luke and me saw considerable of each other. Sometimes at night they'd all come in of a bunch, and such times as we'd have-well, I never! This here house would pretty nigh shake with the noise we'd make. Them Thorn gals was lively ones. Lucy, Ann, and Margaret. liked Lucy the best of 'em; but sister Letty and Ann were closer'n two peas in a pod.

"Now Luke had been keepin' company with me for five or six months, I reckon. I mean he'd been more'n usually clever to me about that time - we were allers together considerablewhen one day as I was goin' down our lane



- "'Good-mornin', Miss Grace,' says he. I was proud of my name, and liked to hear myself called 'Miss' in them days. But I kept straight on, only sayin' Good-day' back to him; for the folks round didn't think it quite right for a young woman to be seen talkin' with him. But I hadn't walked fur when I heerd him close behind me, and pretty soon he spoke to me agin:
 - "' What's your hurry, Miss Grace?"
- "'I a'n't in any great hurry, Mr. Bonsall,' says I. 'I was jest a-goin' to the village to get somethin' for mother, that's all.'
- "'I'm goin' that way,' says he, 'so we'll walk together.'
- "''You was goin' t'other way when I met you.' I said this kind o' sharp, for I wasn't much pleased with his company.
- "'So I was,' he answers; but I didn't expect to meet any thing so pretty as you, Miss Grace. You wouldn't have me keep on when I can do so much better, would you?'
- "'I'd have you go any way you please. It don't make no difference to me which way your road turns.' I was half angered when I spoke. I didn't exactly like what he'd said, comin' from him. If any one else had said it, I don't know as I'd 'a minded it, for I was a vain chit, and liked flatt'ry.
- "'If I thought you meant that, Miss Grace,' says he, 'I'd go and drown myself.'
- ""What in?' I says, lookin' him right in the eyes.
- "He flushed up some, for he knew what I meant well enough, and for a long time he kept rather quiet. We walked on till we come to the turnpike. There I meant to tell him he mustn't go any further, though, to speak the truth, I felt quite proud because he'd taken notice of me, but I was ashamed to be seen walkin' with him. He mounted his horse—he'd been leadin' it all this time—without my sayin' any thing, and when he was ready to start he bid me good-by, and told me not to lose my heart to any one I met, for if I did he'd certainly do what he said. I suppose he meant drown himself.
- "I nodded to him, and said I wasn't quite so soft as he took me for. He laughed, and rode away.
- "I got what mother wanted, and reached home in about an hour's time, little dreamin' I should ever be troubled much with Hugh Bonsall's company. But sure enough that very evenin', as I stood talkin' with Luce Thorn at our gate, who should come along but him. I kind o' started, for I didn't see him till he got close to us. Luce she nudged me when she saw he was goin' to stop, and for a few minutes I didn't know what to do or say.
- "'So you got back safe, Miss Grace?' says the Squire.
- "Luce snickered some, as gals will, but he didn't seem to notice it; and I answers,
- "'Yes, Sir.' That was about all I could say, and stood clinkin' the latch of the gate.
 - "'I didn't expect to get lost,' I says, after a

- while, for I thought I must say somethin', and I saw Luce wasn't goin' to speak.
- "'No?' says he, as if he thought there had been a chance of it, and then we were all still agin.
- "Presently he asked if father was in, and I told him he was. I opened the gate; Luce made some excuse to get away, and the Squire and I went in together.
- "It happened that father had gone to the barn, and mother was in at Miss Thorn's, so I asked him to sit down and wait. He said he would, if I'd keep him company till father come.
- "'But sha'n't I tell him you want him?' says I.
- "'I'm in no hurry,' he says; so we sot down. Pretty soon I heard Letty movin' about in our room overhead, and after a while down she come. It was jest what I expected. I had half a mind to make some excuse, and go after father, but I hadn't time to get away. She was real beat when she saw who was with me. The Squire had often been to the farm to see father, but it was generally in the daytime, and he seldom came into the house—only once before that I remember.
- "When Letty saw 'twas Hugh Bonsall—there was no light lit, and the room was kind o' dark, so at first she thought it was Luke—she goes and sits away off at the window. Letty allers had a way of showin' her likes and dislikes, for all she was so good and gentle. I saw she didn't relish his bein' there, and it made me feel rather uncomfortable. I couldn't say much.
- "He staid a while longer, and I wished he'd go; for it did seem real forlorn to have him sittin' there, and Letty never sayin' a word, and I only 'yes' and 'no' to his questions. It might be accordin' to Scriptur', which says you mustn't say only 'yea' and 'nay' for fear of somethin' worse. But that a'n't the way I take it.
- "After a while he riz to go, and I never felt so relieved in all my life.
- ""Good-night,' he says to Letty, and he put out his hand to me, and drew me along with him gently. I was glad Letty didn't see this; but I feared she'd think queer of my goin' with him. I reckon I wouldn't have gone if I'd thought a bit; but I did before I knew quite what I was doin'.
- "'Grace,' he says, 'droppin' the Miss—I thought he was rather anxious to get rid of it—
 'I don't want your father to-night. I come here to see you.'
- "He said it, as he might 'a said any thing else, quiet enough; but he was never without liquor in him, and I didn't know how much it had to do with this.
 - "' What did you want of me, Mr. Bonsall?"
- "He looked at me a while without answerin' and tried to take my hand. I drew it from him, and then I heerd Luke comin' out of their gate.
- "'Some other time,' says Hugh, 'I'll tell you;' and as Luke come one way, the Squire went the other.



- him to hear. Maybe he meant he should. don' know.
- "'It was Squire Bonsall,' I says, 'to see father.' I didn't dare tell an out-and-out lie. 'Father's away to the barn; so he wouldn't go to him.' I ought to 'a told Luke more, but I didn't think he'd a right to expect it.
- "We found Letty where I left her, and soon mother j'ined us, with Miss Thorn and Ann, and father come in from the barn; but I didn't speak a word then of the Squire havin' been there for him. Luke was more'n usually quiet. I rather guessed he was uneasy about that. was nateral enough if he was, for a more jealous cretur I never knew than Luke of me along about then. That night, when Letty and I were alone up stairs, she turns to me and says,
 - "' What did Hugh Bonsall want, Grace?"
- "'He come to see father, Letty,' says I, almost chokin' with the lie I told. 'That's what he said,' I added, for my conscience gave me a
- "'He came to see you,' says Letty, lookin' right at me. 'Didn't he tell you so out by the gate?'
- "Well, if I'd been struck by lightnin', I couldn't been more astonished than I was. hadn't any idee that Let was so cute. It did stagger me some; so I up and told her all about it as fur as I knew.
- "'Oh, sister!' says Letty, with her good, kind voice, puttin' her two arms round my neck, 'I hope you won't have any thing to do with him; you'll be miserable all your life if you do. There's poor Luke'-Luke was allers a favorite of hern; not that she loved him, only as a sister may—'who likes you better'n any one in the world. What'll he do if you should lose your heart to this man?
- "I drew myself away from her somewhat impatient, and says I,
- "" Who said any thing about fallin' in love and marryin'? I didn't. Neither did Hugh Bonsall as I knows on. What's it to do with Luke?
- "She wa'n't a bit angry with me, but only shook her head, and looked kind o' sorrowful as she undressed herself for bed. I thought she prayed a little longer than was common with her that night. Perhaps she prayed for methe Lord knows!
- "Next mornin' she seemed to have forgotten all about it, and was as cheery as a lark. Letty allers had a good share of sperrits. She wasn't noisy, like some folks, but never downcast. was her religion kept her up, I guess.
- "After that I begun to think considerable about Hugh Bonsall, and if he really was in 'arnest and wanted me to marry him. It was jest like me; for ef't had been any body else I wouldn't 'a minded about him no more'n I did of the rest of 'em. But as it was, I pestered my life and soul out of me a'most thinkin'. The more I thought the more dissatisfied I was with myself, and for no reason as I could make out. other die as long as he lived.

"''Who's that?" says Luke, loud enough for | But there were reasons, for all I couldn't get at 'em. Maybe I didn't care to. They say there's none so blind as them who won't see. Any how, 'twas all a jumble in my mind. If the Squire would only leave off drinkin' and gamblin', I thought-for they said he did both-I didn't know but what I might come to like him. To be sure I had a kind of hankerin' after Luke all this time; but him and me 'd had a quarrel because of the Squire's comin' so much to our house, and so he kept away pretty much himself. Then, as I've said before, I wasn't so much in love with him but I could live without him; and young gals are more or less uppish in their notions of marryin', and I wasn't behind any of 'em. I was flattered by the Squire's notice of me; and a wonder it is I wasn't over head and ears in love with him right off. Ef't hadn't been for Luke I don't know but I might. The fact is, gals of my age then a'n't acquainted with their ownselves, and when they have two or three beaus it's hard for 'em to tell which they do like the most unless one of 'em's a long ways better'n the others. Nance Doolittle, she was a cousin of ourn—they lived in the village there where Jacob Doolittle lives; he's her nephew-she was a-goin' to marry such a fine young man who was in the tailorin' trade over to Cornwall. He'd taken a great shine to her when she was there, so folks said; and I thought why shouldn't I do as well as she, if not better? This pestered me considerable thinkin' on't. It's allers the way. If one marries a duke, another must marry his older brother. Nancy was goodlookin' enough, and one or two of the young men that come to see me kept company with her, and pretended to think amazin' much of her, too; but for my part I never could see where the attractions was. I allers remembered what mother said to old Miss Clickett when she first heard of Nance's marryin'; but it didn't make no difference to me. Says mother, 'Fine feathers don't make fine birds.' Them's the words she spoke. I allers thought of it; but laws! I was too young and giddy then to see the sense in it.

"Well, it was along in August when one day Hugh come into the garden where I was, and before I knew of his bein' there he stood right aside of me. He asked me to go to a picnic with him next day down toward Torrington. Now I should like to have gone first-rate-nothin' would 'a pleased me better, but I didn't see fit to tell him so, because 'twas out of the question my goin' with him. I knew there wasn't a girl who thought any thing of herself round about for miles that would go any wheres with Hugh Bonsall, except, maybe, to prayer-meetin', and that wasn't a likely place for him.

- "'You know very well I won't go with you," I says; 'and if I would father nor mother wouldn't hear to it.'
- "He didn't seem to mind what I said much. I thought he'd be angry at first. Then he told me how he'd left off all his bad habits, and was never goin' to drink another drop or throw an-



der I made up my mind to give up all my bad ways and try to be worthy the girl I love.

didn't exactly ketch his meanin', and all to once. before I'd thought what I was goin' to say, I

asks him,

"' Who do you love?"

"'You, Grace. Who should it be but you?" Jest then I thought I heerd mother callin'.

"' Haven't you got any thing to say to me, Grace?' he says.

"I grew all over red, up even to the roots of my hair.

"'If you really mean what you say,' I says, 'you may ask father.' I did hear mother callin' then certain, so I ran in.

"I felt nervous and fidgety all that day. Toward sun-down Luke come into the yard where I was milkin'. We hadn't spoken much together for quite a spell. He stood close to me while I milked old brindle. I remember it jest as if it was to-day. When I got done he acted like as if he didn't want me to go in, but kept talkin' to me as though he had somethin' to say behind it all that wouldn't come quite so easy. Bymby he begun to talk a little sweet.

"'Luke Thorn,' says I, 'you mustn't say these things to me.

"'Why not?' he asks, with a smile; for he thought it was only my pettish ways, and he was used to them.

"'Because you mustn't," I says. 'It's not proper.' He laughed outright this time.

"'Why isn't it proper then?' he says. 'It's nothin' more'n I've been accustomed to.'

"Because I'm to be the wife of some one else-that's why, Mr. Thorn.'

"I was sorry after I said it, but I couldn't take it back. I shall never forget how he looked. He was dreadfully cut up. Pretty soon he walked straight off, and left me standin' where I was.

"That night I felt as if I ought to tell Letty what Hugh had said to me in the garden. I couldn't, though, for the life of me. But it wasn't long a secret. Two days after father come in from the barn, and I knew by his looks that Hugh 'd been speakin' to him. Him and mother talked it over by themselves before they said anything to me. When they did Letty was by. Letty didn't take to it kindly. I didn't expect she would. Father and mother both thought it a good match, providin' he'd reformed, and wouldn't backslide none. At any rate, it was agreed, if I liked him, he should have a fair trial. Father would rather it had been some other; and I could see mother didn't know what to think concernin' Luke. She didn't say any thing of him to me: I reckon she and Miss Thorn talked about us.

"As for myself, I tried not to think of him at all, and it wasn't so hard; for I'd begun to consider myself most as good as married to Hugh. I did wish Luke and I'd parted friends; but then | was sadder than any I want to see agin. I al-

"'I owe it to you, Grace,' he says; 'for ever he'd gone off in a huff, and it wasn't for me to since the day I met you in the lane down yon- make advances. Luce, she wa'n't so friendly neither. I suppose she thought I hadn't treated Luke quite right. I was sorry she was offended, "I looked up at him when he said this, for I but I calc'lated she'd get over it. Otherwise I was rather sot up about marryin' the Squire.

"Hugh kept remarkable steady-more so'n I expected he would. I don't know as he drank any all that time. He seemed very fond of me too; and I got to likin' him quite well enough to marry him, I thought. There was hardly a night he wa'n't to our house, and sometimes durin' the day. We were married along in the winter, in December - jest after I'd turned eighteen. I might 'a waited till spring, but Hugh was so anxious, and begged so hard, father thought it wasn't quite fair to put him off. inasmuch as he'd done what was required of him; so I give in, and let him have his own way about it. I missed mother and Letty at first, but they come to see me as often as they could. Hugh was mostly to home, so I didn't get lonesome, and after I got settled I found enough to keep me busy the whole day long. passed glib enough, and I'd begun to think I hadn't made a mistake in marryin' the Squire, for every thing was pleasant, and he as fond of me as the first hour we were married. But this didn't last long. Toward spring I saw there was a cloud gatherin', and I knew before a great while it would break right over me; and sure enough it did. Hugh kind o' wearied of me, wearied of the house, and every thing. He would be gone whole days at a time often. I didn't know where exactly; but I suspected it must be to the tavern, for he come home allers the worse for liquor, and all-fired cross and ugly at times. He'd curse and swear dreadful if any thing went wrong; and once or twice he threatened to strike me if I didn't keep my tongue, for my blood riz right up when he went on so, blamin' me for what couldn't be helped, often. Still I did my best to keep him to home: and now and then I thought to wean him of drink, for he seemed sorrowful-like when he hadn't any liquor in him. I felt a little cheery and hopeful at such times; but mostly I was downhearted, and wished myself back home agin. Now and then my thoughts would run on Luke Thorn; and I thought how much better and happier I'd 'a been if I'd married him. Once I told Hugh so, and it angered him, so I kept quiet afterward. I managed to get on as long as I had mother and Letty to cheer me; but the Squire took a notion he'd rather lowered himself by marryin' me, and swore with a big oath he'd put a stop to this gaddin' back and forth, as he called it. I had to keep pretty close after that. Now and then I managed to slip away; but he kept a prefty sharp look-out, and for some reason he was mostly to home for quite a spell at that time. I reckon he hadn't any money: we were allers pretty scant, and I calc-'lated then he'd spent near all he ever had. That summer Letty grew sick. Them days

lers loved Lettv. see, and it would 'a been somethin' very uncommon if I hadn't. I did so hope and pray she'd get well-prayed in my heart, I mean, for I'd left off kneelin' to God ever since I'd got to be a young woman. That comes of pride and stubbornness, and it was hard to bring myself to it agin. But it wasn't any use to pray, as fur as she was concerned. She died. That was jest before my child was born. Oh how I wished it was me instead! She was too good for this world; so I reckon the Lord thought it best to remove her. It was hard to lose her; and she so young too-jest twenty her last birthday, and that happened in July: it was September then. It seems to me gentle, amiable folks allers are took first. I remember readin' a piece of po'try somewheres, sayin' so. Mother bore up pretty resolute: a dreadful blow it was to her; she seemed to grow old after it fast. I'd seen sister in her coffin, and went home the night before the funeral. Death appeared to give her the only thing she'd ever needed to make her as nigh perfect as could be, and that was beauty. She looked like an angel; and she is one, if God makes angels of them as goes from here. I found Hugh in one of his tantrums. He swore I should stay to home and mind my work—we hadn't any help, he'd sent what we had away-and as for goin' to the funeral, not a step should I take. He stuck to it, and I had to give up. Mother sent for me; but what could I do? Father couldn't think it right to interfere between husband and wife nohow; and so I had to stay where I was. They say a body's heart makes sunshine. Maybe mine made it seem more cloudy 'n it was; but there was no need of it, for a darker, dismaler afternoon I never did see: with the fine rain fallin' the whole time, hardly big enough to see it—which would 'a been somethin' of a relief and I sittin' at the window, watchin' the funeral as it wound along through the lane; and the bell a-tollin' all the while like a voice callin' to me to come. I could see them in the churchvard too-for it was high ground where we lived -mother and father and the Thorns; I picked 'em out from all the rest. I fancied I could a'most hear the dirt rattlin' on the coffin; and when 'twas all over I sat down on the floor and cried till the tears wouldn't flow any longer, and | it. my head ached as ef 'twould split.

"Then Hugh come into the room, and seein' me sittin' there with my eyes all swelled and red, he orders me to get up and leave off cryin'

"' 'Oh Hugh!' I says, for my heart was most breakin', and I thought he might soften to me at such a time.

"Get up and do as I bid you! With that he helps me up by the arm rather rough.

"'Oh Hugh!' I says; 'don't treat me so; don't speak to me so unkind.' He'd been drink-in' considerable, I could see. I put my hand on his shoulder, and leaned my head upon it.

"'Got away!' he says.

We were the only two, you no one to comfort me but him. Seein' I didn't stir, he took me by the wrist, and flung me off; and I fell. I wasn't stunned; but I couldn't move -not enough to get up. He seemed frightened at first, and then he lifted me on to the sofa. I suffered a good deal of pain; and when the doctor come-for Hugh went to fetch him-they undressed me and put me to bed. That same night my baby was born.

"I got well slowly; but I did get well at last, and glad I was to be about agin. My poor child was pretty enough. At any rate I thought so, for I loved it dearly. It was fat and healthy-lookin', and patient as any lamb. Hugh seldom took any notice of it, and when he did 'twas only for a time. He didn't seem to like it. I did hope it would make some difference in him; but if a man's wife can't, his children never will. It was a great comfort to me. There was little enough sunshine for me aside from it. It seemed to have come in place of sister Letty; and when it grew bigger I meant to call it after her, but as it was I got to callin' it Chunk, because it was so fat.

"As near as I remember, it was in January, or, perhaps, the early part of February, I don't exactly know which now, when Hugh come home one night worse'n I'd ever seen him before. The fire was gettin' rather low, for I'd put the last I had on't; but there was a goodly number of live coals in among the ashes yet, enough to keep baby and me tolerably warm where we was sittin', close to't, so's to get as much heat as we could. I thought Hugh looked unusual wild about the eyes; and he seemed cold, too, for he was all of a shiver. It had been snowin' like seven furies outside all day, and he was covered with it. I spoke to him, but he didn't make me no answer, only stalked right up in front of the fire, and gave it a kick with his foot.

""Why don't you put more wood on?' he says.

"'I ain't got none, Hugh,' I answered.

"' What's that?' he asks, pointin' to the child.

"'That's Chunk,' I says, thinkin' to quiet him. 'Don't you know Chunk?'

"He looked at her for a minute with his wild eyes seemin' more wild in the light of the fire, which had brightened up some when he stirred

"'Chunk or a back-log,' says he, 'on the fire it must go!'

"The child screamed when he caught her in his arms; and I held fast to her till he wrenched her from me. The next minute she was strugglin' among the hot ashes. Her cries went through me like so many knives.

"Good Heavens!' I said, 'what have you done?'

"I thought her time had come then. He stood between me and the fire. I tried to get by him, but he kept me off, and looked at me so savagely I should have been frightened if I'd cared about myself at all, but my only thought "I didn't move, for I felt so friendless, with was how to get at baby. Her clothes had begun



to smoke—great clouds went up the chimney, | direction. I wasn't quite clear in my head, and and I knew then she'd be burnt to a cinder if I didn't save her. Luckily her skirts were wet from havin' been in Hugh's arms. I made one more effort. I knew it was the only chance. This time I got past him, and dragged her off before her clothes ketched fire, but the poor little thing's hands, and arms, and face were burnt to blisters. He seemed to have some sort of idee at that moment what it was he'd thrown on the fire-he looked a little scared. When I'd wrapped baby in her blanket I made a run for the door, and locked it on the outside. I listened a while thinkin' he might try to bu'st it open, but he didn't. I heard him go to the bureau, and open one of the drawers. I slipped down stairs, got my bonnet and shawl from off the peg in the kitchen, and away I started for father's, with baby in my arms. I trembled all the while lest Hugh should follow me. It was pitch dark, and the snow was fallin' like mad; and I had a good two-mile walk before me. The wind blew so it wasn't easy gettin' along ag'inst it, and the snow had drifted in a good many places so's to be knee-deep or more. When I got to the lane I found it all choked up. I didn't dare turn back, for I knew if Hugh chanced to get out-and I didn't know but he had-he'd track me right off, and then I'd be sure to meet him. The gate stood partly open, and I turned The snow was amazin' deep just there, it seemed to drift right in and bank up. I hadn't gone fur when it seemed as if all my strength give way to once, and down I went. I lay there some time, although I tried hard to get up; but it wa'n't no use, for I sunk down jest so often. My limbs seemed stiff, and it appeared to me I was cased in ice. The wind was blowin' straight at me, and howlin' like a demon. When it was still, sometimes I could hear baby cry, and every now and then feel her move in my arms; but when she was quiet I got dreadful anxious and nervous. At last I got up. I didn't know but I'd been to sleep. I felt so queer. I couldn't tell where I was till I spied the big tree ahead of me. Then thought I to myself 'I'll get there ef 't kills me. I knew I'd die where I was if I staid. After a while I reached it-I felt relieved some by the effort—and sot down on the sheltered side, where the trunk had kept the ground pretty clear of snow. But it didn't keep me from thinkin' of mother's warm fire. I was thankful I'd got there, however. I drew baby's blanket tight around her, and pressed her close to me. And there I sot. I couldn't go no further, so I tried to make the best of it as it was. Bym-by it quit snowin'. Then the wind went down. The next thing I remember was seein' the stars shinin' overhead, and hearin' a great noise somewheres; it seemed to me down in that part of the lane where I'd come fromflounderin' about, and shoutin' and hollerin' as if for dear life. My blood seemed to friz all of a sudden, for I thought Hugh was after me sure. It come nearer and nearer, but the noise had turned round and seemed to be from t'other | funeral expenses."

this puzzled me. I didn't know what to make of it at first. All to once it struck me it might be father breakin' a way through the snow. When it got quite close to me I tried to call out. It took me some time to find my voice, but I did at last.

"'What's that?' I heerd some one say. sounded like Luke. Then father shouted to the horses to be still, and I called out agin, this time a little louder.

"Good God, it's Grace! I heerd Luke say as he come round the tree. Then I saw both their faces lookin' down at me, and I knew 'twas

"I suppose they lifted me between 'em and carried me away to the house. I wasn't any the wiser for't; if I was I've forgotten. I think I must 'a been pretty nigh dead when they found me. I lay sick a long time to home; so long they thought I was never goin' to get well. But toward spring I begun to pick up some. Then all the past riz up before me as clear as when you see your face in a lookin'-glass, and I missed baby. I didn't dare ask for her at first for fear of the worst. I couldn't learn any thing from mother's face, she was so glad to see me gettin' better, and so I had to come to it. She was dead, poor child! Dead and buried near two months back. I knew it as soon as I spoke her

"I didn't think to ask after Hugh. I supposed he was well; but when I found he didn't come to look after me, and I wasn't goin' back to live with him, I asked father to tell me what he knew, for I begun to suspect somethin' was wrong. He was dead too. I don't know any thing about it more'n he was found so where I left him, after bein' missed for two whole days, and that he'd killed himself. I never asked what with, and no one told me; I can only

"I'd been to home about a year, I reckon, and was beginnin' to be my old self once more, when I noticed Luke Thorn come a little oftener, and acted toward me very much as he had done before I was married to Squire Bonsall. I could see by my lookin'-glass I wasn't the gal I had been out'ardly; but I hope I was some better within. In fact, I know I was. Lucy, she'd got married and lived away off toward Torrington. Ann, she was to be in the spring. One day Luke asked me if I thought I could make two marriages of it; because, as he said, it would come easier to all four. Of course I didn't mince matters any. I loved Luke with all my heart then; so I said 'yes;' and we were married along with Ann. Mother couldn't think of partin' with me, since sister Letty was dead, so we come back here to live, and Luke worked the farm with father. Father died the year after my second child was born, that's fifty-two years this comin' August; mother lived to be well on to seventy. There wasn't enough left out of what Squire Bonsall had to pay his



ROMOLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE."



CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE BLACK MARKS BECOME MAGICAL.

THAT journey of Tito's to Rome, which had removed many difficulties from Romola's departure, had been resolved on quite suddenly, at a supper, only the evening before.

Tito had set out toward that supper with agreeable expectations. The meats were likely to be delicate, the wines choice, the company distinguished; for the place of entertainment was the Selva, or Orto de' Rucellai-or, as we should say, the Rucellai Gardens; and the host, Bernardo Rucellai, was quite a typical Florentine grandee. Even his family name has a significance which is prettily symbolic: properly understood, it may bring before us a little lichen, popularly named orcella or roccella, which grows on the rocks of Greek isles and in the Canaries; and having drunk a great deal of light into its little stems and button-heads, will, under certain circumstances, give it out again as a reddish purple dye, very grateful to the eyes of men. By bringing the excellent secret of this dye, called oricello, from the Levant to Florence, a certain merchant, who lived nearly a hundred years before our Bernardo's time, won for himself and his descendants-much wealth, and the pleasantly-suggestive surname of Oricellari, or Roccellari, which on Tuscan tongues speedily became Rucellai. And our Bernardo, who stands out more prominently than the rest on this purple back-ground, had added all sorts of distinction to the family name: he had married the when Tito stopped at the gate of the Rucellai Digitized by Vol. XXVI-No. 155.—RR

sister of Lorenzo de' Medici, and had had the most splendid wedding in the memory of Florentine upholstery; and for these and other virtues he had been sent on embassies to France and Venice, and had been chosen Gonfaloniere; he had not only built himself a fine palace, but had finished putting the black and white marble façade to the church of Santa Maria Novella; he had planted a garden with rare trees, and had made it classic ground by receiving within it the meetings of the Platonic Academy, orphaned by the death of Lorenzo; he had written an excellent, learned book, of a new topographical sort, about ancient Rome; he had collected antiquities; he had a pure Latinity. The simplest account of him one sees reads like a laudatory epitaph, at the end of which the Greek and Ausonian Muses might be confidently requested to tear their hair, and Nature to desist from any second attempt to combine so many virtues with one set of viscera.

His invitation had been conveyed to Tito through Lorenzo Tornabuoni, with an emphasis which would have suggested that the object of the gathering was political, even if the public questions of the time had been less absorbing. As it was, Tito felt sure that some party purposes were to be furthered by the excellent flavors of stewed fish and old Greek wine; for Bernardo Rucellai was not simply an influential personage, he was one of the elect Twenty who for three weeks had held the reins of Florence. This assurance put Tito in the best spirits as he made his way to the Via della Scala, where the classic garden was to be found: without it, he might have had some uneasy speculation as to whether the high company he would have the honor of meeting was likely to be dull as well as distinguished; for he had had experience of various dull suppers even in the Rucellai gardens, and especially of the dull philosophic sort, wherein he had not only been called upon to accept an entire scheme of the universe (which would have been easy to him), but to listen to an exposition of the same, from the origin of things to their complete ripeness in the tractate of the philosopher then speaking.

It was a dark evening, and it was only when Tito crossed the occasional light of a lamp suspended before an image of the Virgin that the outline of his figure was discernible enough for recognition. At such moments any one caring to watch his passage from one of these lights to another might have observed that the tall and graceful personage with the mantle folded round him was followed constantly by a very different form, thick-set and elderly, in a serge tunic and felt hat. The conjunction might have been taken for mere chance, since there were many passengers along the streets at this hour. But

Original from

gardens the figure behind stopped too. The sportello, or smaller door of the gate, was already being held open by the servant, who, in the distraction of attending to some question, had not yet closed it since the last arrival, and Tito turned in rapidly, giving his name to the servant, and passing on between the evergreen bushes that shone like metal in the torch-light. The follower turned in too.

- "Your name?" said the servant.
- "Baldassarre Calvo," was the immediate an-
- "You are not a guest; the guests have all passed."
- "I belong to Tito Melema, who has just gone in. I am to wait in the gardens."

The servant hesitated. "I had orders to admit only guests. Are you a servant of Messer Tito?"

"No, friend, I am not a servant; I am a scholar."

There are men to whom you need only say, "I am a buffalo," in a certain tone of quiet confidence, and they will let you pass. The porter gave way at once, Baldassare entered, and heard the door closed and chained behind him, as he too disappeared among the shining bushes.

Those ready and firm answers argued a great change in Baldassarre since the last meeting face to face with Tito, when the dagger broke in two. The change had declared itself in a startling way.

At the moment when the shadow of Tito passed in front of the hovel as he departed homeward. Baldassarre was sitting in that state of after-tremor known to every one who is liable to great outbursts of passion-a state in which physical powerlessness is sometimes accompanied by an exceptional lucidity of thought, as if that disengagement of excited passion had carried away a fire-mist and left clearness behind it. He felt unable to rise and walk away just yet; his limbs seemed benumbed; he was cold, and his hand shook. But in that bodily helplessness he sat surrounded, not by the habitual dimness and vanishing shadows, but by the clear images of the past: he was living again in an unbroken course through that life which seemed a long preparation for the taste of bitterness. For some minutes he was too thoroughly absorbed by the images to reflect on the fact that he saw them, and note the fact as a change. But when that sudden clearness had traveled through the distance, and came at last to rest on the scene just gone by, he felt fully where he was: he remembered Monna Lisa and Tessa. Ah! he then was the mysterious husband; he who had another wife in the Via de' Bardi. It was time to pick up the broken dagger and go-go and leave no trace of himself; for to hide his feebleness seemed the thing most like power that was left to him. He leaned to take up the fragments of the dagger; then he turned toward the book which lay open at his side. It was a fine large manuscript, an odd lord of mortals, Pain.

The volume of Pausanias. The moonlight was upon ready it, and he could see the large letters at the head e dis- of the page:

ΜΕΣΣΗΝΙΚΑ. ΚΒ'.

In old days he had known Pausanias familiarly; yet an hour or two ago he had been looking hopelessly at that page, and it had suggested no more meaning to him than if the letters had been black weather-marks on a wall; but at this moment they were once more the magic signs that conjure up a world. That moonbeam falling on the letters had raised Messenia before him, and its struggle against the Spartan oppression. He snatched up the book, but the light was too pale for him to read further by. No matter; he knew that chapter; he read inwardly. He saw the stoning of the traitor Aristocrates-stoned by a whole people, who cast him out from their borders to lie unburied, and set up a pillar with verses upon it, telling how time had brought home justice to the unjust. The words arose within him, and stirred innumerable vibrations of memory. He forgot that he was old: he could almost have shouted. The light was come again, mother of knowledge and joy! In that exultation his limbs recovered their strength. He started up with his broken dagger and book, and went out under the broad moonlight. It was a nipping frosty air, but Baldassarre could feel no chill-he only felt the glow of conscious power. He walked about and paused on all the open spots of that high ground, and looked down on the domed and towered city, sleeping darkly under its sleeping guardians, the mountains; on the pale gleam of the river; on the valley vanishing toward the peaks of snow; and felt himself muster of them all. That sense of mental empire which belongs to us all in moments of exceptional clearness was intensified for him by the long days and nights in which memory had been little more than the consciousness of something gone. That city, which had been a wearv labyrinth, was material that he could subdue to his purposes now. His mind glanced through its affairs with flashing conjecture; he was once more a man who knew cities, whose sense of vision was instructed with large experience, and who felt the keen delight of holding all things in the grasp of language. Names! Images! His mind rushed through its wealth without pausing, like one who enters on a great inheritance.

But amidst all that rushing eagerness there was one end presiding in Baldassarre's consciousness—a dark deity in the inmost cell, who only seemed forgotten while his hetacomb was being prepared. And when the first triumph in the certainty of recovered power had had its way his thoughts centred themselves on Tito. That fair slippery viper could not escape him now. Thanks to struggling justice, the heart that never quivered with tenderness for another had its sensitive selfish fibres that could be reached by the sharp point of anguish. The soul of mostels Pain



He could search into every secret of Tito's life now: he knew some of the secrets already, and the failure of the broken dagger, which seemed like frustration, had been the beginning of achievement. Doubtless that sudden rage had shaken away the obstruction which stifled his soul. Twice before, when his memory had partially returned, it had been in consequence of sudden excitation: once when he had had to defend himself from an enraged dog; once when he had been overtaken by the waves and had had to scramble up a rock to save himself.

Yes; but if this time, as then, the light were to die out, and the dreary conscious blank come back again! This time the light was stronger and steadier; but what security was there that before the morrow the dark fog would not be round him again? Even the fear seemed like the beginning of feebleness: he thought with alarm that he might sink the faster for this excited vigil of his on the hill, which was expending his force; and after seeking anxiously for a sheltered corner where he might lie down, he nestled at last against a heap of warm garden straw, and so fell asleep.

When he opened his eyes again it was daylight. The first moments were filled with strange bewilderment: he was a man with a double identity; to which had he awaked?-to the life of dim-sighted sensibilities, like the sad heirship of some fallen greatness, or to the life of recovered power? Surely the last, for the events of the night all came back to him: the recognition of the page in Pausanias; the crowding resurgence of facts and names; the sudden wide prospect which had given him such a moment as that of the Mænad in the glorious amaze of her morning waking on the mountain top. He took up the book again; he read; he remembered without reading. He saw a name, and the images of deeds rose with it; he saw the mention of a deed, and he linked it with a name. There were stories of inexpiable crimes, but stories also of guilt that seemed successful. were sanctuaries for swift-footed miscreants; baseness had its armor, and the weapons of justice sometimes broke against it. What then? If baseness triumphed every where else, if it could heap to itself all the goods of the world, and even hold the keys of hell, it would never triumph over the hatred itself awaked. It could devise no torture that would seem greater than the torture of submitting to its smile. Baldassarre felt the indestructible, independent force of a supreme emotion, which knows no terror and asks for no motive-which is itself an everburning motive, consuming all other desire. And now, in this morning light, when the assurance came again that the fine fibres of association were active still, and that his recovered self had not departed, all his gladness was but the hope of vengeance.

From that time till the evening on which we have seen him enter the Rucellai gardens he had been incessantly, but cautiously, inquiring into Tito's position and all his circumstances; and be any attempt to apply high philosophic theo-

there was hardly a day on which he did not contrive to follow his movements. But he wished not to arouse any alarm in Tito: he wished to secure a moment when the hated favorite of blind fortune was at the summit of confident case, surrounded by chief men on whose favor he depended. It was not any retributive payment or recognition of himself for his own behoof on which Baldassarre's whole soul was bent: it was to find the sharpest edge of disgrace and shame by which a selfish smiler could be pierced; it was to send through his marrow the most sudden shock of dread. He was content to lie hard and live stintedly—he had spent the greater part of his remaining money in buying another poniard: his hunger and his thirst were after nothing exquisite but an exquisite vengeance. He had avoided addressing himself to any one whom he suspected of intimacy with Tito, lest an alarm raised in Tito's mind should urge him either to flight, or to some other counteracting measure which hard-pressed ingenuity might devise. For this reason he had never entered Nello's shop, which he observed that Tito frequented; and he had turned aside to avoid meeting Piero di Cosimo.

The possibility of frustration gave added eagerness to his desire that the great opportunity he sought should not be deferred. The desire was eager in him on another ground. he trembled lest his memory should go again. Whether from the agitating presence of that fear, or from some other causes, he had twice felt a sort of mental dizziness, in which the inward sense or imagination seemed to be losing the distinct forms of things. Once he had attempted to enter the Palazzo Vecchio and make his way into a council-chamber where Tito was, and had failed. But now on this evening he felt that his occasion was come.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A SUPPER IN THE RUCELLAI GARDENS.

On entering the handsome pavilion Tito's quick glance soon discerned in the selection of the guests the confirmation of his conjecture that the object of the gathering was political, though, perhaps, nothing more distinct than that strengthening of party which comes from goodfellowship. Good dishes and good wine were at that time believed to heighten the consciousness of political preferences; and in the inspired ease of after-supper talk it was supposed that people ascertained their own opinions with a clearness quite inaccessible to uninvited stomachs. The Florentines were a sober and frugal people; but wherever men have gathered wealth Madonna della Gozzoviglia and San Buonvino have had their worshipers; and the Rucellai were among the few Florentine families who kept a great table and lived splendidly. It was not probable that on this evening there would

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ries; and there could be no objection to the bust of Plato looking on, or even to the modest presence of the cardinal virtues in fresco on the walls.

That bust of Plato had been long used to look down on conviviality of a more transcendental sort, for it had been brought from Lorenzo's villa after his death, when the meetings of the Platonic Academy had been transferred to these gardens. Especially on every thirteenth of November, reputed anniversary of Plato's death, it had looked from under laurel leaves at a picked company of scholars and philosophers, who met to eat and drink with moderation, and to discuss and admire, perhaps with less moderation, the doctrines of the great master—on Pico della Mirandola, once a Quixotic young genius, with long curls, astonished at his own powers, and astonishing Rome with heterodox theses; afterward a more humble student, with a consuming passion for inward perfection, having come to find the universe more astonishing than his own cleverness -on innocent, laborious Marsilio Ficino, picked out young to be reared as a Platonic philosopher. and fed on Platonism in all its stages till his mind was perhaps a little pulpy from that too exclusive diet-on Angelo Poliziano, chief literary genius of that age, a born poet, and a scholar without duliness, whose phrases had blood in them and are alive still-or, farther back, on Leon Battista Alberti, a reverend senior when those three were young, and of a much grander type than they—a robust, universal mind, at once practical and theoretic, artist, man of science, inventor, poet; and on many more valiant workers whose names are not registered where every day we turn the leaf to read them; but whose labors make a part, though an unrecognized part, of our inheritance, like the plowing and sowing of past generations.

Bernardo Rucellai was a man to hold a distinguished place in that Academy even before he became its host and patron. He was still in the prime of life, not more than four and forty, with a somewhat haughty, cautiously-dignified presence; conscious of an amazingly pure Latinity, but, says Erasmus, not to be caught speaking Latin—no word of Latin to be sheared off him by the sharpest of Teutons. He welcomed Tito with more marked favor than usual, and gave him a place between Lorenzo Tornabuoni and Giannozzo Pucci, both of them accomplished young members of the Medicean party.

Of course, the talk was the lightest in the world while the brass bowl, filled with scented water, was passing round, that the company might wash their hands, and rings flashed on white fingers under the wax-lights, and there was the pleasant fragrance of fresh white damask newly come from France. The tone of remark was a very common one in those times. Some one asked what Dante's pattern old Florentine would think if the life could come into him again under his leathern belt and bone clasp, and he could see silver forks on the table. And it was agreed on all hands that the habits

of posterity would be very surprising to ancestors, if ancestors could only know them. And while the silver forks were just dallying with the appetizing delicacies that introduced the more serious business of the supper—such as morsels of liver, cooked to that exquisite point that they would melt in the mouth—there was time to admire the designs on the enameled silver centres of the brass service, and to say something, as usual, about the silver dish for confetti, a masterpiece of Antonio Pollajuolo, whom patronizing Popes had seduced from his native Florence to more gorgeous Rome.

"Ah! I remember," said Niccolò Ridolfi, a middle-aged man, with that negligent ease of manner which, seeming to claim nothing, is really based on the life-long consciousness of commanding rank—"I remember our Antonio getting bitter about his chiseling and enameling of these metal things, and taking in a fury to painting, because, said he, 'the artist who puts his work into gold and silver puts his brains into the melting-pot."

"And that is not unlikely to be a true foreboding of Antonio's," said Giannozzo Pucci.
"If this pretty war with Pisa goes on, and the revolt only spreads a little to our other towns, it is not only our silver dishes that are likely to go; I doubt whether Antonio's silver saints round the altar of San Giovanni will not some day vanish from the eyes of the faithful to be worshiped more devoutly in the form of coin."

"The Frate is preparing us for that already," said Tornabuoni. "He is telling the people that God will not have silver crucifixes and starving stomachs; and that the church is best adorned with the gems of holiness and the fine gold of brotherly love."

"A very useful doctrine of war-finance, as many a Condottiere has found," said Bernardo Rucellai, dryly. "But politics come on after the confetti, Lorenzo, when we can drink wine enough to wash them down; they are too solid to be taken with roast and boiled."

"Yes, indeed," said Niccolò Ridolfi. "Our Luigi Pulci would have said this delicate boiled kid must be eaten with an impartial mind. I remember one day at Careggi, when Luigi was in his rattling vein, he was maintaining that nothing perverted the palate like opinion. 'Opinion,' said he, 'corrupts the saliva-that's why men took to pepper. Skepticism is the only philosophy that doesn't bring a taste in the mouth.' 'Nay,' says poor Lorenzo de' Medici, 'you must be out there, Luigi. Here is this untainted skeptic, Matteo Franco, who wants hotter sauce than any of us.' 'Because he has a strong opinion of himself,' flashes out Luigi, 'which is the original egg of all other opinion. He a skeptic? He believes in the immortality of his own verses. He is such a logician as that preaching friar who described the pavement of the bottomless pit.' Poor Luigi! his mind was like sharpest steel, that can touch nothing without cutting."

"And yet a very gentle-hearted creature,"





said Giannozzo Pucci. "It seemed to me his talk was a mere blowing of soap-bubbles. What dithyrambs he went into about eating and drinking! and yet he was as temperate as a butterfly."

The light talk and the solid eatables were not soon at an end; for after the roast and boiled meats came the indispensable capon and game, and, crowning glory of a well-spread table, a peacock cooked according to the recipe of Apicius for cooking partridges, namely, with the feathers on, but not plucked afterward, as that toughness, and prefer the vulgar digestibility of great authority ordered concerning his partridges; capon.

on the contrary, so disposed on the dish that it might look as much as possible like a live peacock taking its unboiled repose. Great was the skill required in that confidential servant who was the official carver, respectfully to turn the classical though insipid bird on its back, and expose the plucked breast from which he was to dispense a delicate slice to each of the honorable company, unless any one should be of so independent a mind as to decline that expensive Horace, and dispersed his slice in small particles over his plate; Bernando Rucellai made a learned observation about the ancient price of peacocks' eggs, but did not pretend to eat his slice; and Niccolò Ridolfi held a mouthful on his fork while he told a favorite story of Luigi Pulci's, about a man of Siena, who, wanting to give a splendid entertainment at moderate expense, bought a wild goose, cut off its beak and webbed feet, and boiled it in its feathers, to pass for a pea-hen.

In fact, very little peacock was eaten; but there was the satisfaction of sitting at a table where peacock was served up in a remarkable manner, and of knowing that such caprices were not within reach of any but those who supped with the very wealthiest men. And it would have been rashness to speak slightingly of peacock's flesh, or any other venerable institution, at a time when Fra Girolamo was teaching the disturbing doctrine that it was not the duty of the rich to be luxurious for the sake of the poor.

Meanwhile, in the chill obscurity that surrounded this centre of warmth, and light, and savory odors, the lonely disowned man was walking in gradually narrowing circuits. He paused among the trees, and looked in at the windows, which made brilliant pictures against the gloom. He could hear the laughter; he could see Tito gesticulating with careless grace, and hear his voice, now alone, now mingling in the merry confusion of interlacing speeches. Baldassarre's mind was highly strung. He was preparing himself for the moment when he could win his entrance into this brilliant company; and he had a savage satisfaction in the sight of Tito's easy gayety, which seemed to be preparing the unconscious victim for more effective torture.

But the men seated among the branching tapers and the flashing cups could know nothing of the pale fierce face that watched them from without. The fight can be a curtain as well as · the darkness.

And the talk went on with more eagerness as it became less disconnected and trivial. The sense of citizenship was just then strongly forced even on the most indifferent minds. What the overmastering Fra Girolamo was saying and prompting was really uppermost in the thoughts of every one at table; and before the stewed fish was removed, and while the favorite sweets were yet to come, his name rose to the surface of the conversation, and, in spite of Rucellai's previous prohibition, the talk again became political. At first, while the servants remained present, it was mere gossip: what had been done in the Palazzo on this first day's voting for the Great Council; how hot-tempered and domineering Francesco Valori was, as if he were to have every thing his own way by right of his austere virtue; and how it was clear to every body who heard Soderini's speeches in favor of the Great Council, and also heard the Frate's sermons, that they were both kneaded in the same trough.

Hardly any one was so bold. Tito quoted | the Frate has a longer head for public matters than Soderini or any Piagnone among them: you may depend on it that Soderini is his mouthpiece more than he is Soderini's."

> "No, Niccolo; there I differ from you," said Bernardo Rucellai: "the Frate has an acute mind, and readily sees what will serve his own ends; but it is not likely that Pagolantonio Soderini, who has had long experience of affairs, and has specially studied the Venetian Council. should be much indebted to a monk for ideas on that subject. No, no: Soderini loads the cannon; though, I grant you, Fra Girolamo brings the powder and lights the match. He is master of the people, and the people are getting master of us. Ecco!"

> "Well," said Lorenzo Tornabuoni, presently, when the room was clear of servants, and nothing but wine was passing round, "whether Soderini is indebted or not, we are indebted to the Frate for the general amnesty which has gone along with the scheme of the Council. We might have done without the fear of God and the reform of morals being passed by a majority of black beans; but that excellent proposition, that our Medicean heads should be allowed to remain comfortably on our shoulders, and that we should not be obliged to hand over our property in fines, has my warm approval, and it is my belief that nothing but the Frate's predominance could have procured that for us. And you may rely on it that Fra Girolamo is as firm as a rock on that point of promoting peace. I have had an interview with him."

> There was a murmur of surprise and curiosity at the farther end of the table; but Bernardo Rucellai simply nodded, as if he knew what Tornabuoni had to say, and wished him to go

> "Yes," proceeded Tornabuoni, "I have been favored with an interview in the Frate's own cell, which, let me tell you, is not a common favor; for I have reason to believe that even Francesco Valori very seldom sees him in private. However, I think he saw me the more willingly because I was not a ready-made follower, but had to be converted. And, for my part, I see clearly enough that the only safe and wise policy for us Mediceans to pursue is to throw our strength into the scale of the Frate's party. We are not strong enough to make head on our own behalf; and if the Frate and the popular party were upset, every one who hears me knows perfectly well what other party would be uppermost just now: Nerli, Albizzi, Pazzi, and the rest-Arrabbiati, as somebody christened them the other day - who, instead of giving us an amnesty, would be inclined to fly at our throats like mad dogs, and not be satisfied till they had banished half of us."

> There were strong interjections of assent to this last sentence of Tornabuoni's, as he paused and looked round a moment.

"A wise dissimulation," he went on, "is the only course for moderate rational men in times "My opinion is," said Niccolò Ridolfi, "that | of violent party feeling. I need hardly till this



I am not the only man here who has strong personal ties to the banished family; but, apart from any such ties, I agree with my more experienced friends, who are allowing me to speak for them in their presence, that the only lasting and peaceful state of things for Florence is the predominance of some single family interest. This theory of the Frate's, that we are to have a popular government, in which every man is to strive only for the general good, and know no party names, is a theory that may do for some isle of Cristoforo Colombo's finding, but will never do for our fine old quarrelsome Florence. A change must come before long, and with patience and caution we have every chance of determining the change in our favor. Meanwhile, the best thing we can do will be to keep the Frate's flag flying, for if any other were to be hoisted just now it would be a black flag for us."

"It's true," said Niccolò Ridolfi, in a curt, decisive way. "What you say is true, Lorenzo. For my own part, I am too old for any body to believe that I've changed my feathers. And there are certain of us-our old Bernardo del Nero for one—whom you would never persuade to borrow another man's shield. But we can lie still, like sleepy old dogs; and it's clear enough that barking would be of no use just now. As for this psalm-singing party, who vote for nothing but the glory of God, and want to make believe we can all love each other, and talk as if vice could be swept out with a besom by the Magnificent Eight, their day will not be a long one. After all the talk of scholars, there are but two sorts of government: one where men show their teeth at each other, and one where men show their tongues and lick the feet of the strongest. They'll get their Great Council finally voted to-morrow—that's certain enough -and they'll think they've found out a new plan of government; but as sure as there's a human skin under every lucco in the Council, their new plan will end like every other, in snarling or in licking. That's my view of things as a plain man. Not that I consider it becoming in men of family and following, who have got others depending on their constancy and on their sticking to their colors, to go a hunting with a fine net to catch reasons in the air, like doctors of law. I say frankly that, as the head of my family, I shall be true to my old alliances; and I have never yet seen any chalk-mark on political reasons to tell me which is true and which is false. My friend Bernardo Rucellai here is a man of reasons, I know, and I've no objection to any body's finding fine-spun reasons for me, so that they don't interfere with my actions as a man of family who has faith to keep with his connections."

"If that is an appeal to me, Niccolò," said Bernardo Rucellai, with a formal dignity, in amusing contrast with Ridolfi's curt and pithy ease, "I may take this opportunity of saying, bitten with notions, and has not your power of

company what are my real political attachments: | long-standing personal relations, I can not enter into any positive schemes with persons over whose actions I have no control. I myself might be content with a restoration of the old order of things; but with modifications—with important modifications. And the one point on which I wish to declare my concurrence with Lorenzo Tornabuoni is, that the best policy to be pursued by our friends is to throw the weight of their interest into the scale of the popular party. For myself, I condescend to no dissimulation: nor do I at present see the party or the scheme that commands my full assent. In all alike there is crudity and confusion of ideas, and of all the twenty men who are my colleagues in the present crisis, there is not one with whom I do not find myself in wide disagreement."

Niccolò Ridolfi shrugged his shoulders, and left it to some one else to take up the ball. As the wine went round the talk became more and more frank and lively, and the desire of several at once to be the chief speaker, as usual caused the company to break up into small knots of two and three. It was a result which had been foreseen by Lorenzo Tornabuoni and Giannozzo Pucci, and they were among the first to turn aside from the high-road of general talk and enter into a special conversation with Tito, who sat between them; gradually pushing away their seats, and turning their backs on the table and

"In truth, Melema," Tornabuoni was saying at this stage, laying one hose-clad leg across the knee of the other, and caressing his ankle, "I know of no man in Florence who can serve our party better than you. You see what most of our friends are: men who can no more hide their prejudices than a dog can hide the natural tone of his bark, or else men whose political ties are so notorious that they must always be objects of suspicion. Giannozzo here, and I, I flatter myself, are able to overcome that suspicion; we have that power of concealment and finesse. without which a rational cultivated man, instead of having any prerogative, is really at a disadvantage compared with a wild bull or a savage. But, except yourself, I know of no one else on whom we could rely for the necessary discretion."

"Yes," said Giannozzo Pucci, laying his hand on Tito's shoulder, "the fact is, Tito mio, you can help us better than if you were Ulysses himself, for I am convinced that Ulysses often made himself disagreeable. To manage men one ought to have a sharp mind in a velvet sheath. And there is not a soul in Florence who could undertake a business like this journey to Rome, for example, with the same safety that you can. There is your scholarship, which may always be a pretext for such journeys; and what is better, there is your talent, which it would be harder to match than your scholarship. Niccolò Macchiavelli might have done for us if he had been on our side, but hardly so well. He is too much that while my wishes are partly determined by fascination. All the worse for him. He has



lost a great chance in life, and you have got it.

"Yes," said Tornabuoni, lowering his voice in a significant manner, "you have only to play your game well, Melema, and the future belongs to you. For the Medici, you may rely upon it, will keep a foot in Rome as well as in Florence, and the time may not be far off when they will be able to make a finer career for their adherents even than they did in old days. Why shouldn't you take orders some day? There's a cardinal's hat at the end of that road, and you would not be the first Greek who has worn that ornament."

Tito laughed gayly. He was too acute not to measure Tornabuoni's exaggerated flattery, but still the flattery had a pleasant flavor.

"My joints are not so stiff yet," he said, "that I can't be induced to run without such a high prize as that. I think the income of an abbey or two held 'in commendam,' without the trouble of getting my head shaved, would satisfy me at present."

"I was not joking," said Tornabuoni, with grave suavity; "I think a scholar would always be the better off for taking orders. But we'll talk of that another time. One of the objects to be first borne in mind, is that you should win the confidence of the men who hang about San Marco; that is what Giannozzo and I shall do, but you may carry it farther than we can, because you are less observed. In that way you can get a thorough knowledge of their doings, and you will make a broader screen for your agency on our side. Nothing of course can be done before you start for Rome, because this bit of business between Piero de' Medici and the French nobles must be effected at once. I mean when you come back, of course; I need say no more. I believe you could make yourself the pet votary of San Marco, if you liked; but you are wise enough to know that effective dissimulation is never immoderate."

"If it were not that an adhesion to the popular side is necessary to your safety as an agent of our party, Tito mio," said Giannozzo Pucci, who was more fraternal and less patronizing in his manners than Tornabuoni, "I could have wished your skill to have been employed in another way, for which it is still better fitted. But now we must look out for some other man among us who will manage to get into the confidence of our sworn enemies, the Arrabbiati; we need to know their movements more than those of the Frate's party, who are strong enough to play above board. Still, it would have been a difficult thing for you, from your known relations with the Medici a little while back, and that sort of kinship your wife has with Bernardo del Nero. We must find a man who has no distinguished connections, and who has not yet taken any side."

Tito was pushing his hair back automatically, as his manner was, and looking straight at Pucci with a scarcely perceptible smile on his lip.

"No need to look out for any one else," he said, promptly; "I can manage the whole busi- evoe!" fell in startling isolation.

ness with perfect ease. I will engage to make myself the special confidant of that thick-headed Dolfo Spini, and know his projects before he knows them himself."

Tito seldom spoke so confidently of his own powers, but he was in a state of exaltation at the sudden opening of a new path before him. where fortune seemed to have hung higher prizes than any he had thought of hitherto. Hitherto he had seen success only in the form of favor; it now flashed on him in the shape of power-of such power as is possible to talent without traditional ties, and without beliefs. Each party that thought of him as a tool might become dependent on him. His position as an alien, his indifference to the ideas or prejudices of the men among whom he moved, were suddenly transformed into advantages; he became newly conscious of his own adroitness in the presence of a game that he was called on to play. And all the motives which might have made Tito shrink from the triple deceit that came before him as a tempting game, had been slowly strangled in him by the successive falsities of his life.

Our lives make a moral tradition for our individual selves, as the life of mankind at large makes a moral tradition for the race; and to have once acted greatly seems to make a reason why we should always be noble. But Tito was feeling the effect of an opposite tradition: he had won no memories of self-conquest and perfect faithfulness from which he could have a sense of falling.

The triple colloquy went on with growing spirit till it was interrupted by a call from the table. Probably the movement came from the listeners in the party, who were afraid lest the talkers should tire themselves. At all events it was agreed that there had been enough gravity, and Rucellai had just ordered new flasks of Montepulciano.

"How many minstrels are there among us?" he said, when there had been a general rallying round the table. "Melema, I think you are the chief: Matteo will give you the lute."

"Ah, yes!" said Giannozzo Pucci, "lead the last chorus from Poliziano's Orfeo, that you have found such an excellent measure for, and we will all fall in:

Ciascun segua, o Bacco, te: Bacco, Bacco, evoè, evoè!"

The servant put the lute into Tito's hands, and then said something in an under-tone to his master. A little subdued questioning and answering went on between them, while Tito touched the lute in a preluding way to the strain of the chorus, and there was a confusion of speech and musical humming all round the table. Bernardo Rucellai had said, "Wait a moment, Melema;" but the words had been unheard by Tito, who was leaning toward Pucci, and singing low to him the phrases of the Mænad-chorus. He noticed nothing until the buzz round the table suddenly ceased, and the notes of his own voice, with its soft, low-toned triumph, "Evoè, evoè!" fell in startling isolation.



It was a strange moment. Baldassarre had moved round the table till he was opposite Tito, and as the hum ceased there might be seen for an instant Baldassarre's fierce dark eyes bent on Tito's bright smiling unconsciousness, while the low notes of triumph dropped from his lips into the silence.

Tito looked up with a slight start, and his lips turned pale, but he seemed hardly more moved than Giannozzo Pucci, who had looked up at the same moment-or even than several others round the table; for that sallow, deeplined face with the hatred in its eves seemed a terrible apparition across the wax-lit ease and gayety. And Tito quickly recovered some selfcommand. "A mad old man-he looks like it -he is mad!" was the instantaneous thought that brought some courage with it; for he could conjecture no inward change in Baldassarre since they had met before. He just let his eyes fall and laid the lute on the table with apparent ease; but his fingers pinched the neck of the lute hard while he governed his head and his glance sufficiently to look with an air of quiet appeal toward Bernardo Rucellai, who said at once-

"Good man, what is your business? What is the important declaration that you have to make?"

"Messer Bernardo Rucellai, I wish you and your honorable friends to know in what sort of company you are sitting. There is a traitor among you."

There was a general movement of alarm. Every one present, except Tito, thought of political danger, and not of private injury.

Baldassarre began to speak as if he were thoroughly assured of what he had to say; but, in spite of his long preparation for this moment, there was the tremor of overmastering excitement in his voice. His passion shook him. He went on, but he did not say what he had meant to say. As he fixed his eyes on Tito again the passionate words were like blows-they defied premeditation.

"There is a man among you who is a scoundrel, a liar, a robber. I was a father to him. I took him from beggary when he was a child. I reared him, I cherished him, I taught him, I made him a scholar. My head has lain hard that his might have a pillow. And he left me in slavery; he sold the gems that were mine, and when I came again he denied me."

The last words had been uttered with almost convulsed agitation, and Baldassarre paused, trembling. All glances were turned on Tito, who was now looking straight at Baldassarre. It was a moment of desperation that annihilated all feeling in him, except the determination to risk any thing for the chance of escape. And he gathered confidence from the agitation by which Baldassarre was evidently shaken. He had ceased to pinch the neck of the lute, and had thrust his thumbs into his belt, while his lips had begun to assume a slight curl. He had

to the smallest animal that could utter a cry. but at that moment he would have been capable of treading the breath from a smiling child for the sake of his own safety.

"What does this mean, Melema?" said Bernardo Rucellai, in a tone of cautious surprise. He, as well as the rest of the company, felt relieved that the tenor of the accusation was not political.

"Messer Bernardo," said Tito, "I believe this man is mad. I did not recognize him the first time he encountered me in Florence, but I know now that he is the servant who years ago accompanied me and my adoptive father to Greece, and was dismissed on account of misdemeanors. His name is Jacopo di Nola. Even at that time I believe his mind was unhinged. for, without any reason, he had conceived a strange hatred toward me; and now I am convinced that he is laboring under a mania which causes him to mistake his identity. He has already attempted my life since he has been in Florence; and I am in constant danger from him. But he is an object of pity rather than of indignation. It is too certain that my father is dead. You have only my word for it; but I must leave it to your judgment how far it is probable that a man of intellect and learning would have been lurking about in dark corners for the last month with the purpose of assassinating me; or how far it is probable that, if this man were my second father, I could have any motive for denying him. That story about my being rescued from beggary is the vision of a diseased brain. But it will be a satisfaction to me at least if you will demand from him proofs of his identity, lest any malignant person should choose to make this mad impeachment a reproach to me."

Tito had felt more and more confidence as he went on: the lie was not so difficult when it was once begun; and as the words fell easily from his lips, they gave him a sense of power such as men feel when they have begun a muscular feat successfully. In this way he acquired boldness enough to end with the challenge for

Baldassarre, while he had been walking in the gardens, and afterward waiting in an outer room of the pavilion with the servants, had been making anew the digest of the evidence he would bring to prove his identity and Tito's baseness, recalling the description and history of his gems, and assuring himself by rapid mental glances that he could attest his learning and his travels. It might be partly owing to this nervous strain that the new shock of rage that he felt as Tito's lie fell on his ears brought a strange bodily effect with it: a cold stream seemed to rush over him, and the last words of the speech seemed to be drowned by ringing chimes. Thought gave way to a dizzy horror, as if the earth were slipping away from under him. Every one in the room was looking at him as Tito ended, and saw that the eyes which had had such fierce intensity never yet done an act of murderous cruelty even only a few minutes before had a vague fear in them. He clutched the back of a seat, and was silent.

Hardly any evidence could have been more in favor of Tito's assertion.

"Surely I have seen this man before, somewhere," said Tornabuoni.

"Certainly you have," said Tito, readily, in a low tone. "He is the escaped prisoner who clutched me on the steps of the Duomo. I did not recognize him then; he looks now more as he used to do, except that he has a more unmistakable air of mad imbecility."

"I cast no doubt on your word, Melema," said Bernardo Rucellai, with cautious gravity; "but you are right to desire some positive test of the fact." Then turning to Baldassarre, he said, "If you are the person you claim to be, you can doubtless give some description of the gems which were your property. I myself was the purchaser of more than one gem from Messer Tito—the chief rings, I believe, in his collection. One of them is a fine sard, engraved with a subject from Homer. If, as you allege, you are a scholar, and the rightful owner of that ring, you can doubtless turn to the noted passage in Homer from which that subject is taken. Do you accept this test, Melema? or have you any thing to allege against its validity? The Jacopo you speak of, was he a scholar?"

It was a fearful crisis for Tito. If he said "Yes," his quick mind told him that he would shake the credibility of his story: if he said "No," he risked every thing on the uncertain extent of Baldassarre's imbecility. But there was no noticeable pause before he said, "No. I accept the test."

There was a dead silence while Rucellai moved toward the recess where the books were, and came back with the fine Florentine Homer in his hand. Baldassarre, when he was addressed, had turned his head toward the speaker, and Rucellai believed that he had understood him. But he chose to repeat what he had said, that there might be no mistake as to the test.

"The ring I possess," he said, "is a fine sard, engraved with a subject from Homer. There was no other at all resembling it in Messer Tito's collection. Will you turn to the passage in Homer from which that subject is taken? Seat yourself here," he added, laying the book on the table, and pointing to his own seat while he stood beside it.

Baldassarre had so far recovered from the first confused horror produced by the sensation of rushing coldness and chiming din in the ears as to be partly aware of what was said to him; he was aware that something was being demanded from him to prove his identity, but he formed no distinct idea of the details. The sight of the book recalled the habitual longing and faint hope that he could read and understand, and he moved toward the chair immediately. The book was open before him, and he bent his head a little toward it, while every body watched him eagerly. He turned no leaf. His eyes wandered over the pages that lay before him, and then

fixed on them with a straining gaze. This lasted for two or three minutes in dead silence. Then he lifted his hands to each side of his head, and said, in a low tone of despair, "Lost, lost!"

There was something so piteous in the wandering look and the low cry, that, while they confirmed the belief in his madness, they raised compassion. Nay, so distinct sometimes is the working of a double consciousness within us, that Tito himself, while he triumphed in the apparent verification of his lie, wished that he had never made the lie necessary to himself—wished he had recognized his father on the steps—wished he had gone to seek him—wished every thing had been different. But he had borrowed from the terrible usurer Falsehood, and the loan had mounted and mounted with the years, till he belonged to the usurer body and soul.

The compassion excited in all the witnesses was not without its danger to Tito; for conjecture is constantly guided by feeling, and more than one person suddenly conceived that this man might have been a scholar and have lost his faculties. On the other hand, they had not present to their minds the motives which could have led Tito to the denial of his benefactor, and having no ill-will toward him, it would have been difficult to them to believe that he had been uttering the basest of lies. And the originally common type of Baldassarre's person, coarsened by years of hardship, told as a confirmation of Tito's lie. If Baldassarre, to begin with, could have uttered precisely the words he had premeditated, there might have been something in the form of his accusation which would have given it the stamp, not only of true experience, but of mental refinement. But there had been no such testimony in his impulsive, agitated words; and there seemed the very opposite testimony in the rugged face, and the coarse hands that trembled beside it, standing out in strong contrast in the midst of that velvet-clad, fair-handed company. His next movement, while he was being watched in silence, told against him too. He took his hands from his head, and felt for something under his tunic. Every one guessed what that movement meant-guessed that there was a weapon at his side. Glances were interchanged, and Bernardo Rucellai said, in a quiet tone, touching Baldassarre's shoulder,

"My friend, this is an important business of yours. You shall have all justice. Follow me into a private room."

Baldassarre was still in that half-stunned state in which he was susceptible to any prompting, in the same way as an insect, that forms no conception of what the prompting leads to. He rose from his seat, and followed Rucellai out of the room.

In two or three minutes Rucellai came back again, and said:

book was open before him, and he bent his head a little toward it, while every body watched him eagerly. He turned no leaf. His eyes wandered over the pages that lay before him, and then ace for a couple of sbirri, who may escort him



to the Stinche?* If there is any danger in him, as I think there is, he will be safe there; and we can inquire about him to-morrow."

Pitti assented, and the order was given.

"He is certainly an ill-looking fellow," said Tornabuoni. "And you say he has attempted your life already, Melema?"

And the talk turned on the various forms of madness, and the fierceness of the southern blood. If the seeds of conjecture unfavorable to Tito had been planted in the mind of any one present, they were hardly strong enough to grow without the aid of much daylight and ill-will. The common-looking, wild-eyed old man, clad in serge, might have won belief without very strong evidence, if he had accused a man who was envied and disliked. As it was, the only congruous and probable view of the case seemed to be the one that sent the unpleasant accuser safely out of sight, and left the pleasant, serviceable Tito just where he was before.

The subject gradually floated away, and gave place to others, till a heavy tramp, and something like the struggling of a man who was being dragged away, were heard outside. The sounds soon died out, and the interruption seemed to make the last hour's conviviality more resolute and vigorous. Every one was willing to forget a disagreeable incident.

Tito's heart was palpitating, and the wine tasted no better to him than if it had been blood.

To-night he had paid a heavier price than ever to make himself safe. He did not like the price, and yet it was inevitable that he should be glad of the purchase.

And after all he led the chorus. He was in a state of excitement in which oppressive sensations, and the wretched consciousness of something hateful but irrevocable, were mingled with a feeling of triumph which seemed to assert itself as the feeling that would subsist and be master of the morrow.

And it was master. For on the morrow, as we saw, when he was about to start on his mission to Rome, he had the air of a man well satisfied with the world.

CHAPTER XL.

AN ARRESTING VOICE.

When Romola sat down on the stone under the cypress all things conspired to give her the sense of freedom and solitude: her escape from the accustomed walls and streets; the widening distance from her husband, who was by this time riding toward Siena, while every hour would take her farther on the opposite way; the morning stillness; the great dip of ground on the road-side making a gulf between her and the sombre calm of the mountains. For the first time in her life she felt alone in the presence of the earth and sky, with no human presence interposing and making a law for her.

• The largest prison in Florence.

Suddenly a voice close to her said,

"You are Romola de' Bardi, the wife of Tito Melema."

She knew the voice: it had vibrated through her more than once before; and because she knew it she did not turn round to look up. She sat shaken by awe, and yet inwardly rebelling against the awe. It was one of those black-skirted monks who was daring to speak to her, and interfere with her privacy: that was all. And yet she was shaken, as if that destiny which men thought of as a sceptred deity had come to her and grasped her with fingers of flesh.

"You are fleeing from Florence in disguise. I have a command from God to stop you. You are not permitted to flee."

Romola's anger at the intrusion mounted higher at these imperative words. She would not turn round to look at the speaker, whose examining gaze she resented. Sitting quite motionless, she said,

"What right have you to speak to me, or to hinder me?"

"The right of a messenger. You have put on a religious garb, and you have no religious purpose. You have sought the garb as a disguise. But you were not suffered to pass me without being discerned. It was declared to me who you were: it is declared to me that you are seeking to escape from the lot God has laid upon you. You wish your true name and your true place in life to be hidden, that you may choose for yourself a new name and a new place, and have no rule but your own will. And I have a command to call you back. My daughter, you must return to your place."

Romola's mind rose in stronger rebellion with every sentence. She was the more determined not to show any sign of submission, because the consciousness of being inwardly shaken made her dread lest she should fall into irresolution. She spoke with more irritation than before.

"I will not return. I acknowledge no right of priests and monks to interfere with my actions. You have no power over me."

"I know—I know you have been brought up in scorn of obedience. But it is not the poor monk who claims to interfere with you: it is the truth that commands you. And you can not escape it. Either you must obey it, and it will lead you; or you must disobey it, and it will hang on you with the weight of a chain which you will drag forever. But you will obey it, my daughter. Your old servant will return to you with the mules: my companion is gone to fetch him; and you will go back to Florence."

She started up with anger in her eyes and faced the speaker. It was Fra Girolamo: she knew that well enough before. She was nearly as tall as he was, and their faces were almost on a level. She had started up with defiant words ready to burst from her lips, but they fell back again without utterance. She had met Fra Girolamo's calm glance, and the impression from it was so new to her that her anger sank ashamed as something irrelevant.



There was nothing transcendent in Savonarola's face. It was not beautiful. It was strongfeatured, and owed all its refinement to habits of mind and rigid discipline of the body. The source of the impression his glance produced on Romola was the sense it conveyed to her of interest in her, and care for her, apart from any personal feeling. It was the first time she had encountered a gaze in which simple human fellowship expressed itself as a strongly-felt bond. Such a glance is half the vocation of the priest or spiritual guide of men, and Romola felt it impossible again to question his authority to speak to her. She stood silent, looking at him. And he spoke again.

"You assert your freedom proudly, my daughter. But who is so base as the debtor that thinks himself free?"

There was a sting in those words, and Romola's countenance changed as if a subtle pale flash had gone over it.

"And you are flying from your debts: the debt of a Florentine woman; the debt of a wife. You are turning your back on the lot that has been appointed for you—you are going to choose another. But can man or woman choose duties? No more than they can choose their birth-place, or their father and mother. My daughter, you are fleeing from the presence of God into the wilderness."

As the anger melted from Romola's mind, it had given place to a new presentiment of the strength there might be in submission, if this man, at whom she was beginning to look with a vague reverence, had some valid law to show her. But no—it was impossible; he could not know what determined her. Yet she could not again simply refuse to be guided; she was constrained to plead; and in her new need to be reverent while she resisted, the title which she had never given him before came to her lips without forethought,

"My father, you can not know the reasons which compel me to go. None can know them but myself. None can judge for me. I have been driven by great sorrow. I am resolved to go."

"I know enough, my daughter: my mind has been so far illuminated concerning you that I know enough. You are not happy in your married life; but I am not a confessor, and I seek to know nothing that should be reserved for the seal of confession. I have a divine warrant to stop you, which does not depend on such knowledge. You were warned by a message from heaven, delivered in my presence—you were warned before marriage, when you might still have lawfully chosen to be free from the marriage bond. But you chose the bond; and in willfully breaking it-I speak to you as a pagan, if the holy mystery of matrimony is not sacred to you-you are breaking a pledge. Of what wrongs will you complain, my daughter, when you yourself are committing one of the greatest wrongs a woman and a citizen can be guilty of

pledge which you have given in the face of God and your fellow-men? Of what wrongs will you complain, when you yourself are breaking the simplest law that lies at the foundation of the trust which binds man to man—faithfulness to the spoken word? This, then, is the wisdom you have gained by scorning the mysteries of the Church?—not to see the bare duty of integrity, where the Church would have taught you to see, not integrity only, but religion."

The blood had rushed to Romola's face, and she shrank as if she had been stricken. "I would not have put on a disguise," she began; but she could not go on—she was too much shaken by the suggestion in the Frate's words of a possible affinity between her own conduct and Tito's.

"And to break that pledge you fly from Florence—Florence, where there are the only men and women in the world to whom you owe the debt of a fellow-citizen."

"I should never have quitted Florence," said Romola, tremulously, "as long as there was any hope of my fulfilling a duty to my father there."

"And do you own no tie but that of a child to her father in the flesh? Your life has been spent in blindness, my daughter. You have lived with those who sit on a hill aloof, and look down on the life of their fellow-men. I know their vain discourse. It is of what has been in the times which they fill with their own fancied wisdom, while they scorn God's work in the present. And doubtless you were taught how there were pagan women who felt what it was to live for the republic; yet you have never felt that you, a Florentine woman, should live for Florence. If your own people are wearing a yoke, will you slip from under it, instead of struggling with them to lighten it? There is hunger and misery in our streets, yet you say, 'I care not; I have my own sorrows; I will go away, if peradventure I can ease them.' The servants of God are struggling after a law of justice, peace, and charity, that the hundred thousand citizens among whom you were born may be governed righteously; but you think no more of that than if you were a bird, that may spread its wings and fly whither it will in search of food to its liking. And yet you have scorned the teaching of the Church, my daughter. As if you, a willful wanderer, following your own blind choice, were not below the humblest Florentine woman who stretches forth her hands with her own people, and craves a blessing for them; and feels a close sisterhood with the neighbor who kneels beside her and is not of her own blood; and thinks of the mighty purpose that God has for Florence; and waits and endures because the promised work is great, and she feels herself little."

"I was not going away to ease and self-indulgence," said Romola, raising her head again, with a prompting to vindicate herself. "I was going away to hardship. I expect no joy: it is gone from my life."

wrongs a woman and a citizen can be guilty of "You are seeking your own will, my daugh—withdrawing in secrecy and disguise from a ter You are seeking some good other than the



law you are bound to obey. But how will you derer flying from suffering, and blindly seeking river that flows from the foot of the Invisible say again, man can not choose his duties. You may choose to forsake your duties, and choose will go forth; and what will you find, my daughter? Sorrow without duty—bitter herbs, and no bread with them."

"But if you knew," said Romola, clasping her hands and pressing them tight, as she looked pleadingly at Fra Girolamo-"if you knew what it was to me-how impossible it seemed to me to bear it."

"My daughter," he said, pointing to the cord round Romola's neck, "you carry something within your mantle; draw it forth and look at it."

Romola gave a slight start, but her impulse now was to do just what Savonarola told her. Her self-doubt was grappled by a stronger will and a stronger conviction than her own. She drew forth the crucifix. Still pointing toward it, he said.

"There, my daughter, is the image of a Supreme Offering, made by Supreme Love, because the need of man was great."

He paused, and she held the crucifix trembling-trembling under a sudden impression of the wide distance between her present and her past self. What a length of road she had traveled through since she first took that crucifix from the Frate's hands! Had life as many secrets before her still as it had for her then, in her young blindness? It was a thought that helped all other subduing influences; and at the sound of Fra Girolamo's voice again, Romola, with a quick, involuntary movement, pressed the crucifix against her mantle, and looked at him with more submission than before.

"Conform your life to that image, my daughter; make your sorrow an offering; and when the fire of divine charity burns within you, and you behold the need of your fellow-men by the light of that flame, you will not call your offering great. You have carried yourself proudly, as one who held herself not of common blood or of common thoughts; but you have been as one unborn to the true life of man. What! you say your love for your father no longer tells you to stay in Florence? Then, since that tie is snapped, you are without a law, without religion: you are no better than a beast of the field when she is robbed of her young. If the yearning of a fleshly love is gone, you are without love, without obligation. See, then, my daughter, how you are below the life of the believer who worships that image of the Supreme Offering, and feels the glow of a common life with the lost multitude for whom that offering was made, and beholds the history of the world as the history of a great redemption in which he is himself a fellow-worker, in his own place and among his own people! If you held that faith, my beloved daughter, you would not be a wan- walls of the city where you dwell: you would

find good? It is not a thing of choice: it is a the good of a freedom which is lawlessness. You would feel that Florence was the home of your Throne, and flows by the path of obedience. I soul as well as your birth-place, because you would see the work that was given you to do there. If you forsake your place, who will fill not to have the sorrow they bring. But you it? You ought to be in your place now, helping in the great work by which God will purify Florence and raise it to be the guide of the nations. What! the earth is full of iniquity-full of groans—the light is still struggling with a mighty darkness, and you say, 'I can not bear my bonds; I will burst them asunder; I will go where no man claims me?' My daughter, every bond of your life is a debt: the right lies in the payment of that debt; it can lie nowhere else. In vain will you wander over the earth; you will be wandering forever away from the right."

> Romola was inwardly struggling with strong forces: that immense personal influence of Savonarola, which came from the energy of his emotions and beliefs; and her consciousness, surmounting all prejudice, that his words implied a higher law than any she had yet obeyed. But the resisting thoughts were not yet overborne.

> "How then could Dino be right? He broke ties. He forsook his place."

> "That was a special vocation. He was constrained to depart, else he could not have attained the higher life. It would have been stifled within him."

> "And I too," said Romola, raising her hands to her brow, and speaking in a tone of anguish, as if she were being dragged to some torture. "Father, you may be wrong."

"Ask your conscience, my daughter. You have no vocation such as your brother had. You are a wife. You seek to break your ties in self-will and anger, not because the higher life calls upon you to renounce them. The higher life begins for us, my daughter, when we renounce our own will to bow before a divine law. That seems hard to you. It is the portal of wisdom, and freedom, and blessedness. And the symbol of it hangs before you. That wisdom is the religion of the cross. And you stand aloof from it: you are a pagan; you have been taught to say, 'I am as the wise men who lived before the time when the Jew of Nazareth was crucified.' And that is your wisdom! To be as the dead whose eyes are closed, and whose ear is deaf to the work of God that has been since their time. What has your dead wisdom done for you, my daughter? It has left you without a heart for the neighbors among whom you dwell, without care for the great work by which Florence is to be regenerated and the world made holy; it has left you without a share in the divine life which quenches the sense of suffering Self in the ardors of an evergrowing love. And now, when the sword has pierced your soul, you say, 'I will go away; I can not bear my sorrow.' And you think nothing of the sorrow and the wrong that are within the



"FATHER, I WILL BE GUIDED."

filled with your pity and your labor. If there is wickedness in the streets, your steps should shine with the light of purity; if there is a cry of anguish, you, my daughter, because you know the meaning of the cry, should be there to still it. My beloved daughter, sorrow has come to teach you a new worship: the sign of it hangs before you."

Romola's mind was still torn by conflict. She foresaw that she should obey Savonarola And the instinctive shrinking from a return to

leave your place empty, when it ought to be | and go back: his words had come to her as if they were an interpretation of that revulsion from self-satisfied ease, and of that new fellowship with suffering which had already been awakened in her. His arresting voice had brought a new condition into her life, which made it seem impossible to her that she could go on her way as if she had not heard it; yet she shrank as one who sees the path she must take, but sees, too, that the hot lava lies there.



her husband brought doubts. She turned away
her eyes from Fra Girolamo, and stood for a
minute or two with her hands hanging clasped
before her, like a pale statue. At last she spoke,
as if the words were being wrung from her, still
looking on the ground,

"My husband.....he is not.....my love is gone!"

"My daughter, there is the bond of a higher love. Marriage is not carnal only, made for selfish delight. See what that thought leads you to! It leads you to wander away in a false garb from all the obligations of your place and name. That would not have been if you had learned that it is a sacramental vow, from which none but God can release you. My daughter, your life is not as a grain of sand, to be blown by the winds; it is as flesh and blood, that dies if it be sundered. Your husband is not a male-factor?"

Romola flushed and started. "Heaven forbid! No; I accuse him of nothing."

"I did not suppose he was a malefactor I meant that if he were a malefactor your place would be in the prison beside him. My daughter, if the cross comes to you as a wife, you must carry it as a wife. You may say, 'I will forsake my husband,' but you can not cease to be a wife."

"Yet if—oh how could I bear—" Romola had involuntarily begun to say something which she sought to banish from her mind again.

"Make your marriage sorrows an offering too, my daughter-an offering to the great work by which sin and sorrow are being made to cease. The end is sure, and is already beginning. Here in Florence it is beginning, and the eyes of faith behold it. And it may be our blessedness to die for it: to die daily by the crucifixion of our selfish will—to die at last by laying our bodies on the altar. My daughter, you are a child of Florence; fulfill the duties of that great inheritance. Live for Florence-for your own people, whom God is preparing to bless the earth. Bear the anguish and the smart. The iron is sharp - I know, I know - it rends the tender flesh. The draught is bitterness on the lips. But there is rapture in the cup—there is the vision which makes all life below it dross forever. Come, my daughter, come back to your place!"

While Savonarola spoke with growing intensity, his arms tightly folded before him still, as they had been from the first, but his face alight as from an inward flame, Romola felt herself surrounded and possessed by the glow of his passionate faith. The chill doubts all melted away; she was subdued by the sense of something unspeakably great to which she was being called by a strong being who roused a new strength within herself. In a voice that was like a low, prayerful cry, she said:

"Father, I will be guided. Teach me! will go back."

Almost unconsciously she sank on her knees. Savonarola stretched out his hands over her; but feeling would no longer pass through the channel of speech, and he was silent.

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CHAPTER XLI.

COMING BACK.

"RISE, my daughter," said Fra Girolamo at last. "Your servant is waiting not far off with the mules. It is time that I should go onward to Florence."

Romola arose from her knees. That silent attitude had been a sort of sacrament to her, confirming the state of yearning passivity on which she had newly entered. By the one act of renouncing her resolve to quit her husband her will seemed so utterly bruised that she felt the need of direction even in small things. She lifted up the edge of her cowl, and saw Maso and the second Dominican standing with their backs toward her on the edge of the hill, about ten yards from her; but she looked at Savonarola again without speaking, as if the order to Maso to turn back must come from him and not from her.

"I will go and call them," he said, answering her glance of appeal; "and I will recommend you, my daughter, to the Brother who is with me. You desire to put yourself under guidance, and to learn that wisdom which has been hitherto as foolishness to you. A chief gate of that wisdom is the sacrament of confession. You will need a confessor, my daughter, and I desire to put you under the care of Fra Salvestro, one of the brethren of San Marco in whom I most confide."

"I would rather have no guidance but yours, father," said Romola, looking anxious.

"My daughter, I do not act as a confessor. The vocation I have withdraws me from offices that would force me into frequent contact with the laity, and interfere with my special duties."

"Then shall I not be able to speak to you in private; if I waver.....if—" Romola broke off from rising agitation. She felt a sudden alarm lest her new strength in renunciation should vanish if the immediate personal influence of Savonarola vanished.

"My daughter, if your soul has need of the word in private from my lips, you will let me know it through Fra Salvestro, and I will see you in the sacristy or in the choir of San Marco. And I will not cease to watch over you. I will instruct my brother concerning you, that he may guide you into that path of labor for the suffering and the hungry to which you are called as a daughter of Florence in these times of hard need. I desire to behold you among the feebler and more ignorant sisters as the apple-tree among the trees of the forest, so that your fairness and all natural gifts may be but as a lamp through which the Divine light shines the more purely. I will go now and call your servant."

When Maso had been sent a little way in advance, Fra Salvestro came forward, and Savonarola led Romola toward him. She had beforehand felt an inward shrinking from a new guide, who was a total stranger to her; but to have resisted Savonarola's advice would have been to assume an attitude of independence at

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a moment when all her strength must be drawn from the renunciation of independence. And the whole bent of her mind now was toward doing what was painful rather than what was easy. She bowed reverently to Fra Salvestro before looking directly at him, but when she raised her head and saw him fully her reluctance became a palpitating doubt. There are men whose presence infuses trust and reverence; there are others to whom we have need to carry our trust and reverence ready-made; and that difference flashed on Romola as she ceased to have Savonarola before her, and saw in his stead Fra Salvestro Maruffi. It was not that there was any thing manifestly repulsive in Fra Salvestro's face and manner, any air of hypocrisy, any tinge of coarseness; his face was handsomer than Fra Girolamo's, his person a little taller. He was the long-accepted confessor of many among the chief personages in Florence, and had therefore had large experience as a spiritual director. But his face had the vacillating expression of a mind unable to concentrate itself strongly in the channel of one great emotion or belief, an expression which is fatal to influence over an ardent nature like Romola's. Such an expression is not the stamp of insincerity; it is the stamp simply of a shallow soul, which will often be found sincerely striving to fill a high vocation, sincerely composing its countenance to the utterance of sublime formulas, but finding the muscles twitch or relax in spite of belief, as prose insists on coming instead of poetry to the man who has not the divine frenzy. Fra Salvestro had a peculiar liability to visions, dependent apparently on a constitution given to somnambulism. Savonarola believed in the supernatural character of these visions, while Fra Salvestro himself had originally resisted such an interpretation of them, and had even rebuked Savonarola for his prophetic preaching. Another proof, if one were wanted, that the relative greatness of men is not to be gauged by their tendency to disbelieve the superstitions of their age. For of these two there can be no question which was the great man and which the small.

The difference between them was measured very accurately by the change in Romola's feeling as Fra Salvestro began to address her in words of exhortation and encouragement. After her first angry resistance of Savonarola had passed away, she had lost all remembrance of the old dread lest any influence should drag her within the circle of fanaticism and sour monkish piety. But now again the chill breath of that dread stole over her. It could have no decisive effect against the impetus her mind had just received; it was only like the closing of the gray clouds over the sunrise, which made her returning path monotonous and sombre.

And perhaps of all sombre paths that on which we go back after treading it with a strong resolution is the one that most severely tests the city gates the light snow-flakes fell about them, | pulled Joe's dark head down to mine and kissed

and as the gray sister walked hastily homeward from the Piazza di San Marco and trod the bridge again, and turned in at the large door in the Via de' Bardi, her footsteps were marked darkly on the thin carpet of snow, and her cowl fell laden and damp about her face.

She went up to her room, threw off her serge. destroyed the parting letters, replaced all her precious trifles, unbound her hair, and put on her usual black dress. Instead of taking a long exciting journey, she was to sit down in her usual place. The snow fell against the windows, and she was alone.

She felt the dreariness, yet her courage was high, like that of a seeker who has come on new signs of gold. She was going to thread life by a fresh clew. She had thrown all the energy of her will into renunciation. The empty tabernacle remained locked, and she placed Dino's crucifix outside it.

Nothing broke the outward monotony of her solitary home till the night came like a white ghost at the windows. Yet it was the most memorable Christmas-eve in her life to Romola, this of 1494.

MY THANKSGIVING.

MUST go, Annie!" said Joe, speaking with a calm resolution that I felt to be final and fatal; all the more so that he put his arm round me as he spoke, and drew me to him in a clasp so close that it said more than words. Granny looked up from the chimney-corner where she sat, and said, in her feeble voice and deliberate accent,

"Who died for us!"

These few words, so seemingly irrelevant, but merely seeming so because they drew a deeper significance than from the shallow present alone, smote on my ear like a knell. I looked up into Joe's face as it bent over me, brown and stern and sad, and as I looked, with all my life in the gaze, a cold shadow stole across that living countenance-it grew cold, rigid, ghastly; the mouth parted over its set teeth; the eyelids closed-it was a dead face. I involuntarily uttered a little shriek; and then for one second heard a word breathed through Joe's lips, and knew that he was not dead but praying.

"What is it, Annie?" said he, gently. "Oh, Joe! I can not, can not bear it!"

"My child, you must. This is no time for a man to be at home, no time for a woman to be a coward. You must not make me weak or send me away lonely; for I should be doubly alone if I thought my-my wife, Annie, could not strike hands with me in this good cause."

The words breathed a steady glow of strength into me. I saw what I ought to do, what I must do for him; and from its broken deeps in my breaking heart the old Puritan blood that trickled from Winslow's veins down through mine answered to the appeal, and fired my brain fervor of renunciation. As they re-entered the and steadied my voice with its firm pulses. I



his lips. I was not his wife yet-perhaps now I never should be; but heart and soul we were indissolubly bound, and I had a right to kiss him without blushes or trembling. Hard, hard it was! Myriads of us all over this struggling, bleeding country know how hard; and know that even at this deadly crisis we could hold open arms to rebel women, and weep with them in the divine reconciliation of a mutual sorrow. Harder it was to me because, just now, I knew for the first time how utterly I loved Joe; and to tell why, I must go back a little into my past.

Granny Harding, who sat there in the fireplace corner, was Joe's great-grandmother as well as mine, though we were not even third cousins for all that; Joe's grandfather was her own son, my grandmother was her step-daughter; the relationship was scarce worth mentioning, nor would it have been recorded, unless in the big Bible, except that all the Harding race had always lived and died in Stoneboro. My grandmother was the parson's wife there; my father succeeded his father in the office, and was called "the minister" instead of "the parson." Father and mother both died when I was nine years old, and Cousin Aristarchus Harding, Joe's father, was my guardian. So I went to his house—the old Harding homestead—to live, and found there Joe, three years older than I, and Cordelia, of my own age.

Probably the reason I had never fallen in love, as girls say, with Joe, was because I lived in the same house with him. He was always kind, and good, and considerate; but I was romantic, and in some respects a fool. I could not hang my ideal lover on the aspect of a young man I saw eating and drinking, and mowing and splitting wood, and making fires, and driving oxen; a man in his shirt-sleeves and an old hat. It was impossible to feel a sentimental and highflown interest, such as Thaddeus of Warsaw would have excited, in an ordinary farmer, who only did his duty from day to day, and never talked about congeniality of soul or magnetic. sympathies. Joe was not so hard to please; he began to love me very early; every thing I did was right and pleasant in his eves. I suited him exactly. My sauciness bewitched him; my prettiness, such as it was, pleased his taste; I always knew what he thought, and understood what he meant to say when he could not express it; I liked the things he liked, and I teased his monotonous farm-life into vitality I was his romance; and it cruelly smote Joe when I fell in love with—somebody else!

Why, in the name of common sense, when I had beside me this true, generous, gentle man, who was as much devoted to me as a man can be, I threw myself away on a hard, cool, selfish, imperious nature that only gave me the careless affection one bestows on a pretty child they have no time to love, Heaven only knows! It is a part of the mysteries we live in, that women have done, do, and will do so till time shall be no more; and there must be some good purpose of compensation or discipline in it; but it is a strenuousness, cherished its memory, dwelt on OL. XXVI - No. 155.—S 8

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deadly experience, and, where it is not mortal, leaves frightful scars on heart and mind. I am inclined to think those whose ties of this kind culminate in marriage suffer more than those who escape before it; in either case it is bad enough. I was eighteen when I met this man, whose name I have no desire to recall—ten of my life's best years he wasted. In those ten years I loved him with the eager, faithful passion of youth and womanhood, grew slowly to know him, ruminated over this bitter herb of knowledge, till my life was burnt with its acrid essence into pale ashes. For five years he had made love to me, taught me to love, to doubt, to dread him; then, tired of his toy, he left me and Stoneboro, and for five more years I was broken in health and spirit down to the very dust. People in Stoneboro said I was "disappointed." So I was.

In the mean time Cordelia married and moved away. I did not miss her particularly. She was a good, placid, amiable creature, mildly pious and very commonplace. I should have loved her better if I had not been absorbed in my own affairs. The first thing that roused me from my self-absorbed misery was cousin Martha Harding's falling into a severe illness. If I loved any body then better than myself, which I doubt, it was Cousin Martha. was the sweetest of sweet women; not with the super-saccharine manner of fashion and society -no more like that suave and popular sweetness than maple-sugar is like Maillard's confectionery; but her nature was as fragrant and satisfying as wild honey. The homely flavor of a New England farm-life touched all she said with a certain quaintness, and her serene but trenchant common sense and acute insight kept her unfailing good-nature from insipidity. She was quite deaf; a loss which added to her manner the exquisite gentleness rarely found except in the deaf, and very rarely among them; for it takes, as old Parson Winslow, my grandfather, used to say, "grace and gifts too" to bear such a deprivation with patience till it blossoms into a beauty. And this lovely, loving woman, who had been my mother in a certain imperfect sense, fell into a wasting consumption; and when I knew it I put aside my long repining, or rather it crept away before the face of so vital and inevitable a sorrow.

But all this long time Joe, though I did not see it, had watched me with the tenderest care -his heart had been scarce less wrung with my trouble than my own-but had given no sign to vex me. He had been my protector against rude tongues and the pangs that careless ones can inflict. He had tried with all his might to allay my physical suffering, and patiently striven to heal my mind, but in vain. I had adopted fully the girl's idea that constancy is a virtue instead of a fact, and long after I knew thoroughly how ill-placed my love had been, what sure and life-long misery I had lost in losing that love. I still clung to its ghost with dreary

spent sleepless nights and long days in persuading myself that my heart was dead in my breast -that I had loved once for all, and lived my life out. All this Joe saw; but with a fidelity that shamed my pretense to it, he really loved me still. He did not grieve, or fret, or give up his time and health, but, like the true man he was, only threw himself into harder work, and fed his self-denying love with such considerate care, such tender thought, such unflagging service for me, that he was almost happy in his pure self-devotion.

He grew gray, it is true, in those ten years; his dark curls were full of silver threads; the gay, bright face, scarce handsome, but full of intellect, and as gracious as summer in its smile, was thinner than it should have been, deep-lined about its grave lips, and serious even to sadness; but he went about his life's business so earnestly, with such energy and cheer-was so helpful to every body, so kind, so strong-that nobody knew what he felt, or how he suffered, but Cousin Martha. To her he told every thought of his heart; and it was the very bitterness of death to Joe, when he at length was forced to see that mortal disease had fastened on that mother, dearer even than I.

Three long years life flashed and faded, and flashed again, in that racked frame, till it could bear no longer those terrible alternations. Consumption has in it a certain practical sarcasm that is hard to bear: it makes a mock of weakness with its sudden but false strength; it fires the eye, and paints the cheek, and sends vivid fever through the leaping pulse, till immortal youth and strength seem to defy death, and riot in their splendors; then comes the recoil of mortal weakness, a sunken cheek, a colorless lip, a dim and glazing eye, coughs that rend the panting breast, pains like the torture of rack and wheel in every wasted limb, the dreadful gush of scarlet blood, the utter prostration of arterial life, the passive sinking of nerve, and excitement of brain; and then again, reeling from the very abyss of death, the tormented prey of this vulture rises to life, blooms, brightens, exults, till another hour turns the descending scale. Three long years Joe and I watched and waited together. Cordelia was in Minnesota with a flock of little children, and we had Cousin Martha all to ourselves; for Granny was now ninety-three, and could not help us, except that she was able, with very little aid, to take care of herself. And Cousin Aristarchus was no help; his great slow-beating heart knew but one intense passion, and that was for his wife, and now he suffered accordingly. He would come into the room where she lay, stand and look at her with such an expression in his rough face. reddened with summer sun and winter frost through fifty-five years of a farmer's hardships, that I could not look at him. It was a dull, uncomprehending anguish at first, like the look of an animal in mortal pain, but deepening, as

its frail souvenirs, recalled its raptures, and | fering, heightened by wild conflict with the inevitable Will that could alone save, but offered here neither help nor hope. If she opened her large languid eyes to look at him, or smiled, as she could sometimes smile, with a look that was almost supernatural in its triumph of love, pity, and patience over the extremity of pain, he turned at once and went away-where, nobody knew. I happened once to be in the barn looking for a fresh egg, when he rushed by, without seeing me at all, and flinging himself at length on the hay, groaned, and sobbed, and writhed, and cried out so bitterly, that it was terrible to see or hear. I crept away silently, awed and sick at heart. I had not supposed such feeling was possible in a man. I had judged them all with warped judgment from the one I knew best. I had no faith in them; but this was real. What could life offer to a woman better than such a mighty love as this? My unconscious egotism prompted one little questionwould Joe ever love like his father?

So, as I said, Mr. Harding could not share our care; he felt too much, and no discipline of life had ever taught him self-control. But we had no need of aid. Joe was one of those rare men who have a woman's perception as well as a man's strength, and with his aid Cousin Martha needed no other nurse than me.

At last she kept her bed; she could not sit up even for an hour; but still her cheerful voice, her unselfish regard for our strength and comfort, her patience in pain, her upholding religion, triumphed over these terrors and pangs of mortality. I could not understand her. To die, to be exiled forever from this body and this dear earth, to tempt an utterly untried existence, to lose that locality of place and time that the trembling soul lays hold of when it shudders at its own eternity and infinite capacities, to enter the cold newness of another world, austere from its very strangeness, with such simple courage, such certainty, such calm faith, surprised me all the time: it seemed incredible. But Joe also partook of this vital belief. He talked calmly of that near and unseen world, and of his mother's passage thither. In the midst of his tenderest cares, he had lips overflowing with the trumpet blasts of the Gospel; his face kindled with victory, his voice thrilled with assurance for her, even while the depth of settled sorrow in his eye showed no stir, no spark: it was for himself he had to grieve, and he forgot himself; for her he was triumphant. If I had stopped to look into my own heart I should have seen how effectually it was laying hold upon another love, as different from my first as the yellow wheat ear is from the springing blade.

But while day after day I drew nearer to Joe in feeling, and regarded him with such a quiet sense of safety and repose, I did not, could not, stop to dream of love. I was learning a new lesson-learning to believe. The feeble emotional pretext I had called religion, and professed as such, that had crumbled away in the days went on, into the extremity of human suf- convulsive grasp of sorrow and left me unsup-



ported, was being gradually replaced by a living faith. Blessed is the woman who loves a man better than she is! It is not often so; but it is the sure seal of that marriage that God ordained, and typified by His love for the Church, when King and Priest reign and minister in the sacred cloisters of home, and give themselves, even as He gave Himself, for the love and teaching of the weaker. I did not know where I was, till one day, about a month before Cousin Martha died, I observed her look follow Joe wistfully out of the room, and then turn to me with a curious expression of regret and longing. Involuntarily I said,

"What is it, dear?"

"Come here, Annie," said she. So I went and kneeled down by the bedside.

"I want to tell you something, my child. Joe loves you dearly.

"Oh, Cousin, you don't know! He doesn't; how could he?"

"But he does; and has for this fourteen years."

"Love me? I am not fit for Joe to love."

"Annie, I don't believe dying wishes are more to be regarded than living ones; they are all liable to be short-sighted and selfish. must promise not to feel bound by any desire of mine; but I must tell you how happy it would make me if you could love Joe enough to marry

I buried my head in my hands. "Cousin Martha, you are mistaken. Joe doesn't love me: think how old I am-I was thirty last spring—and how homely I am, and not good either; and-and besides, I have loved somebody else."

A smile just glittered wanly in her eyes, and she laid her hand on my hair as I looked up at her with a burning face. "Poor child!" said she. "I know how you have suffered, though I never said so to you. Those things are best kept silent. But Joe is a better man than that one: and he loves you better, believe it, for I know it. And now we will let the matter rest."

"God is good!" said Granny. She had a strange way of coming out with apparently irrelevant bits of Scripture, or odd proverbs, or sayings of her own, at times when no one supposed she heard or saw what was going on, as she seemed sunk in her habitual reverie.

"Yes, he is!" said Cousin Martha.

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I think I said so too, mentally, as I got up and went out of doors into the little bit of woods that sloped up the hill-side behind the barn, where I sat down under a great oak-tree through whose gnarled boughs, just roughened with buds, the March sunshine streamed strangely warm. I could not believe it! Was I in love again? Was this strong torrent of emotion a new freshet in the stream that had wrecked me before? Did I love Joe Harding? I'm afraid I did, even then. I recognized with a certain pang the old rush of feeling, yet not now the vague, feverish emotion that had wrapped my whole nature in for hours we saw him no more. Joe would not a light blaze before; but a deeper, steadier fire, let him be looked for, and at sunset he reap-

that rose heavenward with solemn aspiration as from an altar, and promised to be life-giving instead of deadly. I ought, perhaps, to be sorry to confess that I did not stop to regret my beautiful theory of constancy; I never was a very introspective person. The thing was gone, and there was an end of it for me. The theory had disproved itself, and so was negatived, that was only another fact. I found time afterward to be heartily glad that I could love again, and so much more deeply. This unutterable rest, this serene rapture, one hour of which was worth a year of the excitement and restless wearving delight of my youth, was certainly a thing to be glad of, unless one had been more or less than a woman.

One thing struck me to the heart whenever I dared look that way: the possibility that Joe might not love me after all; that Cousin Martha was mistaken. It seemed so impossible. My youth was gone, my beauty faded, my vivacity all fled; I had been made the sport of another man, and thrown away by him when he tired. Was there in humanity such redeeming love as could stoop to gather this weed of my life and wear it for a cognizance? I should as soon think of giving to a lover some wan and withered rose picked up from the pavement, without beauty or freshness, as the worthless gift I was. Cousin Martha must be mistaken. How could he love me? Before, and of that other, I had said so many times with hot and salt tears, "How could he help loving me?"

I went back to my room and looked into the glass, a new bloom shone on the old face, but did not transfigure it. There were the pale, worn features, the sad eyes, the bands of hair still shining but all threaded with snow, the lightly tinted lips that were so tremulous and grieving now, instead of smiling and firm. I was old. I turned away with a sigh from that vision. Men do not love beauty more than women, only they are more frank to own it; and to lose mine. which was always that of color and outline rather than feature, was hard.

Cousin Martha grew worse that night, and kept worse. No more respites for her; the hour came fast that should take her from us, and, except as a thought that I kept to rest myself with at intervals of watching and nursing, I heard and knew no more of Joe's love for me.

At length she died, not with any parting word or message, not with any scene; but fell asleep like a tired child, holding her husband's hand. There was no need of audible triumph in her testimony; her life was her witness, and they who had seen its quiet course knew from what source it sprung, to what glad sea it hastened. Joe and I also sat beside her, and when we saw that it was over he gently lifted her hand from his father's clasp and laid it back at her side. Mr. Harding looked up with dreadful questioning in his eyes, and then looked at her. He went out of the door and out of the house, and

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peared. He never said any thing, but from that day was a broken man; his grizzled hair turned white, his keen eye was dimmed, his voice husky; even the rugged and set features learned to quiver with passing emotions; the firm temper became fitful; he asked help that he laughed at before; he clung to those about him in little wavs hitherto unknown to him. I never loved him as much. Granny looked at Cousin Martha's pallid but fair aspect, and took the wasted hand in hers: she did not moan nor weep-all she said was, "Behold how He loved him!"

There was no other change than this inevitable change of loss. The fire seemed to have gone out of our lives, the light to be extinguished, it is true; but the household ways went on as usual, for I had taken charge of them long before, and now they were my sole occupation.

One day in May, when all the trees were full of opal tints, pink, or green, or dusky with young buds, and even the oaks put out tiny velvet leaves of tender pink from the heart of every new shoot, Joe asked me to go to the grave-yard with him; and when we had planted by his mother's grave a rose-bush and some English violets, we strolled away into the woods and sat down on a log. Below us lay the Stoneboro valley, with its bright river sparkling in and out among the hills, and a soft south wind blew on us with odors of dead and new leaves, the fresh scent of grass, and breath of orchards in bloom. We sat a long time in silence, and then Joe said,

"Annie, can you possibly love me enough?" "I'll try," said I, with half a laugh, though I could hardly speak at all.

He put his arm round me and kissed me gravely, and that was all we said. I felt so safe, so rested, so consoled. I did not want words, and he seemed not to have them. I forgot how old and plain and undeserving I was: I ought to have refused him for his own good; but I couldn't. I was not very good, and I was so glad he loved me.

When we went home there was a little blaze kindled on the kitchen-hearth; we sat there in winter and spring always, for it was never used as a kitchen, and Granny's bedroom opened out of it. To-night she sat there in the flicker of the blaze knitting placidly as usual. Her delicate pale face, her soft hair, white as milk-weed down, her light gray dress and full-folded white cap, handkerchief, and linen apron gave her the look of a white moth, such as peers in through the window on some June night, with elfin visage and bright dark eyes. She looked up as we came in, and gazed intently at us for a minute, then nodded with a satisfied air, and said, "Fulfilling of the law."

Joe smiled, and I believe I blushed: next morning Cousin Aristarchus, when I came down to breakfast, came and shook hands with me, and looked the other way all the time. It was all he could do, and a great effort for him; so I accepted it as a congratulation and welcome. he was well and gravely cheerful.

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It was about three weeks after this that Joe came in and told me he had enlisted and was going to the war, as I said in the beginning of my story. He had longed to go all the time, but could not think it right to leave his mother. especially as she begged him to stay with her while she lived. Now when rebellion was higher-handed than ever, the army of the Peninsula in deadly straits, the West in terror, and two new calls proclaimed by the President, go he must. Now was the time for men, if ever.

I had to consent, of course. I am not a heroic woman. I was not glad to have him go, yet I should have been thoroughly ashamed had he staid; doubly ashamed to have felt afterward that, even at the saving of his life, he had deserted his country at need. No. Unhappy enough are those women who lose their dearest in battle, though they fight and fall in the good cause; but wretched, far beyond any loss, are they whose unwomanly fears keep from the country's service men she needs-who must say to their children afterward, answering their childquestions, "Your father did not go to the war: I would not let him."

No such fate for me. Dear as Joe was to me, dearer every day-far more dear than I thought any living creature could ever be-I choked down my agonies of foreboding, and let him go. In this my sole comfort was preparing his outfit. Granny knit him more stockings than he could take, and every little contrivance that might add to his comfort I took pride in discovering and procuring. He enlisted as private in a company of the Sixteenth Connecticut Volunteers, which in August went into camp at Hartford. Once he came home to Stoneboro for a three-days' furlough, and we had one talk that I shall never forget.

"Annie," said he, "I want you to promise me something. I know how you will miss me, and how hard a time you will have; but promise you will not let your grief interfere with the usual routine of home. I don't mean simply on Granny's account and father's, but on your own. Keep up all the old ways, for the sake of your own quiet. Don't let the farm go back because I'm not here; father will feel more interest in it if you are interested. Go to church, and to singing-meeting, and to sewing-society; wherever I am, dead or alive, don't omit to keep Thanksgiving; don't forget Christmas; and the poor-you know you have them always with you, He said."

"I will, Joe, if I can."

"You can, dear, if you begin straight. Habit is a great help, and in this quiet little village there is no excitement to divert your mind, which you must keep as firm and calm as you can; for, Annie-you must look it in the face -it is very probable I may not come back, and these old people will only have you left.'

There was no answer to be made to this. next day Joe bade us good-by and went off. We heard from him twice before they left Hartford:

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As for me, there was but one course left-I | must work. No other quiet but that of constant action and effort could allay the dreadful fever of my thoughts. I was naturally both anxious and imaginative-fatal combination for a woman whose place is to wait and endure! So by day I worked as I never had before let the girl whose place it was to take care of the milk, butter, and cheese go home to her mother, as she had long intended to do at this time, without trying to supply her place. I could do her work, as far as skill went, better than she, and the constant excitement of anxiety made me strong. I had to rise early, and work hard; labor of real and stringent grasp held me all day -from dawn till blank night I was busy. There was the milk of twelve cows to strain, and set, and skim; the milk-room, and the cheese-room, and the ice-cellar to be kept spotless and of just temperature; there were rows of cheeses, pressing, ripening, drying, to be looked at twice a day; there was curd to set, and cut, and drain, and salt; moulds to be scoured, cloths to be scalded; daily the great churn, that a man had to turn, yielded me its crumbly mass of vellow butter, to be worked, salted, moulded, and packed for market-butter that must be firm and sweet, hard as wax, and gold-yellow, lest our farm should lose its reputation for the best butter sent to Boston. Then came numberless pans, and cream-jars, and butter-pails to wash: these never passed out of my hands, lest the careless eyes of a servant might leave some grain of milk, some smear of cream, that should turn sour and spoil my work. Besides these things, there was Granny to care for; she needed some help to dress her in those quaint white folds and frills that she delighted to wear; help she needed, too, in order to lay them aside, and put herself into sleeping order—for never by any chance was the delicately stiff cap permitted to rest by day against a chair back, or the folds of cambric that covered her breast ruffled by one minute of repose out of position: if she slept by day, it was bolt upright, as she sat. The last thing at night was work too: the night's milk was to be strained and set; that of the night before must be skimmed, and the emptied pans scalded and dried: by nine o'clock I was so tired out that sleep caught me without my knowing it, and in dreamless exhaustion I knew nothing till the noisy fowls in the poultry-yard woke me to dawn and its necessary duties. Yet not all this work and weariness kept my eager, restless thoughts from Joe. They followed him, invisible yet faithful couriers, on every step of his journey-into camp, at drill; farther I knew not-till in so short a time after he left Hartford that it seemed to me scarce the lapse of three days, though I knew it was more, the news of Antietam struck us like a bolt from the clear sky.

I did not believe it when Cousin Aristarchus told me. I laughed.

"Why," said I, "it is impossible. The Six-

there; they could not have been sent into a

"They were," said he, turning his keen gray eyes away from me, and drooping his white head slowly, as if it were heavy with some heavy grief. My heart fell.

"Is there any definite news?—any list of dead or wounded, Cousin?" said I, the words faltering as I spoke.

"No," said he. "The news came to Hartford yesterday morning, or Saturday night-I don't know which. There was news of one officer killed-no particulars further."

He stopped, and looked aside out of the window: he had not finished. I waited breathless for the next words.

"No," he said, at length, drawing a long breath, and saying over, as if it were a lesson. the very words. I was sure, he had seen on the bulletin at the post-office: "Nothing definite as to names; the Sixteenth cut to pieces."

I sat down in the nearest chair, and he walked out of the kitchen. Grief never comes so: there is a shock, a paralysis, a shuddering novelty-but not grief. I sat there still as the dread grasp that stiffens every fibre holds the paralytic I could not stir, because I forgot how. I was lost in one great spasm of resistance-of repulsion. I did not, would not believe any thing had come to Joe. Presently sense and strength returned to me. What a fool I was! I had heard nothing, knew nothing. Why should not Joe be safe as well as any other man? I tried to laugh, as one does sometimes in a dark room waking from fearful dreams, to reassure himself, but the old kitchen walls seemed to make a hollow echo of my forced mirth; or was it hollow of itself? Granny came out from her room, tottering on the cane that Joe had wrought and ornamented for her.

"Crackling thorns!" said she, lifting up her white head and looking vacantly before her. A cold shiver ran over me. I am superstitious, like all women; and Granny's words, quaint and irrelevant as they seemed to others, I had a sort of reverence for that gave them prophetic significance in my eyes. Yes, my laughter was crackling thorns indeed! The fire was of briers that rankled in my grasp still; the flame but one flash, vivid and noisy, that quivered, flared, fell into ashes.

I helped her to her chair, and turned into the cheese-room for my work, sick at heart. There is a strange balsamic power in routine, when the very depths of life break up under your feet; the daily order of occupation is a light, but tenacious crust above those volcanic surges; and though you feel their sickening undulations, and hear their threatening roar beneath, yet the gulf does not open and swallow you up-the thunder is muffled, the fires smoulder. There is a place for human feet to tread, a point for the lever of divine faith to rest on. I think the cheeses I salted and put to press that day were as well done as ever I knew what I had to do, yet it teenth hadn't their arms, they were but just was not merely the grind of a machine. It demanded judgment, accuracy, attention; and it saved me from myself.

The next day I rode down to the post-office. Mr. Harding left me sitting in the wagon in a little pine-wood a few rods from the village shop where the office was kept, while he went for the news, however it might come. It was a hot, quiet autumn day. As yet no leaves were turned, but the indescribable foreboding of death and decay, that breathes in every air and sound of fall, hushed the whole land with funeral quiet; purple asters starred the edges of the road, golden-rods held their feathered masses upright in the paler sunshine, crowds of life-everlasting crouched with their dead yet deathless blooms on every barren knoll-a strange, dried sweetness filled the air every where. But here, under the pine-trees, the last fires of summer fused from the acute leaves and rough boughs their antique odor of fragrant resins, that has a breath beyond spice, and a perfume surpassing flowers. Both preservative and revivifying, it assailed other avenues of my nature than the sense it at once stimulated and satisfied: for the brain that it entered, through the subtlest of all entrances, expanded with insatiable longings, and fled away from the weary weight of space and sense into some upper air, where the ample ether was keen life and the light immortal knowledge; through all toned to finite capacities by the low whisper of awful, yet sweet sorrow, that crept from the boughs with that exhaling odor, and breathed to the ear its ocean song of plaintive despair, the very pulse-tune of life and its immutable deadmarch toward eternity. In that atmosphere that lulls my brain and exalts it beyond any other known influence, I drew deep draughts of rest, and when I heard a man's tread coming, heavy and blundering, along the soft sand foot-path, though I knew by the very weight and stumble of that firm foot that he was blind with grief, I wore a calm face to meet Mr. Harding's blurred eves, and held out a strong hand to help him find his way to the seat beside me. He thrust a telegram slip into my hands, seized the reins, struck the patient horse he never struck before a blow that sent it off at full speed, and I opened the crumpled slip. Its peculiar ominous mixture of print and writing ran thus:

"A. Harding, Stoneboro.—Captain A. H. Banks killed on the field. Private J. Harding missing.—A. J. BOLLES 2d Lieutenant."

"Missing! only missing!" There must have been a great deal of latent hope in my nature to have seized on that frail straw as if it were a rock of refuge; but I did. Cousin Aristarchus looked round at me with eyes of such wonder and grief at my exclamation that I was half vexed.

"Why, Cousin!" said I, "Missing is nothing. He is safe somewhere. We shall hear from him to-morrow."

"Shall we?" said he, vacantly.

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"Why, of course we shall! Only think—not dead, like poor Banks; not wounded; only missing!"

He whipped the horse again with a fierce stroke, but said nothing. In ten minutes we were at home, and I had told Granny. She looked at me with her bright yet inexpressive eyes, and said, slowly, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." What on earth had this to do with me or my news? I was used to her odd speeches, but this one seemed more irrelevant than usual. It haunted me all day in my thoughts of Joe-merciful thoughts, sent, I believe truly, from above, that I might not be smitten at once, but rather led gently through the valley of the shadow. "The letter killeth!" At last it dawned on me: Granny and his father had indeed taken the letter of the message, and their hope was dead. They were old and broken; but I was beginning life, and its vital spirit of love and action upheld me; but then, why should they despair? I did not know then that Granny's father, the hero of the race, who died in the Revolution, had been just so reported "Missing," and found, after bitter weeks of winter, through which wife and babies waited and watched in vain, a stark and stiffened corpse near Ticonderoga, scalped, and pierced with English bullets through heart and limb. No wonder that they despaired.

Slowly the days went on. Cousin Aristarchus more than once resolved to go on and search for Joe; twice was all but ready, and then decided that it was worse than useless, for he could not follow him on the rebel track, and as yet there came no trace of him by report or message. He seemed all bowed and warped by sorrow in mind as well as body; his energy was gone, his life faded out. Oh, how I wished then to be a man! I longed and pined to go and look for Joe. I thought I could have tracked his flight, and rescued him whatever obstacles interposed. So the days crept on into weeks, and heavy gloom settled down upon us, broken only by rare gleams of hope as bits of detail, creeping out in the papers, recounted the death, or the illness, or the wounded condition of one after another at first, like ours, reported missing; gleams that only made the gloom heavier in its return, as the vivid track of lightning serves but to show, in a midnight storm, the awful height and blackness of overhanging clouds full of threat and

By a month's end the blow came. As I said, Captain Banks, son of a near neighbor of ours, had been telegraphed as "killed on the field" by the same message that declared Joe "missing." Fortunately his mother, who was a widow. had left town for a day or two, and did not get the message till another followed close upon it to contradict the first. He had not been killed, but so fearfully wounded, that, seeing his lifeless face and streaming blood, in the panic of defeat he had been left by his men where he lay, with his rebel opponent dead beside him, and the cold corpse-face against his was his first sensation when he recovered from his swoon, somewhere in the dead of night. Happily for him he was found early in the morning alive, but too weak

Original from

to speak. They took him to a hospital where he was recognized, and did whatever they could for him; but fever set in, and when he was raving and apparently dying they sent for his mother. Under her care he began at length to recover, and six weeks after the battle, having regained his memory and strength enough to talk, he asked her to write and tell Uncle Harding that he saw Joe shot in the front rank, just before he himself fell. Nor only that he saw him shot, but saw him reel to the ground just as a squadron of rebel cavalry charged and swept over him, so there could be no doubt of his fate.

Now indeed it was all over-life and love and hope—over forever! Like the mad whirl of chaos heaving before God clave it with His divine order, all my soul whirled and staggered. I could not bear it; I could not! Like a blind man fighting with a mortal enemy I fought with fate, for I could not call it Providence then. I could not endure; duty was a blank negation to me. If I could have sunk on the floor and staid there, unmoving and desperate till death released me, I would have done so; but instincts and habits tormented me forever back into life. of that desolate region to which I had fled, that arid desert on whose sands I fell, mad and blind, I was perpetually recalled by little daily needs, by the sting of hunger and the dry lips of thirst; by the demands upon my care and forbearance that others, perhaps suffering as much as I, though I would not believe it, daily made upon me. I have thought since what a mercy it was that He who made us, foreknowing the anguish and the lessons of life, put our souls into the conservating power of bodies. With no lesser wants, no failing of the flesh to distract the spirit from its awful pangs, how mortal would those pangs be! how beyond endurance, how lurid with the horrors of incredible, unimaginable essence and space! No: thank God that we are lower than the angels; for we sin and suffer as no angel could and live.

Mr. Harding was utterly broken down. He sat with his head upon his hands in the chimneycorner hour after hour: nothing moved him. The farm work he left entirely to his hired man-a trust-worthy person enough, but wanting in judgment and self-reliance: another of the continual pin-pricks that daily roused me for a moment was his incessant demand for advice and direction. But at length Joe's last words to me recurred to my mind with strange force. What was I doing for him, for his? I saw suddenly what selfish sorrow mine had been. How every thing I ought to do had gone undone, as, driven by the restless fury of my grief, I had spent those bright autumn days wandering over hill and field, through lonely woods and across wild ravines, where I startled the partridge and drove the rabbit from his lair; as I tore through bush and brier regardless of all but the fierce impulse of motion, the necessity of some unreasoning activity; only coming home at the habitual hours of meals and rest, leaving those two other lone-

I was ashamed now. I am ashamed still to reflect how little healing or constraining influence my religion-such as it was-had upon me. I had not yet been long enough under its influence to have acquired the habit of faith and submission; and under this deadly blow I knew nothing, felt nothing Christian, or acquiescent, except the ever-present conviction that even in this whirling storm God was somewhere-not with me. nor for me, but still living, and unchanged, and just, though all His world slipped away from under my feet like the sliding earth of a nightmare dream. I did not believe He was other than good, but I struck up against Heaven with my bleeding hands, and asked, with horrors of reproach and unbelief, "Why hast thou done this?" nor did Heaven reply!

Just as I have seen a mother with a wayward child in its first passion of temper and grief, neither punish nor argue with it, but only divert its thoughts with some new story or external object, and then, when the sobs ceased, and the eyes were clear, and calmness had smoothed its fair little face into natural lines, quietly reprove, remonstrate, or even punish; so, as I have since seen, did a diviner love than any mother's guide me, even by means of the very passionate human love that made me rebel, into a calmer sphere. Did He punish thereafter? or break my heart again with love instead of wrath?

I ceased after this to isolate myself, and resumed as best I could my neglected work; but something was necessary to rouse Mr. Harding: what could I do? As I was at work one day in the shed, Lemuel, the hired man, came in over the sill, and leaning his back against the door, began one of his usual appeals.

"I declare for't, Ann, I don't know what I be agoin' to do with the corn-stalks. Can't you jest step around and give me an idee?"

"I'll ask Cousin," said I. Lem stared, but kept his position, and began to tie a snapper which he produced from his pocket to the end of the long whip he held in his hand. I was glad he staid behind. So I went into the great kitchen, where a fire of good hickory sticks sparkled and flamed on the hearth, for it was a chill November day. Granny sat in her own place, Mr. Harding on the other side, his head held in both his hands, the gray light from the window striking across its silver mass of tangled curls, and the red firelight flickering on the great rough hands that concealed both face and forehead. I went up to him and stooped down beside his chair.

"Father," said I.

He started as if a shot pierced him; his hands dropped, and his dim bloodshot eyes looked up with wild inquiry. I put one hand on his knee and laid my head on it; that was an old child-ish trick of Joe's I had often heard of, as being the only caress his father ever endured from either of his children. He was neither a gentle nor a demonstrative man.

of meals and rest, leaving those two other lonely souls to fight their trouble as they best might. "Father," said I again, "Lemuel wants to know where he shall put the corn-stalks."



Mr. Harding did not speak at once. He gave a low groan, like a sigh; then—"Lord forgive me! I am worse'n a dumb ox. You come with me, my child."

He got up from his chair and shook himself, like a person bent on throwing off sleep, reached his old hat from the nail, and my shawl and hood, which hung beside it. As we went out of the door Granny said, audibly, "A Father to the fatherless, and the widow's God." He held my hand with a tighter grasp as the words met his ear, and held it still while we went the rounds of the barn, and he gave his directions to Lem, as clear and well-judged as ever, every now and then turning to me for an opinion. I knew afterward that Joe had said to his father nearly what he had said to me, and asked him, moreover, to care for and comfort me, if care and comfort should ever be needed as they were now. From this day he always called me "My child," and I always said "Father" to him.

So we settled down into the dull gray calm of life again: very silent, very quiet, we all were. Granny now and then volunteered a proverb or a text, as strangely fit to the mood, rather than any occasion, as her utterances usually were. I remember once when Mr. Harding had gone to the village, and I sat by his empty chair sewing. I unconsciously drew a long sobbing sigh. Granny took out her needle from the sheath, and laid her stocking down, saying, as she did so, in a dreamy way, "Yet doth He devise means that His banished be not expelled from Him." What did she mean? The words fell softly on my tried soul, yet there was neither special promise nor hope in them for my peculiar want; yet they sung in my thoughts long after, as if persisting on some tender errand, mysterious still to

Soon it was time to make Thanksgiving preparations. Last year how different had this all been! What dreadful changes had passed over us since! Cousin Martha and Joe both gonewhat had we to be thankful for? I had paused before going down stairs one morning, when these bitter thoughts had roused me long before light, to look out at the east from my window. A low range of hills barricaded the valley some two or three miles from our house; and now, lying level on their tops, were long bars of amber, flushing at the edges with red, that told of a sunrise far away, but sure in coming, while through the gray sky above that pallid blue streak on the horizon a dying Aurora pulsated in flashes of faint light, that fled and throbbed out again, and fled once more, and quivered anew with mystic splendor that thrilled me to see. Strange and fair it was, that cold, bright meeting of dawn and the northern night-lightning, and strangely portentous, too, it seemed to me. Was that a "sign in the sky?"—were these fatal wars foreboding the world's great peace?—was it good or evil that denced and flickered in those ice-glittering flashes above?

Thanksgiving Day came at last. My sole have written I dwelt till peace brooded over my pleasure in its preparations had been in carrying tried heart. Yes! there was heaven to come;

out my resolve that no poor soul I knew of, within our township, should go without a good dinner to-day. Somebody should be thankful, if I was not. So I had sent Lemuel round with a big basket of pies, and chickens, and tongues, and other necessities of Thanksgiving, the day before; and now, having laid out my dinner on the side-table in the summer parlor, as far as its cold viands were concerned, and leaving the girl to look after Granny, who seemed feebler than usual of late, and giving her strong charges about the turkey, and the potatoes, and the turnips, that already were in their respective corners hissing, and bubbling, and sending savory odors up the chimney, I dressed myself in my best, and set off for church with "father."

Our old minister had gone away to keep Thanksgiving with his son in Boston, and today a stranger was to preach for us. Our village choir was a good one for the country, with several fine though untrained voices, and one remarkable soprano that seemed in its purity and accuracy to defy the need of instruction; and as it rose alone in the anthem before service, and wandered along the exquisite music of those words, "Rest in the Lord! oh rest in the Lord. Wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desire!" more than one dull eye glittered with tears that did not fall. But on my heart tears lay like lead, nor sprung to cool my hot eyes. Ah! what patient waiting could ever bring to me my heart's desire? Not God himself, I said, could restore this ruined past!

I looked across the aisle and saw Mrs. Banks, the Captain's mother; her handkerchief was at her face, but she wept for joy—her son was home again, weak and helpless, but at home! It was Thanksgiving to her. But for me there was no restoration. Sitting there quiet in the corner of the pew, unable to exert myself to dispel the bitter thoughts crowding upon me, I became their prey. Hymn and prayer passed by unheeded. I neither heard the text nor the sermon till, when it was about half over, suddenly these words roused me:

"But there is still heaven to be thankful for. Whatever sorrows bereave us here, whatever fatal mistakes darken our lives, whatever irredeemable losses befall us, we may yet rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him in the little life that remains; for beyond this world's gain or loss, high in the serene air of heaven, when existence ceases to be a lesson and becomes vivid life, there and only there shall He give us our heart's desire in its immortal fullness. Here knowledge is defiled, love is imperfect, purity the result of fiery trial, wealth rusted with covetousness; but in heaven is the very native country of pure knowledge, perfect love, utter sinlessness, and riches that neither moth nor rust corrupt, that bless and curse not."

He went on to enumerate what we had to be thankful for, even under the reign of anarchy and war; but on these few sentences that I have written I dwelt till peace brooded over my tried heart. Yea! there was heaven to come:

and an object still left to life—to grow into fit—| and death.

ness for that rest and its reuniting. | lost, or dela

After church we went home without staying to speak to the neighbors, who seemed to understand and respect our silence. They all went home with groups of children and grandchildren about them—we were alone.

Soon as possible I had dinner on the table. I wanted to have it through; I wanted the day done. Anniversaries are like old wounds that reopen and bleed every year. I hurried to have the observances of this one over with. So we sat down to dinner—three where last year had been five! Cousin Martha's fair, wan face, with its scarlet flush on cheek and lip, smiling beside Granny; Joe's manly, sun-burnt visage and handsome figure on the other.

We sat down in perfect silence, Mr. Harding carved, and we all went through at least the form of eating. Still in that dead silence, when just as I was about to lay down my knife and fork, a wagon came rapidly down the road and stopped at our door. "Lemuel come back from the post-office," said father.

But was that halting step in the entry Lemuel's?

The door flung open, and there stood Joe.

Sorrow is easy to describe, but what words can tell the incredible thrill of such joy as this? For the first time in my life I lost all consciousness for a blind blank moment. I did not faint—for I never faint—but I knew nothing from the moment I saw the door open on him till I found both his arms round me and my head lying against him as I still sat in my chair. It's no use trying to tell it. A few, blessed as I, have snatched this blossom out of blood-red battle-fields; they will know.

It seems Joe had fallen, as Captain Banks said, from two musket-bullets that pierced at once the upper part of his left arm: fortunately for him they were not Minie bullets, but the old kind. Then the cavalry charge swept over him, and a horse stepping on his right leg broke it badly: he escaped marvelously with life, and fortunately no artery was ruptured; but he lay on the field three days and three nights, was then picked up by a farmer—a Virginian and a Union man-who passing by the field heard him groan; he picked him up, took him home, drove off to the nearest doctor to be found, and had his leg set, and his wounds dressed; but Joe was too weak to talk or think, and before he had strength to do either fever set in, with delirium, and in consequence they neither knew who he was or where he came from. But the woman of the house nursed him like a mother. She had two sons fighting in the West with Rosecrans, and she said it was for thinking of them that she never let a soldier pass her door hungry or thirsty, and took such care of Joe. If gratitude and blessing and prayers can keep that woman's sons alive and well, they will come back to her scathless!

So for two months he lay there between life Of the party to happen to-morrow night:

and death. Then he wrote, but the letter was lost, or delayed, or missent; and through his slow convalescence he expected to see his father or me daily, and so wrote no more till, as soon as he could sit up long enough, he got to Hagerstown, and from there home. True, his leg had been badly set, and he never would walk without limping, and his arm still lay in a sling—but it was Joe! No matter how battered or broken, no matter how wan and thin, he was back again!

The next week I laid aside my heavy crape and bombazine for a white dress, and we were married. Still bent and grave, but with a bright smile, father put both his arms round me, and kissed me for the first time in his life. "My dear child!" was all he said.

And the week after I put on those mourning garments again, for Granny was gone. The only words she had spoken since Joe came home, except in answer to some question, were—"He that saveth his life shall lose it; but he that loseth his life shall find it." She sank into a sort of lethargy, and fell asleep like a contented child.

It is winter now. Heavy snow falls as I write, drifting from the northeast, and settling, shroud-like, over the earth; but in the house, at home, there is no climate but summer.

God has given me my heart's desire.

FIFTH AVENUE.

I.

IS the afternoon of a Sabbath day; L The sky is fair and the sunshine bright; The street is flooded with amber light, Save where the purple shadows lay, Broad and cool, on the western side-Up and down the avenue wide The people pass; and the tranquil air Is filled with the solemn sound of bells, Whose musical cadence gently swells, As they call aloud to the house of prayer. Lofty and fine are the buildings grand: Palaces reared of marble and stone, That even kings might be glad to own, And courtiers proud in the halls to stand. Skyward pointing, the tapering spires All golden seem in the sun's warm fires. In at the doors, and along each aisle, As the pealing notes of the organ roll, And high overhead the clear bells toll, The people are passing all the while.

П.

The organ ceases—the bells stop ringing;
The full-voiced choir an anthem are singing—
Then all is quiet; the minister stands,
And silently lifting his soft, white hands,
Mutters a half inaudible prayer
For the wealth and fashion assembled there.
Of course there is naught but a feeling of rest
And a holy calm in each grateful breast—
Not a single thought of worldly things,
Or of all the comforts that money brings;
No vision steals on the mental sight
Of the party to happen to-morrow night:



Who is invited, and who will be there, Or what will be most becoming to wear-These are secular matters, and may Never be thought of on God's own day. So Crœsus settles himself to hear The sermon through with a patient ear; No thought of stocks shall disturb his brain, Nothing connected with loss or gain; He closes his eyes, and feels in his mind At peace with himself and all mankind, An indescribable sense of repose, Which I doubt if the poorer Christian knows. The sermon is ended—the minister ceases Preaching to sinners so drowsy as Crœsus: Does he dream of his ships far out on the deep? What is that sound that visits his sleep-Is it wind in the rigging or fire in the hold? Tis the rattling of hymn-books bordered with gold, The whirring of leaves and the organ pealing Through the sounding aisles to the fretted ceiling.

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Carriages coming and carriages going; The tides of fashion are this way flowing; The windows all are ablaze with light, That streams through curtains of snowy white, And falls outside on the shadowy street, Where daintily slippered, delicate feet Musical make the sidewalk bare; In silks and satins the women fair, Like miniature snow-drifts, softly glide In at the door-way lofty and wide; And still the carriages come and go, The tides of fashion hitherward flow-All within seems a lovely dream; The lights bewilder and jewels gleam; On neck and bosoms of dazzling whiteness Diamonds shine with an added brightness; The scent of flowers fills the languid air And a delicate odor from perfumed hair; There's the ravishing sound of music too, And the steps of the dancers whirling through The intricate waltzes giddy measure, Flushed with the heat and dizzy with pleasure; Scented young men in swallow-cut coats, Beautiful women with swan-like throats, In circling mazes that tire the brain, Come and vanish and come again; And the gilded mirrors of polished glass Reflect their forms as the dancers pass.

IV.

What a world of satin and costly laces! What an endless number of pretty faces! Proud and haughty, yet seeming more fair Than the white camelia worn in her hair, Is Julia Van Dyme, the banker's daughter, Whose ancestors came from over the water Three centuries back in the ship "Goede Vrouw"-The family talk of it even now-She married Crossus, and something is said Of a handsome cousin, absent or dead; And it's whispered too, in the world outside, That old Van Dyme knows little beside Houses and lots, and taxes and rents, Stocks and bonds, and dollars and cents: That he has a horror of folks who are poor, And ordered his servant to shut the door-To shut the door in his nephew's face If ever again he dared to disgrace His splendid mansion by coming there; And vowed that none but a millionaire

Should call the handsome Julia his wife, Though the girl lived single the rest of her life. The wedding, they say, was a grand affair, None but the creme of New York was there; A single gem that the young bride wore Cost a thousand dollars and something more; And to crown the arrangements so superb, A tapestry carpet reached to the curb.

V.

The dancing ceases—the music is still; Mingled voices the grand rooms fill; Through the open doors and the spacious halls, With gilded cornice and frescoed walls, The guests are passing—a feast is spread In rich profusion, and overhead A chandelier, from the ceiling pendent, Glows and flashes and shines resplendent, And throws a flood of enchanting light On the gorgeous scene, entrancingly bright-The supper is sumptuous—what can compare With the spicy meats and the game so rare? Jellies transparent and amber clear; The golden orange and luscious pear; Rich bananas, creamy and mellow; The juicy pine-apple, green and yellow; Oily clusters from Malaga's vines; Wondrously fine are the fruity wines; Delicate-flavored, delicious ices; Pyramids covered with quaint devices; And idly floating throughout the room And over the feast is the sweet perfume Of fragrant exotics in gilded urns; And wherever the eye of the gazer turns The blinding ravs from the chandelier In scintillant splendors reappear; And the shining goblets and glitt'ring jars Seem studded over with myriad stars.

VI

The pallid hours of the morn draw nigh;
The moon is failing from out the sky;
Carriages lining the street outside,
Stopping the way through the avenue wide;
Liveried servants in hoarse tones calling,
Loudly shouting, wrangling, and bawling;
The rattle of wheels on the pavement bare;
The clatter of hoofs, and the steady glare
Of the light from the stolid gas-lamps gloating
On fairy figures, noiselessly floating
Down the marble steps to the carriages grand,
Where the restless horses in waiting stand;
And lo! as the last wheel rattles away
The air grows chill with the coming day.

VII

Through crimson curtains the sunlight falls Shining mirrors adorn the walls; With exquisite pictures costly and rare; Vases of marble and porcelain ware And an ormolu clock on the mantle stand-Seated there in the wine-gold light, The lady we saw at the ball last night. Languid and pale, with an ivory hand Wearily lifts to her wan, proud lips A cup enameled, and daintily sips; Then drops her eyes on the tufted floor, While silver-throated yellow canaries, Whose musical warble ever varies, Torrents of liquid melody pour. She is tired and sick of her heartless life, Loathing the man who calls her his wife.



Childless, she drags out the weary day, Dreamily whiling the hours away.

Her husband brings a rich friend to dine, Old, like himself, and over their wine They chatter of consols and such like things, Of the rate of exchange, what Erie brings, The value of specie and real estate, The cost of insurance, and probable fate Of a speculation in cotton and flour-Sit and chatter thus by the hour. Small is the gain of her worldly marriage; Sometimes she rides in her elegant carriage; But whether at home or whether away, Weary of seeming forever gay, From morning to night, from night to morn, Mid all her splendor, she lives forlorn.

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE.

IN THREE PARTS -PART II.

NOTHING but prosperity had attended Mr. Hamilton since his wedding-day, he was wont to boast; and it was in reference to this fact that he had early in his married life settled the portion on his wife which should forever place her worldly fortune beyond the reach of any adverse change. For she had been his help-mate, he said, had counseled and encouraged him; and this was her right.

So greatly had the factory business prospered. indeed, that there were few large markets in the country where Mill Hamilton's edge-tools were not now to be found. They had an established superiority, and no prosperity would ever tempt the master of that flourishing establishment to deteriorate his wares. His pride was in their excellence. That he should have overestimated the demand for them-that he should have exceeded the supply was not, perhaps, wonderful. That this had happened at a time when the country was absorbed in the calamity of overtrade, when a panic was coming upon the mercantile powers of every community, and that he should have found his affairs thrown suddenly into unexpected confusion, was also not a really remarkable thing, if people would but consider. But the fire occurred at precisely this unfortunate juncture; and "people would talk," and would consider, would inquire after the amount of insurance on the great new buildings, would consider the evidence existing to his prejudice, and finally the great suit of "the people" was brought into court.

Yes, people would talk. There was no end to it. They talked in bar-rooms and in drawing-rooms; in the street and by the fireside; in work-shop and court-room-wherever two or three were together you might be sure to hear one name and a discussion For people did not all agree as to the justice of the sentence passed on Mill Hamilton. Mr Home, who busied himself personally, and through notable agents, in securing names to that petition des-

high powers of the State-Mr. Home obtained, day by day, wonderful new insight into the workings of human hearts, enough to furnish him with themes for "practical" discourses many a year to come. I am afraid that deep disgust exceeded his weariness many a day as he watched the progress of this business. He had prepared himself for the refusal of good names in a few instances; for there were some in Granby whose special claim to dignity rested on the fact that their names had never been appended to "any thing of the kind." They were law-abiding men, who, if they were found guilty of a crime, should expect no friendly interference, wish for none. There were others not content to take this stand on the smooth, safe platform of dignified conservatism. It was time a stop should be put to the inordinate ambition of people who, ascending from the first round of the ladder, could never content themselves till they had "overtopped the world." Mean jealousies that had transferred themselves from the hearts of women to the minds of men on Mrs. Hamilton's account had now a safe demonstration. Woe to her! She had maintained her state with such a consciousness of rights; she had driven her horses with such a sense of power; she had made it so perfectly manifest that her taste and aptitude in dress and fashion asked nothing of accidents; she had rendered Riverside so beautiful-for Hamilton always gave his wife credit for the tastefulness with which the grounds were laid out. Their decoration and the management of the fine house were entirely within her province, and "he never interfered."

Then people recollected how he began in life. What an industrious, hard-working, pains-taking, exact fellow he always was - Hamilton. How he had gone on slowly and cautiously enlarging his business, determined when he had accomplished the feat of getting out of debt that he would never again be involved. Yes; people could remember how, a young man, he stood in his shirt-sleeves from morning till night, and in those days there were no diamond studs in the wristbands: his hands were grim with labor, and his face was always thoughtful with calculation. He had lived on nothing, it had become a familiar saying in Granby. earned was saved. But the devil was in the

Yes, Judith Hamilton was proud enough not to surrender now. She could hold her head as high as ever. And no doubt she could manage the business which it was said she meant to carry on, but when a woman has ruined a man by her extravagance, it is a poor time for her to begin to retrench. It was a wonder she could show her face in Granby among honest people who could live on their income, and, thank God, had no such insane passion for making a show of what did not belong to them. It was too late for her to atone! There was no such thing as atonement. She had brought as honest a fellow as ever undertook to do business to ruin; entined to be read far away from Granby by the couraged him in foolishness he never could have

been guilty of if he hadn't just worshiped her. And what was she to set herself up like a Juggernaut car to crush the life out of a man! And though they did not deny there in Granby that repentance is well enough, they were strangely anxious lest repentance should avert the consequences, lawful and just, of wrong-doing. I suppose it was their sense of right that required satisfaction.

And it was satisfied. For the multitude of names could not make efficient the petition forwarded by the minister to the controlling authorities alone to be appealed to after the high court's decision. The five years were to roll on in their appointed course. Mr. Home could not help Mill Hamilton.

The failure was to him as grievous as any he should be compelled to bear. He said this plainly to himself as he read his Excellency's brief rejection of the plea that had cost him so much. For he was quite aware that in regard to this petition other feelings had been roused than those of friendship and pity. He would have keenly felt the triumph over hard hearts, and narrow minds, and selfish prejudices. He could have waived the pardon, as a white banner, victoriously in the faces of men, who, for their enmity to this family, he counted his enemies. He had waited the response to the appeal of Granby in a strange mood, conscious that he had done all that was in his power, yet most impatient in view of what he had done. For possibly the petition might be rejected, and the thought was not to be endured.

Yet now it must be endured.

He came to his house one evening knowing that it must be endured.

This cottage, which Mr. Home occupied with his mother, who had lived with him since he had taken orders, was next to Riverside, and it stood on a little knoll which Hamilton had often threatened to buy that the grove might be included in his grounds. He had, however, taken no step toward this at any time: the knowledge that it would disconcert the mother of the minister was in itself sufficient to deter him. The cottage was the oldest building in Granby; made habitable, but only rudely so: it met the wants of the contented pair that occupied it. The mother would have filled no other parsonage completely as she did this, for there was comfort here, and comfort was the utmost she could covet, so little had she known of it in those years of privation and toil which had left on her the irremovable evidences of a life of labor. The green-sward about the house was unbroken; no garden ground was found within the inclosure; but rose vines and woodbines covered the rough walls of the house with blooming beauty. There was other work for the minister than could reveal its fruits in the vegetable kingdom. He had undertaken a more dangerous business than even that of the lion tamer—he worked among the passions of men and women, and if he had not the aspect of one who wrestles with the powers of darkness on behalf of the people, that was

nevertheless his work in this world, and to it he was devoted.

When he returned home, I urdened with the knowledge that all his effort in behalf of Hamilton had been in vain, he met his mother coming from the house. She was in haste, and had a troubled look, and the sight of each other's anxious face, as their eyes met, arrested the current of their secret thoughts. They sought instantly to discover what neither of them would reveal, except on maturest deliberation.

"Why, mother," said the minister, "you are not going out at this hour, surely?"

"The child is born," she answered. "I am going to Riverside. Have you any news yet of Mr. Hamilton? I might carry it to her—if it was favorable."

"No," said her son; "no news yet—for her, of him." And he walked with his mother toward the home of Judith Hamilton.

"It is a pity," said the kind old woman. "If a thing could only happen once exactly to our mind! It would be like a story, though, if the father could come back and see his son to-night."

"Is it a boy? Things never happen just in our way, mother—very rarely, at least. I suppose we need the discipline. But we are poor rebels—we make miserable use of our sacred opportunities."

"Ay, so you always say, David. But it isn't for want of your example that we're no wiser. It's simple o' me—at my time o' life too, and after all I've seen—but I can't help hoping and thinking every thing is going to come out as we'd like. Only I'm reminded there's sorrows enough in the world when I look at your face. You've skipped over the youth somehow, David; but it's waiting for you somewheres—you that's always a-working and thinking for others, and 'll take no thought for yourself."

"Too much thought, mother; and that's the very trouble." He answered gently, though a moment ago, while she spoke, a slight frown, which she could not see, flitted across his forehead and darkened his eyes. "Too much," he said again, with a sigh; and there was far more truth in this self-accusing than his mother would ever discover.

"Working for others that hasn't the grace to thank you!" she exclaimed, with the mild indignation of which she was capable. "But I know. Don't I? I'm a simple-spoken woman; but I know enough to trust your paymaster, David. He'll make all right for you."

"Mother! At least He knows that I'm not serving Him for pay!"

"Ay, don't I know it too, David? But the Lord sees—He sees!"

She seemed to perceive now that even her sympathy vexed him, and she would keep quiet. But that should not prevent her hoping still for her darling son. She had boasted of her hope—it was all for David. And she might well avouch its constancy—she had held it through divers kinds of tribulation. Until these late years the rough, sharp edges of this life were



alone presented to her; and even the comfort of these days was sadly marred to her reception by the change she found in David's manhood. Its strange solemnity, she came to see, was not that merely belonging to his professional cares. He was a man of sorrow, and not only for the sins of the world. By virtue of that hope she boasted she had come to look for a day when he should throw off his mask, or his burden, or find himself again. What lacked he yet, that his life seemed so joyless? Was there not, even in the most generous self-sacrificing man's life, a point at which the troubles of his brother were stayed from intrusion? It should be so. David had urgent need to guard some fragment of his life; yet—so it seemed to the watchful, anxious mother --- her son was burdened nigh to death with the cares of his parish, while nothing made him so impatient as to suggest this fact to

And with bearing his burdens was not her own old life saddened unjustly? At times, as now, he seemed to see that it was so—that even in his last strong-hold and retreat he had no right to maintain other than the same aspect he bore when the world faced him. No part of his armor should he lay aside, even in his home. Not his priestly dignity, but his manly tenderness, was concerned, that his mother should not discover that her son, the pride and glory of her heart, was at any point vulnerable, or other than the assured soldier from whom no manner of victory should be withheld.

He walked with her from the yard toward Mrs. Hamilton's house, and spoke more cheerfully than he had done when he saw how depressed his presence had made her.

"It is a beautiful day for one to come into this world, mother," he said; "though I dare say the little fellow don't appreciate the fact. Very likely we are as close upon a far more exceeding glory, and yet we are without any knowledge. At least one would judge so to hear us."

His spirits, even, seemed less depressed with his more cheerful speaking; and he looked toward Riverside.

"What a lovely home! And what a comfort—will the boy be a comfort to her, mother, coming under such circumstances? Will the mother-love overbalance the natural sorrow one might feel to have given an heir to such a name?"

His mother looked at him, with a quick, questioning glance. What did he know? Did he share her knowledge? He seemed to be speaking from the mere facts of the case, the well-known facts, and was not addressing any secret understanding of hers.

He did not perceive her glance. He had now gained a point where he had often stood, surveying with delight the lovely prospect commanded by the site. More than once, so standing and so gazing, he had congratulated himself on the providence that had preserved him from the pains and penalties of property, leaving him to enjoy this perfection to which others had de-

voted their taste, and thought, and money; leaving him free to work in his own field.

"Yes," she said, "she'll love the child so. She'll do what's right by him. And there's no knowing what'll happen next—things take such turns you don't expect. She won't borrow trouble. If you get the petition, you know, all this'll blow over before he's of age—if he should live."

"Yes, mother," said the son, and he did not trouble her heart by dwelling on the contingencies suggested. It is a good fortune to have such a mother, at least. When you think of what women there are that little children must call 'Mother,' it seems this boy is blessed enough only in having her to care for him."

Again, with a quick, questioning glance, such a one as rarely turned upon her son from any eye, Mrs. Home regarded him. But this glance, like the last, was but instantaneous, and unperceived by him. He was looking backward, far, it seemed, into the past, though, in speaking again, it was not to events very far remote that he alluded.

- "She lost her boy before you came," he said.
 "He's buried on the lawn there, with the pretty white stone over him. Yes. She showed it to me herself."
- "I buried him. It was one of the hardest things I ever did. But the loss was a great gain to her, though a loss, and a terrible one. I seem to see that this son is born to be her comfort. She will not call him Ben-oni, will she, mother?"
- "Why, David, he's not twelve hours in the world yet. Ben-oni—that was the name Rachel gave to her son when she died. No. I think 'twill be Judah. Do you know why I think it will be Judah?"

" No."

There was that in the voice that uttered this monosyllable that might have dissuaded the mother from her explanation. Nevertheless, she gave it.

"She took up the big Bible one day when she was in, and it appeared she opened to Jacob's blessing; for she read out, in a minute, 'Judah, thou art he whom thy brethren shall praise: thy hand shall be in the neck of thine enemies; thy father's children shall bow down before thee. Judah is a lion's whelp.' There she stopped. You're laughing, David. But she didn't laugh. She looked as if she thought it was a name she'd like a son of hers to have."

"I did not laugh, mother. Do I look like it? Judah Hamilton a lion's whelp! She is a strong woman, mother: if any one might call her son by that name she might. Shall I wait here for you, mother?"

"It was only to see me on account of some business she had to transact with you, I'm thinking," said the mother. "You might wait a minute, David, and if it's to stay by her she wants me—"

the pains and penalties of property, leaving him "As long as she wishes it, mother," interto enjoy this perfection to which others had derupted he; "there's nothing to call you away.

old friend with her. Tell her I-tell her your wish is to stay, if she would like to have you. I know she would feel more easy with you in the house,"

Mrs. Home had no alternative but to go into the house; for, as he ceased to speak, the minister started down the lawn, which sloped toward the garden from the broad, smooth graveled road that formed the main approach to the house.

"And if the child should live," was his first thought, "he will be five years old before his father sees him."

He strolled on to the garden. It was now late in October, but there was an almost summer warmth in the days that were hurrying the world toward winter-summer warmth, and more than summer glory, if less than summer bright-The garden-beds were emptied of the rare plants that had blossomed in them through the summer; they were once more in their places on the conservatory ranges, to break into bloom again when the snow should lie heavily along the banks and terraces of Riverside.

Walking up and down, then, through the little winding paths, more than once his eyes lifted to the windows of the lighted chamber, where the child and mother were. The knowledge he carried with him yet unspoken was unknown, he supposed, in Granby. It should not yet disturb Judith. With that reflection came another that was new to him-new, at least, as far as his perfectly-conscious perception of the thought went. For though all his action since the trial had been an exposition of that thought, the action had rather been impulsive than deliberate -necessary rather than chosen. He had been Mill Hamilton's friend, and as such had stood forward to fulfill the penalties of friendship—its sacred privileges.

Should he do less now?—less on reflection than he had done on impulse? What was required of him? And yet, the knowledge he carried with him, walking starlit through the silent garden deserted of all tender bloom, all summer beauty, had seemed to change the entire relation of things. Only to his consciousness! But so changed them that he deemed it a most fortunate thing that he might not speak with Mrs. Hamilton to-night.

She knew that he was daily expecting an answer to the application made to the Government in Hamilton's behalf. But she would know tonight that as yet he had no tidings for her. How at last should the intelligence be conveyed to her? He liked not to ponder the question. Her ill-concealed anxiety during the past daysanxiety that found for itself abundant expression, though she would not utter it, had proved her confidence in the influence of his intervention; and in spite of all professed preparedness to meet the worst, she had betrayed her hope. Had not lighted chamber. What right had he to specuher heroic spirit been sufficiently tried already? late on her present or her future? Must he, of all men, pain that heart he would By-and-by his mother came. She would rehave lightened of every burden though the trans- turn with David.

And I think she would like it better to have an | fer must be made into his own darkened experience?

Of late the minister of Granby had been startled more than once by the conviction that he had been absorbed in the affairs of this family to an extent that had made the rightful claims of others on his time and sympathy seem burdensome. Even from his speculations in regard to the petition he had turned not with the serenest patience to a requirement urgent and immediate, of some needy soul or body. And now that speculation was precluded by certainty, he was not quiescent as a brave man, loyal to his Master's interest, satisfied to submit where no service could avail. He had fulfilled the work and word of friendship. Instead of feeling that this business was now lodged in almighty hands, it seemed suddenly that he had drawn toward this woman in a nearness before impossible—a nearness of which he had not allowed himself to think since she became the wife of Hamilton.

He sat down in one of the garden arbors, over which in June the climbing rose and purple clematis flung their richest bloom and swectest perfume; he lost himself in thoughts that long ago were thrown aside-thoughts that began to trouble him when Judith went in Hamilton's boat to gather water-lilies up or down the river; and he saw them from the windows of the room where he spent his days and nights in studies which were the more precious to him because she was a student also.

How strangely had their lives crossed each other! Had she ever really cared for all this show in which, little by little, she had involved herself? was it by such things she had striven to fill the vacant spaces of her life? If she had loved Mill Hamilton better, would her pride have availed less to sustain her spirit in the wreck of honor? Now and then he had seemed to look in to the depth of her heart, as one sees through the dark by a lightning flash. And what had he seen? He had not dared to make account of it.

But now—as if in some moment of sleep the spy should creep past the guard that circled the enemy's camp-he asked himself, might he not have given Judith a life that should have revealed itself in another way than this of the Riverside tragedy? Among his books would she not have found a portion more real-that which belonged to her? It was too late to think of these things. Even to question. Nay, to think and to question was sin.

But he had thought, had questioned! He might get up and stride back to the house, and pace up and down the walk impatiently, wasting good time that had better been occupied in quiet meditation on some Sunday theme; but he could not always be prudential. And he had deliberately thought a thought that had stung him. And it hindered his eyes from lifting toward the

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- his arm and they set out for home. "If he has her spirit there'll be another Hamilton heard of."
- "But not as an offender, with such a mother to care for him," answered her son.
- "He is such a pretty babe! and so like her! Was the other boy?"
- "He was a beautiful child. But delicate as a girl."
 - "It's a strong fellow, Judah is."
 - "Was there nothing you could do, mother?"
- "No, she would not hear to it. You would want me, she said. And she asked had you heard any thing about her husband? She seemed glad when I told her no. She just shut her eyes, and looked like to fall asleep."
- "Does she keep all her brave courage, mother?"
- "There's no need of it now," she answered, evasively, he thought. "She don't need to see any one. She's quieter than before. I can see that. Quieter in her mind. It's the first time she's had any thing like rest to her mind since it happened.'
- "Thank God!" said David Home. a help to a woman a child can be!"
- "You know that as well as some women," said his mother, looking at him with perfect trust and pride. "Yes, she's got him to wake to every morning now. And to think of till he sleeps again. Got him to feed, and dress, and keep neat and happy. When she looks at him she won't be thinking that maybe he's thinking ugly thoughts of her, and about what's happened. He's come from a world where there's no such misfortunes. And those were her words. For she's a proud woman, David. And that's the worst of it. It's her pride that's kept her up to the mark when, if she'd been left to herself, you'd have seen the difference."

"No matter how she takes it, mother. There's no sin in such pride as hers."

Mrs. Home looked at her son in simplehearted wonder. Was there a pride possible to poor human nature which he-lowly-minded man-would justify!

- "It will save her from much impertinenceit is good as a coat of armor. And she will need all her defenses, mother, for Hamilton-"
 - "You haven't heard?"
- "There's no pardon for him. We failed," said the minister, in a low voice.
- "You was feared I'd tell it to her!" said his
- "I had not heard any thing I could tell you then. I could not let you go to her with a cloud on your face. I would not let you look at the little child for the first time knowing all. I do not understand it. I can not be reconciled to this decision! It seems so unjust—and on him! what will the result be on him? It isn't to be borne!

Mrs. Home did not immediately answer this most unusual outbreak. She was hesitating in her mind whether it were right to keep back knowledge that would at least relieve her son of | death of his father in prison.

"His name is Judah," she said, as she took the sense of injustice, and the doubt of Providence, she discovered in his words. She could not hesitate long. There was no one she loved as she loved her son; no mortal whose trouble troubled her so much.

- "David," she said, "it's God's justice. I'd no right to keep it back; I haven't now, if I had before. For you seem to be doubting in yourself---"
- "What is it, mother?" Whatever her wavering it must this instant end, it being impossible for this mother to resist a demand so absolute as was now made by her son.
- "Hamilton burned the mill up. I could 'a told of a witness that would 'a settled the matter."
 - "Mother!" he cried.
- "It's true, David. But I couldn't do it. And that's why I sent Sandy Rogers to my brother up there in Black River. He was down flaving fish, under the bank below the mill. It was nine o'clock o' the night when he came past here with a string o' shiners, and he'd been talking with Mr. Hamilton, he said. After the fire I talked with him—that was the next morning and I saw he knew what could be turned to bad account, leastways against poor Hamilton. And that's why I got him off so against the poor folks wishes. But my brother'll do well by him. He's a kind man, Joseph is. Oh, that trial tried me sore."
- "I know it did-I know it did!" said her son, with the heartiest sympathy.
- "But, David, was it right? was it right? I wouldn't 'a kept it to myself-I couldn't if any other man had been suspected; but no more I couldn't for her sake come out to make things stronger against him.'
- "You could not, or you had been no mother of mine! But have you been troubled all this while, dear mother, carrying such a load on your heart secretly?"

He sighed as he spoke. Alas, he thought, how we go about burdened with secret cares, which none can know but God! Gently he had spoken; it seemed to him at that moment that he never could rebuke or judge human heart or action again. Here they had lived together, mother and son, so near, yet so far apart; each moving in a world distinct from the other; meeting merely in the most external fashion; troubled each beyond the suspicion of the other. But she had escaped her trouble now. Death alone, he said, could deliver him from his!

"I thought," she said, "that you should never know it. Only"—she hesitated—how should she reprove that saintly soul? "You seemed, my son, to doubt our Heavenly Father's providence."

"Mother, let us talk of this no more. I can not bear it. God alone can forgive me."

V.

Judah Hamilton was a baptized baby twelve months old when the newspapers published the

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That death stirred Granby thoroughly once he went with bared head, and the dew was fallmore. It took a time for every man to express himself, and listen to his neighbors; to speculate on Mrs. Hamilton's next movement. That movement was to be taken with a decision that would felt long after it grew dark, long after the stars not admit of long-continued doubt.

She would continue in the business heretofore conducted for her husband's sake. Continue it in behalf of their child. Judah should one day fill his father's place in Granby. There, where Mill had lost his battle, his son should fight it over. Yea, that lad should be one his brethren would praise—that boy, that "lion's whelp."

This purpose was made known to the men concerned in it, without any such prediction. But the simplest language in which the determination could be expressed thrilled the hearts that heard it. And they talked there, in Granby, less of her pride than they did of her fortitude—and they called her, with approbation, a "good mother"—as if by any means they could enter the arcana of Judith's purposes.

Mrs. Home had said to her son, when she read the brief news item of a death in prison, while he sat at his desk ostensibly engaged in writing a sermon—had said, in the sincerity of her pity,

"David, it will kill her. She can never bear it."

He answered, though he took his time to say

"No, it will not kill her, mother."

hear him say that, and even seemed to believe with him, when she said:

"Now she will never know-" But the sudden lifting of her son's head, and what sounded like an angry dash of his pen upon the paper before him, interrupted her. "It was only last night I talked with her," she went on, the moment after, "and she said it was less than three years now! She was keeping count o' the months."

Mr. Home rose up quickly from the table and walked to the door.

- "Are you going to see her, David?"
- "No, mother."
- "She takes this paper—she'll read it of a
- "She knows it already, mother. Do not fear. A letter came last night apprising her. It was after you came home. I was there when she received it."

There was that in the tone of the minister's voice that said he gave the information for one purpose only, to end this conversation. But his mother's car was preoccupied.

- "When was that?" she asked. You did not tell me, David."
- "Last night, I said. I could not talk about it."
- "Oh son, can you hope for that poor man? He did not kill himself? Did he repent? What did the letter sav?"
- "Let him rest with God, dear mother. He died in peace."

Saying this, Mr. Home walked out of the house, and though his mother saw with concern that it doesn't get any better."

ing, she did not hurry after him with the forgotten cap. Something prevented any step or word that would have proved the anxiety she appeared in the cloudless sky to soothe the weary world.

Judah Hamilton was two years old. His father had been dead a twelvemonth when Mr. Home went over to Riverside one lovely summer evening.

The minister's visits there were not too frequent. Circumspect in all his ways was the minister of Granby. He believed that it were better a mill-stone should be hung about his neck, and he dropped into the sea, than that he should offend one of those little ones. He allowed no preference of his, no secret inclination. to take him oftener to the library or garden of "the House" than friendship could account for. If his thoughts wandered thither more constantly than his steps, that could harm no soul.

To-night, however, he had come with a purpose that would have opened in amazement the dullest eyes in Granby. If to-night he did not find Judith Hamilton where he was accustomed to find her, or if she should be preoccupied, he meant to walk on the bank; every inch of that ground was familiar to him. He had walked and mused there in days long past, before Riverside was more than a wild thicket-before Ham-She, true to her hopeful instinct, was glad to liton had transformed into stone the old red wooden walls of the shed he called his factory.

> He had come here to-night for his own sake. Even he, David Home, who so rarely allowed his own pleasure, he had something to say that possibly should please only himself!

> It seemed to him so, as he approached the house through the length of the avenue, observed of her, as he could see; for she was in the piazza watching the changing colors of the western sky, which the sunset had made magnificent. His coming did not surprise her; it was even as if she were looking that way he came, anticipating his arrival. This may have been his imagination. Whatever he saw tonight would be certain to impress him strangely.

> He came to the piazza and found Judith wondering that he had not once paused or turned his head to look at the heavenly glory; and before he spoke she pointed upward to him.

> "See!" she said. "Was there ever a finer promise for to-morrow?"

"Sufficient unto the day," said he; and he sat down with his face, like hers, turned to the westward, but in no mood to descant on color or to detect evanescence.

"What plagued him now?" she asked herself; for often he had come to her troubled and perplexed by some doubt or difficulty that struck against him as he vainly endeavored to pursue the even tenor of his way.

"I almost wish," she said, "that you had accepted the call to Highbridge. You are tired of Granby. You have worn the place out, and



answered. "I'll not go to Highbridge. would be a pity to let those people rush on to their own destruction as they would, you think, with me for a guide."

"How absurd! What I mean is, you need a change."

"My poor old mother wouldn't like to hear you say that. If I were more dissatisfied-I mean more discouraged—than I am, or ever was, her happiness would prevent my seeking a change; I mean"-he said, speaking more rapidly-"such a change as you would suggest."

"What change for your good would I not suggest?" she asked. "Do you think me so

selfish? I am only in doubt.

But the instant she had spoken Judith's eyes were averted from his face. She seemed to have read there, or to have heard in his words, a something that made itself in a moment, and beyond all doubting, intelligible to her. She rose from the sofa not a little disturbed, it was very evident, and crossing the piazza she leaned against the balustrade, looking out and still upon the evening sky, all whose radiance had melted into a deep amethystine color, through which shone the evening star in solitary splendor.

Mr. Home also rose from his seat, but he did not approach her so much as by a step. Stand-

ing where he had risen, he said,

"Who can trust himself? I thought I could renounce the desire for any thing that I might value as mine above all-mine alone. And yet will you tell me that my work must suffice for me in this world! I have assured myself of it many a time that it must be so, and have taken the implied assurance from others patientlyfrom you, too, though never without pain. Must I hear it always from your lips? Then, indeed, you need not urge me to go away from Granby. I should find the place intolerable..... I have tried not to preach the doctrine of this world's emptiness. It would not come as truth from me that this world's glory is the splendor of a ruin. I could not think of what youth is and endure to teach it. I could not think of God and believe it. And at last I know why!"

But Judith, with her eyes lifting toward the changeful amethyst which soon must give place to the purest white light, did not ask him why. Perhaps he did not anticipate the question, for he paused but a moment ere he went on rapidly:

"It was because I had always the prescience of a love that has quickened and mastered me."

"But you must not speak of it to me," she said, looking now toward him, startled indeed by his words, but not, it seemed, confounded. No, this was not, after all, amazement. Apprehension was but verified, and perchance she had but herself to blame. For of his love she was not ignorant, though consciously he had never until now expressed it.

"If you have thought of me only as God's minister," he answered, "and have proved me merely a man, at least I can give you the best she spoke, but there was in her voice a tone un-

"That is a sad comment on my work!" he | love I am capable of giving—a love that only seeks to honor you. Not a preference, Judith, but a passion that will take no thought any longer except of you."

"Am I so unfortunate, then, as to have disturbed the divine service of your life? Have you, for my sake, lost something of the divine fullness? Do not say it. Do not believe it. It pains me. You have lost so much, then.

All Granby would tell you so."

"Granby!" An oath would not have been more expressive than his enunciation of this word. He might as well have said that the labors which had absorbed all these years his best strength—that the sacred ties of friendship, of sympathy, that had demanded of him his best service, his deepest thought, so long, were all nothing in comparison to his love for this one single soul. That his work and place would have no claim upon him that should not be silenced, set at naught, would she accept his service? Was she honestly endeavoring to dissuade him? She spoke so quietly, she looked so calm. Ah! she had listened to love's voice before.

The thought flashed across him-it stung him. It pierced him that she had ever loved another whose image might now rise between herself and him. The force of his own passion had blinded him, he thought; he had forgotten that this new life of his could be no new life to her; that words of love breaking from him whose like he had never uttered-words whose utterance was in convulsion-would have to her only the sound of echoes.

Yet now, as he looked at her, a new intelligence to oppose this seemed to become his. He could not say, "You were never loved as now. Mill Hamilton was incapable of love like mine." But was it possible that she even now believed If she hesitated, could it be from any it? cause but expediency, doubting whether she might justly deprive her boy of such a father as this minister would prove?

No! He saw love in her eyes, and knew in that same instant it was virgin love: and that when she spoke it was not less against her own heart than his.

"Let us not seek to change the relation we hold. I see now all its sacredness. We called it friendship. If it was more, was it not what Mill must have rejoiced in-could he have understood it?"

"The relation," he said, with prompt decision—" the relation is changed. I can no longer come and go as I have done. My heart is here. It has been here. But since I have spoken you know that all is changed. I have given myself to you. If you will not take the gift I must find some place where my work will leave me no time to think. I must get away from you altogether if I can not come to you forever. To love you, Judith, is to love my work and my God better than I have done."

"I am thinking for you," said she. Quietly



heard before; and he had evoked it. place will not permit it."

"What place? This village, two miles square? The world is larger, Judith."

"But here my boy must grow up to take his

father's place. Recollect my duty to him."

"Be it so. I have not for a moment forgotten him. But do you think, then, that I have labored here all these years to fail in the end of the confidence of my people? There are some, believe me, who will not say that my friendship for your husband was other than a true one. They know that I endeavored to procure the remission of his sentence; that I monrned his death as a brother's-as a benefactor's; that I rebuked malice from my pulpit, and wherever I found it, without hesitation. Why do I say this? If you can not love me, why do I plead? It is only love I want. Without your heart I should not have you; and I could do nothing to secure your love. love I have dreamed of, dared to dream of, would not come in that way."

"No," she answered; "it would not. Not of fidelity or of service. Not of what you have done or could do. But it has come.

"Then," said he, speaking fast, as if to forestall fate—as if in her answer would be all security, "shall aught but death part thee and me?"

"Nor death!"

In one moment, as she spoke, the whole heavy burden she had borne without shrinking, without hope of release, fell from Judith. Into his strong hands she might commit all. Anxiety, sorrow, her ambition, and her pride even. fell away-left her free once more. Hopes that youth untried has not the knowledge to conceive stirred in her heart; he should help her to fulfill them all. And she was able at that moment to think more generously of that surrounding neighborhood which no power but love was strong enough to triumph over.

The assurance she had given him, coming as it did almost beyond his expectation, moved him strangely, deeply. He turned from looking on her, and walked to the far end of the piazza, and returned again before he spoke. And even when he had come back to her he seemed incapable of speech. It was she who spoke.

"This is a strange thing. In all my trouble it was my pride that seemed to grow stronger and stronger. And sometimes it seems to me as if it defied heaven as well as earth; but when I think of you that hateful feeling seems to have gone out of me. I could be very kind to all these people, if they would but let me."

"It is enough for me," he said, "that you are kind to me. If love did not humble me it would not be love. Since I have thought of you I have ceased to think, what I used to hold vauntingly enough, that a man's future lay mainly in his own hands. That he but needed faith."

"Well," she said, as if she wondered whether he now questioned that.

"This | night. It seemed so-maybe not. thrown overboard would not be conscious, maybe, of the means of safety, though he might instinctively use them. Oh, Judith! is it true that you and I are one. In daily walk and conversation, in earth and heaven! My mother will be proved a true prophet now; she has always said that I had missed my youth, but I would have it yet. For it would come to me. And it has come."

> "And you will give me a mother, David. Oh, it seems as if I were coming to my youth with you! I often thought when she was with me my own mother would love her for her kindness. She was kind when it might have been most difficult."

> "Why, she loves you, Judith! Your praise is always on her lips. Yes, you will have a mother on earth and your boy a father. Say it with your own voice!"

> "It is more than can be said. It is too much. I can not utter it."

> "But look upon me, Judith. Let me see the unspeakable, my love."

> He looked into her eyes, he saw nothing but her heart there. They walked in the garden paths. They strolled along the river bank. What matter where or what their conversation? It was the stroll of lovers and the speech of love. A night of starry light. The night of David Home.

Judith was sitting in the library with a bit of embroidery in her hands to which she was adding a few stitches, for she cared not to read, and could not sleep. It was late, but she had not thought of that; the house was closed and asleep, the library door stood open, not enough air moved to stir the flame of the gas-jet.

While she sat at work thus a figure passed before the door and paused a moment; and looking up, arrested by the sound, Judith saw the shape, and thought she recognized it.

The suspicion was a fearful one-suggested no doubt by the fact that the presence of a spirit departed had seemed, in some mysterious manner, cognizant of all her being, and all her doing that night. An imagination, yet it sent a thrill through every nerve and paled her face. She sat a moment motionless after the vision had possessed itself of her; then she arose, for the fantasy drew her forward with a resistless fascination. She was going to the door when she heard returning footsteps; it was no imagination. Mill Hamilton stood before her in the shadowy light: came nearer: laid his hand on hers. It was a living touch. This was flesh and blood; and living was the look of the eyes that fixed upon her; this could be no appari-

Many a minute passed while they stood gazing on each other, struggling for speech. At last she spoke:

"Are you not dead?"

"If I were," he answered, "I should be at "I had lost my faith when I came here to- rest. You could not draw me out of eternity,



maybe, but you could from the uttermost parts of the earth.

She stepped back into the library, and he followed her. She closed the door behind him.

"This is home," he said, casting one glance around him. Then his eyes fixed on her-she was his home, and he need not say it.

She did not answer him. Emotion made speech impossible. She was getting back, by a most dangerous pass, from the womanhood of a moment since to that of years ago. Besides, she was turning on the gas, for she would see his face more clearly—convince herself that this was no deception.

"Did you escape from prison, Mill?" she asked, when she looked at him again. "Sit down. You do not wonder that I am terrified. Convince me that you are no ghost."

He laughed; but from his haggard face was that a smile that blessed or blasted her?

"Yes," he said. "The jailer was a man of better judgment than his Excellency. It was a mistake about my being dead. But I could not come to you sooner; it was not safe. Now tell me every thing."

He threw himself into the large arm-chair by the library table: it stood in the old place. He was a man above the ordinary height, and once of sturdy bearing; but he was now gaunt and haggard, as if he had found it a difficult matter to live since he had seen her last. His beard was grizzly; his hair was gray; and his garments not like those in which Mill Hamilton had been pleased to array himself when his soul dwelt at ease, and he had more than heart could wish, and called his lands after his own name. But surely love's pitying tenderness would only see to be stirred to the depths!

To see him sitting there-him for whom she wore that mourning dress-was it not a marvelous spectacle? To-morrow would she put off the mourning and gird herself with gladness!

Yet, to-morrow, would he be here? Alive without the world's consent, where was his place henceforth? Was not Mill Hamilton dead if he could not live in his own right, and bear his own name among men? Was he capable of this? Life is so sweet, but thus precious to him; and he had loved her and the child. These thoughts ran wildly through her brain. No knowing whither they would turn, or against what impassable barrier they would dash at last and

"No, no; let me hear from you-you first," she said; "for where have you lived, and how?"

She could not ask why he had valued life at this astounding rate. She dared not think that in this acceptance of liberty he had perhaps proved his guilt.

"There's no time for any thing," he said, hurriedly. "I have lived any where, any way, Judith; I don't know how. 'Pon my word it seems all like a dream! and hideous enough. It was no life at all; if it had been far better than it was it would have been bad enough, away from you.

right between us. For better, for worse, you But we didn't understand what that You are in mourning, Judith."

"Yes, for you."

"I was afraid it might be for the child. Yet I've often thought, since I've been separated from you, darling, not knowing whether we should ever meet again, that it would be well if the little one should never live to know what befell its father."

"He is alive, Mill; and here, in this very room; here, in the old cradle."

She had dropped the embroidery she had busied herself with when he came into the cradle, and the muslin had fallen over the beautiful baby head. She threw it aside, and put away the screen that shaded the little face from the strong gas-light.

"It is your Judah, Mill," she said. "I named

Mill Hamilton, the disgraced, outlawed man, bent down that he might study those fine features. He uttered an exclamation as he gazed, but he gave the child no kiss. Had this been his impulse nothing would have hindered him. All right had he in that child-all father-right to love him, but none to cast a shadow of shame or sorrow on his lot. Yet this was not the abnegation Judith perceived in his manner as he turned from the infant. There was a passion speaking from his face that told her he could live through all disgrace, incur it, for her sake; that mere life was to be accepted, clung to, so long as she was in the world. Yet he shrunk from a too close scanning of her face, as if he feared to read all that might be read, although she sat there telling him of all that had transpired—of the course she had taken in the factory -of her purposes in behalf of the boy; for the grave seemed to lie between them. How could she cross to him? And it was manifest that he could never come to her.

At last he said,

"I can not stay here, you know. I must be gone before daylight."

"Where, Mill? where will you go?"

"Not far away."

She shuddered. Did he see that?

"Think what he must be to me, if I can accept life on such terms! This business must be closed, I suppose. We shall see that the world is wide, and there is something besides reputation among blockheads. We have fortune, and each other, and the child."

She did not respond to that except by a solitary word. That word might have conveyed all possible assurance; but it came from her lips faintly.

"Yes."

The silence that followed it was dead and dreadful. But he would not interpret it. It should not signify to him that his return was unwelcome to the woman for whose sake he had said to himself, again and again, as if in justification, he would forego any privilege and place. I came to see if it was all He had not for a moment suspected that the

love that could reduce him to this state was nothing to glory in, nothing to boast before her.

"You are slower to take this in," he said, as if vexed and disappointed, "than I supposed would be possible. I relied on you that you would understand at a glance, and be ready at a word. I thought that you were Judith—the little girl I—" He did not finish the allusion.

"I do seem to myself to be perfectly incapable," she answered, striving with herself—desperately striving—beholding in awful certainty her duty and her inability. You do not consider that it could hardly be otherwise. I find it so almost impossible to believe that I really see you here, Mill, alive."

He looked at her as she spoke, as if in a sort of stupor—as though the incapability that obviously distressed her, while she acknowledged it frankly, were falling upon him also. A little readier apprehension on her part would have changed the whole character of this reunion. But suddenly a doubt seemed to stagger him. He scanned her face with a fierce decision that showed the stupor had passed. How pale she was! How proud she looked! How quiet—though he knew so agitated. She had changed. She had grown old in those two years. And yet it was a maturity whose proud beauty made it chiefly conspicuous to him. The jealous fancy exasperated his passion.

"Then I must think for you," he said. "I must think for you. It is not the first time. And you were always ready to indorse my judgments. I have remembered that. It has been the most cheering thought to me. Is Morris with you yet?"

"Yes-faithful and wise as ever."

"Your right-hand man? Then you can trust the business in his hands, and Home's. Home will be a good adviser. Let Morris advertise the factory, if it can not be disposed of otherwise. You and he will be able to set a price on the works; this estimate may help you. I would like to know how correct it is when you have talked with Morris. Even if the property is sold at a sacrifice I should prefer you to be free of it. It has been too much for you, dear wife. When we worked together it was easier for you. I never thought that I should put a trouble upon you. Wasn't it my care to keep all trouble at a distance? But it would not do to have the boy grow up in Granby. It would spoil his whole life."

"He was not to grow up, Mill, as other children do, the most of them. I should have made a man of him who would retrieve your name even among those who were dull enough to think that an accusation was proof of a deed."

"No," said Hamilton, quickly, "it would not do at all. There are better people in the world than can be found here, and I remember you never set a very high estimate on them. Granby hasn't greatly changed in two years, I suppose. When the mill and the house are disposed of we will go abroad. We used to talk of that when we were younger, Judith, you remember."

"To Italy! We were going to do so many beautiful things! But we are growing old, Mill. You are not looking well."

"Nonsense! I never felt younger. I have been plagued to death by some matters. But that is all right. Have you missed me much?"

At last the question!

"I have led a fearful kind of dream-life for two years," she said. "But I have always found comfort in reflecting that if you suffered, Mill, it was as an innocent man. There was always one who perfectly believed in your integrity." So all the honorable memories of the past constrained her to speak.

He had not heard so many words of trust as to be ungrateful for these, or even to detect in them what was wanting, if indeed they lacked any thing. The voice, the utterance, encouraged him to utter what he had not allowed himself to speak, though the words came often to his lips.

"You haven't said once, Judith, you were glad to get me back."

Swiftly came her answer:

"I have not said it, Mill? Could any words express that to you if you had not the assurance in your heart?"

"I have not," said he, "the assurance in my heart."

"What then could give it you?"

"One of your old smiles, wife. Even a kiss might do it. Women do not think these signs so worthless. Neither do I. But perhaps there is an odious air of the prison hanging about me," he said, assuming a little humor in his look as well as in his words.

"We were one," she answered, with the lofty solemnity of one who bows his head to take the yoke which to escape were sin. "You asked me once if when the grave came between us we should not still be one. Have I forgotten it?"

"But, Judith, do not recall those words; unless— Oh, can't you look a little happier that I who was dead am alive again?"

"Do you see?" she said, touching with her foot the cradle where the child slept. "It is the very one you slept in when you were a child."

"And that Eddy slept in! I dreamed of him often when I first left you. He was always the same beautiful child. And he never came to me without you, Judith; so that many a morning I woke in that intolerable hole with the feeling that angels had visited me."

He leaned forward to the table as he spoke, and took from it a volume. It was one of those in which he had read oftenest, for in his leisure hours he had read much, and its pages were covered with note and comment he had penciled while he read.

A sword-thrust could not have riven her heart more sharply as she looked at him in this new attitude. How old and worn he looked! Could this be Mill Hamilton? How he must have suffered! What must he have endured!.....He had looked to her for comfort......Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?.....Behold and see

if there was ever sorrow like my sorrow! In the universe stood she alone to sustain that fall-

"You see," she said, speaking more cheerfully than she had done, "I often read those books. It seemed sometimes as if we had been talking with each other. I would have let the whole library go, Mill, sooner than one of these volumes."

Then, it seemed, though she could not be hurried into speech, nor could speak on what seemed like compulsion, or on any suggestion save that of real feeling, she could say that which assured him of her again!

He sat there with her in the library till near daybreak. He had no wish to look at the rest of the house. All was as he had left it, Judith said. And so, she also said, it was her intention to leave all till Judah became a man and took possession of the home that had been his father's. And by degrees her manner satisfied him wholly. He confessed to himself that his reception could not have been otherwise. And he questioned also of himself-he could afford to do that now-whether the fact of his life could be so necessary to her happiness that, with the assurance and presence of it, she would be willing to die to the world, to live in secrecy, so to live with him.....But was he not Mill Hamilton? He left her with that thought: had he not labored, and with uttermost success, to gild the circumstances of her lot? He remembered what the girl had been: had he no share in the work of making of the woman what she was?

And she remembered also. When he was strong he had given her his hand and she had leaned upon it.

A QUEEN'S DAY.

THERE is a corps attached to the British Court which is denominated the "Gentlemen-at-Arms." They do not absolutely form the Body-Guard of the Sovereign, that title being monopolized by the "Yeomen of the Guard." commonly called the "Beef-eaters"—an old corruption of Buffetiers. But their duty is nevertheless to defend the Queen's person against all possible attacks when she holds a Court at Windsor or Buckingham Palace, This garde du corps consists of forty "gentlemen"—that is, according to the aristocratic reading of English society, persons who have never been in trade. There is a Captain, a Lieutenant, and two or three other officers. The gentlemen pay £1300 for their commission, and receive each £100 per annum. They wear a scarlet coat and white buckskin breeches, a steel breast-plate, gauntlets, a helmet, and jack-boots. They are armed with sword and spear; and thus attired and accoutred they line the staircase and the throneroom or reception-room when the Queen receives her devoted subjects. I once held one of these commissions; and after, by selling the commission which I had bought, I had relinquished the weary privilege of standing bolt upright for four ence that has recently taken place with foreign

hours in the presence of the Sovereign and the Court, I held a small appointment in the royal household. These circumstances familiarized me with the usages of the Queen, and impressed me deeply with a sense of Her Majesty's method, industry, kindness, intelligence, and high notions of duty.

An idea naturally prevails among the multitude that the life of a Sovereign is a life of luxurious idleness. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" was predicated of a British King in the days of despotism, but has no application to the head which is continually occupied with considerations of public good.

Queen Victoria—I speak of her in the present tense, though it is now four years since I was an inmate of the palace-rises at half past six o'clock in the summer, and half past seven in the winter. After the toilet and morning service in the chapel of the Palace she breakfasts. Coffee, bread, butter, eggs, and cold meat constitute the usual repast. One or two ladies-in-waiting and an equerry have the privilege of partaking the morning meal with the royal family. Breakfast over, the Queen sallies forth to walk on the slopes at Windsor or in the garden of the palace, and generally visits, when at Windsor, the farm or aviary, looking at her horses and examining the aquarium. Re-entering her dwelling, she goes into the nursery or the rooms in which the princes and princesses are going through their studies; then glancing at the Times and Morning Post, she enters her library and receives the Master of the Household. This officer lays before Her Majesty a memorandum of all the letters and applications he has received addressed to the Queen, and reports how he has disposed of them. He is allowed a considerable latitude in regard to the dispensation of the monarch's charities; for, of course, the Queen can not herself institute inquiries into the deserts of the numerous applicants. On the departure of the Master of the Household the Lord-Steward's deputy enters to receive orders as to the invitations that shall be issued to persons of merit and distinction to visit Her Majesty. These persons arrive to dine on one day, remain all the next day enjoying the individual attentions of one or other of the members of the household, and return home on the third day. These three days are called the days of "Rest," "Reception," and "Departure."

At eleven o'clock the dispatch-boxes of the principal Secretaries of State arrive or are brought by the Ministers themselves. There is one from the Foreign Secretary, one from the War Minister, one from the Lords of the Admiralty, and one from the Home Secretary, with a supplemental box from the Premier, who is either First Lord of the Treasury or Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The box of the Foreign Secretary receives primary attention. It contains a précis, carefully written and signed by the Secretary or one of the Under-Secretaries, of all the correspond-

Powers, together with drafts of the replies which | to the suffering of her own sex is proverbial. It it is proposed to send. If any knotty question is at issue the Queen will probably desire to see the original dispatches, if her wish in this respect has not been anticipated. It is a fiction to say that a constitutional sovereign "can do no wrong." In her alone is vested the power to declare war and make peace, though the responsibility is borne by the Premier. Hence it becomes her duty to watch the progress of every discussion, and to stop, ere it be too late, the adoption of any policy which may compromise the peace of the nation.

The Foreign Secretary's box being closed, that of the War Minister receives attention. This box, in time of peace, contains a Report of all that has been done in respect to new military inventions, and alterations in the clothing and equipment of the troops; recommendations of certain general officers for important military commands, staff situations, or colonial Governments; and a list of all the promotions and appointments it is proposed to make. These latter are inscribed on large sheets of paper, and if there is nothing objectionable in any of the candidates for preferment the Queen attaches her sign-manual to each sheet. The Lords of the Admiralty make a communication corresponding with that of the War Secretary.

The Home Secretary's box contains warrants and patents for the Queen's signature, which warrants confer Judicial or Ecclesiastical appointments upon the higher members of the bar and the clergy, or are the signal for the execution of great criminals. It is always a subject of deep sorrow to the Queen when the Home Secretary does not see reason for recommending her to exercise the Royal prerogative of mercy. To consign a fellow-creature to eternity is revolting to her Christian spirit, and especially when that fellow-creature is a woman. Indeed, since the last paroxysm of anguish which the Queen endured on this account it has been customary to assume that a murderess is a lunatic, and to confine her for life.

The public affairs of the nation at an end, the Queen now receives visitors, who have either been specially invited, or persons who have been honored with her "commands" to attend at the Palace. Among these latter are artists and publishers, who have rare and novel works to show to Her Majesty, or her likeness to take; persons intrusted with presents for the aviary, foreigners with special introductions from their own sovereigns, tradesmen with articles which the Queen is desirous of purchasing, and so forth. After these folks have been dismissed the royal family take their lunch, at which the Queen eats and drinks heartily. The horses and carriages are then brought to the door, and Her Majesty either rides or drives out for three or four hours, frequently taking the opportunity of visiting some of the nobility, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Duchess of Inverness, or even (in the country) poor but worthy people who are

is on record that when Mrs. Warner, a tragic actress of excellent character, was ill of a disease which ultimately carried her to her grave, the Queen sent a carriage every day that she might have the advantage of pure air. On her return home the Queen spends an hour in her private boudoir or library, and then dresses for dinner.

A dinner at the palace has always been a very stately, dreary, tedious affair. The table service is of course superb-gold plate, Sèvres porcelain, alabaster vases, flowers, brilliant chandeliers, servants in scarlet coats and powdered heads, a military band performing in an ante-room, and many ladies and gentlemen at table in full-dress costume. A profound silence reigns throughout the meal, only broken by the voice of the Queen addressing herself to one or other of the guests, who are expected to limit themselves to a direct reply. General conversation is carried on in whispers only. A great variety of wines are drank at the royal table, the Queen and Prince Albert confining themselves chiefly to German (Rhine) wines.

After dinner the party adjourns to the drawing-rooms, and there the Queen casts aside all ceremony, and gives herself up to innocent pleasures, and the promotion of the enjoyment of her guests and family. If the party be not large a chamber concert or a dance is improvised, the Queen herself taking a prominent part in the singing and dancing. The objects of interest to the stranger in the suit of drawing-rooms are numerous, and the Queen is not slow to invite attention to and explain them-a hospitable office, in which she is cordially sustained by the Princes and Princesses, and the ladies and noblemen of the household. There are magnificent vases; statues of marble, bronze, and alabaster; glorious pictures by the first masters, ancient and modern; port-folios of engravings, musical instruments, curious articles of vertu, etc., etc. All is life and abandon. At half past eleven, or earlier, the Queen retires, gracefully courtesying to the company, the ladies-in-waiting and the lady guests acknowledging the obeisance by sinking to the very ground.

Such, briefly sketched, is an ordinary Queen's day. Circumstances occasionally happen to vary the routine. There is a review of 20,000 soldiers at Aldershott, or of 40,000 volunteers in Hyde Park, or of a fleet at Spithead. There is a fête at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, a Chapter of the Garter or Bath to be held, a cup race at Ascott to be seen, an exhibition of pictures by the Royal Academicians to be visited, Parliament to be opened or prorogued, or a Drawing-Room to be held.

A "Drawing-Room" at St. James's Palace is a grand affair. It is then that the aristocracy makes its greatest display. The exquisite beauty of the youthful ladies who are to be presented is exhibited to the greatest advantage, the warmth of the weather (it is May) admitting of the dresses being worn very low; the dowagers confined by sickness. Her Majesty's kindness blaze with the family diamonds; the major part

of the noblemen and gentlemen rejoice in military or naval attire; the embassadors and ministers are grand in their gold-laced coats, swords, and bags; the Guards are in their newest uniform; the carriages are of every hue, the panels emblazoned with rich coats of arms, and the hammer-cloths composed of embroidered velvet or costly woolen fabrics; the coachmen and servants are all velveteen, plush, silk stockings, powdered wigs, and vast bouquets; and the proud horses, caparisoned with silvered harness, snort and paw the ground, challenging a part of the admiration bestowed by the thousands who crowd the streets near the palace upon the vehicles and their handsome occupants.

An introduction to the British Court-in other words, a presentation to the Queen, which does not always carry the presentee beyond the precincts of the Court—is effected after this wise: A person desirous of being presented seeks the favor of some nobleman or titled lady who has already enjoyed the privilege. He or she writes on two cards the name of the person to be presented and that of the introducer. One of these cards is retained by the Lord Chamberlain, the other is laid before the Queen, that if either of the individuals named be objectionable her Majesty may express her disinclination to receive the party. A gentleman must be presented at a "Levee" before he can be admitted to a "Drawing-Room." The Levee is held by the highest Prince in the realm. If, after presentation, it should be discovered that there is a flaw in the character of the individual who has been introduced at Court, a notice appears in the London Gazette, signed by the Lord Chamberlain, to this effect: "The presentation of ----, on such a day, at her Majesty's Drawing-Room, held at St. James's Palace, was a mistake; and such presentation is not to be considered as having taken place." Such advertisements are of rare occurrence. Only two have appeared in twenty years.

On the Drawing-Room day the Queen, surrounded by the other members of the Royal Family and the great officers of state, takes up her place under a dais, or throne canopy, and the company passes before her. The ladies courtesy to the earth; the gentlemen fall on one knee, and kiss the Queen's hand—all parties backing out through a door opposite to that by which they entered. That same "backing out" is a troublesome process, especially to the fair sex, whose trains are long and therefore embarrassing.

On the night of the third and last Drawing-Room, which is generally held on the Queen's birthday, many of the ladies go to the Opera in the dresses they have worn at the Drawing-Room. The coup-d'wil then presented from the stage is superb! The glitter of the diamonds, softened by the waving ostrich plumes and marabouts; the richness of the silks, brought out vividly by the light of five hundred jets of gas; and, above all, the health and loveliness of a thousand young faces, present a picture which, once seen, is never forgotten. To see it to the best

advantage, one should volunteer to join the throng upon the stage who sing the National Anthem on such occasions. Managers of operahouses are not the most accommodating people in the world, but there are keys of silver and keys of gold that will open wide the most stubborn portals that ever were constructed to keep out the curious and the vulgar.

Such is an outline of the manner in which the British sovereign passes her days in London or at Windsor. When the summer arrives her Majesty betakes herself to her beautiful marine abode in the Isle of Wight, and gives herself up to domestic enjoyment. Parliament is then "up;" the members scatter themselves all over the world, and the ministers of state retire to their country-houses. In the autumn the Queen has hitherto gone down to her estate in Scotland. Contiguous to Balmoral is some fine deer-stalking, a manly sport, in which the late Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales particularly delighted. The poor Highlanders in the vicinity of Balmoral, like the poor people in the Isle of Wight, always look forward with delight to her Majesty's advent, for then they taste of royal beneficence administered with no niggard hand.

MY MYSTERIOUS FOE.

(The subjoined narrative is a true record of incidents which occurred in New York not many months ago. The affair made some talk in private circles, but I believe it never "got into the papers." For obvious reasons fictious names have been given in this account, which I give to the public in the belief that it may throw some light upon the mysterious question of "Natural Antipathics." I shall be happy to communicate privately with any person who is engaged in scientific inquiries upon this obscure subject. Any letters from such persons, directed to "K. L., care of the Editor of Harper's Magazine," inclosing an envelope directed and stamped for a reply, will meet with early consideration. I shall not, however, attend to any inquiries which appear to be prompted by mere idle curlosity.

—K. L.1

I NEVER liked him. Nay, my whole nature fairly recoiled from him in terror when my glance first met his small, piercing eyes, as he suddenly passed through the reception-parlor, where I sat gayly chatting with Lieutenant Charles. The Lieutenant noticed my terrified start, and the change of color which doubtless accompanied it, for he sprang up instantly, and would have followed the intruder had I not promptly checked him, and, with a forced smile, endeavored to resume the conversation so unpleasantly interrupted.

"And you will not give me the picture, Fanny?" asked the Lieutenant, after a few moments' pleading concerning a carte de visite which I had lately had taken. "You will not give it to me!" he echoed, sadly, after reading his answer in my countenance; "but surely you will show it to me?"

idly by the light of five hundred jets of gas; and, above all, the health and loveliness of a thousand young faces, present a picture which, once seen, is never forgotten. To see it to the best room; I will bring it to you in an instant."

Rising from my seat as I spoke, I hastened into the hall. Good gracious! there He stood, at the very foot of the stairway, motionless, as though he had been listening to our conversation. I sprang back into the room with a beating heart, and tears of vexation gushing to my eves

"You have seen him again!" exclaimed the Lieutenant, starting from his seat.

But before the door was reached my hand was upon his arm—

"No," I urged, "do not go; it will be useless, and excite an unnecessary alarm in the household. In a moment he will go away, and I will then get you the picture, and laugh at my folly at the same time."

"Your folly in getting me the picture?" bantered the Lieutenant, gayly. "Forgive me, Fanny," he added, hastily, and an anxious cloud passed over his countenance. "This matter is more serious with you than I at all imagined. Surely there is—"

"Say no more about it," I interrupted, trying to smile. "There are some influences which it is useless to attempt to explain. We can only recognize them, and, if need be, struggle to resist them. I am ashamed of the weakness on my part which you have witnessed this morning, and must trust to your generosity not to interpret it too harshly."

He pressed my hand respectfully, and was silent. But what meant that shrewd, almost sarcastic smile, when, a moment afterward, as we heard the hall door shut heavily, he said, "Your enemy is probably out of the way now; will you bring me the picture?"

This "enemy," as, alas! the Lieutenant had only too truly called him, was, like myself, a lodger in my boarding-house. The landlady, Mrs. Hone, heard me sympathetically when, in confidence, I hinted at the annoyance he caused me, and, in her peculiar phraseology, promised "to rid the house of him" as soon as she possibly could; but begged me to say nothing of the matter in the mean time, for there was nothing, she said, which she dreaded so much as "a stir" among her boarders, and among her lady boarders she was sure "this business would make a stir if any thing could."

I promised to remain silent, though more than once afterward I was tempted to regret my hasty acquiescence. There was Mr. Williams, a strong young man, with whom I was a favorite, living on the fourth floor, who, could his assistance have been asked, would doubtless soon have effected the removal I so much longed for. As for leaving, myself, that was impossible. I was an orphan—a dependent on a wealthy though invalid uncle, who, being once comfortably settled in Mrs. Hone's excellently kept house, would not of course be tempted to leave it except for some more potent and tangible reason than I could offer.

Whether my tormentor knew my sentiments from her hands, "I entreat you to to toward him or not I can not say; but I never, you came in possession of this letter."

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during the uneasy days that followed, heard him hurrying along the hall, or stealthily passing my room close to its very door-sill, but I felt an involuntary shudder, and with difficulty suppressed the cry that arose to my lips. Once I met him on the stairway, and, scarce conscious of what I was doing, I bounded past him with a quick scream, and rushed into my room. Why, I can not tell, except that my whole being loathed the creature, and felt a presentiment of coming evil from his presence. Not one word had we ever exchanged, and I do believe if he had spoken to me I should have fainted with terror; but his restless, intense glance had more than once met mine, and that was enough. There was a natural antipathy between us: we were born to be enemies.

In the mean time my brave Lieutenant had gone back to the war. He had, after all, taken my picture with him, and my heart also. Only those who love and are beloved in return, and are doomed for a while to be parted, with chances of danger and death between them and their loved ones, can know of the eagerness with which I awaited his first letter. Soon it came, one glorious summer afternoon, with its more glorious news: "Our army is moving rapidly, and we shall be in Richmond before the Fourth.' (Alas! the inspiring spectacle proved to be but a mirage woven in the mists of Arlington Heights.) "We shall fight! We shall conquer!" the letter said, "and some of us must fall; but, living or dying, dearest, remember that one heart shall-

I read no more; for at the bare thought of the possibility of losing my hero the half-read sheet fell from my hands, and there, in the solitude of my room, I leaned upon the window-sill and wept long and bitterly. I loved my country, freedom, and the right; but oh! did I love them enough for the chance of this? My brave, noble lover! If he should perish what would freedom, kindred, the light of Heaven itself be to me? Suddenly a rustling outside of my slightly-opened door aroused me; and recalled to my letter, I stooped to pick it up. It was gone!

Bewildered and alarmed I hastily shook the folds of my dress, and searched floor, table, and chair, quite certain that no other human being had been in the room since I had entered it with the letter—when the door opened wider, and our landlady's head, decked in all the pride of her gorgeous dinner-cap, was thrust into the apartment. Her face was paler than usual, and her manner somewhat flurried, as she laughingly exclaimed.

"Miss Fanny, if you leave your love-letters lying about the halls you can't expect to keep your secrets long. Not that I have learned them," she added, quickly; "but some less trusty personage might have picked it up, you know."

"Mrs. Hone," I gasped, scarcely heeding her words as I almost snatched the precious sheet from her hands, "I entreat you to tell me how you came in possession of this letter."

session of this letter."
Original from

"Why, I've told you already," she replied, rather sharply, "I picked it up in the entry just outside of your door. It was no ghost dropped it there either (so you needn't turn so white), but only that R—"

A sudden thought seemed to check her intended confidence, for she muttered something about people being so "awful nervous," and breaking into a disagreeable laugh, hastily left the room. A moment afterward I heard her angry voice checking Betty, the house-maid, for some real or fancied neglect of duty; with the sharp reprimand not to "leave that door open again if she valued her place."

That door! Could she mean my door? And was I, as far as practicable, to be kept shut up in my room, so that He might wander unrestrainedly about the house? And what had meant my landlady's flurried manner, her sudden reticence, if in some way my tormentor had not been concerned in this mysterious occurrence? For though I by this time knew well enough who had taken the letter, how it had been accomplished without my knowledge was a mystery. It was not more than a week since I had first spoken to Mrs. Hone of the object of my fears, and already she would flush up angrily if I even alluded to the conversation and her solemn promise to relieve me of his odious presence. She had even gone so far as to say that "some persons were too fidgety for comfort; and for her part she couldn't, for the life of her, see what there was to make such a fuss about. Goodness knew! she didn't want any such creature as him in her house, and if I thought she did I was mistaken, that was all!" After this singular change of feeling evipced itself I kept my own counsel in the matter, though I was fully resolved to avail myself of the first opportunity of persuading my uncle to change his boarding-place.

This was the way in which matters stood on the day that my letter was so mysteriously borne away almost from my very hands. After recovering it I eagerly read it through again and again—shuddering, in spite of myself, at a certain passage which the reader shall have the privilege of perusing. The Lieutenant, considerate in all things, had evidently tried to express himself so as to annoy me as slightly as possible; but it thrilled me for all that. Here is the passage:

"By-the-way, my dear Fanny, you must know that there came into our tent last night what seemed to me the very identical being who so startled you that evening. Has he disappeared from No. 123? If so, it was himself. If not, it was his double. Size, color, and gait were the same. He had the identical quick, glancing eye, sharp white teeth, and pointed nose. Can there be two such beings? Was it from sympathy with you that I felt such an instinctive aversion to him? I made a dash at the fellow, but he escaped into the darkness as mysteriously as he had come. Our captain and a few of our boys were in the tent at the time, and seemed to be much astonished at my violent movements, and at my remarking (as I quietly sat down among them again), 'That fellow came precious near receiving his finishing touch!' They all protested that they had seen no one enter the tent; and begged for an explanation, but I chose to let them remain in their mystified condition. A mysterious coincidence, at least, was it not? Does it portend any thing?"

To me it would have been a terrible circumstance, and so I told him in my reply; but my brave hero knew not the meaning of fear.

At last, after reading the precious epistle over (I am ashamed to tell how many times), I sought the bedside of my uncle, and endeavored to rerder the long summer afternoon less tedious to the dear sufferer. He was aged, and the natural infirmities of his years had been hastened and increased by a slow, incurable disease. How my heart went forth toward him as, with loving hand, I brushed back the beautiful silver locks from his temples, longing that my touch might heal as well as soothe! Ere long he passed into a tranquil slumber, and carefully adjusting the sashes so that the soft breeze might play refreshingly about him, I slipped noiselessly into my chamber.

And now, at this point, I must become minute, and perhaps even tedious in detail, for I have a strange story to tell, and wish faithfully to relate the strange occurrences of that night.

There was but one other boarder on the second floor of Mrs. Hone's house besides my uncle and myself. This was a stern, unsociable man named Foster, a bachelor, who always returned my cheerful "Good-morning!" with an unmoved face and a jerky bow, as though his good angel had suddenly pulled some invisible string to prevent him from seeming the surly fellow he really was. This gruff personage stalked up the stairs and into his room soon after I had entered mine. Our apartments were at the back of the house, and adjoining, though his, being but a small chamber at the end of the hall, had its door standing at a right angle with my own. I could hear him moving briskly around his room for a while, and finally, as I arose to close my door, saw him emerge, carpet-bag in hand, and disappear at the turn of the stairway. Soon after there were other footsteps in his chamber, apparently those of two persons, and I could hear my landlady's voice saying, in her usual indiscreet over-tone,

"There is no other way: we will have to try poison, though I dread the consequences."

Then there was some muttered reply, and a discussion ensued, through which I could plainly distinguish the words "no one in here to-night"—"never knew it to fail"—"children"—"horrible!"—"the uncle's room"—"danger"—"uncle can't get out of bed"—"no, 't's better here," etc., etc.

Just then uncle's hand-bell tingled out its familiar summons, and I hastened to his because.

"Fanny," he said, "can't vou make it a little lighter here? I've had one of my ugly dreams, and I want to be certain you're all right."

"To be sure I am, uncle dear," I rejoined, cheerfully, at the same time lighting the gas near the head of his bed. "Is that too bright for you?"

"No, no; leave it up—so. Now come tell me what you have been doing this afternoon."

Should I tell him every thing? No. He would either be distressed at his own powerless-



ness, or would laugh at my nervous fears. I replied, at the same time lifting a small table nearer his bed preparatory to bringing up his supper,

"Doing, uncle? Why, I have been here with you most of the afternoon, and before that I was

reading a letter from-"

"Ah! I understand. Well, it's all my own fault for ever letting that fellow with the buttons have a word to say to you. I shall have to hire some fat old nurse in a year or two, while you'll be sporting around with that scamphey?"

My only answer to this was a laughing threat to go to the young scamp at once if uncle were not more respectful; though, at heart, I felt quite resolved that, married or single, I should never resign my self-imposed duty of nursing

"Well, well," said uncle, "you've always been such a good girl I sha'n't be hard on you. See if it's time for my mixture."

"No, not for an hour yet. You must take your supper first."

"Very well. Don't put any butter on the toast to-night; and if the chicken's as tough as it was yesterday bring up something else."

"Yes, uncle."

On my way from the dining-room with uncle's supper I could not resist the temptation of taking a look into Mr. Foster's apartment. So resting my tray in a vacant niche at the head of the stair, I turned his knob; but the door would not open. It was locked, and the key had been taken away. Thrust partly under my own closed door was a penciled note from one of the lady boarders, requesting that, if my patient were well enough, I would pass the evening in her room. Well pleased at the prospect of a cheerful gossip with Mrs. Gray's delightful family, I resolved to avail myself of the invitation after my uncle had fallen into his usual slumber, and so lost no time in attending to my evening duties.

It was nearly half past eight before I found myself in Mrs. Gray's pleasant parlor, and by this time the beautiful afternoon had passed into a chilly, unpleasant evening. But we soon forgot the outside darkness in the brightness and comfort within. We talked of the war, of M'Clellan, of Burnside, of the iron-clads; and in our excited comments developed sundry original and startling views upon matters and things in general, and the strategy of the present war in particular.

Well entertained by the conversation and the music that followed, I lingered in Mrs. Gray's room until ten o'clock. Then, after seeing that uncle was comfortably settled for the night, I sought my own room, and, carefully locking the door leading into the hall, commenced to undress. This done, I stood in my long nightwrapper near the gaslight, and began reading once more the words of my absent soldier. I had just come to the passage, "By-the-way, my dear Fanny," when a sudden, but continuous, | child, what is the matter? Here, you're safe

clicking startled me. It might have been the sharp dropping of rain-drops on the roof of the piazza beneath my opened window, or the ticking of the queer clock in Mr. Foster's room; or it might have been caused by some leakage in the Croton pipes, or the creaking of the poor sick baby's cradle in the room above. It might, in short, have arisen from either of these or twenty other innocent causes, and so I tried to reason as, hastily putting the letter away, I turned the gas entirely off (unintentionally, for that matter, but my hand was not steady) and sought my pillow, quite sure that I should not sleep a wink that night. But youth and health are often proof against more serious alarms than mine had been, and I soon sank into a profound slumber.

Hours afterward I awoke with a start from some troubled dream. What it had been I could not precisely recall; but I was agitated, and my brow and neck seemed fairly dripping with perspiration. In an instant the deep tones of a neighboring church clock striking "two" reassured me, with its familiar, everyday sound, and I soon floated off again into the land of dreams. This time the sleep was far less sound; and more than once, without quite awaking, I instinctively drew my muslin night-sleeve across my forehead; it was strangely moist, though I could feel the cool night-air stealing through the darkness from the open window opposite. After turning uneasily upon my pillow for a while, I finally sank into a deeper slumber once more, and must have remained unconscious for nearly an hour, when suddenly I started up with a sense of acute pain; and, wide awake in an instant, became conscious that I was not alone in the room. Else why that heavy thump upon the floor, and the quick rush that followed? All was dark, but I could feel that the pillow, my face, neck, and the shoulder and sleeves of my night-dress were covered with a strange, clammy moisture. Seized with a horrible suspicion, and darting from the bed in an agony of terror, I flew to the other side of the room, and groping for my uncle's door, burst with a cry into his room. Dimly lighted as it was, I could see every object distinctly as I entered; and first of all, because the long mirror hung directly opposite the door, and the small gas-jet threw its rays full upon me, I saw my own reflection in its bright surface. Great Heavens! I was covered with blood! My hands were wet with it, while my cheek and throat were crimson with the streams which flowed profusely from my temples. What could I do? My uncle still slept soundly, under the effects of an opiate which his physicians had prescribed for him. Frantic with fear, I tore into the hall, flew up the stair, and would have gone into Mrs. Gray's room, had I not come in collision with my landlady at the landing-place.

"Goodness! Miss Fanny, was it you that screamed? What has happened? Hush!"and she drew me quickly into her little room. "Why, your shoulder's all wet! Gracious!



matches? I haven't had my room dark at night before, I don't know when - here they are! Hush! you'll scare Mrs. Gray."

By this time the room was lighted, and apparently Mrs. Hone was as much alarmed as myself when she saw my condition. She was, however, a woman of strong nerve, and in a moment was coolly bathing my face and neck, and endeavoring to stanch the blood still flowing from my temples. When the bleeding ceased she lost no time in changing my garments and making me as comfortable as possible.

For some time I staid in the landlady's room, and we talked over the affair together. There was but one-solution of the matter; and when, with a shudder, I suggested it to her, she answered, softly,

"Just so, Miss Fanny, it was nothing else, depend upon it. Poor child! Did you see him?"

"No," I whispered, "the room was dark; but I heard him distinctly. Oh! Mrs. Hone, I can never sleep in that room again. I must leave the house to-morrow."

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Hone, "it's always some trouble with me-first one thing, and then another. But I'm sure I can't blame you, Miss Fanny; though, if you would stay, I could get a man here to-morrow who told me he could soon put a stop to all such troubles. But I hated to have him come before, because I knew it would make so much talk in the house, and make the help saucy Goodness knows. they're unbearable enough already!"

I felt sorry for the landlady, but in my own mind fully resolved to leave her roof as soon as possible. The clock boomed out "four."

"Oh, Mrs. Hone!" I exclaimed, struck with a new fear, "I have left uncle alone all this time. Will you go down stairs with me? I can't go alone!"

The landlady was naturally unwilling to run any further risk of disturbing the household, and tried to persuade me not to go, but I was resolute.

The dear old man lay there safely enough when we entered his room, but his sleep was heavy-too heavy; and his brow was burning The next day he was worse; and when I asked the physician concerning him, the reply

"Oh, it's nothing very serious. Perfect quiet for a week or two, and careful nursing, are all that are necessary."

So there, of course, was an end for the present of my plan to leave the house. But I did not attempt to sleep in my apartment again, or even to undress at all. For four nights I staid in the sick chamber, resting only in a large armchair, or perhaps indulging in a brief repose upon the lounge. On the fifth day uncle was so much better that, unconscious of all that had happened, he insisted upon my retiring to my own room and seeking rest. Willing to relieve his anxiety, and being really very much exhausted from continued watching, I obeyed; and in a

enough now—don't cry. Oh! where are the few moments was comfortably reclining on a sofa which stood near the window across the corner of my room.

> That pleasant, sunny room! How different its appearance was now from what it had been less than a week ago. Then all was order and neatness, and the mantle, toilet-table, and walls had been decked with various tasteful articles and engravings, brackets and images. Now the walls were bare, and the pictures stood on the floor ready to be taken away as soon as uncle should be able to leave the house (for now I felt confident I could persuade him to go), and the little nick-nacks and souvenirs were already safely stowed away in trunks. The curtains were drawn tastelessly back by Betty's ruthless hand; and on the furniture lingered a peculiar bloom-neither cleanliness nor dirt-left by the house-maid's duster. To add to the air of discomfort, in one corner stood a pile of trunks (which had been noiselessly packed while uncle slept); and in another lay portions of a dismembered bedstead and a quantity of bedding, which the landlady had asked permission to leave there, "being as the room wasn't used."

> All these things were duly noted as I lay there, vainly courting the sleep which I so much needed. I could hear my uncle's heavy breathing in the next room, and the occasional passing of footsteps along the hall as the boarders came straggling up from dinner. It was no feverish dream then that possessed me when there, in the broad daylight, I saw the detested creature who had attacked me in the dead of night, and the traces of whose diabolical work were still upon my temple, cautiously enter my room, and, gliding slowly and stealthily along, close up to the very wainscot, actually secrete himself under the bedding in the corner!

> Goaded to desperation I leaped from the couch, and, scarce conscious of what I was doing, flew to the spot, and, seizing a small bedpost which lay there, beat with all my might upon the place where I believed his head and breast to be! No sound escaped him, but from the first stroke I felt that he was in my power. Blow after blow fell, for I had the strength of a maniac, and I dured not stop. By this time my cries were heard, and my landlady and several of the boarders rushed into my room. They forced me into a seat, and lifted the bedding from the floor. There he lay, motionless; they turned him over: he was dead!-stone dead-and by my hand!

> "Good Heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Williams, the strong young man from the fourth story, as he lifted my victim from the floor, "he is dead, big as he is; but how did you ever find courage to kill him?"

> "I'm sure I hardly know," I gasped, "except that I was desperate, He has tormented me almost to death for two or three weeks past, and last Saturday night he actually did come near killing me in earnest.'

> "How? how?" cried every body but the landlady, crowding more closely.

The good lady winked prodigiously at me just



then, and tried to change the subject; but I was too excited to heed her. Turning with a shudder from the lifeless cause of my past miseries, I explained how I had felt a natural antipathy against him from the first moment I had encountered him in the hall at Mrs. Hone's; how terrified I had been when I saw him pass through the reception-parlor where I sat conversing with a gentleman; how I had heard and seen him several times since; how he had actually dragged a letter from my room out into the hall; and, above all, how he had bitten my temple on that fearful night. I had just raised the hair carefully from my brow to show my audience the still unhealed traces of those cruel teeth, when Biddy, the chamber-maid, came bustling in. The moment she saw the lifeless corpse she shrieked,

"Who killed him? Not you, Miss Fanny! I'd have been skeered to death. I'm glad he's dead, any how. I told you, ma'am," she added, turning to Mrs. Hone, "'twan't no use tryin' to pizen him. We couldn't have got rid of him: and he'd smelt awful all summer; and—"

"Hold your tongue!" exclaimed Mrs. Hone, out of patience.

Thus tenderly admonished, Biddy subsided, only murmuring, under her breath, that people's lives "hadn't been safe with a critter like that runnin' around;" and finally uttering a piercing shriek as Mr. Williams, the strong young man from the fourth story, lifted the lifeless body toward her.

At that moment Mrs. Hone's oldest son, Fred, a student in the Free Academy, burst into the room. He stopped for a moment, surveying the strange tableau. There was I, flushed with the excitement of my exploit; Biddy, angry at being checked in her voluble exclamations, and shrinking from the corpse; Mrs. Hone, severe in her dignity as head of the house, glad that the obnoxious creature was dead, yet anxious to prevent any talk among her boarders; and Mr. Williams, holding up the dead body so that all could see it.

Master Fred, who being six years my junior was my sworn admirer, and hated my mysterious foe as much as I did, took in the whole affair at a glance.

"You've killed him, Miss Fanny, have you?" he exclaimed. "Bully for you! He's the biggest fellow I ever saw! 'A rat, dead for a ducat, dead!" he added, imitating as nearly as he could the tone and attitude of Edwin Booth, whom he had seen the evening before in Hamlet, pointing at the dead body of the huge rat whom I had just killed, which Mr. Williams was handing to the shrinking Biddy to be duly disposed of.

Possibly the reader of this narrative may, like my Lord Hamlet, have taken this slaughtered rat for "his better." If so, he has read with his imagination instead of his eyes—"a bad habit; I pray you avoid it."

I have only to add here, that "My Mysterious Foe" was the first and the last of his kind that has ever succeeded in penetrating into the immaculate mansion of Mrs. Hone.

THE HOME AND THE FLAG.

WE have been for almost two years so accus-tomed to see our flag upon our houses and hanging from our windows, that we have almost forgotten how startling a sight it at first was, and how deep a lesson it ought to teach us as it floats over our home, and thus connects the peace of the family with the power of the nation. Before we were, perhaps, proud enough of our country and our flag; but our pride of late years was reserved too much for certain state occasions—as for a military parade, the arrival of a fleet, the anniversary of a victory, or the return of the national holiday. Even then we must confess to being sometimes a little surfeited with the show of patriotic enthusiasm, and the Stars and Stripes, though well enough in their place on our national ships and forts, were regarded by dainty eyes as a little vulgar when brought too near, very much as Fourth of July fire-crackers are regarded by sensitive ears. There was indeed some reason for our distaste at the frequent obtrusion of the symbol of our nationality: for it was too often made under the auspices of persons more intent on displaying themselves than on serving the country; and too many of our militia musters have been more alarming to quiet citizens than to public enemies; and the hereditary bunting that perpetuates the virtue of our fathers sometimes has been disgraced by the inebriety of the sons, being exhibited upon tents whose inmates beat each other instead of the invader, and fell more frequently by liquor than by bullets.

Even when our martial enthusiasm has been truly stirred by imposing military displays, as so often by the excellent citizen soldiery of our great city, it has been very much as at some grand scenic effect upon the stage. We did not, indeed, doubt that our men were brave, and our nation powerful, and our arms invincible, yet we had little thought of those troops being part of an actual army, or of claiming the flag as part of our own household, after that it had been borne so gayly past our window.

How changed is our feeling now! The first blow that was struck at our national life moved us all to lift up the flag upon our houses and churches, as the Crusaders of old lifted up the insulted cross. We can remember what a thrill went through the heart of the nation when the flag was first unfurled upon our church spires; but the precursors of this signal appeared upon many a roof below, and the fire that blazed aloft upon the towers was kindled from the hearths of the people. The feeling that came over the nation took us all by surprise, and, like every great experience, it neither came by calculation nor can it be analyzed by cold criticism, nor comprehended by mere prudence. Our life is greater than we know, and whenever its interior fountains are stirred, we are reverently to await a revelation instead of prescribing an opinion or conceit. We have awaited now more than a year the developments of our national life, and



from time to time we have tried to give our views | English when she visits the army, or as the Czar of their import. We propose now to extend our observations into a somewhat new direction, and speak of the lesson of the flag at the window, or the relation between our homes and our country, or the life of the family and the nation.

We remark at the outset, that the signs of the times show that we are taking the nation home with us as never before, and making our public interests a part of our private welfare. The change is greater than we are at first prepared to admit; for while private welfare tends to become too much a very narrow, engrossing, and even selfish object, public interest, on the other hand, is too apt to be left in the vagueness of remote distance, or to the abstractions and the round numbers that are to be found in our tables of statistics. It is very easy to say "our country,' or to repeat the statistics of our population, domain, wealth, and lines of communication. But how much more vivid and stirring is the word "home," and with the sound of the word the eve rests upon or recalls the cherished object itself. We see it, the whole of it, just as it is, precisely so large or so small, with exactly so many inmates, of such years, features, and voices, with furniture and garden, as distinct as in a picture. Perhaps the most distinct and engrossing object of all is she who is generally the ruling spirit of the house, the wife and mother. We call our country our mother; and so she ought to be, and to some extent so she is: but she does not stand before us so distinctly as our mother in blood—as she who bore us, and is always bearing with us and forbearing. The mother in the house is a very private and somewhat exclusive person, and is apt to impart to us something of her own clannishness, and to shut us up within the circle of her own affections, when she is too generous to tie us to the apron strings of her will. Great is the gain, then, when she brings the nation within her own charmed circle, and gives the country a hearty place in the household. Sometimes this adoption is not merely an interior feeling but a visible act; and no sight is to us more expressive than that so often seen within the year-the good mother seated at the window from which floats the household flag, and watching intently the passing regiment, and waving her handkerchief to some friend or kinsman, perhaps to her own sons or brothers, as they are marching, not on a holiday pageant, but to the war, in defense of the life of the nation. The sight of her and her daughters brings the whole country nearer to us, and the great continent seems to rise before us in living personality, and to speak with her voice, and to glow with our affections. The nation seems to live in the person of its queen, and here every patriotic woman does a great deal to animate and impersonate the whole government.

We undoubtedly suffer something from the absence of the traditional symbols and titled personages which embody and concentrate the laws and customs of the old nationalities. As

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stirs the Russians, when, as autocrat and pontiff at once, he rides among the battalions that welcome him with hymns as well as cannon. Yet we are gaining in national symbolism, and never, since Washington's time, has a President been greeted as ours; and never, since time was, has more enthusiasm been rising toward any queen than that which is rising in our camps toward the noble women who are making such sacrifices for the health and comfort of our soldiers. She who looks out from the window to give the soldiers her blessing as they march to the war, shall receive that blessing with increase when they return. The whole nation should and will join in the blessing; for she, the true woman, it is who enables the soldier more than any thing else to keep his country in his heart as part of his home. Surely we are governed far more than we think by tangible objects and personal associations; so that it is very hard to love our country, and even our religion, apart from congenial places and persons. The flag is something tangible, and it seems sometimes to have a supernatural virtue in rousing patriotism. There is a reverence for our flag amounting almost to worship; yet without some human face or word to go with it, the flag is a very insufficient incentive, and the good soldier feels its power far more when he receives the silken banner at the hands of some fair woman, and sees her cheering face wherever he marches, and hears her encouraging voice above all other music. In some way every soldier is enabled to interpret his country by some such personal association, and so give it a place in his fancy and affections, as well as in his reason and conscience. The more we do to cherish such associations so much the better for the nation, and so much greater is the safeguard against the narrow individualism and private thrift that are so apt to be in the ascendant among us.

As a people we are much given to arithmetic, and nowhere on earth is the multiplication-table so widely taught and applied as with us. Far be it from us to disparage this important document, or to bring down upon our heads the wrath of its significant figures, which can gather at a word in such ratios that roll up volumes sometimes more startling than the thunder-clouds. Yet we must modestly suggest that the multiplication-table can not do every thing, nor even the most important thing. It can multiply the unit into thousands and millions, but it can not give us the unit itself to start with. It may figure up the number of houses in the country, or of men in the army, but it can not give us an adequate idea of a single house or a single man. In fact, no kind of knowledge is so deceptive and unsatisfactory as that which is merely numerical. We learn something, but not the chief thing, when we learn that we are a nation of thirty millions of inhabitants. We learn the great thing only when we are told what kind of people they are, and especially what kind of a yet no person moves us as the Queen moves the man is to be regarded as the average specimen or

representative character of the whole. Whatever tends to translate the abstractions of statistics into personal form and feature corrects their insufficiency and makes their facts vital. Now, certainly, all household images and associations have this tendency, and the muster-roll of a regiment begins to mean something to us the moment we recognize some familiar name, and remember, perhaps, some old neighbor or schoolmate whose home we have passed, and whose parents, and brothers, and sisters we know. The whole army starts into life as it is thus estimated by a standard that the heart can recognize, and there is something very near to degradation in being known merely as one of a certain number, without local habitation or name. How repulsive it is, not only to our pride but to our affections, to be called number one or number ten instead of our own name; and the prison has no indignity greater than that of labeling its inmates numerically, and knowing them only by their number, like so many hack horses. Women are especially averse to such computation: and we can not imagine any greater affront put upon a circle of stately dames or blooming damsels than by omitting their characteristic names, and slighting their characteristic costume, and telling them off by number, as so many hats or umbrellas left in care of the por-Womanly affection is altogether private and personal, and carries its personality into public affairs, and helps us, harder and more abstracted men, carry it there also.

Tell a woman, for example, that a thousand men were slain in the last battle, and she receives the news with amazement, perhaps with horror, yet does not lose her composure nearly so much as when she hears that one of her own acquaintance was among the number; and as she thinks of him in the agonies of death, she sees the whole thousand who suffered with him, and the many appear before her in the one. This is the way, indeed, with the human heart, but it comes largely from its home training; and but for this personal and affectionate view of affairs public life would lose its personal interest, the country would evaporate into an airy abstraction, or sink down into a coarse trading copartnership, and the flag would be shorn of its best power in being torn away from its allies in the household.

Let us not be narrow in either direction; and we are to shun the extreme of sentimental emotion as the extreme of cold calculation. Let us be willing to read the census all the more because we look into the house, and the aggregate numbers will mean all the more to us as we study the contents of the separate units that swell into hundreds and thousands. We need to take the household and personal view of our nation all the more from the fact that we not only lack the central court and permanent head that tend to bring national life home to the popular fancy, but we also share peculiarly in the habit of calculation that is so characteristic of

enthusiasm by prudence, and living personality by scientific abstractions. Without going over in theory to the Positivist School of Comté, and while retaining our nominal spiritual faith, we often virtually adopt his principles, and regard our country too much in its mere statistics; not as our benign mother, whom we know and love by heart, but as the great farm and storehouse, which we are to estimate by tables of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures. The French Positivist himself found out his mistake before he died, and in a measure corrected it by that same method that we are recommending; and Comté, who boasted of having reduced every study to an exact science, and of being able to read the future as the past by his sociological theory, confessed that he learned from a single friend more than from all his figures and laws. and that without the friendship of a noble woman, with the light of her home, he must have been without religion, if not a stranger to true humanity. His case is more or less our own; and all public generalities are unmeaning until we interpret them by personal affections and bring them home to our own hearts. It matters little over how many square miles or millions of people our flag waves, if we do not connect it with our own household, and feel its protection while we are under our own roof. flag at the window thus teaches a great truth, as well as presents a glowing symbol; for it teaches us to study our nation in its personal relations, and breathe human life into numerical abstractions.

Not only do we thus interpret round numbers by a definite point, by the unit that makes all the figures significant, but we have the means of taking an interior view of the whole nation, or looking into the life of the people. Regarding the nation only in the mass, the view is alike indefinite and superficial. If we think of the many, we fail to see them definitely, unless we see them one by one; and we fail to see them profoundly, unless we judge them one by one, with insight as well as sight. The home view of the nation ought to combine these two characteristics, and at once give point in our indefiniteness and depth in our superficiality. Our army, for example, when thus interpreted, presents itself before us in a wholly new light. That we now have a million men in the field is a great fact, but of itself it may excite no more emotion than any other large numerical state-Indeed, the largeness of the number rather overwhelms than impresses us, and it is impossible to conceive of such a multitude. But put the subject in another light. See that regiment marching through our streets, and remember that a mother is looking from her window to catch the last glimpse of her own son; and as he marches past and makes the salute that mingles filial love with chivalry and patriotism, he gives us a new measure of our army. He gives us the unit, not only of sight, but of insight—not only of number, but of character. our time, and sometimes comes near displacing Then remember that there are a thousand Original from

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such regiments under our flag, and the ruling motive that led them to the field is in great part the same that animates that young soldier, and surely we have a most significant and instructive view of the whole force at our command. The whole host immediately becomes personal and pictorial to our eye, and graphic to our fancy and affections. Our loyalty takes a more interior character as we connect the purposes of the individual with the institutions and men that we are to serve. We ask anxiously how our soldier is to be treated alike by friends and foes. We see a good officer with other eyes and affections the moment we look upon him as having charge of our personal friends. great battles, discussions, dangers, and enterprises of the nation thus come home to us, and we are all enlisted by heart in the public service, and made spectators of national scenes. We really pine for more of such personal associations with the destiny of our country; and our statistics of products and returns of popular majorities are most dreary until centralized and vivified by some commanding personality. We yearn for some hero whom we may honor and love, not only for our own sake, but for the sake of our mothers, wives, and children. Knowing so many characters in the national group, and having one or more there who bears our own name or hope, we crave the presence of some ruling spirit who shall animate all by his own eloquence or courage, and ennoble us and our children and homes by his own high humanity. Thus the advent of a great man does not throw contempt on the mass of the people, but puts a soul into the whole; and the all whom we do not and can not know live for the first time for us in the one whom we know and do honor.

In monarchical countries the people are made to take a personal interest in common public affairs, and especially in great national emergencies, by loyalty to the princes who lead them; and in sober and utilitarian England the sons of the Royal family are put into the army and navy expressly to bring the public service nearer to the life of the people, and to connect the throne with their business and homes. Surely a republic ought not to have less enthusiasm, and effort should be made to win favor to every branch of national interest by identifying it with persons near to the popular heart. As we watch the career of the leading men among us now, we care for them all the more by our care for those whose welfare is committed to their charge; and we rejoice in every victory and mourn at every defeat most heartily as we think of the homes gladdened or saddened by the issue. We read with different eyes of the deeds of Foote or Pope, Burnside or M'Clellan, when we think that our own or our neighbor's son is in that command; and should the army return with its trophies what bounds could be put to our enthusiasm, when love for the soldier in the ranks

upon our whole community as probably never before in the history of nations, for never before was so large an army gathered on the globe of materials that so unite officers and men in the same companionship, and embody the affections and interests of the whole people. Our troops go forth from our homes as no other army ever went; and the bayonet, as well as the sword, is borne by men of gentle nurture, who love, and are loved by gentle mothers and wives and sisters and daughters and friends. He who wins laurels wins them therefore, in a peculiar sense, for others as well as for himself; and we hardly venture to predict the honors and rewards in store for our brave leaders when they return from the conflict and are welcomed to the homes whose sons have been partners in their heroism, even at the cost of wounds or life itself. Surely, then, our public life is closely allying itself with our private life, and the two factors of our national power-the elements of command and of obedience—are meeting together as never before.

We are, undoubtedly, in this way bringing a new method of observation and judgment to bear upon our rulers and officers. We are looking at them not only from the caucus, the exchange, the Senate, but from the household; and from our windows we are scrutinizing men, manners, and institutions. The morals of our officers, in the camp and the field, are to be canvassed with new closeness, and stern judgment is to be passed upon usages and institutions that are now especially in question. North and South, East and West are looking out of the window with very sharp eyes at each other; and not only in every newspaper-office, but in thousands of private houses, correspondence is going on between the people and our soldiers of a degree and kind that must tell on public opinion, and even shape the materials for history. Our campaigns have annalists such as were never before known; and the flag at the window is the eloquent symbol of a new element in our nationality—that mighty power that has every postal conveyance at its command, and enables every man and woman in the land to write dispatches to friends every where within our lines, and to stamp the dispatch with the head of Washington, and give it the sanctity of the great nationality that he Letters have always been written founded. since the human fingers knew their cunning, but never till now have they so united the home and the nation, and made a nation's history out of its household affections. Each section of the country must share in this illustration; and we are ready to believe that the result must be such as to give us all a more humane view of each other's dispositions and relations—to feel that at heart we may be once more one people, and that in some respects the very men who are in arms against us are cherishing the very affections and purposes that we hold most dear. We have no fondness for the rebel chiefs, and find it very combines with pride in the commander to bring | hard, sometimes, to keep from cursing them beout our plaudits, and perhaps our tears? In fore God and man. Yet we may so far enlarge some way this principle of sympathy is acting our view as to discern some elements in their



surely, in the fullness of our solicitude for our own kindred, may remember that the human heart is not bound by any political or geographical lines; and our enemy may love and be loved very much as we are, and on that very account may be worthy of better usages and laws than those which he insists upon maintaining, to the harm of the nation and the scandal of the world. His life, too, has its household side, and one, moreover, enough like our own to win our sympathy, and enough unlike our own to enlist our service in the hope of bettering his lot in spite of himself. The flag from our window has thirty-four stars on its folds, and shall have, we trust and pray, no less a number. Our window, therefore, waves a blessing to his, and offers him protection under the light of one-nay, of allof those stars, and gives him warning as stern as the protection is merciful.

We have been speaking thus far of the importance of taking the nation home with us, or of giving definiteness and depth to our public life by looking at it from our domestic point of view. But we must not forget the other aspect of the subject, nor fail to see the need of taking the home abroad with us, and enlarging private feeling and interest by large public associations and ideas. If we look out of the window to see who are in the street, we must expect those in the street to look up to us, and to have some control over our thoughts. It will not do to interpret every thing from our own personal view, or insist upon giving the whole country the tone of our household or the color of our spectacles. We certainly have been too much imprisoned in our private interests, and we need to enlarge our horizon by generous patriotism as well as humanity. If the home view of public life is instructive, the public view of home life is no less so; and we do a great deal to oure our prejudices and repinings by seeing clearly that our lot is bound up with the common lot. If homelife teaches the worth of the unit, and enables us to see number one with some distinctness, and indeed compels us not only to say number two in connubial fondness, and number three, or four, or a dozen, in parental tenderness, public life enables us to count thousands and millions, and see that we personally are, after all, but one soul in thirty millions. Now it is a great thing really to enter into this thought; for we are prone to a monstrous egotism, and are tempted to take it for granted that the nation, if not the universe, turns upon our personal will or welfare as its centre. What a lesson for us it is to remember that this great country at once measures our greatness and insignificance, and that we belong to it as but one among the millions, and instead of being sure of wealth or luxury under its flag, we must share in its trials, and may be compelled to lay down our life in its defense! Look upon the troops in the street or camp, and consider that each man there has body and soul

motives that are not utterly depraved; and we | may let down our pride somewhat, but it will exalt our wisdom to know that each decent man is probably in most respects like ourselves; and that it is utter vanity in us to consider our case so very peculiar, and that never did man suffer or enjoy as we do. It is well sometimes to go into the crowd for the sake of learning humility; and important as it is for each man to preserve his individuality, he must remember that other people are individuals too, and that thousands and millions of them quite as much as he need the earth's plenty and God's providence.

> There is something indeed at first very chilling in this view; and when we really perceive that we are one of the many, that what we are personally going through is but the common lot, that what we are tempted to regard as peculiarly our experience takes place by general laws, and to a degree that may be calculated by general averages, we are somewhat in danger of losing our faith and courage, as if we were crushed under the iron wheels of fatality. It certainly gives a startling shock to our exacting sensibility to be assured that, on the whole, about the same average amount of pain and pleasure, sickness and health, birth and death, virtue and vice, and even crime, exists year after year; and that even great crises and revolutions do not essentially break the laws of historical development, nor universally change the human lot. Social statistics do not very widely vary from age to age; and the events that mark our lives most deeply with joy or grief have something of the same range and uniformity as the tides and rains, the heat and cold. War and pestilence are not without method when observed in the long-run, and, like fevers, they have their heats and intermissions. There is a kind of order even in disorder; and the tables of insurance, upon which practical men base their calculations and stake millions of money, show an average liability to tempests, fires, diseases, and accidents. History, it is affirmed, is becoming an exact science, and its periods may be defined, like the stages of vegetable or animal life. Certainly the more attentively we study nature, man, and events, the more are we impressed with the idea of universal law; and now, while war has come upon us like a whirlwind, we find ourselves applying general averages to its issues, and counting the probable percentage of death by battle or disease

When we reflect upon this prevalence of historical law or social average, we are at first liable to be depressed, as if we were under the wheels of an iron necessity without consideration or mercy. But deeper thought must relieve this depression; and teaching us to recognize a personal intelligence and will beneath or within the system of universal law, it prepares us to rise above a blind and inexorable fate, and gather together as children under the discipline of the Universal Father. What is universal must surely have a providential purpose; and the generalizing of like ourselves, and when wounded or injured he the facts of human life ought not only to enlarge suffers as we must do in like circumstances. It our surface, but to deepen our mind and exalt



our faith, so as to lead us to accept the sufficient it, and our personal life is magnified, not lost, by universal cause. If all our wishes were gratified at once, and the result answered exactly to our desire, we might be more than we are now in danger of forgetting or denying the overruling spirit; for we might readily regard ourselves as the moving power, and considering effects, however wonderful, as the work of our will, not as the act of God. The universe might seem, as the puppet-show does to the spectator-all the movements, however curious, being all ascribed to the human showman, and not to any divine and indwelling mind. There is something, therefore, in the union of benignity and universality in the divine method that saves us from mere humanism, and compels us to own an overruling power which cares for us upon principles that sometimes cross our wishes, that they may in the end secure the utmost good.

We may have a fair illustration of compatibility of universal law with personal intelligence and overruling power by reverting to our subject. What better expresses the antithesis between private feeling and public law than the flag at the window? The window opens into the house, where private affections prevail and love appears in its most exclusive form. The mother clasps her son to her arms as hers, and is slow to believe that any power can take him from her side. The flag, on the other hand, symbolizes the power of national law, and in its defense her son enrolls himself in the army and marches away to the war. Look upon him as he marches by the window with his regiment, and is there not something in the rhythm of the step and the recurrent order of the ranks and companies that symbolizes that tremendous law that pervades nature and history, and whose recurrent cycles mark the periods of planets and ages that march ever on at the word of Him whose voice is the harmony of the worlds? How different the movement of the young soldier in the regiment and in the house! In the ranks he has his fixed place, and he moves with the many, and advances or retreats, faces about or wheels, at the general command, without regard to his own wish or will. In the house he is quite at ease, and sits or lolls, dances or promenades, plays or reads, as he pleases. But who shall say that in submitting to military discipline he quits the sphere of free-will and personality, and submits to inexorable necessity? The social will, the national mind, is embodied in that discipline, and he finds that his spirit rises instead of being crushed by the discipline of the camp and the field; and even if he is wounded he may know that it is under laws that are essential and benign; and even if he gives his life for his country he can feel that it is better thus to die in a good cause than to breathe out an ignoble existence upon a bed of dainty indolence. Whatever may be the philosophy of the fact, the fact itself is sure, that the more thoroughly we enter into the idea of prevailing law and submit to the rightful discipline, whether human or di-

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being united with the social and civil order or the divine kingdom.

It would be indeed most disheartening if the power of law, whether natural, social, or divine, were always, or generally, mortifying or destructive. We know, for example, that all men must die, and this necessity, that is decreed of God, is often, as of late, hastened by national decrees, and thousands fall before their expected time by the fearful chances of war. But in order that men may die, it is necessary first that they should live, and if they live as they ought to do, death itself opens into higher life, and a universal law, written not only in Scripture but upon the human soul, saves us from the dreary sway of materialism and the fearful sting of death. more we try to perceive and follow this supreme law, and ascend from the order of material nature to the higher plane of the divine thought and the infinite and eternal love, the greater will be our strength and our comfort. In the apparently inexorable march of events we shall hear the music of humanity and of God, that shall stir our hearts with blessed faith, and assure us that without the supreme wisdom and will not even a sparrow falls to the ground.

Our flag ought to teach us, as it waves from our window, that the public necessity that controls private caprice, and sometimes seems to sacrifice private interest, is full of benign influences and lessons. Let those thirty-four stars teach us to discern the higher meaning of our national life, as it has been forming for more than two centuries, and gathering to itself the truths and powers that all ages have been preparing for us as gifts of the Old World to the New. A divine order more and more distinctly enunciates itself as the years roll on, and it is evident that, while we are scheming and toiling, planting and building for ourselves, the Lord of the vineyard and the Master of the house is using us for His own far-seeing and majestic purposes, and uniting our little doings with His own gracious and comprehensive plans for this new continent and its new civilization.

To say no more of purely national law, but considering the bearing of our private life itself, what is more evident than the fact that every true home is under the influence of an enlarging and spiritualizing power, whose source is divine and whose sweep is boundless and unending? Wherever there is a Bible or a hymn-book, a sermon or a prayer, the divine kingdom is acknowledged, and the flag is but the earthly symbol of the spiritual empire that is to be militant until it is triumphant. In this way our private life is enlarged and evangelized, and our private feelings become part of the great and universal Christian conscience. When we read the household life of the nation thus, and see in it the workings of the moral and spiritual laws that are to move God's people for time and eternity, we accept them as we accept the laws of nature, the tides, the air, the light and heat, the changes vine, instead of losing our individuality we exalt of the seasons, and we are mightily comforted by the conviction that religion is a great social fact as well as a divine revelation. Our family is seen to belong to the great family of God, and the flag of our civil Union becomes the ready symbol of our higher spiritual fellowship. National law, with its duty and privilege, is seen to be a stepping-stone to the law of the empire of God. with its truth and grace. Protected at home in our national birth-right, we the better understand our Christian birth-right; and the gospel, hymns, prayers, and sacraments of religion, as they come home to each of us, not only express our personal faith, but join us to the great company of brethren and fathers who have gone before us. They speak to us in time of need, but of a divine will instead of a material necessity. Their word is both human and divine, joining man's wants with Heaven's fullness in everlasting union. We still have the flag at the window, and love it all the more because above it we see the snow-white banner that shall win the carth to the sway of the gentle and the sceptre of the peace-making; for in war itself, war is no permanent end. The most ambitious invader professes to make war only to gain thereby a more secure peace; and our war is waged solely to preserve the unity of the nation, without which there can be no permanent peace on this continent.

We have, perhaps, taken pretty wide liberty with our subject, and moralized a little too freely upon a very common thing. There is no danger, however, that the truth that is so called for by the times will be too commonplace-no danger that public life will be taken too near to our homes and hearts, or that our homes and hearts will open too generously into fellowship with the nation and with mankind. Let us each look from our window wisely, with fellow-feeling for every citizen, especially for all who suffer in the common cause, not doubting that in this we do much to educate our own children to be good citizens, and breathe a temper that shall be the strength and blessing of the land. Let the house be the watch-tower from which we observe all that concerns our country, and interpret every hopeful event and worthy character with humane feeling and personal sympathy.

Nor let our gaze be wholly passive, but let what we see move us to do our part and train our children to do theirs. The watch-tower should be also the fortress; and wherever our flag waves, it should be over families that mean to live not for self alone but for their neighbor, their country, and their race. For good or ill we must share in the common lot, and whether we live or die we do not belong to ourselves alone. Wave on, then, old banner! Float from every frontier fort and sea-girt citadel, every camp, and every fleet! When war shall cease and the soldier returns to his home, still cheer and stir us in our homes: and whenever the nation keeps her festivals float in blessing from our windows and our spires, in token of the union between the private affections and public spirit of the people, the patriotism and religion of the nation, to the end of time!

MY SERMON BEFORE THE MAYOR.

"I'M going to drop in one of these Sundays to hear you preach," said the Mayor of our town, with whom I happened to be in conversation. We had lapsed into a little theological argument, and I was trying to open a window, so that light could flow down into his mind.

"Come at any time. We shall be pleased to see you," I answered, and thought no more about it.

On the next Sabbath, as I sat in the pulpit, waiting for the time of service to arrive, who should I see enter but our Mayor, accompanied by the sexton, who ushered him forward, and gave him a seat quite near to me in the upper part of the church. As he sat down he fixed his strong, intelligent eyes on my face, and I imagined them to say, "Here we are, according to promise. Now we shall see what kind of a hand you are at preaching." I felt it as a sort of challenge to do my best.

Now the Mayor was no common man. He had been well educated, and was a strong thinker. At the bar he had known few rivals, and during ten years that he sat as a judge his decisions were marked by clearness as well as thorough knowledge of law. A change in the domination of political parties worked his removal from the bench, when his friends gave him the nomination for Mayor of our town, and secured his election. For several successive terms he had filled the place, and was accounted a good officer and a just man. As to religion, he made no profession, but attended Episcopal service occasionally with his family. On the subject of religion few cared to talk with him, for the reason that, having, as far as could be judged, no settled opinions of his own, he had an adroit way of attacking other people's opinions, and running their arguments into logical results neither to be gainsayed nor rejected. Most men, after talking with him on doctrinal matters for a while, were left in a state of mind by no means satisfactory to themselves. If he did not convince, he had power to disturb and perplex by questions that few could answer.

"Here we are, according to promise. Now we shall see what kind of a hand you are at preaching." I dropped my eyes from the Mayor's face, and let them rest on the book I was holding in my hand. In a few moments I lifted them and glanced toward him again.

"Here we are, according to promise. So do your best."

He was looking steadily at me, and this, as I read them, was the language of his eyes.

If I had only known that he was coming! I felt that he had taken me at slight disadvantage. But there was no help for it now, and I made a brief but ineffectual effort to put him out of my thought.

Ah, if I had only known that he was coming! Would I not have prepared a different



sermon? Would I not have made him the one man in the church? He should have had some well-discussed points of doctrine and some home truths for digestion. But now I was at fault.

A glance at my watch showed that in two minutes the time for opening the services would strive; so there was no opportunity for a mental review of the discourse I had written, to see how it would probably strike the Mayor. It was no ambitious effort: of that I was soberly conscious. A mere practical discourse, easy of construction, and abounding in commonplaces. If I had expected the Mayor I would have done very differently. The sermon should have been more doctrinal, and constructed with greater care. It was too late now, and I felt it keenly. But I was many years younger then than I am to-day. Let this be said for me in passing.

The time came, and I arose in the pulpit. I endeavored to seem entirely self-possessed—to be as calm as though his Honor the Mayor were not in the house, sitting just in front of me, and saying, with his strong, fixed eyes, "Now we shall see what kind of a hand you are at preaching." The reading and prayers were over in due time. With my manuscript laid open, and the text announced, I began my sermon before the Mayor. How trite were all the sentiments! how feeble the composition! how poor the utterance! What would the Mayor think of me as a preacher? How persistently did that thought keep pushing itself into my mind, in spite of every effort to keep it on the outside!

"I am not preaching to the Mayor alone," said I, in the double process of thinking that went on in my mind. "There are other souls to feed with the bread of eternal life. Let him take the share that falls to his lot. If he is hungry, God will see that he is fed. I am but the dispenser of truth—the sower of seed broadcast over human hearts."

So I endeavored to establish my independence of the Mayor, who sat, in his erect way, just down in front of me, all attention, and fixing me, whenever I let my glance fall in that direction, with his intensely earnest eyes. How well I established this independence will appear from the fact that, soon after its mental assertion. I paused at the conclusion of a passage in my discourse which struck me as needing further illustration in order to make it clear to the Mayor-I had no question as to its being fully apprehended by the rest of my congregation-and, leaning over the desk, proceeded to extemporize certain new matter for my distinguished hearer's particular benefit. In my concern that the Mayor should apprehend the supplemental illustration, I fixed unconsciously my eyes upon him, and did not remove them until I had rounded, with some effect, the last sentence.

"A nail driven home and clenched," said I, with a motion of internal pleasure, as I drew back from my leaning position on the desk. I began to feel hopeful on the Mayor's account, for I saw that he listened with unwavering attention.

Soon there came another passage in the sermon that seemed to me rather weak and obscure—trite and commonplace better expresses my thought at the time. Having succeeded so well in the first attempt at amplification, I leaned over the pulpit again, and with much earnestness of manner drove home and clenched a second nail.

A third and a fourth time were these additions made to my sermon, greatly increasing its length. But what of that? What if signs of weariness did become visible in the choir, and among the junior members of my congregation? Was I not settling the Mayor? Not every Sabbath had I work like this on hand.

Well, my sermon came to the end at last; and there followed, as I sat down, a general movement of relief throughout the audience. I was conscious of having done very well, under all the circumstances—of having, by a few timely additions, made an effective discourse, and, above all, given the Mayor some arguments on the side of orthodox Christianity which he would find himself puzzled to refute.

I thought it not unlikely that the Mayor would linger in his pew until I came down along the aisle, or, perhaps, advance to meet me near the pulpit. But, a little to my disappointment, he passed out with the congregation, and was near the door when I reached the chancel. Usually I descended from the pulpit to the session-room; but out of compliment to the Mayor, I came down now into the body of the church.

An Elder reached out his hand. I took it, and our eyes rested upon each other's faces. He did not smile.

"Rather long, brother Thomas," he said, speaking soberly, yet kindly; for he was a kind-hearted, as well as a plain-spoken man.

"Long! Do you think so?"

"You preached just an hour and twenty min-

"Did I?" drawing out my watch and glancing down upon its face. "I'm sorry if I wearied the people. But the subject held my thoughts, and I could not well have said less."

He made no answer to this. Other members of the congregation came round me; and there were hand-shakings, and personal inquiries; but not a word about the sermon.

"Did you think the sermon too long?" I asked of my wife as we walked homeward.

"Rather too long," she replied.

"Did you observe any thing like restlessness in the congregation?"

"Yes. If you had preached the sermon just as written it would have been excellent, and not too long. What induced you to throw in so many extemporized passages? The whole argument was clear enough—a child might have understood it—and you only obscured what you overloaded with illustration?"

"Obscured what I sought to illustrate!" I might well express surprise.

"Yes; darkened your subject, and wearied your congregation. What did come over you,



Arthur? Surely you were not trying to convert the Mayor!"

"That were a bootless effort," I replied, as a cold shiver from my wife's wet blanket ran along my nerves.

"He's a good listener; so much may be said in his favor." There was something mollifying in that; for the good listening might have proceeded from his interest in my discourse. How ready I was to accept this palliative! But the next sentence wiped off the soothing oil and left a biting acid. "Though, from having sat on the bench for ten years, listening day after day to tiresome lawyers, he has, no doubt, acquired the habit of attention."

Now that was a hard saying, dear wife! and it hurt; though you had no thought of inflicting

"See here, brother Thomas!" I turned at the voice of a parishioner. He was a nervous, impulsive, outspoken man, who rather prided himself on his bluntness. I saw that his countenance was rather flushed. Before I had time even to utter his name he went on with what he had to say. "See here, brother Thomas! this preaching sermons an hour and twenty minutes long is never going to do in the world. People won't stand it! You had more than half the congregation gaping and stretching and wondering if you would never reach the end. Forty minutes is long enough for any discourse; and here you kept us for twice that time."

It was not for me to get excited and show feeling. I must have Christian patience under the most sudden assaults, and never show a sign of pain, even when pierced by arrows, or transfixed by lances. So I smiled, and said in even

"It was wrong, I know, and I must guard against the error in future. Of course, it is easier work to prepare a short sermon than a long one; but we sometimes get so interested in what we are doing, that we lose all idea of time."

"It won't do, brother Thomas, now I tell you!" was answered, dogmatically. "I'm outspoken, vou know. People can always tell where to find me. If it was the President of the United States that I was talking to, it wouldn't make any difference. You must cut your sermons shorter. There was the Mayor to church this morning! Never been there before in his life. Do you think he'll come again after being kept nearly two hours? Of course not. You've seen the first and the last of him in our church."

"He listened with great attention from the opening to the close of the sermon," I replied.

"Good-breeding would prompt him to that. The Mayor is a gentleman. But, I'll warrant me, he doesn't come again."

"You are getting it on all sides," said my wife, good-humoredly, as we parted from my plain-spoken brother. She did not know how much his words were hurting me; and, now, awakening more and more to a shame-consciousness of my error in preaching to the Mayor in- beautifully did you set forth the doctrine of that

stead of to the four hundred members of my congregation, I did not mean to let her down into my real state of mind. So I answered with what lightness of manner I could assume.

Still I was in doubt as to the effect of my sermon on the Mayor, and it was nearly a week before the doubt was cleared up. In writing my next sermon, I found it impossible to remove an idea of the Mayor as a hearer. He was as distinctly before the eyes of my mind as I wrote, as he had been before the eyes of my body while I preached on the previous Sabbath. How will this strike the Mayor? and how will that strike the Mayor? were constantly intruding, and directing and modifying every portion of the discourse I was eliminating. How did I know that he had not been deeply interested in my sermon? How did I know that he would not come again? As I reviewed the new matter which had been introduced for his particular benefit, and recalled the fixedness with which he had listened, I became more and more convinced that my logic had told on his convictions, and that he would most probably come again. "He shall not find me unprepared for him next Sabbath?" said I, to myself, during a pause in the work of constructing my sermon, in which I considered the Mayor's case for the hundredth time; and then went to writing vigorously again, doing my very best for the Mayor's sake.

Well, I finished my sermon on Friday, and quite to my satisfaction.

"I don't care if the President of the United States comes to hear me," said L after giving the performance a second reading.

On Saturday I met the Mayor. I was in the office of one of my people, when he came in. It was my first sight of him since Sunday. His face lit up as he saw me; and I think mine showed a little more color than usual.

"Mr. Thomas," he said, in his polite, selfpoised way, offering his hand.

I tried to seem very much at ease, but was far from feeling so. He must have read in my countenance the present thought of last Sabbath's performance, for he said, in the pause I left for him to fill:

"So you see, Mr. Thomas, I was as good as my word."

"Yes, I observed you in church." How carefully my voice was schooled to hide the concern I felt to know how my performance had been re-

"How did you like the sermon?" The question was not mine. It came from the parishioner in whose office we had met.

"Well," answered the Mayor, speaking slowly, like one who was choosing his words, so as not to let them betray too baldly his real sentiments-"Well, upon the whole, it struck me as up to the average of sermons. In fact, Mr. Thomas," and he turned to me, "there were portions with which I was particularly pleased. With Agrippa, I said, more than once, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian,' so clearly and so



religion in daily life, which I consider the only true religion. But, after driving home your nail, you were not content to let it hold in the grain—forgive my plainness of speech—but must try to clench it fast. In every instance, so far as I was concerned, you loosened instead of fixing your argument—drove back the nail instead of clenching it. I think, Mr. Thomas, if you had preached that sermon just as you wrote it, I, for one, would have been largely benefited. As it was, you were continually setting my mind adrift by your interpolations. Pardon my freedom. I am sure you will take kindly what is meant kindly."

I thanked the Mayor for his plainness of speech, and after a brief talk with him, left the office of my parishioner, and went home with the mercury of my feelings ranging low down on the scale.

I did not preach the sermon I had prepared for the next Sabbath, but selected an old one. The Mayor was not in church.

SOME SECESSION LEADERS.

NO one denies to the Secession leaders the possession of ready and active intellect, and extraordinary shrewdness in the accomplishment of their designs; and so constantly are their names before the public that a literary introduction to them, we conceive, will not be unentertaining or uninstructive to the readers of *Harper*.

The writer passed the winter before the accession of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency in the Federal City—the winter in which the Gulf States seceded from the Union, and their Senators retired, one by one, from the capital. It was, perhaps, the best opportunity that has occurred to witness the personal appearance, the intellectual powers, and the manner of declamation of those who appeared then for the last time as national legislators. The occasion was calculated to call forth to the utmost the enthusiasm of both sides of the Senate chamber-to rouse to ardent eloquence those who were the defenders and those who sought the overthrow of the Government-to impel every man of genius to earnest, anxious, hard-contested debate. And it must be said that, taken merely as specimens of oratory, the efforts of several of the Southern leaders were rich, prolific in imagination and satiric point, and ingenious in logical sophistry.

We will take a glance at some of the men who, during the winter of 1861, made themselves eminent in the grand conspiracy, and who laid themselves open to the charge of high treason against the Constitution. The first name that occurs is that of the leader of the rebellious hosts, by whose commanding ability the disaffected States have thus far been governed.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Imagine a rather small, feeble-looking man, tablished his personal courage beyond a doubt; with a high, square forehead, a slow and cau-

tious step, a satirical and self-satisfied expression of countenance, his whole manner indicating self-reliance and a consciousness of power, his voice clear and cheerful, his bearing courteous and pleasing, his eye a bright gray, sunken, and overarched by gray, bushy brows, his hair of an iron-gray and growing thin, his cheek hollow and his lips compressed, plainly but neatly dressed, and you get some idea of the physique of this man. He would hardly, at first sight, impress one as a leader, or even as eminent in the Senate; but a closer scrutiny raises him vastly in the estimation of his character. His impaired health and feeble eyesight prevented his devoting himself as earnestly as his active mind would have otherwise led him to do to the national affairs; and he hardly ever addressed his colleagues, unless it were upon some topic of grave and paramount interest. He usually wore green goggles, especially when in the street; walked little; and was long considered in a dangerous stage of consumption. This prevented his name being used several times in connection with the nomination for the Presidency. When speaking, or engaged in conversation, his face would light up with an expression of unusual vividness, and his clear voice was elevated with the earnestness and interest of his subject. His manners betokened high culture. He was always courteous, and was incapable of personal rudeness and coarseness.

As an orator he ranked among the first in the Senate. His delivery, which in the earlier part of his speech was low and rather indistinct, became firm, manly, and graceful as he proceeded. Sometimes employing a searching satire, his lip would curl in well-assumed scorn at the adversary he wished to humble; his voice would acquire a perfectly adapted tone to the sentiment; his head would be thrown back, and his eye, which seemed by its triumphant glance to demand acquiescence, would appear to penetrate the hearts of those against whom he directed his anathemas. Then, turning from a vein which, if followed too long, loses point, he would essay to demolish argument by argument, to combat logic with logic, to array fact against fact, to oppose principles by other principles. In this he had few superiors. But his excellence in dry debate was rather the subtlety with which he blinded, and the sophistry with which he avoided just conclusions, than in the fair, open, manly contact of honest reasoning, and in the ingenuous reasoning from existing facts. Daring and almost reckless in his assumptions, fearing nothing, and capable of supporting throughout, by one way or another, the positions he commenced with; perfectly cool and clear-headed, he could only be met with success by the very foremost of his opponents. And when he approached the pathetic and patriotic, no man could excel him in working upon the feelings, or in inducing the belief of his unselfish devotion to country. His conduct in the war with Mexico established his personal courage beyond a doubt;

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strated his usefulness as a legislator; and during the period in which he presided over the War Department no complaint was made either against his efficiency or against his honesty.

It was a wise thing, therefore, in those who were to choose a leader, to select him as the champion of Secession. For they wanted a brave man, an able man, an active man, a man whose great energy and stubborn perseverance should scorn all obstacles, and should go straightforward in effecting the grand object. Such a man they found in Jefferson Davis; for he is less carried away by passion, less swaved by impulse than men like Yancey and Rhett, and still is intrepid, exhaustless, and determined.

As we have hinted, his health alone prevented his assuming a place in the first rank of American orators; and his statesmanship, when directed to good purposes, was valuable to the country. His manner when speaking was generally courteous, sometimes contemptuous, and always impressive. He was over-quick, notwithstanding the natural calmness of his disposition, to catch up and flare at a supposed insinuation against his character, or that of his people. He is the ablest of those who are now seeking to erect a hostile government, and therefore the more culpable. He has always been looked upon as ambitious, proud, and stubborn; but has never been charged with avarice, dishonesty, or personal meanness. Even after he had enlisted all his energies in the malignant purposes which he is now striving to fulfill, and which had long been the subject of solemn deliberation with him and his co-conspirators, his prudent good sense halted at the rashness of the ideas he had embraced; and he made an apparent attempt to stop the impending evil by accepting the Crittenden proposition. But cabal was too ripe, and he, perhaps unwilling, perhaps hypocritically appearing so, was swept into rebellion with the rest.

JOHN CABELL BRECKINRIDGE.

The personal appearance of Mr. Breckinridge, and the attractiveness of his social qualities, had as much to do with his political popularity as his principles and mental ability. Tall, magnificently proportioned, straight as an arrow, and the impersonation of manly dignity and grace, one was struck by his physique at once. He was in height over six feet, had glossy black hair, a high and protruding forehead, a light blue eye, a prominent chin, and swarthy complexion. His head was thrown back, and his broad chest and shoulders indicated remarkable physical vigor. His manners were those of the perfect gentleman. No one ever went away from him but he was thoroughly convinced of that. His affability was marked by that calm and pleasant dignity which seems not to condescend, and yet which commands respect. He never departed from the admirable courtesy which made him every where liked and every where sought. Descended from one of the most aristocratic families in the country, bred in the friends and pretended a devotion to the Union,

very best society of the Southwest, educated to be a gentleman and a scholar, and now elevated to the highest position but one in the Government, at an age when he was barely eligible to it (for he was only thirty-five when he was elected Vice-President), he yet had the good sense to discern that these advantages were more than half lost if not accompanied by good-nature and a conciliatory bearing. Brought up, as he had been, where jealousy of personal honor was a cardinal social principle, he was prompt to resent affronts, and ill brooked insinuations of political or personal corruption. He was undoubtedly brave and bold, and yet so well did he bear sudden elevation to a dizzy height that he was not corrupted by self-conceit, nor by presumptuous superciliousness. When, subsequently to his retirement from the chair, he took his seat as Senator from Kentucky, he frequently addressed the Senate upon the great topic which employed them, as indeed was necessary from the position he held as a representative of one of the border States. Although violent and radical in his denunciation of Northern policy, he never lost sight of that decorum which was personally due to his colleagues upon the floor. When addressing the Senate his manner was impressive, dignified, and always earnest. His voice was round and full, and indeed promised more in tone and emphasis than it fulfilled in the substance uttered. For, while his speeches were marked by an almost classical elegance of diction, and every sentence gave evidence of polish and forethought, nothing profound or strikingly pointed was therein contained, and it rather consisted of a popular commonplace political harangue than a shrewd statesman-like speech. Once in a while an impassioned burst of indignation or of patriotic ardor would elicit periods of eloquence sometimes even vivid and soul-stirring. Then would the noble and graceful form of the speaker sway with enthusiasm; his gestures, beautifully harmonizing with his voice and speech, would become animated and frequent; and a true orator, for the moment, stood before you. His youth, his earnestness in the great subject which occupied him, his fine manly countenance, his never-failing grace, and his powerful voice, in a manner made up for his want of profundity.

He was first known as Representative in the Lower House from the Clay district of Kentucky: in which capacity he became a ready and attractive debater, and won respect by his generous and manly bearing. President Pierce offered him the mission to Spain, which he, however, declined. When in the Cincinnati Convention (of which he was a member) his name was proposed as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. He arose and declined the honor, but in so admirable and modest a manner as to excite at once an irresistible enthusiasm in his favor; an effect which his person must have heightened. During the session of 1860-61 he apparently opposed the ultraism of his Southern



all the while protesting against the action of the ing the treason of the malcontent Senators, he North, and, as Vice-President, counted the votes and declared Mr. Lincoln President in the presence of both Houses.

But during the summer of '61 he resigned his place in the Senate, and was commissioned Brigadier-General by Davis, and is now a Major-General in the Southwestern army of the Rebel Government. We can not but deplore that so much worth should be attached to so bad a cause; that qualities fitted to shine out gloriously in the defense of country should be employed in its destruction; that so high a sentiment of honor should think itself compelled to throw off allegiance, and to make rebellion its standard of entirety; that one who has a long life before him, in which he might accumulate so much cause for the gratitude of future generations, should, at an age when most men are just beginning to rise, consign a noble name to ignoble obloquy.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN.

Beyond all comparison the Senator from Louisiana was the most accomplished orator on the floor while he remained a member. He possessed a voice of silvery richness which was music to the ear. Skillful in every concomitant of oratory, brilliant and quick in imaginative creation, artful and rapid to seize momentary advantages, well aware at what stage to turn satire into pathetic appeal and earnest remonstrance; a perfect sophist in the use of facts and in the following up of false but admirably concealed premises—no man commanded to such a degree the attention of his hearers, no man was more dangerous as an opponent in debate. He carried with him the unmistakable countenance peculiar to his origin. The keen black eye, marked nose, and heavy mouth showed him at once to be a descendant of Abraham.

In person he was small, thick, and ill-proportioned. His manner (when not speaking) is far from prepossessing. Were you to meet him on Pennsylvania Avenue you would rather take him for a peddler of jewelry or an old clothesman than for the great lawyer, deep politician, and brilliant orator he was. He waddles along the street with one of those serpent-like smiles which seems to assume that whoever opposes him is destined to come to grief. His delivery, when addressing the Senate, abounded in graceful gesture, which was enhanced by the sweetness and clearness of his voice. Every motion was prolific in point and power, always in its exact place, and always harmonizing with the idea expressed and the tone uttered.

As a lawyer he stood at the head of the bar of the Supreme Court, and had an immense practice in that tribunal. He was from the beginning an ardent and active secessionist, extremely bitter in his opposition to Northern Senators, and enthusiastic in favor of a dissolution. Nevertheless he continued personally on good terms with many of those whom he anathematized in debate. When Ben Wade, of Ohio, had made his noble oration, denounc- anathemas of his opponents with a temerity

took his seat, at the conclusion, on the settees back of the body of the House. Benjamin, who was on excellent social terms with the old war-horse from the Buckeye State, came over to the Republican side of the House, and goodnaturedly congratulated him upon his oratorical success. "But Wade," says he, "if I should secede, I know you would not hang me—would you, now?" "Hang you!" said the rough old patriot; "hang you! Yes, I'd hang you as high as Haman!" Benjamin probably thought the joke had gone far enough.

Mr. Benjamin's two great objects for years appear to have been the acquisition of money and the successful accomplishment of rebellion. To these all other considerations have been subservient. He at present presides over the State Department of the rebel Government, and doubtless earns the approbation of his great leader and of his people by the keen ability which he brings to bear upon its execution.

ROBERT TOOMBS.

One of the most noticeable men, as one glanced over the Senate chamber, was the stalwart Senator from Georgia, Mr. Toombs. At first sight he appeared a person of insufferable self-conceit, and holding a sort of contempt of every one around him. He apparently bestowed the least attention in the world to his dress, his clothes fitting very ill, and not of spotless neatness, his hair seldom smooth, his boots unblacked, and perfect independence of the requirements of social refinement. When pacing up and down the lobby (as he often did with his hands behind his back) he had a sort of a swagger, which seemed to indicate defiance and vanity at once. His head raised and thrown back, his hair topsy-turvy all over his head, his eyes more than half closed, and with a most supercilious, self-satisfied air imaginable. He was considerably over medium height, stout but not fleshy, possessed a well-formed and decidedly intellectual head and forehead, long limbs, thin brown hair, a firm chin and mouth, and swarthy complexion. At first sight he impressed one unfavorably, and a feeling of dislike instinctively arose; but this impression was much lessened when he addressed the Senate, or when you met him in social circles. I believe him to have been thoroughly honest in the belief of the principles he avowed, as he certainly was ingenuous, even to carelessness, in asserting them. In debate he was bitter, overbearing, and arrogant; but he added to these qualities a powerful mind and a clear head. There appeared not in him that underhanded, sly cunning, which marked so many of his coadjutors; and his bluntness and radical outbursts not unfrequently caused deep mortification to those who considered dissimulation and secrecy of their real sentiments necessary to accomplish their ends.

His eloquence was rapid, rushing along like a torrent, opposing himself to the arguments and



which was not wanting in a certain grace, and | tremely delicate, and, from their immaturity, which, by the great power concealed beneath it, made him a worthy antagonist for any man. He spoke loud and full, his Southern provincial dialect being more noticeable than in any other Senator, and invariably became hoarse before he had got half through one of his elaborate speeches. Although apparently indolent, and probably really so until aroused by some engrossing object, when he was aroused his mind had active play, and he became earnest and enthusiastic in his devotion to his end. He was a fair representative of character modified by growth in a Southern clime. He often assumed a bullying, blustering tone, and yet managed to keep within the bounds of Senatorial decorum. He was celebrated for the kind hospitality with which he received every one, and was always ready to talk over political matters with any who chose to call upon him, and to explain his own belief. And it was evident, both from his manner and the unusually ultra views he expressed, that hypocrisy was not one of his vices, and the craving for power not a cardinal object of his ambition.

It was only when the final dénouement was ready to develop that others came out of their peaceful and patient garb of devotion to the Union. Davis, who had received in New England the most cordial hospitality; Hunter, who would fain (as he said) have interposed conservative old Virginia as a mediator between the extreme sections; Breckinridge, who had received no small vote in the North for President under the supposition that he was for Unionall appeared in the light of secessionists, after having protested their patriotism with a ready and artful eloquence. But Toombs was an original fire-eater; he was no hypocrite; and hence we must give him credit for honesty, when honesty was rather injurious to him than otherwise, and respect him more than we do the dark conspirators by whom he was surrounded. From his character, as displayed while a Senator of the United States, we should judge him far better qualified for the position of general in the field than for that in which he was originally placed, as Secretary of State: for he is brave and not crafty, is honest and not dissimulating, is energetic when he has something to be energetic for, and is enthusiastic in pursuing what he sets about. These characteristics shine rather in the field than in the cabinet.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

This eminent person, who was elected Vice-President of the Confederacy, evidently to conciliate the half-unwilling conservatives of the Gulf States, had been for several years previous to his elevation to that dignity in retirement from public life on account of poor health. When he was a member of the Lower House he was one of its leaders, and commanded universal respect for his ability and statesmanship. He was a most singular-looking man, as viewed from the gallery. His features were small, ex- members when in debate, for there he was al-

gave him the expression and appearance almost of a child. A nearer view of him, indeed, discovered wrinkles and an expression of care and thought; but at a little distance one would not have guessed him certainly over twenty years of age. His body was very thin (almost a skeleton), and when he stretched out his long bony finger while speaking it was painful to look upon. He absolutely seemed as if just about to drop into his grave; so emaciated his body, so ghastly his pallor, so leaden his eye, so frail his limbs, so feeble his whole movement, it did not seem possible that such a system could long retain vitality enough to exist. His eyes were black, his face badly freekled, his skin dry and lifeless, his hair thin and short, his countenance timid and care-worn. He has been called the modern John Randolph; and the comparison is quite apt. His voice, though painfully shrill, was yet clear and distinct, and rung through the hall like a clarion note. When aroused to exert his highest powers his tones would become full and teeming with pathetic fervor, and his slight form would become nervously active. If he had possessed the advantage of good health and a manly voice he would have unquestionably ranked among the first of modern American orators; for what he uttered was clothed in graceful, and accurate, and always powerful language, and his patriotic outbursts were full of splendid allusion and exalted sentiment.

Up to the extinction of the Whig party Mr. Stephens was one of its leading men in Congress. When the contest between parties became limited to the Democrats and Republicans he became a chief among the most moderate and liberal of the former; and when the rebellion was beginning to culminate he took a very strong position in opposition to the movement. Being, however, after using his utmost influence to that end, overruled by an immense majority of the convention called to consider the question, he acquiesced in its decision, and was elected Provisional Vice-President-an office since extended to a regular term of six years. He was almost the only statesman of great prominence in the Gulf States who took strong Union ground, but doubtless saw that no effort on his part would avail when the Georgia Convention met.

One great cause of the universal respect he always inspired was the known integrity of his public and private character, and the conviction that his efforts were raised above the engineering politician, and claimed justly the rank of liberal states manship. He possessed none of the vices which are so common among politicians. He was wholly engrossed, while at Washington, with his official duties, working night and day, in spite of ill health, upon committee business, or in the preparation of some elaborate speech. In his personal intercourse with men he was generally polite and communicative, but sometimes abrupt and petulant. This can not, however, be said of his intercourse with the



ways the finished gentleman and courteous opponent. There can be no greater proof of the consideration in which he has always been held than the joy with which every loyal heart heard of his heroic advocacy of the Union in his own State almost to the last, and the disappointment with which the news of his final and probably reluctant apostasy was received.

HENRY A. WISE.

This eccentric scion of Virginia stock has long been known to the public as a restless, blustering, noisy politician, forever seeking an opportunity for notoriety. Although he is now over seventy years of age he still retains the crazy activity which has always characterized He was long a Whig member of Congress from Virginia, and was always rabid in all his opinions. His personal enmities were uncompromising, and his bitter contests with the venerable John Quincy Adams, when that eminent man was a representative subsequently to his Presidential term, were full of scattering and insulting recrimination, hot invective, and excited eloquence. His complicity in the Graves and Cilley duel, in which the latter was killed, and Mr. Wise, the former's second, cast a shade upon his reputation which still rests there.

He subsequently became a strong adherent of Tyler, and from that time to the present Mr. Wise has been ultra in his adherence to that party. His campaign for the gubernatorial chair in Virginia is almost historic. Then came up the John Brown affair, in which Governor Wise succeeded in making himself a universal topic of remark throughout the country, and getting an opportunity to vent himself in sundry interminable letters; such a chance as he has never let go without improving it.

In personal appearance he is very striking. His long, now almost white hair, brushed back from his temples, hangs down upon his shoulders and back in long, thin locks; his eyes, deeply sunken in his hoad, but jet black, fierce, and brilliant, shine out sharply from under gray bushy brows which overhang and overshadow them; his mouth is wide, but firmly compressed and highly indicative of stubborn persistency, and hints the pugnacious spirit behind it. His countenance is much emaciated by long continued ill-health, is ashy pale and bony. Nevertheless, there is an expression of bold recklessness, and a consciousness of persevering power; a craving too after some object, and a restless, sleepless determination to accomplish it. He is tall and nervous, and in his manner is petulant and overbearing. He ill brooks opposition, is stubborn in his own opinion, and fails to give due attention to the opinions and feelings of others. As an orator, however, he generally excels, or at least did in his palmier days. Impetuous, overwhelming, bold and unscrupulous in invective and denunciation, brilliant and fervent in imagination, and not unskilled in the use of pathetic appeal, he succeeded in enticing

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multitudes whom he addressed from the ros-

We shall never forget the impression he produced on one occasion. It was just after the gubernatorial contest in Virginia had resulted in his elevation to the chief magistracy of the Old Dominion, and he had come up to Washington to address the people there, in answer to an invitation. He spoke from the balcony of Brown's Hotel—an immense mass catching every word that fell, below in the street. After, with rich eloquence, describing the contest, letting loose his indignation and sarcasm upon his defeated opponents, and enumerating in glowing language the results to follow, he burst out in a proud and exultant tone with the exclamation, "Yes, fellow-citizens, I have met the black knight with his visor down, and he is fallen!" Never did we see a more powerful effect produced by an oratorical simile. Wise's voice when speaking was clear, loud, and rapid, trembled with excitement, and was always defiant and conscious of power. His gestures were nervous, quick, and frequent; his body swayed with emotion, and his hair fell carclessly over his face. His ambition absorbed every other passion, and every other principle. No position was too high for him to aspire to. His brain, if not absolutely crazed, is so morbidly acute, and so nervously strung, as to give him at times the reputation of insanity. As a general he has not acquired much celebrity; as a statesman he never deserved high consideration; but as a political intriguer he was a valuable adherent, and as an orator few surpassed him in his long and very eventful career in the House of Representatives.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.*

THE President of the republic was Prince . Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, the statutory heir of the first French Emperor. The election which made him the chief of the State had been conducted with perfect fairness, and since it happened that in former years he had twice engaged in enterprises which aimed at the throne of France, he had good right to infer that the millions of citizens who elected him into the Presidency were willing to use his ambition as a means of restoring to France a monarchical form of government.

But if he had been open in disclosing the ambition which was almost cast upon him by the circumstances of his birth, he had been as successful as the first Brutus in passing for a man of a poor intellect. Both in France and in England at that time men in general imagined him to be dull. When he talked, the flow of his ideas was sluggish; his features were opaque; and, after years of dreary studies, the writings evolved by his thoughtful, long-pondering mind had not shed much light on the world. Even the strange ventures in which he had engaged had failed to win toward him the interest which

^{*} Extract from Kinglake's History of the War in the the passions and ignoring the reason of the Crimea. In Press by Harper and Brothers.

commonly attaches to enterprise. People in London who were fond of having gatherings of celebrated characters never used to present him to their friends as a serious pretender to a throne, but rather as though he were a balloon-man, who had twice had a fall from the skies, and was still in some measure alive. Yet the more men knew him in England the more they liked him. He entered into English pursuits and rode fairly to hounds. He was friendly, social, good-humored, and willing enough to talk freely about his views upon the throne of France. The sayings he uttered about his "destiny" were addressed (apparently as a matter of policy) to casual acquaintance, but to his intimate friends he used the language of a calculating and practical aspirant to Empire.

The opinion which men had formed of his ability in the period of exile was not much altered by his return to France; for in the Assembly his apparent want of mental power caused the world to regard him as harmless, and in the chair of the President he commonly seemed to be torpid. But there were always a few who believed in his capacity, and observant men had latterly remarked that from time to time there appeared a state-paper, understood to be the work of the President, which teemed with thought, and which showed that the writer, standing solitary and apart from the gregarious nation of which he was the chief, was able to contemplate it as something external to himself. His long, endless study of the mind of the First Napoleon had caused him to adopt and imitate the Emperor's habit of looking down upon the French people and treating the mighty nation as a substance to be studied and controlled by a foreign brain. Indeed, during the periods of his imprisonment and of his exile the relations between him and the France of his studies were very like the relations between an anatomist and a corpse. He lectured upon it; he dissected its fibres; he explained its functions; he showed how beautifully Nature in her infinite wisdom had adapted it to the service of the Bonapartes; and how, without the fostering care of those same Bonapartes, the creature was doomed to degenerate. and to perish out of the world.

If his intellect was of a poorer quality than men supposed it to be at the time of the Anglo-French alliance, it was much above the low gauge which people used to assign to it in the the earlier period which began in 1836 and ended at the close of 1851. That which had so long veiled his cleverness from the knowledge of mankind was the repulsive nature of the science at which he labored. Many men before him had suffered themselves to bring craft into politics. Many more, toiling in humbler grades, had applied their cunning skill to the conflicts which engage courts of law; but no living man perhaps, except Prince Louis Bonaparte, had passed the hours of a studious youth and the prime of a thoughtful manhood in contriving how to apply stratagem to the science of jurisprudence. It was not, perhaps, from natural cieties of the Italian Carbonari, partly from long

baseness that his mind took this bent. clination to sit and sit planning for the attainment of some object of desire-this indeed was in his nature; but the inclination to labor at the task of making law an engine of deceit, this did not come perforce with his blood. Yet it came with his parentage. It is true he might have determined to reject the indication given him by the accident of his birth, and to remain a private citizen; but when once he resolved to become a pretender to the imperial throne, he of course had to try and see how it was possible -how it was possible in the midst of this century—that the coarse Bonaparte yoke of 1804 could be made to sit kindly upon the neck of France; and, France being a European nation, and the yoke being in substance a yoke such as Tartars make for Chinese, it followed that the accommodating of the one to the other was only to be effected by guile.

Therefore by the sheer exigencies of his inheritance, rather than by inborn wickedness, Prince Louis was driven to be a contriver; and to expect him to be loyal to France, without giving up his pretensions altogether, would be as inconsistent as to say that the heir of the first Perkin might undertake to revive the fleeting glories of the House of Warbeck, and yet refrain from imposture.

For years the Prince pursued his strange calling; and by the time his studies were over he had become highly skilled. Long before the moment had come for bringing his crooked science into use he had learned how to frame a Constitution which should seem to enact one thing and really enact another. He knew how to put the word "jury" in laws which robbed men of their freedom. He could set the snare which he called "universal suffrage." He knew how to strangle a nation in the night time with a thing he called a "Plebiscite."

The lawyer-like ingenuity which had thus been evoked for purposes of jurisprudence could, of course, be applied to the composition of statepapers and to political writings of all kinds; and the older Prince Louis grew, the more this odd accomplishment of his was used to subserve his infirmities. It was his nature to remain long in suspense, not merely between similar, but even between opposite plans of action: this weakness grew upon him with his years; and, his conscience being used to stand neuter in these mental conflicts, he never could end his doubt by seeing that one course was honest and the other not; so, in order to be able to linger in his suspense, he had to be always making resting-places upon which for a time he might be able to stand undecided. Just as the indolent man becomes clever in framing excuses for his delays, so Prince Louis, because he was so often hesitating between the right and the left, became highly skilled in contriving-not merely ambiguous phrases, but—ambiguous schemes of action.

Partly from habits aquired in the secret so-



years passed in prison, and partly too, as he once said, from his intercourse with the calm. self-possessed men of the English turf, he had derived the power of keeping long silence; but he was not by nature a reserved nor a secret Toward foreigners, and especially toward the English, he was generally frank. He was reserved and wary with the French, but this was upon the principle which makes a sportsman reserved and wary with deer, and partridges, and trout. No doubt he was capable of dissembling, and continuing to dissemble through long periods of time; but it would seem that his faculty of keeping his intentions secret was very much aided by the fact that his judgment was often in real suspense, and that he had therefore no secret to tell. His love of masks and disguises sprang more perhaps from the odd vanity and the theatric mania, which will be presently spoken of, than from a base love of deceit; for it is certain that the mystery in which he loved to wrap himself up was often contrived with a view to a melodramatic surprise.

It is believed that men do him wrong who speak of him as void of all idea of truth. He understood truth, and in conversation he habitually preferred it to falsehood; but his truthfulness (though not perhaps contrived for such an end) sometimes became a means of deception, because after generating confidence it would suddenly break down under the pressure of a strong motive. He could maintain friendly relations with a man, and speak frankly and truthfully to him for seven years, and then suddenly deceive him. Of course men, finding themselves ensnared by what had appeared to be honesty in his character, were naturally inclined to believe that every semblance of a good quality was a mask; but it was more consistent with the principles of human nature to believe that a truthfulness continuing for seven years was a genuine remnant of virtue, than that it was a mere preparation for falsehood. His doubting and undecided nature was a help to concealment; for men got so wearied by following the oscillations of his mind that their suspicions in time went to rest; and then, perhaps, when he saw that they were quite tired of predicting that he would do a thing, he gently stole out and did it.

He had boldness of the kind which is produced by reflection rather than that which is the result of temperament. In order to cope with the extraordinary perils into which he now and then thrust himself, and to cope with them decorously, there was wanted a flery quality which nature had refused to the great bulk of mankind as well as to him. But it was only in emergencies of a really trying sort, and involving instant physical danger, that his boldness fell short. He had all the courage which would have enabled him in a private station of life to pass through the common trials of the world with honor unquestioned; but he had besides, now and then, a factitious kind of audacity produced by long dreamy meditation; and when

apt to expose his firmness to trials beyond his strength. The truth is, that his imagination had so great a sway over him as to make him love the idea of enterprises, but it had not strength enough to give him a foreknowledge of what his sensations would be in the hour of trial. So he was most venturesome in his schemes for action; and yet, when at last he stood face to face with the very danger which he had long been courting, he was liable to be scared by it, as though it were something new and strange.

He loved to contrive and brood over plots, and he had a great skill in making the preparatory arrangements for bringing his schemes to ripeness; but his labors in this direction had a tendency to bring him into scenes for which by nature he was ill-fitted, because, like most of the common herd of men, he was unable to command the presence of mind and the flush of animal spirits which are needed for the critical moments of a daring adventure. In short, he was a thoughtful, literary man, deliberately tasking himself to venture into a desperate path, and going great lengths in that direction, but liable to find himself balked in the moment of trial by the sudden and chilling return of his good sense.

He was not by nature blood-thirsty nor cruel. and besides that in small matters he had kind and generous instincts, he was really so willing to act fairly until the motive for foul play was strong, that for months and months together he was able to live among English sporting-men without incurring disgrace; and if he was not so constituted nor so disciplined as to be able to refrain from any object of eager desire merely upon the theory that what he sought to do was wicked, there is ground for inferring that his perception of the difference between right and wrong had been dimmed (as it naturally would be) by the habit of seeking an ideal of manly worth in a personage like the first Bonaparte. It would seem that (as a study, or out of curiosity, if not with a notion of being guided by it) he must have accustomed himself to hear sometimes what conscience had to say; for it is certain that, with a pen in his hand and with sufficient time for preparation, he could imitate very neatly the scrupulous language of a man of honor.

What he always longed for was to be able to seize and draw upon himself the wondering attention of mankind; and the accident of his birth having marked out for him the throne of the First Napoleon as an object upon which he might fasten a hope, his craving for conspicuousness, though it had its true root in vanity, soon came to resemble ambition: but the mental isolation in which he was kept by the nature of his aims and his studies, the seeming poverty of his intellect, his blank wooden looks, and above all perhaps the supposed remoteness of his chances of success, these sources of discouragement, contrasting with the grandeur of the he had wrought himself into this state he was object at which he aimed, caused his pretension

and odd. Linked with this his passionate desire to attain to a height from which he might see the world gazing up at him, there was a strong and almost eccentric fondness for the artifices by which the framer of a melodrama, the stage-manager, and the stage-hero combine to produce their effects; and so, by the blended force of a passion and a fancy, he was impelled to be contriving scenic effects and surprises in which he himself was always to be the hero. This bent was so strong and dominant as to be not a mere taste for theatric arrangements, but rather what men call a propensity. Standing alone it would have done no more, perhaps, than govern the character of his amusements; but since his birth had made him a pretender to the throne of France, his desire to imitate and reproduce the Empire supplied a point of contact between his theatric mania and what one may call his rational ambition; and the result was that, so long as he was in exile, he was always filled with a desire to mimic Napoleon's return from Elba, and to do this in his own person and upon the stage of the actual world.

In some of its features his attempts at Strasburg in 1836 was a graver business than is commonly supposed. At that time he was twentyeight years old. He had gained over Vaudrey, the officer commanding a regiment of artillery which formed part of the garrison. Early in the morning of Sunday, the 30th of October, the movement began. By declaring that a revolution had broken out in Paris, and that the king had been deposed, Vaudrey persuaded his gunners to recognize the prince as Napoleon II. Vaudrey then caused detachments to march to the houses of the Prefect and of General Voirol, the General commanding the garrison, and made them both prisoners, placing sentries at their doors. All this he achieved without alarming any of the other regiments.

Supposing that there really existed among the troops a deep attachment to the name and family of Bonaparte, little more seemed needed for winning over the whole garrison than that the heir of the great Emperor should have the personal qualities requisite for the success of the enterprise. Prince Louis was brought into the presence of the captive General, and tried to gain him over, but was repulsed. Afterward the Prince, surrounded with men personating an imperial staff, was conducted to the barrack of the 46th regiment, and the men, taken entirely by surprise, were told that the person now introduced to them was their Emperor. What they saw was a young man with the bearing and countenance of a weaver; a weaver oppressed by long hours of monotonous indoor work which makes the body stoop and keeps the eves downcast; but all the while-and yet it was broad daylight—this young man, from hat to boot, was standing dressed up in the historic costume of the man of Austerlitz and Marengo. It seems

to be looked upon as something merely comic | success which Vaudrey had achieved; but strange things had happened in Paris before, and the soldiery could not, with certainty, know that the young man might not be what they were told he was-Napoleon II., the new-made Emperor of the French. Their perplexity gave the Prince an opportunity of trying whether the sentiment for the Bonapartes were really existing or not. and, if it were, whether he was the man to kindle it.

But by-and-by Talandier, the Colonel of the regiment, having been at length apprised of what was going on, came into the yard. He instantly ordered the gates to be closed, and then-fierce, angry, and scornful-went straight up to the spot where the proposed Emperor and his "Imperial Staff" were standing. Of course this apparition -the apparition of the indignant Colonel whose barrack had been invaded - was exactly what was to be expected, exactly what was to be combated; but yet, as though it were something monstrous and undreamed of, it came upon the Prince with a crushing power. To him, a literary man, standing in a barrack-yard, in the dress of the great conqueror, an angry Colonel, with authentic warrant to command, was something real, and therefore, it seems, dreadful. In a moment Prince Louis succumbed to him. Some thought that, after what had been done that morning, the Prince owed it to the unfortunate Vaudrey (whom he had seduced into the plot) to take care not to let the enterprise collapse without testing his fortune to the utmost by a strenuous, not to say desperate resistance; but this view did not prevail. One of the ornaments which the Prince wore was a sword; yet without striking a blow he suffered himself to be publicly stripped of his grand cordon of the Legion of Honor and all his other decorations. According to one account the angry Colonel inflicted this dishonor with his own hands, and not only pulled the grand cordon from the Prince's bosom but tore off his epaulets, and trampled both epaulets and grand cordon under foot. When he had been thus stripped the Prince was locked up. The decorated followers, who had been impersonating the Imperial Staff, underwent the same fate as their chief. Before judging the Prince for his conduct during these moments it would be fair to assume that, the Colonel having once been suffered to enter the yard, and to exert the ascendency of his superior firmness, the danger of attempting resistance to him would have been great-would have been greater than any which the common herd of men are at all inclined to encounter. Besides, the mere fact that the Prince had willfully brought himself into such a predicament, shows that, although it might fail him in very trying moments, he had extraordinary daring of a particular kind. It would be unjust to say, flatly, that a man so willing as he was to make approaches to dangers was timid. It would be fairer to say that his characteristic was a faltering boldness. He could not alter his nature, and his nature was that this painful exhibition began to undo the to be venturesome beforehand, but to be so viotact of danger as to be left without the spirit, and seemingly without the wish or the motives, for going on any further with the part of a desperado. The truth is, that the sources of his boldness were his vanity and his theatric bent; and these passions, though they had power to bring him to the verge of danger, were not robust enough to hold good against man's natural shrinking from the risk of being killed-being killed within the next minute. Conscious that in point of hat, and coat, and boots, he was the same as the Emperor Napoleon, he imagined that the great revoir of 1815, between the men and the man of a hundred fights, could be acted over again between modern French troops and himself; but it is plain that this belief had resulted from the undue mastery which he had allowed, for a time, to his ruling propensity, and not from any actual overthrow of the reason; for when checked, he did not, like a madman or a dare-devil, try to carry his venture through; nor did he even, indeed, hold on long enough to try, and try fairly, whether the Bonapartist sentiment to which he wished to appeal were really existent or not: on the contrary, the moment he encountered the shock of the real world, he stopped dead; and becoming suddenly quiet, harmless, and obedient, surrendered himself (as he always has done) to the first firm man who touched him. The change was like that seeming miracle which is wrought when a hysteric girl, who seems to be carried headlong by strange hallucinations, and to be clothed with the terrible power of madness, is suddenly cured and silenced by a rebuke and a sharp angry threat. Accepting a small sum of money from the Sovereign whom he had been trying to dethrone, Prince Louis was shipped off to America by the good-natured King of the French.

But if he was wanting in the quality which enables a man to go well through with a venture, his ruling propensity had strength enough to make him try the same thing over and over again. His want of the personal qualifications for enterprises of this sort being now known in the French Army, and ridicule having fastened upon his name, he could not afterward seduce into his schemes any officers of higher rank than a lieutenant. Yet he did not desist. Before long he was planning another "return from Elba," but this time with new dresses and decorations. So long as he was preparing counterfeit flags and counterfeit generals, and counterfeit soldiers, and teaching a forlorn, London bird to play the part of an omen, and guide the destiny of France, he was perfectly at home in that kind of statesmanship; and the framing of the plebiscites and proclamations which formed a large part of his cargo was a business of which he was master; but if his arrangements should take effect, then what he had to look for was, that, at an early hour on a summer morning, he would find himself in a barrack-yard at Boulogne surrounded by a band of armed followers, and supported by one of the officers of the garrison dictator, there were hardly any public men who

lently awakened and shocked by the actual con- | whom he had previously gained over; but also having to do with a number of soldiery of whom some would be for him, and some inclining against him, and others confused and perplexed. Now, this was exactly what happened to him: his arrangements had been so skillful, and fortune had so far lured him on, that whither he meant to go, there he was at last, standing in the very circumstances which he had brought about with long design aforethought. But then his nature failed him. Becoming agitated, and losing his presence of mind, he could not govern the result of the struggle by the resources of his intellect; and being also without the fire and the joyfulness, which come to warlike men in moments of crisis and of danger, he was ill qualified to kindle the hearts of the bewildered soldiery. So, when at last a firm, angry officer forced his way into the barrack-yard, he conquered the Prince almost instantly by the strength of a more resolute nature, and turned him out into the street, with all his fifty armed followers, with his flag and his eagle, and his counterfeit head-quarters Staff, as though he were dealing with a mere troop of strolling players. Yet only a few weeks afterward this same Prince Louis Napoleon was able to show by his demeanor before the Chamber of Peers that, where the occasion gave him leisure for thought, and for the exercise of mental control. he knew how to comport himself with dignity, and with a generous care for the safety and welfare of his followers.

> It was natural that a man thus constituted should be much inclined to linger in the early stages of a plot. But since it chanced that by his birth and by his ambition Prince Louis Napoleon was put forward before the world as a pretender to the throne of France, he had always had around him a few keen adventurers who were willing to partake his fortunes; and if there were times when his personal wishes would have inclined him to choose repose or indefinite delay, he was too considerate in his feelings toward his little knot of followers to be capable of forgetting their needs.

> In 1851 motives of this kind, joined with feelings of disappointment and of personal humiliation, were driving the President forward. He had always wished to bring about a change in the constitution, but, originally, he had hoped to be able to do this with the aid and approval of some at least of the statesmen and eminent generals of the country; and the fact of his desiring such concurrence in his plans seems to show that he did not at first intend to trample upon France by subjecting her to a sheer Asiatic despotism, but rather to found such a monarchy as might have the support of men of station and character. But besides that few people believed him to be so able a man as he really was, there attached to him at this period a good deal of ridicule. So although there were numbers in France who would have been heartily glad to see the Republic crushed by some able

believed that in the President of the Republic they would find the man they wanted. Therefore his overtures to the gentlemen of France were always rejected. Every statesman to whom he applied refused to entertain his proposals. Every general whom he urged always said that for whatever he did he must have "an order from the Minister of War." most republics for themselves. Many old Norman families have founded their homesteads here. Some of them have remained aristocratic proprietors of large seigneuries; and the portals of their castles preserve still the moss-grown escutcheon of the renowned ancestor who followed William the Conqueror over the sea to Hastings. Others of them have become merchants. The

The President being thus rebuffed, his plan of changing the form of government, with the assent of some of the leading statesmen and generals of the country, degenerated into schemes of a very different kind; and at length he fell into the hands of persons of the quality of Persigny, Morny, and Fleury. With these men he plotted, and strangely enough it happened that the character and the pressing wants of his associates gave strength and purpose to designs which without this stimulus might have long remained mere dreams. The President was easy and generous in the use of money, and he gave his followers all he could; but the checks created by the constitution of the Republic were so effective that beyond the narrow limit allowed by law he was without any command of the State resources. In their inveterate love of strong government, the Republicans had placed within reach of the Chief of the State ample means for overthrowing their whole structure, and yet they allowed him to remain subject to the same kind of anxiety and to be driven to the same kind of expedients as an embarrassed tradesman. was the President's actual plight, and if he looked to the future as designed for him by the constitution he could see nothing but the prospect of having to step down on a day already fixed, and descend from a conspicuous station into poverty and darkness. He would have been content perhaps to get what he needed by fair means. In the beginning of the year he had tried hard to induce the Chambers to increase the funds placed at his disposal. He failed. From that moment it was to be expected that, even if he himself should still wish to keep his hands from the purse of France, his associates, becoming more and more impatient, and more and more practical in their views, would soon press their chief into action.

VICTOR HUGO IN EXILE.

IN the Channel, where the Cape de la Hogue protrudes far into the sea and approaches the chalky shores of Old England, there are four islands—Alderney, Guernsey, Sark, and Jersey. They are only a few miles distant from the shores of France, which appear on them in the outlines of a blue, indistinct mist; but they belong to England, and are strong bulwarks of the latter against the old foe on the other side of the Channel. Since the bold Normans conquered Great Britain these islands, originally inhabited by Celts, have become parts of the great insular empire. They have yet their own ancient constitution, their own parliament. The Queen of England rules over them, but still they are al-

man families have founded their homesteads here. Some of them have remained aristocratic proprietors of large seigneuries; and the portals of their castles preserve still the moss-grown escutcheon of the renowned ancestor who followed William the Conqueror over the sea to Hastings. Others of them have become merchants. The predominant number of the population is French; the native Celts have intermarried with them; the English families which have settled here live in isolation and exclusiveness. English and French manners, customs, language, life, and laws may be found here in the most peaceable contrast. But aside from this the character of the islanders has preserved much of its former independence. They want to be something for themselves, and sympathize neither with France nor with England.

Like the old Normans, the inhabitants of these islands are bold, daring sailors. The sons of many families, from generation to generation, have been seafaring men; and numbers of them met with a watery grave at the bottom of the sea. Frequently, when the vessels from these islands, on their return from long, long trips, are already in full view of their native shores, storms will hurl them on the dangerous cliffs so numerous in the Channel, and the sailor will die, his home before his eyes. For the old Celtic demons—so says tradition—haunt yet the shores of these islands, and draw, with fiendish delight, the returning skipper to the bottom of the sea.

But however wild the roar of the sea around these islands, however dangerous the cliffs near their shores, they are a perfect paradise in the loveliness of their vegetation. Italian luxuriance of growth is blended here with northern freshness; mellow, green meadows extend behind flower-gardens of tropic beauty; magnificent forests rustle around the neat houses of the villages, around the estates of a population generally wealthy and comfortable. Ivy, in rich garlands, clings to every tree, extends from branch to branch, from rock to rock. Every house, to the roof, is covered with the richest vines. Every thing grows exuberantly, every thing blossoms, every thing is fragrant—the breath which the sea exhales, the breath of the flowers which moves far over the dark-green billows.

Guernsey, next to Jersey, is the largest of these Norman islands. Close to the sea-shore rises its capital, St. Peter's Port, in the shape of an amphitheatre, with its ancient buildings, many of which date back to the times of the old Normans. The city has about 18,000 inhabitants. The streets are narrow; the houses old-fashioned, with gable-roofs, bay-windows, and curious ornaments. Among them are the remnants of old medieval towers, with round windows and narrow inlets. Staircases in almost every street; the latter generally uneven and steep, in accordance with the hilly ground on which they are constructed.

At the same time, no house without its gar-



den, no window without flowers, no table in the and then an old friend will come from France to rooms without bouquets. The male inhabitants so hale and vigorous, the women and girls so lovely and fair, as if they were really descendants of the fairies, who, according to the old traditions of these islands, have created the latter, and lived and died here.

On the narrow plateau, however, to which we have climbed meanwhile, the scene changes entirely. We now come to the more modern and handsome part of the city. We behold here a dark-colored, venerable house, with a garden in front, in which laurel and sweet pinetrees grow. An arch crowns the front door. The windows, wide and high, look in gloomy earnest down upon the sea, and over to the misty outlines of the French shore beyond the water. On the brass plate over the "knock and ring" we read the words "Hauteville House."

This building, erected sixty years ago, when England and France waged a relentless war against each other, by the daring captain of one of the most successful privateers, has been, for the last seven years, the residence of one of the noblest citizens of the French nation. One of the proscribed soldiers of the French Republic. who remained true to himself, true to revenge, to wrath, and to grief-the poet, Victor Hugo -lives here!

Oh, you ought to see how old he has grown! Eleven years of exile! eleven years of bitter grief at the misfortunes of his country! eleven years of deep longing for his native home!--who can count their long, weary hours? Victor Hugo, the greatest poet of France, the man whose tender lyrics taught the French to weep -he looks now every day from the heights of an English island over the sea toward his native land, of which he does not want to be a citizen as long as the present Cæsar rules over it. His hair has turned white; grief and suffering have deeply furrowed his noble features; but his eye still bears that soft, inspired lustre, and the eye is the mirror of the soul.

Victor Hugo lives now in seclusion at Hauteville House, surrounded by a happy domestic circle which fate, so cruel toward him otherwise, has left him as a palladium and consolation in his many trials. His cherished wife still lives-she whose love he once awakened by his inexpressibly tender lyrics; his daughter, generous and worthy of her father, still is the staff and stay of his age; with pride he looks upon his two sons, Charles and Francis, one of whom, as an inspired translator of Shakspeare, has won already fame and distinction. He still loves children as of old. Every Wednesday he gives a dinner-party to fifteen little boys and girls, selected among the poorest of the island. He takes pleasure in attending himself to their little wants during the meal. Thus, as he says in one of his letters, "he tries to make equality and fraternity understood, if only in his immediate neighborhood." Some other French exiles, who live on the island, often visit him;

press his hand, and to cheer him in his solitude.

The coup d'état ruined Victor Hugo's fortune: he was scarcely able to save some debris of his former wealth; and only the greatest efforts enabled him at first to maintain himself in the foreign country. Only the four hundred thousand francs he received for his recent book, "Les Misérables," made him a rich man again, although, as he deeply regrets, not rich enough to gratify his charitable and benevolent inclinations to their full extent. The purchase of Hauteville House has procured him the inviolable rights of an English citizen. His house is his castle, and the Emperor Napoleon would be unable now to drive him from Guernsey, as he before caused his expulsion first from Belgium, next from Jersey. The great exile of "Napoleon the Little" has thus known to secure himself against a fourth place of banishment; and he has at least the consolation of living now in the midst of a people half French, and in full view of the shores of his ardently beloved country.

Victor Hugo has dogs, birds, flowers—he always loved them; in the solitude of his banishment he doubly loves them. Soon he will add to them a horse and a carriage to drive through the green meadows of the island-through the garden-like luxuriance of the fields, and along the shores of the roaring waves. For our poet is growing old, and the walks on the sea-shore, which used to form the delight of his heart, can not be as far extended as he would like. And yet he is hale and hearty, and full of elastic vitality. "I rise early," he wrote us lately, "work the whole day, and go early to bed. I do not smoke, but I eat roast beef like an Englishman, and drink occasionally a little beer; which," as he adds playfully, "does not prevent the España, an ultramontane journal of Madrid, to assert that there is no Victor Hugo in existence, and that the true name of the author of 'Les Misérables' is Satan."

In favorable weather he works in his beautiful garden, and his fauteuil there is a flat rock with a charming view of the sea. Let us add also, that Hugo loves the worthy and industrious little people in whose midst he lives, and that his affection is very generally and ardently reciprocated. The inhabitants of Guernsey, without exception, honor and love the great French exile, who has been among them now for over seven years.

Your readers know why Victor Hugo had to leave France. Having in his youth sought the welfare of his country in the support of the Bourbon dynasty, he became, after the felonies and crimes of the Restoration, an ardent republican, and adhered to this political faith ever since. As a member of the National Assembly he witnessed the solemn oath of President Bonaparte, and as the latter, in 1851, became recreant to his pledges, Victor Hugo was among the most determined in organizing legal resistance against the coup d'état. He knew very they have become members of his family. Now well what he was doing, and he says himself

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that, in entering upon the struggle with its then when Victor Hugo had first touched the chords very doubtful prospects, he had taken upon himself the obligation "of submitting to exile with all its trials and sufferings, but even to present a determined front to the oppressions of the December-man." For this reason, Victor Hugo, banished from his country, the violated laws of which he tried to defend, wrote the important pamphlet "Napoleon the Little."

This was his first deed in exile: the glowing book spread its fire from Brussels throughout the whole world, and ignited every where indignation and hatred against Louis Napoleon. It is written in the same powerful, antithetic manner so irresistible in its effect upon the readcr, which Victor Hugo had previously wielded already with so much success in his tragedies and novels; also in the brilliant pamphlets "The Rhine" (1842), and "The Diary of a Révolutionaire de 1830." "Napoléon le Petit" was the cry of vengeance, of rage, of indignation, uttered by a man who had been driven from his country by a usurper.

Belgium is only an outpost of France, Brussels a suburb of Paris. Louis Napoleon would not tolerate that the French emigration should live there, so close to the country he held under his iron heels, and in which the fire-brands thrown into it by the more gifted exiles might easily ignite a conflagration fatal to his régime. Belgium and Switzerland were on the point of defending the sanctity of their dominions as an asylum for the refugees by force of arms; but their Governments had to succumb finally, and the exiles had to leave for more distant shores.

Victor Hugo, with a large body of the French emigration, now went to Jersey. Here he was in full view of France; in its neighborhood; breathing an air almost purely French. At that time the belief that Napoleon's rule would soon be crushed by a general insurrection was prevalent every where. The emigrants were ever watchful; they were an army fully prepared, at the first signal from Paris, to march in triumphant procession against the man of December. The signal never came. The army laid down their arms in gloom and grief, and dissolved finally, despairing of the justice of Nemesis.

All these hopes, these passions, these disappointments were felt by none more poignantly than by Hugo. Then his heavily-stricken soul exhaled those touching elegies on the (perhaps cternal) loss of his country. His "Contemplations" appeared in 1856, the most beautiful pearls of his poetic lyre, deep, solemn contemplations of nature—"Memoirs of a Soul," as he calls them himself. They appeared just at a moment when Europe breathed more freely after a murderous war, and the bells were ringing from all the steeples of Christendom, and from the minarets of Stamboul, that great hymn of peace, principally in honor of the Emperor of beyond the seas. These "Contemplations" ap- of its influence upon the development of civilpeared exactly twenty-five years after the time ization in France.

of his lyre! They were truly "memoirs of his soul." He tells us of the death of his first-born, of the frantic grief of the mother, who will not be comforted when Heaven gives her another babe-

"No, no! I wish for none! I see thy envious looks, My sweet dead babe in the lone, cold grave! I hear thee say, 'Ah, I am forgotten for this other child, Which mother loves! Oh how she smiles-it is so fair! She holds it in her arms! and I-am in my grave!"

Suddenly a low, familiar voice whispers in the curtains of the mother's bed:

"Mother, weep no more: I am here!"

These poems are the memoirs of a soul. Victor Hugo describes the death of his daughter in the waters of the Seine; the death of her husband, Charles Vaquerie, who wished to save her, and plunged himself in despair into the river, when she finally disappeared, never to rise again. The priests then refused the usual funeral rites -what do they know of suicide from heroic love? But Victor Hugo dedicated half a volume to the unfortunate couple. In it you may find that simple but touching poem, "A celle qui est restée en France" (To her who has remained in France). The first few lines, in which he deplores his inability to pray at the grave of his daughter, express the grief of the poet at his long separation from his native land.

But not even in Jersey were the French refugees permitted to remain. Victor Hugo now passed over to the other Norman island, Guernsey, where, in 1809, the brave Duke of Brunswick, with part of his "black jägers," had found an asylum already. All hopes of a speedy downfall of Napoleon were now gone; quiet had gradually softened Hugo's grief; and he returned to the great task of his life. But deeply concealed under this returning calmness festered the old wound. Hugo's resignation partially arose from a contempt of the world, and of many of its worshiped idols, of its vanity and hypocrisy; it arose from his profound indignation at a society which shuns all contact with the down-trodden and unfortunate, whom it has created itself, but which prostrates itself before others who are successful and acquire influence. These sentiments have found their expression in the latest work of Victor Hugo-the novel "Les Misérables." Here he dissects, as the prime cause of all misery, of proletarianism, prostitution, and ignorance, the organization of modern society in France; and holds the laws responsible for the moral debasement of the people.

This remarkable book met, immediately upon its publication, with the most unequivocal success. The sale in France exceeded that of the most popular books ever issued; and translations of it into all living languages appeared immediately in the wake of the original. The opinions on the merits of the book are, of course, the second of December, who had sent his eagles divided. It is perhaps too early, as yet, to judge



THE GRAND IDEA.

DEATH had just occurred in the Goitblind A family. It must have been a fashionable death, they were such very fashionable people. There was old Goitblind-he used to sign his name without a capital letter, which occasioned his son to observe that his father could dispense with his capital and yet be a rich man; a remark which contained some truth, for the world was the old man's oyster-bed, and he dug it here, and he dug it there, and he always found oysters-and ate them. So for his wife, Mrs. Goitblind; she was a blessing to shop-keepers—a perpetual convevance of the circulating medium. If she had said her creed, it would have been in this way: I believe in this world; I believe in myself; I love myself; I amuse myself; and, above all things, I dress myself. My looking-glass is my shrine, and my toilet-table is my altar; and my whole heart, mind, soul, and money are spent in my decorations.

Didn't they live in style, these Goitblinds! The sociables, the balls, the dinners, and especially the card-parties, succeeded each other as the perpetual wash-in upon the shore; and appeared to have much the same effect upon old Goitblind's purse as those same waves have upon a sand-bank, for his substance increased the while; land always makes upon a sandy shore, and washes away from a rocky one.

Besides young Mark Goitblind, the abovementioned son, there were three daughters, all married. Very fashionable young gentlemen often remain single; very fashionable young ladies seldom do. This fact can not be easily accounted for, except that the apparent wealth and splendor which accompanies fashion is very alluring to uninitiated young gentlemen, and very inaccessible to uninitiated young ladies. However, the Misses Goitblind, although goodlooking and sociable, did not obtain very superior husbands. Miss Maria Goitblind, the oldest daughter, ran away with a tobacconist, very much to her father's disgust, for he considered the young man to be of low family, and only admitted him to his parties for the convenience of getting supplies from him. Nevertheless the old man was good-natured, and did not turn his back upon the young couple entirely, especially as he believed the man's business money-making. For all that, he looked upon him as so insignificant a member of his family that he would have forgotten his name if it had not been Lendum Concha. The second daughter, Lucy Goitblind, married Handover Snob, who courted her father for so much of his greatness as might fall to the lot of one speculator in human commodity. He sold himself and bought his wife, and thus succeeded in his enterprise.

Louisa, the third daughter, although rather large in stature, was otherwise delicate in appearance, being rendered so by an exceedingly fair, white skin, and very light and long curling hair. She was a person of robust health, as was evinced by the roundness of her limbs, the Goitblinds, and for the first time care sat at their Digitized by OL. XXVI. No. 155.—X x

sparkle of her large blue eyes, the rich tint on lips and cheeks, and the sound white teeth displayed by her ever-ready laugh. In dancing she could wear out a pair of shoes in an evening, and at talking nonsense she could beat any six members of Congress. Accustomed to follow her own inclination, it led her to confer supreme bliss upon her family by marrying Colonel Holdon Partyman, a gentleman high in office, and having a ten-years' foothold in so-called good society.

They had just culminated this supreme altitude of earthly felicity when the father was seized with apoplexy, and suddenly died. His soul made a fashionable exit from his fashionable habiliments; a fashionable undertaker superintended for him a fashionable funeral; his body was buried in a fashionable grave-yard, and a fashionable mourning appeared upon the persons of his wife and daughters. A fashionable preacher preached a fashionable sermon about him, in a fashionable church, to a fashionable audience; and it should have been engraved upon his monument, if ever he had one, that, whatever might be the fashion in the Hereafter, in this world more fuss was made over the exit of one leader of ton than over ninety and nine vulgar persons who are careless of the cut of their coat-tails.

After the demise of his father, Mark Goitblind, who had been educated a lawyer, set himself to settling the estate, as he called it. But, in order to settle it, it was first necessary to find it, and it had to be sought for amidst a great rubbish of old papers, some with and some without the before-mentioned capitals. Moreover, the capital in the cash accounts was found to be in as much confusion and as out of place as the capitals in the documents; so Mark dispensed expectations to his sisters and brothers-in-law, and worked away in his mine with diligence.

In the midst of this great collapse happened another and a still more stunning misfortune. The office-holder, the husband of Louisa-the alliance from which they had all taken fresh titles of nobility—was found to be a defaulter. This would have been a small matter indeed could the money defaulted have only been found in the family; but, alas! it had gone through the oyster-beds, and by the outlets before described, into general circulation; and the unreasonable public, though they had their money, would have caught their Partyman too, could they have done so. Poor fellow! he escaped from the officers of the law, but officers Poverty and Chagrin could not be so easily evaded. They teased and tormented him for a few months, and finally slipped him into a prison under the sod, by the side of his respectable father-in-law, who had eaten the meat out of him while yet he was a living and respectable politician of the crab sort, and yet never cared enough about him to tell whether he was a Hard or a Soft Shell.

Real grief was now in the household of the

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council-board. Where now were all their balls and dances, their dresses and promenades? Who now could procure the tickets for the opera, and the gloves and carriages necessary thereunto? Their husbands could do no more than procure for them and their children a plain and decent living. Louisa was a destitute widow. Mamma, too, was to be taken care of. What could be done? Behold! they hit upon a Grand Idea; at least so they each and all pronounced it.

It was agreed that Louisa should take a large house, and that the family should board with her. By this they severally proposed to themselves to live very cheap, to entertain a great deal of company, and afford to their sister an opportunity for a second market for her yet scarce faded beauty and unimpaired social charms; and for this latter favor she was expected to be duly grateful.

They did not intend to keep a boarding-house—not they! Having produced a domicile—not the most desirable (for landlords dislike to rent cligible houses to other than palpably responsible tenants), but still a rather stylish place—and furnished it with what furniture they jointly possessed, they advertised in the Herald, Times, and Tribune, that

A SMALL PRIVATE FAMILY, having more room than they desire, would be willing to accommodate a gentleman and wife, and two or three single gentlemen. Terms moderate. References exchanged.

The "small private family" consisted of only thirteen members, six of the major and seven of the minor generation. The house in which there was a surplus of room contained sixteen apartments, all told. They all went to work with great zeal and determination, and fixed up the house with commendable neatness. Louisa herself, who, as before hinted, was delicate only in appearance, would have been entitled to a dollar a day for what she performed in any other house but her own. Expectation threw into her limbs the strength of iron and the elasticity of steel. In fact she became a machine worked by hope instead of steam.

The bait thrown out in the advertisement had one or two nibbles in the shape of answers, but no bite, which caused the sky of their hopes already to look squally. The various females of the family next went round to all the boardinghouse agencies, and paid them each two dollars. In consequence of this manœuvre throngs called, looked at their rooms, and throngs departed; but never a boarder increased the family circle, or promised to make its purse heavier. They had ill luck certainly. Meantime the gentlemen made interest with one or two young men of their acquaintance, and the ladies answered daily every advertisement for board in the Times, Tribune, and Herald, until, by much perseverance in flattery, coaxing, and cajoling, and accepting unprecedentedly low prices for the accommodations promised, they at length succeeded in getting a gentleman and lady to

gentlemen ensconced in the three several nooks which composed the remainder of "more than required" room in this very recherché establishment. Experience was now found greatly to contravene certain popular notions which the family had previously entertained; for the ladyboarder gave little trouble, whereas the gentlemen, so far from coming down with presents, invitations, and matrimonial intentions, appeared to be fretted with a continual uncasiness of conscience on the subject of paying too much for board. They frequently compared notes with their friends in other houses, and funcied that Madame did not return sufficient equivalent for their money. They had been inveigled into her house under the idea that she was a charming and distressed widow; and, influenced by the interest they felt in her, they employed some of their leisure moments in consultation upon the state of affairs. On these occasions they would forget many items of expense, and, on account of ignorance, falsely state others, besides omitting many of which they were not at all aware. Thus correctly proceeding, they came to the conclusion that they were a most good-natured, imposed-upon, and swindled set of fellows-a faith which seems to be profound and universal among boarders, male and female.

All this while Louisa neither made a fortune nor caught a beau; consequently there was much complaint in the family. That her man-servant should cheat her and her cook get drunk was laid to her want of experience. That her chambermaid would be saucy, her wardrobe out of order, and her bills unpaid, was clearly the effect of mismanagement. In order to place this mismanagement in the clearest possible light, it will be necessary, though tiresome, to introduce a few statistics, stating, as an apology, the want of attention to these most important particulars was the cause of serious miscalculation and great inconvenience to the whole Goitblind family. Mrs. Colonel Partyman had undertaken to pay:

For rent per year	\$1200	00
For coal during summer, 6 tons at \$5 50	83	00
Putting away the same, at 25 cts. per ton	1	50
For coal during winter, 18 tons, at \$7 50	135	00
Putting away the same, at 25 cts. per ton	4	50
For wood 1 year, 1 load per month, at \$2 25	27	00
For sawing and splitting the same, \$1 per		
load	12	00
For gas in summer, \$6 per month	36	00
For gas in winter, \$12 per month	72	00
For a cook at \$9 per month	108	00
For a chambermaid, at \$8 per month	96	00
For a waiter, at \$10 per month	120	00
For miscellaneous brooms, brushes, soap,		
towels, etc	10	00
Total yearly expense, exclusive of food	\$1855	00

gentlemen made interest with one or two young men of their acquaintance, and the ladies answered daily every advertisement for board in the Times, Tribune, and Herald, until, by much perseverance in flattery, coaxing, and cajoling, and accepting unprecedentedly low prices for the accommodations promised, they at length succeeded in getting a gentleman and lady to occupy the large front room, and three single



and mystery.

Let us look for a moment at the weekly expense for food for this highly respectable private family of eighteen persons and the three servants. Seven of the family, as before stated, were children, who were sometimes roundly asserted not to exist at all, but who had always, somehow or other, to be fed. For the satisfaction of those who may be curious in the matter, they are here divided off, as it is not probable they will again be alluded to, it not being the intention of the writer to follow the fortunes of the Goitblind family into the next generation. The Conchas had produced three Conchetos. The Snobs had handed over two sons, and Louisa had contributed two Partymans to the general population. There was bought daily for the family breakfast -and it will be observed that the quantity was sufficiently small-

Four pounds of beef-steak	\$ 0	50
Of some other kind of meat, the value of	•	25
A roast for dinner	1 4	50
A second dish		75
Total per day for meat	\$3	00

Let us now sum up the weekly expense for food:

Meat per week	\$21	00
Potatoes, 1 bushel per week	1	00
Butter, 12 pounds	3	00
Bread, 6 loaves per day, 42 loaves per week	2	10
Coffee, 3 pounds per week, 21 cents per pound		63
Milk, 28 quarts per week, 6 cents per quart	1	68
Tea, 1 pound per week	_	75
Sugar, averaging 12 cents a pound, 17 pounds		••
per week	9	04
Pepper, salt, and mustard	-	10
Buckwheat, rice, and flour		50
Sirup, molassos, etc.		75
Pies and Puddings.	9	úÖ
Wine and enion for devening		00
Wine and spices for flavoring	_	
Cakes and preserves, etc.	1	00
Apples, nuts, etc., for desserts.		75
Miscellaneous vegetables		75
Vermicelli, farina, macaroni, etc.		25
Total per week	940	30
Rent, and other housekeeping expenses	35	70
Expense of the family in housekeeping alone		

Let us now look at the income which was to meet these expenses, bearing in mind that nothing had been said about clothes, or the wear and tear of furniture, breaking of crockery, etc.,

The mother and drother paid each, per week, \$5	310	00
Concha and wife, with their children, 3d story,	-	
front	14	00
Snob, wife and 2 children, 3d story, back	12	00
Mr. and Mrs. Putthrough, 2d story, front	18	
The 3 single gents, miscellaneously located, \$5		• •
each	15	00
Total income per week	000	
Total sucource her meen	200	w

Here was a clear loss of seven dollars per week, which no member of the family ever discovered, although they daily exclaimed against the disorder and confusion arising from unpaid bills and unbalanced accounts, and the state of perpetual panie in money matters; and, like the great public similarly circumstanced, they daily made calculations, speculations, and discussions, to discover the cause of the general disorder, and equally without success. Louisa would sit down by her sapient and extremely honest broth-

cult to arrive at, was to her a profound secret er, and in the presence of the very judicious mother, who had reared her, would spread out the five fingers of one large white hand, and with the forefinger of the other, pressing each separately and successively, would proceed to recount the sums received from each room, as though her fingers were notched sticks on which she kept accounts. But somehow she never got through with the sum total of them before her attention was distracted by something quite foreign to the matter in hand.

> "There is Mrs. Putthrough," she would say, "in the large front room; her board almost pays the rent. Mamma, what a droll creature Mrs. P. is! I declare, she is very eccentric."

"Go on with your calculation," interrupted Mr. Mark Goitblind; "we don't want to hear about the Putthroughs; we want to know what you do with the enormous sums of money you spend."

"You have nothing decent to wear," observes the mother, "and I advise you, the next money you get, to lay it out in clothes, or you'll not be fit to be seen."

"I know it, ma; I want a stout black silk. It would be so useful. I could get one for thirty dollars, and I think I could trim it with-"

"Trim it with the cat's tail!" interrupted the brother. "Where in thunder are you going to get the money from?"

"Why, Mark, how you talk! Mr. Slowpay has promised to let me have some money tomorrow, and I am sure I ought to afford to dress, for I am as well paid as other persons, and better, too, than some. There is Joe Cheapenough boards for four dollars and a half a week at Mrs. Cumathin's; and I was reading in the Herald where they offer board for three and a half, and even two and a half, and how can I expect more?"

"I don't ask you to get more. What I want to know is, what you do with it," said Mark.

"Well, I do the best I can, and that is enough for you. As long as you are comfortable you need not grumble.'

"I should like to have my room cleaned once in a while."

"Then," said Louisa, "you'll have to go somewhere and get it. I can't keep any such trollop about me as Bridget M'Carthy."

"Have you paid her her wages yet?"

"She has got as much as ever she'll get, the impudent minx."

Hereupon Mrs. Partyman flounced out of the room. Perplexed and tired of the discussion, she sought relief in attending herself to the neglected duties of Bridget M'Carthy, who had refused work on account of four months' unpaid wages. But finding it disagreeable, and herself, from want of custom, unable to do it so well as Bridget, she went to her own room and presented that worthy with a colored silk dress for which she, being in mourning, had no present use. Bridget concluded to remain where such windfalls were to be expected.

Mrs. P. now proceeded to the parlor, intend-

Original from



ing to refresh herself by playing upon the piano. There was scarcely an apology for a fire in the grate, and it was very cold. Instead of playing she rang for the waiter. This was done for effect, because she found a lady waiting in the room. Peter did not trouble himself to answer the call, knowing from experience that it was only to receive an order to put coal on the fire, which order he was secretly enjoined to forget to attend to. Peter's wages were also in arrear, and he was accordingly indulged. Besides, he had a way of paying himself, so he was content to remain.

After conversing a few minutes in the parlor, Mrs. P. paid a visit to her kitchen, as it was customary for her to do just before the dinnerhour, to assure herself before dressing that that important meal was in successful progress. A very useful custom, especially in her case. On this day it was lucky that she did not omit it, for there lay the cook upon two chairs in a state of inebriety most utter and helpless. Louisa was accustomed to find her domestic more or less under inspiring influence, but not usually to that degree that she could not do duty. On this occasion she felt alarmed for the safety of the dinner. Looking round, she observed a piece of corned beef that had been intended for that meal had not been deposited in the pot which should have contained it. She ventured to lift the cover, with a view of supplying the deficiency. Something was being boiled surely. She took a fork to examine; a spoon also was brought into requisition. She lifted and looked. Behold! the cook was boiling the clothes-line. Did our lady dismiss the cook? No. wages were never paid. It had come to be mutually understood that she worked for her board and the privilege of getting drunk. Mrs. P. put a pillow under her head, smoothed her hair, remarked that the poor woman was quite sick, and having replaced the pot with its proper contents, she proceeded to make a call upon Mrs. Putthrough, feeling that desire one always has to tell a droll occurrence to some one, and well knowing it would lead to an unpleasant talk with any member of her own family. She found Mrs. Putthrough in the enjoyment of an excellent fire, employed in reading a novel, and she made that lady laugh quite heartily at the mishap which had occurred in the kitchen. But in spite of the mirth Mrs. Put suggested that the cook should be at once discharged. Mrs. Partyman said, "Not so; for it would be impossible to fill her place, so excellent a creature is she, drunk or sober.'

Finding her boarder perfectly comfortable, our landlady next proceeded to her own room, where it was her custom at this time to dress for dinner.

Her room was the front basement, communicating with the kitchen; and plying between the two rooms as industriously and continuously as the shuttle in a weaving machine, she contrived, chambermaid (both of whom sympathized with Cheapenough resolved to come there to board,

the cook), to have dinner properly served, and herself also dressed for the occasion-a cooked lady to sit at the head of the table.

Just before dinner, which was supposed to take place at six o'clock, Peter had his instructions to make the fire in the parlor in good earnest, and there the family, after that meal, as usual assembled. Mrs. Partyman played the piano; Joe Cheapenough called in, and he and Mrs. Snob danced the polka, and essayed a great many fancy steps; old Putthrough and his wife and two of the gentlemen boarders (Mr. Hope and Eusebius Spangle) played cards; Mr. Slowpay read the newspapers, and Mrs. Concha employed herself in sewing. Altogether they seemed to have found precisely "the comforts of a home" so often advertised, for Joe Cheapenough thought so, and he half made up his mind to court Louisa in order that he might enjoy them for nothing. She looked quite pretty this evening, and he believed in his heart she was making a fortune. Besides, it was supposed that her defaulting husband had amply endowed her, and the family were careful not to contradict the report.

Louisa perceived the incipient good opinion without, of course, understanding it in its details, and feeling on her part that somebody to be responsible for her bills would be to her not only a luxury but a necessity, she was delighted to witness the faintest looming up of such a prospect from any quarter, and her spirits rose accordingly with this slight hint of luck ahead. Oh, demon of ill-luck! when were mortals ever sufficiently happy to content themselves? Goodnatured Mrs. Putthrough must needs increase the general felicity by sending to her room for sundry bottles of wine. The idea started, old Put would have some brandy. Joe Cheapenough proposed a whisky-punch. The ladies agreed to send for oysters. Presently there was a stir among the servants, a sending forth of orders, and the delicacies were brought. Now it came to pass that when Mrs. Putthrough had tasted Joe's whisky, and her husband's brandy, just for fun, and had drunk two or three glasses of wine, out of politeness, on her own account, she became red in the face, and talkative withal, and she inclined to be particularly sweet on all the gentlemen, and on Joe especially. This caused Louisa suddenly to fall down to the veriest snow and ice propriety, at which change of behavior the implacable lady took fresh offense. She commenced a downright abuse of the whole party. The very well-behaved and sober gentlemen alternately winked their eyes and burst out in great explosions of laughter. Old Put advised his wife to "shut up and go to bed;" but she was by no means so disposed, although Mrs. Partyman and her sisters all left the room, exclaiming severally, "Scandalous!" "Shameful!" How long the rest of the party remained, and how they got to bed, was known only to the waiter, who received half a dollar from each, and with the help of the waiter and the mollified was discreet enough to hold his tongue. Joe



although he thought no more of his intention to dividual used actually to perspire with agony commit matrimony.

while he sat in the parlor of his own house, thus

The next morning breakfast was eaten with as much decorum as if nothing had happened overnight. Mrs. Put, the chief offender, never came to breakfast; so the others had it all their own way, and persisted in saying to the two husbands, who had not been present, that they had passed a very pleasant evening.

After breakfast Mrs. Partyman again essayed the balancing of her accounts; spreading out her five-fingered calculating machine, she commenced with the room uppermost in her mind, and which paid her the largest price. On this occasion her two sisters were of the council.

- "She is not a proper woman," said one.
- "She is certainly not a lady," said the other.
- "But we can't do without her," said Louisa.
- "We ought to send her out of the house," remarked Mrs. Goitblind.
- "Then how shall I pay my rent?" inquired Louisa.

At this stage of the proceeding a note was received from the personage under discussion, to the effect that she intended immediately to vacate her apartment, as the location of the house had just been discovered not to suit her husband's business. Mrs. Partyman immediately repaired to the room in question, where, with the blandest of smiles and the warmest of affectionate caresses, she regretted so much to part with her dear, lively friend, that the latter agreed to persuade her other half that the location of the house had been falsely and maliciously misstated. Nor did she stop here, but paid her dear Louisa fifty dollars in advance board, besides making her a present of a Honiton collar.

When Mrs. Partyman returned to the basement she was warm in her encomiums of Mrs. Putthrough, which were cut short by the arrival of various bills. Lucky were the creditors who came first, for so many as the fifty dollars would pay were paid at once; but that giving out, Mrs. Louisa commenced to draw upon her invention of ingenious excuses and put-offs, and when they would not depart for mild words which ought to turn away wrath, she even abused them, and asserted that their bills were conceived in fraud and presented in iniquity.

Finally, the landlord called. Now the fifty dollars had been borrowed in anticipation of this very visit. Our landlady felt like a condemned criminal in having to meet him empty-handed. The landlord was a gentleman by birth and education, had known the family for a long time, and had let them have the house with many misgivings in regard to their responsibility; but as it was a house not easily rented, he had thought it better to have a doubtful tenant than none at all. Having rented it, he conceived the notion that he ought to be paid, and was punctual in calling for his rent. When he found it coming only in small quantities, or not at all, between his desire to act like a polished and liberal man (the character he supposed himself to support)

while he sat in the parlor of his own house, thus curiously turned into an instrument of torture. Poor Mrs. Partyman, who was in fact kindhearted, might be compared to some person having no taste for cruelty, who had foolishly undertaken to be Sheriff of a county, and found numerous executions upon his hands, whereas he did not anticipate any. She had naturally no disposition to inflict the kind of punishment which had now become her daily business. She would have spent the United States revenue, without a single dollar of it sticking to her hands; yes, and the income of all the Russias, and the product of the mines of California. She was a perfect Rothschild on a spree, when she had money. Alas! having a magnificent attemperment, think what torment it must have been to her to deny fifties, nay, tens, fives, and even ones, to people who demanded them with every degree and kind of pertinacity. There was not only the landlord-an old acquaintance and courteous gentleman-who asked in evident collapse of colic pains for more, yet more! but there was the butcher, the baker, the grocer, the milkman; the upholsterer, the cabinet-maker, the carpet dealer, and the jobber; the shoemaker, the mantua-maker, the plain sewer; the drygoods merchant, the collier, the woodman, the charcoal dealer, and the servants, from shillings to hundreds, she owed each and all of them.

Talk of a man's having the blue devils! Why, this poor woman had the devils after her in every shape and manner that belongs to humanity. They beset her in the street; they besieged her at home; they watched her incoming and outgoing. She dreamed of them by night, she heard them all day; in every voice in the hall, in every knock at the door. Sometimes she took refuge in the pantries or garrets, and hidden or locked in, would remain whole days together, wondering what would come of it. Meantime servants, children, and family generally, would pass the time in vain endeavors to hunt up the missing head of the family. At such times she usually made a confidante of her eldest daughter, an amiable little girl, who brought her food and kept the secret of her hiding-place with scrupulous fidelity, wondering the while that her mother, who seemed to be so nice a person, should be so persecuted.

By this time a most remarkable change had come over the fair face once before described. The complexion had lost its pearl-pink hue, and assumed the dead-white of marble. The smile which had once lighted up those brilliant features, had become ghastly as the glimmering moonlight on a tomb. The once dimpled cheeks had grown hollow and sunken, and the beautiful blush which formerly overspread them now concentrated itself into a burning red at the tip of the nose, the last ember of expiring hope and youth.

his desire to act like a polished and liberal man (the character he supposed himself to support) article pawned, what need to tell of the catastroand his apprehension of losing his cash, the in-

taking boarders, of making one poor woman the means whereby to feed the lazy at the expense of the industrious, the poor at the expense of the trades-people? First the piano-dealer took the piano. Next the brothers-in-law and the sisters-in-law had a general quarrel, and departed different ways to seek other asylums for persons distressed in their manner of living. Our once fair Louisa sought a room, and resorted to that still more harassing means of existence, a needle and thread. Every promise of her once bright being ended in desolation. Of what avail was it to this woman that she had been gifted with noble impulses, warm affections, and a beautiful person; that she hoped against disappointment, and had striven against adversity? She died in a garret—died of poverty and overwork—died as hundreds are now dying, victims of the ignorance on subjects appertaining to domestic life which prevails in the city of New York.

A GOSSIP ABOUT NOVELS.

"' TN order,' said the magnificent Fadladeen, I importantly swinging about his chaplet of pearls, 'to convey with clearness my opinion of the story just related, it is necessary to take a review of all the stories that have ever been-

"'My good Fadladeen!' exclaimed the princess, 'we really do not deserve that you should give yourself this trouble."

Thus saucily quoted Felicia, the daughter of my old friend Brown, when I had dropped in after my five o'clock dinner. Mr. Haskins, his junior partner, had just finished reading the closing number of "No Name" to the girls. The ladies liked it much, and it was rather a pleasant Saturday evening amusement, when they rarely went out, to have Mr. Haskins drop in with the Weekly, and read as they embroidered or crocheted. Brown usually went to sleep on these occasions, Felicia keeping a pillow and silk comforter in a small closet in the library for his convenience. This was a good arrangement for all parties, and Mr. Brown being comfortably tucked up on the chintz sofa, the readings and criticisms thereon proceeded with immense éclat. The recent death of a distant relative secluded the young ladies more closely than usual; and it was so kind of Mr. Haskins to bring them all the new books. Upon this occasion Brown, with unusual wakefulness, persisted in smoking instead of sleeping, and when the story was finished had nearly demolished the luckless reader, not only with a sweeping condemnation of "novels," but of that one in particular, and had delivered himself at great length upon "yellow covered literature" in general, and those who indulged in it. Fatima was vexed, Haskins was crushed, while Felicia, the favorite daughter, had playfully quoted the above passage just as I entered.

"Remarkably well recited, fair Lalla Rookh!" I remarked; for, knowing the habits of the family, I at once divined the situation. "Yet it may not be amiss after all to listen for a mo-old school"-bowing politely to Brown-"con-

ment or two to some of the tales which the Scheherazade of the press has, from time to time, rehearsed for the listening ears and palpitating hearts of two hemispheres, which were only too willing to wake and listen.'

"Now, Brooks, I used to think you a man of sense, and here you propose to encourage two silly girls in doing nothing but read novels, and

neglecting every thing useful!"

"No, most noble Fadladeen, I do not; I but propose to talk the matter over in a serious way with them, to show the origin, necessity, uses, and abuses of the Novel; in short, that in its place it is a good creature."

"Oh do, Mr. Brooks!" exclaimed the girls. Feramorz, in the person of Mr. Haskins, brightened up a little, and sat back into his chair (he had previously occupied merely the edge of it, being prepared for a hasty retreat in case the argument was too strong for him). Feramorz was light-complexioned, fair-haired, and near-sighted; tried to look like a German, and had a bad habit of blushing. Brown thought him an "excellent book-keeper, but good for nothing behind the counter; would do very well if he would leave off blushing and novel reading of evenings." He had lately taken him in as a junior partner, on an infinitesimal interest, and had given him a great deal of excellent advice regarding his two failings.

"Every body knows that the Troubadours of France and Italy, and the Minnesingers of Germany were the historians, musicians, and novelists of the Middle Ages; and their treasures of romantic lore which have imperfectly descended to us prove that they must have been very pleasant fellows, and marvelously agreeable guests at those awfully gloomy castles where ladies did nothing but embroider, and the gentlemen fight, murder, and rob from year's end to year's end."

"Was there not one, Sir, who was borne to his grave by the most beautiful girls of Mayence, who poured libations of wine to his memory till the cathedral floor was covered?" asked Haskins, almost eagerly, pushing forward to the edge of his chair again.

"Lucky dog!" growled Brown; "I'll warrant, if he had had the wine when living, he'd have thought better of them even than he did."

Haskins blushed violently and retired behind

his spectacles.

"You are right, Mr. Haskins," I replied, with dignity; "there was such a one, and doubtless in his song had done justice as well to the flagon as to the fair maid who bore it. It was no wonder that they bid these honest fellows welcome, when their only amusements were the everlasting embroidery-frame, and Amadis de Gaul, and a few such twelve-pounder romances, granting that they knew how to read, which, bythe-by, was not so frequently the case as could have been wished. In fact they did not lose much either; for the novel of that day, and even down to the last century, was hardly fit for ladies' reading. When I hear gentlemen of the

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that their own tastes have been formed in that direction by 'Tom Jones,' 'Peregrine Pickle,' much blame them for a prejudice if they left off then. It's not surprising that they are not satisfied to seat their young daughters to such coarse fare as these books, however excellent they might have been deemed in their day. 'Don Quixote,' at whose plain speaking young ladies sometimes blush nowadays, was a pattern of purity at the time it was written, I doubt not. But as those same young ladies read George Sand's writings in the original, I do not find that the Don or his sturdy squire suffer greatly by the contrast."

"I remember," remarked Felicia, "in reading 'Don Quixote,' being struck with the idea that the world had rather misconceived him. It seemed so sad that he should have been called mad, and subjected to such cruel jokes, when he possessed so fine a nature, and was so true a gentleman, for all his crazy fancies about his knightly mission and his sweet Dulcinea. I am sure the world never saw a truer gentleman than the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, if ev-

ery body did laugh at him."

"You are right, as usual, fair Princess," I replied. (Felicia really had remarkable tact in discriminating characters, and it struck me particularly to-night.) "Cervantes, I fancy, meant not to deride the knight himself, but merely the abuses of chivalry which had so dolefully turned the poor gentleman's head. He had the highest sense of knightly honor, though the exquisite sensibilities of his soul were like 'sweet bells jangled out of tune.' Who so ready as he to succor the friendless? Who so brave to foe, so true to ladye-love? Who so skilled in all knightly devoirs?—so tenderly courteous to all women, insomuch as she he loved was a woman? And it was none the less a true knightly passionnay, rather the more so-that so large a share of her charms dwelt only in his own heated brain; and Don Quixote de la Mancha deserves even better respect of the world than he has ever yet received."

I was rewarded by bright, appreciative smiles from the girls. While Brown lit a second cigar, and puffed in contemptuous silence, I went on:

"The twelve-volume novel died, in time, of sheer attenuation, dwindling down to modern times, and the Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett class appeared. But ladies blushed, or pretended to, even through rouge and powder, at their hearty grossness; and Goldsmith, and Johnson, and little Miss Burney, and that class, came forward, and, a little later, the Misses Porter appeared to furnish light yet delicious intellectual pabulum, and to tell the old, yet ever new story, 'Amo, amas, amat,' in terms which might find them an entrance into the boudoir of a pure and innocent woman. 'Rasselas' philosophized both in and out of the Happy Valley (so ludicrously unlike the geographical Abyssinia), in his stateliest phrases; 'Camille' makes something like that. I quote from my memory her debut, under the loving auspices of Ursus -which is bad."

demning 'modern novels,' I more than suspect | Major himself. 'The Vicar of Wakefield' preached, and prayed, and laughed, as dear old vicar never laughed or preached before; and the ele-'Humphrey Clinker,' and the rest, and don't gant Lord Mortimer handed the peerless Amanda out by her finger-tips, at respectful arm'slength, and the two stepped a dignified minuet through the three volumes of the 'Children of the Abbey.' Then 'Thaddeus of Warsaw' walks solemnly across the stage, with bowed head, breaking one's heart with his unapproachable perfections—paining us to think that there are no more such men, and even if there were, that their style is all out of fashion."

"I remember the scoundrel well," puffed out "Down in Logtown, where I was raised, Dolly Dumplin was about as nice a girl as ever I saw; just as round and plump as a partridge, with small bright eves and dear little pudgy hands, a little red, perhaps, but very nice and soft, you know. Well, Dolly and I had kept company a while, and by-and-by I began to think things were growing serious when, presto! she veered round and threw me over quicker than a flash! I couldn't make it out for a long time, until Mercy Jones told me one night going home from singing school that Dolly told her in confidence that she really liked me until she read 'Thaddeus of Warsaw' and found out what a man ought to be; but she really couldn't think of marrying so far below her ideal. I read the book, of course, to find out about it, and heaved it into the fire behind the back-log when I'd finished it."

"Undoubtedly the best use to which you could put so dangerous a rival, and this fully accounts for your prejudice. When Mrs. Brown returns I shall-"

"Nonsense, Brooks," replied Brown, coloring, "Hetty knows all about it. You can't enlighten her about my history. I only wanted to show how girls sometimes lose good chances by getting their heads full of novels." Brown grew provincial as he became excited.

"Then there was a period of tales of haunted castles, subterranean passages, sliding panels, secret staircases, and mysterious murders crying out for vengeance, besides lambent blue flames and dripping daggers; novels in the 'jugular vein,' born of suppers of raw beef, toasted cheese, and awful indigestions. People got amazingly tired of them after a while. Then was the time for Sir Walter Scott, who raised the novel to the dignity of a prose epic. Writing much in the vernacular—though he could write 'Big Bugaboo' better than any body else-he got a fast hold of the affections of the popular heart, besides affording the more cultivated taste a new sensation. Somebody calls his works 'Guidebooks to Scotland.' So be it. It is somewhat to be able to hunt a story through its native country by its own landmarks. You remember Campbell's ludicrous blunders in Gertrude of Wyoming, don't you? Tigers on the Susquehanna's banks, and magnolias on Ohio's shores, or



"You remember Mr. Jones saying," remarked Haskins, again, "that the stage-driver pointed out to him Jeannie Dean's cottage?"

"Yes; and his 'D'ye mind yon wee house on the hill-side? Reuben Butler—ye ken Reuben Butler?—he keepit skule there.' I warrant Jones will never forget those 'bit houses.' And those who knew her will always remember the fair daughter of Brenda, whose artless beauty and sweetness so endeared her to her American friends. Verily, to be a novelist is worth one's while when his works do follow him after this fashion. The good Sir Walter does sometimes lack imagination, and fancy almost always; yet he deserves a place in the front rank of novelists, as being the pioneer of the novel proper. I don't expect every body to agree with my opinion, however.

"At nearly the same period of literature our own Cooper struck his rich vein of Indian character and achievement, and pioneer life and character. It was a new idea that an American book could be readable. But the fresh life developed in his characters, the rich and hearty vernacular of their speech, the delicious forestodor breathed over the whole, varied by the dignified presence of the ladies and gentlemen whose stately bearing lent a riper charm to these greenwood homes-all took the public by storm, and surprised them into a cordial applause. It was new, it was not Arcadian exactly, but so like it, and yet so real that people at a distance believed in it. Those nearer were charmed with his idealization of scenes which, while many recollected then, it was well that the young people should perpetuate the memory of 'deeds that their fathers had done.' Leatherstocking was such a complete representative of the hunter-pioneer. while Harvey Birch vividly recalled the events of that period to minds of the oldest inhabitants. Then Uncas glorified the character of our few true Indian friends. Impossible as he is, the old people admired him, the young people believed in him (as the young, God bless them! always do in all heroic goodness). He is a perfect knight of chivalry to them!"

"But Cooper's orphan heroines, patterns of wooden excellence as they are, are all as like each other as a set of nine-pins, and not half so interesting. And does any body know the reason of such a dreadful mortality among their mothers, I should like to know!" exclaimed Fatima.

I smiled at the spicy criticism. "But we of to-day, despite the exquisite Hiawatha, are not so in love with the red men of the forest as were our parents. The massacre of whole western villages by bands of Sioux, which happened a few weeks ago, must have swept away the last remnant of romance which invested the Indian character."

"But Cooper will always be one of the greatest of modern novelists to father and mother, Mr. Brooks," put in Felicia.

"No doubt; there is the glamour of their own suffused, and you get a bad cold, and can not read, youth over him. I suppose that one reason why and then you both get silly, and—well, that is David Copperfield will forever be the most in-

teresting tale extant to this present circle of middle-aged young people like myself is because Tom and Jerry, and Fan and Peg read it with me as it came out in numbers, and we all lived in the village of Tomphoole, and were happy and jolly together.

"By-the-by, when I was last in Tomphoole, while waiting for the stage in the stiff little tavern 'parlor,' a goodly company being present who were going to the head of the lake, I beguiled the moments with 'John Halifax, Gentleman.' Mrs. What's-her-name looked over my shoulder. I offered her the book.

"'No, no,' she said, 'thank you, I've heard of the book; don't think I should like it. All about mills and low kind of people, isn't it? I never read that sort of book: no, I don't like that kind of people—never meet any of them in my set.'

"' 'So you like genteel people in books as well as in your parlor?'

""Well, yes, I must own I do: lords and ladies—there is a real pleasure in reading about them — very agreeable people usually. Now there's Dickens, he never introduces them into his books. I can not like him, his people are all so low."

"'But never vulgar,' I ventured.

"'No, not exactly, but low. What places he finds them in! Prisons, work-houses, dens of thieves, jails, where nobody ever thinks of going. There is scarcely one of his characters who moves in what one might call good society.'

"'There is Sir Leicester and Lady Dedlock, in "Bleak House."

"'Oh yes, Sir Leicester is a very gentlemanly person, and Lady Dedlock, so handsome and self-possessed, but Jo!'

"I had no more to say; but I thought of a book wherein all the interest depends upon a certain 'son of a carpenter,' sundry fishermen, and other 'low' people, who were none of them well received in elegant society; and I wondered if my lady found the story dull or no, albeit she was a good church-member too."

"But, Mr. Brooks, tell us a little about 'John Halifax.' Is it really low?" asked Fatima, looking up from her ottoman, where she sat crocheting something of red silk.

"By no means. Not a great book, perhaps, but just the book to read to one's wife of a winter night, with a rattling storm outside and a bright fire in the grate. As the poor homeless boy grows into the earnest man, the good man, the great man, the gentleman, your hand seeks hers, and you remember how she waited for you. patiently, lovingly, till you gained your first foothold, and then, when you could not get on longer apart, the outstretched hands met and clasped, and you went on together, better and braver because you were together. And the story goes on, and grows more like one's own life, and the old times are too much for you, and her eyes get suffused, and you get a bad cold, and can not read, and then you both get silly, and—well, that is



Fatima drooped her eyelashes over her rosy cheek: Haskins looked animated; while Brown produced his bandana, and blew a suspicious blast. Felicia, I saw, was interested, but not so much so as Fatima. Perhaps I did not watch her so closely, however.

"But, after all," remarked Felicia, "the good lady was not so very much to blame. This sort of people were all that the novels of her youth told about, and so she liked them as you like 'David Copperfield,' or my father likes Cooper.'

"I doubt not it was so. Those dear creatures were so graceful and so handsome, their frivolities so delightfully excusable, that we forget the shocking state of society at that time. The courtly graces of Sir Charles Grandison make us unmindful of the bands of Mohocks who made London streets a terror after nightfall. And when Lord Mortimer makes his famous declaration of love to Amanda Fitzallen the fact is overlooked that he has not relinquished the fair hand which he seized first to plead a dishonorable passion. And she lets him proceed with his suit, and is not implacable by any means; whereas, in a modern story, a big brother would have kicked the noble lord out of the front door, and sent the fair Amanda back to the school-room to learn propriety."

"Very true," assented Brown, emitting a puff of fragrant smoke as he knocked the ashes of his cigar into the terra cotta ash-basket; "but the world is not much wiser now, or George Sand and Victor Hugo would not be the fashionable rage."

I allowed this remark of Brown's to pass, for I knew the girls had been reading "Les Misérables," and as I had not I was not prepared to speak. I got back to soundings as soon as possible.

"A few years ago the reading world was startled from its apathy by the resonant peals of the 'Three Bells' - those weird sisters of romance-but Currer Bell's voice lingered longest, being of the deepest tone. There was an air of mystery about these writings, as if they were in the very confidence of Nature herself. had the advantage, too, of being first in the field. No lover in any novel had, as yet, ventured upon the expedient of locking a lady into a room while he compelled her attention to his suit; or of starvation, as Paul Emanuel did, shutting Lucy Snowe into a hot garret in July, without food or water, to learn her part in the play which was to form a portion of his school exhibition. That type of humanity was, as yet, new to writers of romance, and as the saying is, 'it took.' It became a fashion, for a time, to represent gentlemen in the habit of bullying their ladies into acknowledging a reciprocal passion. The lover was always successful, of course. The human magnetism is too strong for the beautiful feline creature before him. She yields, for, as represented by Miss Brontë, the woman's is essentially an animal nature. She is wild, beautiful, sensuous, ferocious, and passionate, yet af-

obedience. Yet you mentally wonder if the successful lover shall, as a husband, 'escape a predestinated scratched face.""

"Surely you do not think 'Jane Eyre' soulless!" exclaimed Fatima. "Surely she could not love Rochester so if she were!"

"I kiss your snowy fingers, fair Princess!" I replied; "yet I can not agree with you in your admiration of 'Jane Eyre,' or rather Miss Brontë. I do not deny her great genius, yet her standard is faulty. 'Jane Eyre' is not a refined woman; she is almost coarse. Let me read to you one passage: 'As he said this, he held out his hand, I pressed it and flung it back red with the passionate pressure.' I should not like my lady-love thus to describe her own first timid acknowledgment of her long-concealed passion for myself. No! The fact is, Miss Brontë personally dislikes women and children. The first is common enough in female writers, the latter extremely rare. She knows that her feline pets are not generally popular in society, and willing to indulge this amiable weakness, she introduces a variety, 'Ginevra Fanshawe.'"

"Now, surely, Mr. Brooks," interrupted Fatima, "you must at least admit Ginevra to be natural and feminine."

"I do. At the Tomphoole Academy, which I attended between the ages of sixteen and seventeen, there were six Ginevra Fanshawes. I fell in love with them all, one after the other. I expended my pocket-money in lockets and daguerreotypes, pearl and turquoise rings, in volumes of poetry and buggy rides. It took six terms to go the rounds. At the commencement, being well supplied with pocket-money, I was liberal. Then I got smiles, and so forth. Toward the end, when supplies ran low, I was snubbed. With a fresh subsidy and a stock of virtuous indignation I tried another and another with like result, and learned the valuable truth taught by Miss Brontë in one lesson: 'The jeune fille, as represented by the poets, and the jeune fille, as she really is, are two essentially different beings."

Every body laughed, and then suddenly checked themselves, fearing to hurt my feelings, which had a comical effect.

"But let that pass," I continued. "Miss Brontë's real genius is in her description of situations. The elfish self-possession of her people is wonderful. Every body knows so exactly what to say and do that the wonder is that any complications arise at all. After all, there is a wonderful power in her books. She hints at more than volumes could describe; and with all her faults she has so much genius that it is ungracious to tear them to pieces in this way. And then her mastery of language is something wonderful; she has always the right word in the right place. One would think that she could not have written otherwise. But read her Life, and you will see the labor it costs to write in this way. There is one American woman who has an equal command of wordsfectionate, and loves the hand that compels her though I judge that this comes far easier to her



than it did to Charlotte Brontë; and though she not seldom wastes her magnificent diction upon a story unworthy of it, covers a flimsy material with the most exquisitely elaborate embroidery, I should not be surprised if the author of 'Yet's Christmas Box' and 'Madeleine Schaeffer' some of these days gave us the great American novel.'

"But there are so many mannerisms," remarked the quiet Felicia. "There is a conflagration in every book, and several in some of them. Mrs. C-used to call them the 'Fire Bells."

"Very good! very good!" exclaimed Brown. "I'd forgive her if she had made a general conflagration of it if she could only have consented to do us of broadcloth justice. Like enough she has only known such men as she describes. But I should not like to see my girls marry such a dubious character as Rochester. If I was an Irishman I should say that Shirley was the most gentlemanly person she describes any where.

"Thackeray had that fault for a while, you remember; but, after all, he came out gloriously in Colonel Newcome," ventured Haskins, hitching timidly to the edge of his chair, and then suddenly overcome with fright, subsided into its depths, blushing like a beet. Willing to encourage him, I agreed with him:

"Yes, time and popular favor mellowed him, like old Madeira. But after all he is best at the Englishman proper; grumbling, kind-hearted, quarrelsome, hearty old blades, who never had half justice done them before. But you are right about Colonel Newcome. There has been nothing finer since My Uncle Toby. Fancy the two hobnobbing over their port, and confess the richness, the Flemish mellowness of the picture. And while they drink, the one to a memory, the other to an ideal, in blusters Philip, big, genial, and quarrelsome, but so true, so warm-hearted, that you don't stop to think whether you like him or not. It is your instinct to do so. And dear little Charlotte so exquisitely true to nature, loving babies and husband and every body who loves them except Mrs. Brandon, whom she hates, because she loves them so well. Great is Thackeray!"

"Dickens used to be my favorite," remarked Brown, lighting a fresh cigar, and offering the case, which I declined.

"You have been reading Hawthorne's 'P. Papers' You remember the poor crazy fellow, who, shut up in his narrow grated chamber, imagines that he is traveling at will all over the world, and meeting in the flesh all the great men of the last generation, as they might be now. Do you remember Napoleon stumbling along the streets of London, scared out of his feeble wits by some little street disturbance, and contemptuously reassured by a policeman? Shelley, become ultra orthodox, and yet firmly believing that he had undergone no change since

perfect felicity with his somewhat shrewish wife, grown religious and fat, yet carefully hiding one foot under the folds of his dressing-gown? And a half-score of such like descriptions? You know what he says of 'Boz'-something like this, as near as I remember: 'I had expectations from a young man named Dickens, who published a few magazine articles very rich in humor, and not without symptoms of genuine pathos; but the poor fellow died shortly after commencing an odd series of sketches entitled the Pickwick Papers. Not impossibly the world has lost more than it dreams of in the untimely death of Mr. Dickens."

"Clever, but unjust!" interrupted Fatima. "The man dead, metaphorically, who has since peopled our world with such beings as Mr. Crummles and the Infant Phenomenon, Little Nell, Paul Dombey, Captain Bunsby, Sairy Gamp, Agnes, Dora, Steerforth, Little Em'ly, Little Dorrit, Pecksniff, Pegotty, Joe Gargery, Smike, Turveydrop, Mrs. Jellyby, Wilkins Micawber, and-but I am not going to give you a catalogue of all the living personages in all of Dickens's novels."

"One might do that from memory," I rejoined, "with Dickens as with Scott and Shakspeare; which is after all the true test of genius. Try it, by way of contrast, with Mr. James of the many initials and many volumes. I have read all his novels, except the last dozen or so: and I have not now a distinct remembrance of the story of one of them, or of half a dozen characters in the whole. I only know that each novel had a cleverly contrived skeleton of a plot, and that all are written in most unexceptionable English. If one wished to kill time at a small expense, I would advise him to buy all of Mr. James's novels, and devote himself to their perusal. He could, with fair industry, read them all in a year. Then let him, as preachers say, 'turn the barrel' and begin again. They would be as new to him as though he had never read them before; and I don't see why this process might not be kept up for fifty years, which is about as long as any one will be like to want to kill time, on this planet at least. But to come back to Dickens; this will not do with him. In every one of his novels there are half a dozen people who will be always old acquaintances to you after you have once known them."

"I must say that I like Dickens's crazy people best of all," remarked Fatima; "they are so amusing, and withal so sensible, that they make you suspect the sanity of half your acquaintance."

"Very true, and many of his characters have a 'bee in their bonnets,' who are not actually mad. But really, he has no equal in describing the workings of a shattered intellect, Barnaby Rudge, Miss Flite, Maggie, Mr. Dick, the fair Cleopatra, Miss Havisham, Smike, and others. 'Such thin partitions do their bounds divide,' that one can hardly tell where eccentricity leaves off and insanity begins, just as the everlasting he wrote Queen Mab? And Byron, living in disputes about Hamlet's madness among critics,



is one of the strongest proofs of Shakspeare's genius and truth to nature."

"It is a sad pity," remarked Felicia, gravely, "that Dickens is never in the least religious. He gets sentimental over it sometimes; but, after all, his characters get along very well with their own goodness, and seem to need no help. I do not remember that one of them ever prays. Now all Christian people know the need of God in their extremity—I mean, "she added, blushing at having said so much, "that it is not fair to Christians to say so much against cant, and so little for Christ."

"Bear in mind that Mr. Dickens is a fashionable writer; and though his people are not fashionable, many of his readers are; and with such religion, though a good thing in itself, is usually thrown gracefully into the back-ground. It sounds trite and commonplace—that is, any but the elegant, full-dress kind. It is a different thing when, through anguish and sorrow, you have made its consolation absolutely your own. Thus you see why it is not oftener thus portrayed. Experience must precede reading in this case. It is not so with other emotions."

"Yet," persisted Felicia, "he makes so many repulsive things charming that he need not hesitate over one so lovely. A religious character would help many who read his books, and involuntarily shape their conduct by them."

"And what have you to say," inquired Fatima, "about Bulwer?-I don't lik : to call him Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. And Anthony Trollope-doesn't he give you pictures of English folks as true as though they were daguerreotypes?—isn't Dr. Thorne a capital novel of life? and isn't Miss Dunstable one of the best creations of any novelist? and don't you think Sir Roger Scatcherd a great creation? and would you have believed, unless she had confessed it, that Lady Mason forged the will? And what do you think of Adam Bede, and the rest of Miss Evans's novels—do you read Romola? And there's Mrs. Gaskell, who wrote the Life of Charlotte Brontë-don't you think her Mary Barton one of the ten best novels of the last ten years? And there's Mrs. Wood, and a Miss Braddon, about whose Aurora Floyd every body is talking, and I don't know how many others. And why do not some of our American women. who write such clever stories, write a great novel of our own life and society? There's Miss Prescott or Rose Terry I know could do it; or somebody who wrote a story called 'Twilight'-I don't believe a man ever wrote that; and there's Mrs. Stoddard, whose 'Morgensons' I have just finished-she has genius. As for Mrs. Stowe, there is but one Mrs. Stowe, but the negro is her prophet, and I don't look for another novel from her. Don't you think I am right, Mr. Brooks?"

To all this series of questions I could make no reply. I looked into the glowing coals and mused. At last I said, in answer to my own thoughts rather than to any thing which had gone before:

"There are some who wholly forbid novels to cise so finely!"

young people, and point to cases where unfortunates have traced their downfall to such reading. I think the taint in the soul led them to select bad books, and worse ideas out of them. It was the effect, not the cause. One does not relish and choose pernicious drugs in health, with wholesome food at hand. Let a pure-hearted girl read Madame Dudevant, and if she be purehearted indeed she will close the book with tingling cheeks, and live on good English fare to the end of her days. I would, if I had the training of girls, give them plenty of wholesome light reading, of that class which makes one wiser and better: hearty, honest loving in it, and a good wicked villain; none of your charming scamps, who drug your wits to steal and stab your heart. Men who are brave and real; women who are pure; no seduction, or murder, or such uncannie work. Let it be read in the family circle, and afterward be well talked over with each other. This mental diet (with solid reading, of course), with plenty of out-door exercise, and good beef and mutton, bread and potatoes, will hurt nobody. And by-and-by comes along an honest, true-hearted fellow to love them; and a pleasant home will testify to the healthiness of the regimen. The romance of real life and passion will throw Dudevant and the like into deepest shade."

The girls blushed and looked down (Fatima most). Haskins fidgeted, and nearly slid out of his chair. Brown muttered something about "bachelors' daughters always being perfect." Then Haskins sighed, very absurdly. Brown had nearly crushed him on the subject of light reading before I came in, when he has just finished "No Name" aloud to the girls, and he had not yet recovered his mental poise.

"I was just remarking," said Haskins, "to Mr. Brown, before you came in, that the serial novel was one of the strongest bonds of social family enjoyment we possess. Here, now, for nearly a year I have been in the habit of reading from Harper's Weekly the numbers of this story as it appeared. And I must say I am surprised when I think how little there is in the people themselves to like, that we have looked so anxiously for their weekly visit."

"No doubt of it, Sir," I replied, with an emphasis which made poor Haskins nearly jump out of his seat.

"Can't say I like a novel in homeopathic doses," growled Brown.

"Still it seems to me, after all, the proper form for the novel; for it so encourages sympathy of tastes in the family circle, and being short, it is usually read aloud. And the attrition of several minds prevents much of the harm that might ensue from a solitary course of sentimental reading."

"And, as Mr. Haskins remarks," added Felicia, "it is so pleasant to have these charming people dropping in once a week!"

"Oh, Mr. Brooks!" exclaimed Fatima; "do write a book. You could, I know; you criticise so finely!"



"Not in the Cottonian period of American literature, if you please. Nobody reads any thing but war stories, all about a gallant and gay soldier (with variations), who goes to the wars and comes gloriously home in six weeks and marries the girl he left behind him. When I write I write for immortality. That is only to be found in juvenile stories. The tales of Bo-Peep's sheep are more famous than 'The Tempest,' and Red Riding Hood is far better known than Portia. Then the young ones are grateful; the public isn't. Look out for a new edition of Mother Goose when my book is advertised."

Felicia rang the bell; Betsy appeared with the supper-tray. Haskins and the girls took tea and cake; Brown and I lager and crackers.

"It's very odd," remarked Brown, after one glass, "that you have all omitted the best argument on your own side. Novels are poor things in general; but they serve one good purpose. They are a sort of social lightning-rod, through which a damaging amount of scan—, no, 'discussion of character' is collected, and passes harmlessly into the book. While they relieve one's feelings, they save the characters of living friends so much! Haw! haw! haw!"

I saw Brown had said the best thing he had to say, and took my leave. I regret to say Mr. H. remained. I am afraid the girls will be bored with him. I thought I detected a yawn from Felicia as I left the library.

"KITTEN."

NVERY one liked Kitten Sawyer. Her mo-L ther had been a romantic, novel-reading girl, pretty and winsome, but characterless-whose greatest grief it had always been that her Puritan parents had called her Hannah. No such common name should ever be inflicted on a child of hers, she determined; so when her first baby came she meant to give it syllables enough, and fixed in her own mind upon "Arethusa." was secretly afraid that her husband might not be quite suited, and she asked him with a little fear and trembling, one day when he came to her bedside, if he felt particular what she named the baby. He smiled very kindly on his little pale wife, and patted her soft cheek with his hard hand, as he answered,

"It don't make a mite o' difference to me, seeing she's a girl. I always held to letting women manage their daughters their own way. If it was a boy, now, I should a felt a little more anxious. I always did mean to call my first boy Samuel, after father, you know."

Poor little Mrs. Sawyer smothered a groan of dismay in the baby's blanket, and breathed a heart-felt prayer that all her children might be girls. Samuel, son of Hannah! She was sure she could never survive bringing up a boy named Samuel. She said nothing, however, on that subject, and only announced very meekly that she had made up her mind she should like to call the little one Arethusa.

"Very well, wife, take your own course. Arethusy is rather longish to be sure, but I don't know as we've any call to be economical about spelling."

So Arethusa the child became. But even her proud mamma found the long name too long for the short baby, and as she was a most merry, playful little creature she presently began to be called Kitten. The name grew up with her. Even her mother always used it, with some vague idea, I imagine, that the girl would be called by her own proper title by-and-by, when she was older. To her father, however, she was always Arethusy. He used the name his wife had given to their child with conscientious constancy, never exchanging it for any thing else, except on some rare occasions which aroused his deepest tenderness, when he would call her "daughter."

This latter, his sole term of endearment, no other child ever came to share with her. Nor was there even a boy to be called Samuel. Kitten grew up alone, and her reign over the whole household was absolute. No one ever thought of disputing her wishes, and if she was not spoiled it was only because nature had given her all her mother's sweetness balanced by all her father's common sense.

She was just sixteen when Ralph Morgan lost his heart to her. He had been away from Westville four years. His father was an honest and well-to-do New England farmer; but there had been another Morgan, an older and more enterprising one, who had made a fortune in California, in the days which we all remember, when commercial fortunes were made there with a rapidity that made one think of the Arabian Nights. For a wonder the successful speculator had not forgotten home and home friends in the pursuit of gain, and when he was worth the hundred thousand dollars he had set out to accumulate he came home for a visit. Ralph was his namesake, a fine young fellow just coming seventeen, and the uncle wanted to take him back to the auriferous regions. Ralph's heart was fired easily enough by any thing like the prospect of romance or adventure, and he was eager to go. At first his father and mother opposed the plan, but the elder Ralph's influence was powerful, and finally prevailed. The parents only exacted one promise, a solemn pledge rather, that, whether he prospered or not, and no matter what the temptations might be to remain, he would come back at the end of four years, and pass his twenty-first birthday under the old roof-tree.

It was well that they made this condition, for before the four years were over Ralph had become a first-rate man of business, his uncle's partner, beyond poverty already, and in a fair way to be rich. If his word had not been pledged he would certainly have been tempted to remain in the Golden Land a little longer; and the chances are that his parents would not have seen their brave boy again until his hair was grizzled and his heart had grown hard. But a



promise is a promise with men like the Morgans; and with a little unspoken regret Ralph took passage for New York late in the summer of 1860, with the intention of staying at home for a number of months. He left most of his money invested in his uncle's prosperous business, with a comfortable sense of security that it would improve the space of his absence to double itself, and be ready for him at any time.

He was welcomed warmly by father and mother, brothers and sisters. He was glad that he had come as soon as he saw the dear old faces—grown a little older since he went away. He had left business behind him. He had nothing before him but a long play-spell, and having worked hard he was ready to enjoy heartily. I suppose he had a little natural vanity, and he might without blame have taken a secret satisfaction in the admiring looks which followed his athletic figure, developed since he went away into manhood, and rested on his bronzed, bearded face.

He had been home a week before he met Kitten. Not that she shunned society or put on airs. She had no lack of interest in the returned Californian; indeed she wanted to see him very much; but her mother had been ill with one of her frequent attacks of nervous pain and weakness, and Kitten had staid at home and nursed her tenderly.

She met him quite unexpectedly at last. It was a bright September afternoon, summery enough to make her light print dress appropriate. She had not been out of doors before for a week, and now she was only off duty for the length of time it would take her to do an errand at her aunt's—a farm-house on an out-of-the-way road, where she was likely to meet no one. She walked along very carelessly, swinging her Shaker in her hand, for she liked to feel the south wind, warm, yet with something bracing and cheery in it that told of autumn, tossing her hair and cooling her face.

"Whistle, and I'll come to you my lad,
Whistle, and I'll come to you;
Though father and mother and all should be mad,
Whistle, and I'll come to you"—

she sang, liltingly, as she tripped along.

"If I only knew you, and could venture to say how much I would like to whistle!"

She looked up, and met dark eyes looking out of a swart, bearded face. The gentleman who had overtaken her made a bow deferential enough to atone for the freedom of his speech; and she answered, with a smile,

"Then you don't know me?"

The arch tone and glance which pointed the question recalled a four-years-old memory—a little girl of twelve—a girl in short frocks and pantalets, whom he had kissed good-by as one kisses children.

"Kitten?"

"Surely Kitten! You see my memory was better than yours, Mr. Morgan."

"Yes; but when one leaves a little dozen-

year-old, one is not prepared to come back four years after and find—"

"An angel" was on his tongue, but a sudden fear of making himself ridiculous or offending her restrained him, and she finished the sentence for him—

"A full-grown young woman of sixteen. No; and yet that is but the natural work of four years. When I saw you last, you know, you had no beard, and a good deal less complexion."

He smiled. "For the sake of what I used to be, then, may I go with you to your aunt's, whither I see you are bound, and then walk home with you? After four years of busy life I am come back to be for a while an idler, and I think you could hardly do a greater work of charity than to help me waste my time."

That was the beginning of an intimacy which ripened, before six months were over, into love as tender and true as ever poet or painter pictured.

All that was noble in Ralph Morgan's nature, and there was much—all that was heroic or tender, seemed to spring up into its best development in the light of her smile. For once all the wearisome old sayings about the course of true love were contradicted. The course of theirs was as smooth as glass. Every one else was delighted too. The Morgans were charmed with Kitten, and the Sawyers with Ralph.

It was arranged that Ralph should stay at home until the next fall, and then carry his Kitten back with him for another four years of money-making; after which he expected to be able to bring her home to Westville.

So, because there was nothing else to mar the peaceful tenor of their ways, the Southerners fired on Sumter, and the whole country rose like Samson, and shook itself, wondering what insidious Delilah had been shearing at its locks of strength while it slept.

When the call to arms came the spirit of some old ancestor, whose portrait, in full continental uniform, hung brave and horribly painted in the parlor of the Morgans, stirred within Ralph, and he felt that he must gird on the sword of the Lord and Gideon. His first thought was of Kitten. He went over to her at once. He knew she divined his purpose as soon as he saw her face. It had such a white, resolved look.

- "You have heard the news?"
- " Yes."
- "Shall I go?"
- "I supposed you would," she answered, and her voice was steady, though he could feel the painful throbbing of her heart against his side. He was proud to see how well she understood him; but man-like he could not help searching her secret thoughts a little more deeply.
 - "Are you willing, Kitten?"
- "It is hard, Ralph, to say I am willing to risk what is so much more to me than life; but if I were a man I should go, so I can not complain that you should go in my stead."

"And if I fall?"



Her low tone never wavered-"I should have to wait for you a little longer, Ralph."

He understood all that her words impliedthat whether he lived or died she was his. They parted—it would be idle to tell how—what words thrilled from their hearts—what tears fell from their eves—what tender, prolonged kisses left their passionate sweetness upon their lips. She was bravest of the two, for she would not send him away gloomily. Even her unobservant father wondered to see how cheerfully she said the last good-by; and then pitied her the more when he saw how white and still her face was for days afterward.

But now the strong common-sense side of her character came out. Her keen sense of justice told her she had no right to darken the lives of those who depended on her for their sunshine with her own secret sorrow; so she did all her old duties, and tried her best to be their merry, playful Kitten, as she used. Cheerful and uncomplaining she succeeded in being; but something was wanting of the old frolic mirth, the overflowing play of spirits which had made her name seem so fit. Those who loved her felt the change, and loved her for it better still.

Time passed on, and Ralph's letters came regularly. She grew accustomed to the danger he was in, and every skirmish he passed through unscathed left her lighter of heart. months, and then that fierce, terrible first battle of Bull Run-then a nation in mourning-a country full of weepers refusing to be comforted. Then among the names of the killed Ralph Morgan No hope-none. Not wounded, not missing, but KILLED. She did not weep or faint when she read it. She smiled pitifully at her own calmness. Then she got up and showed the paper to her father.

me his body back? It will be some comfort to have his grave here, where I can go to it. Will you start to-morrow, father?"

The next morning two men went on that sad journey-Ralph's own father and Kitten's. In a week they returned. The poor girl looked wistfully in her father's face when he came in; but her lips refused to form the words with which she would have questioned him. He put his rough hand on her hair with a pitying touch.

"Daughter, we could not find him. There is no hope but that he is dead, for I have spoken with two comrades who saw him fall. It was just before the retreat was ordered, and he died fighting like a hero. Then the retreat came, and the dead were left for the rebels to bury. There is no chance of finding any one who lies in those nameless graves. God pity and comfort you, daughter!"

After that she was very ill, and they tended her for weeks, with scarcely a hope that they should ever see her in her old haunts again. One day the doctor—a tried and familiar friend of the family, such as country physicians so often are-said to her,

"You will never recover, because you have no heart in it. Do you want to die?'

She turned her face to the wall, and was silent a few moments. When she turned it back again there was a light on it, such as is never born of earthly joy. She answered, unfalter-

"No, doctor; I want to live. For my own pleasure I might choose to go to Ralph; but who would take care of my father and mother when they are old? I am all their hope, and I must not fail them. Eternity is so long that a few years here more or less will not matter."

Could that be merry, playful Kitten, that woman, tender as a saint, strong and unselfish as a martyr? The doctor felt a dimness steal over his eyes, and his voice was not so firm as hers had been when he said,

"God bless you, child!"

From that time she began to get better. She put forth the strength of her will, and her selfcontrol did not fail her. By the time the September day came round, anniversary of the day last year on which she had met Ralph, she was able to go again to the old spot alone; and kneeling there prayed God, with pure heart fervently, that she might be kept fit to meet him in the world whither he had gone. After that she went about the house doing all her old duties, assuming her old cares. There was a change, however. There was no remnant left of the old exuberant gayety. You looked in vain for the sunny smiles that used perpetually to curve her red young mouth, and dimple her fair pink cheeks. Her smile was sadder now, and it came more seldom, but there was such a tender light in her eyes that you scarcely missed the smiling.

Her father had grown clear-sighted. He watched her closely. He seemed scarcely to "You will go right off, won't you, and bring have faith in her recovery, and every time he came into her presence he looked at her with anxious eyes, as if to make sure that she was not fading away from his sight. She was always "daughter" to him now. Her mother seemed to forget herself and grow strong through love. She had no more nervous attacks - her only thought or care seemed to be to smooth the path wherein her child's feet must walk. Kitten saw every proof of tenderness and returned them fourfold. Oh how hard she tried to be happy for their sakes; to be, or to seem, interested in all that would have interested her in other days! She never was impatient, and never idle. When other tasks were over she worked constantly for the soldiers, finding at once motive and reward in the thought that so she might, by chance, minister to some who had known him, been kind to him, marched by his side.

And so the months wore on, until a day came which tried her as none had of those which had gone before. It was a February day, with a touch of spring in the air, a misty warmth full of suggestions of coming flowers. On that day, one year ago, Ralph had told her first that he loved her. All day she was living that other day over again-she seemed to hear his voice



ever in her ear, following her as it had followed her then with ever-new whispers of joy and tenderness. It was almost insupportable, the agony of contrast which these memories forced upon her. She longed to go away by herself—to sob out alone the extremity of her anguish—but she knew those watching eyes would miss her, those fond parental hearts guess what she was doing, and she forced herself to wait until night.

Just at dusk she stood alone, looking out at a western window. The glory of sunset yet lingered in the western clouds, and touched them with a pure, translucent flame. She thought how fair must be the far-off shore where he walked beyond clouds and sunsets, and waited for her in the radiance of a day that never died. For one undisciplined moment she longed with a wild longing to bridge the chasm—to go to him. "How long, O God, how long!" was the cry of her despairing soul. Then she remembered what her earthly work was, and turned away from the western light that had tempted her to the household tasks so near at hand.

She turned to be folded to the heart of one who had come in noiselessly—a wan, strange figure, with one coat-sleeve hanging empty at his side, and a pale, haggard face, out of which looked eyes that she knew.

She was not startled, perhaps because all day he had been with her in her thoughts. Thanks to her New England training she did not believe in ghosts, and never doubted for a moment that he of whom her heart was full stood before her in the flesh. She had been strong when strength was needed—she gave way to her long sorrow now it was over, and wept on Ralph's breast such tears as never fall more than once in a lifetime.

He told his story afterward. His right arm had been shot away, and he had fallen stunned and helpless to the ground, and been left for dead on the field. When the enemy came to bury him they found him living. He had been sent South a prisoner, and had awaited his turn for being exchanged; not patiently, indeed, for he knew what those at home were bearing for his sake. At last his day of release came, and he had hastened home to bring his own tidings. He had hurried on night and day without pause or rest, resolved to be with his betrothed before that day went by on which they had first pledged their love.

Later in the evening he spoke of the loss of his arm.

"It spoils me for a soldier," he said, half regretfully.

Kitten nestled to his side.

"I suppose," she whispered, "I ought to be good enough to be sorry, but I think I could hardly have borne to let you go again. God is merciful!"

THE MASTER KEY.

LO! in my lifted hand a little Key;
What matter if of iron or of gold,
My simplest gift, my greatest gift, you see;
My life, Beloved, when it is given you hold.

Enter whene'er you choose: at vesper chime,
Or when the dewy lips of midnight, dumb,
Kiss the dumb world. Behold, at morning's prime
My doors are open, and the many come.

The many come—it matters little who:

I guard the place and welcome, evermore.

My sacred chambers, never closed to you,

Are closed for them: I keep the outer door.

Enter whene'er you will, for every room
Is yours in being mine. To you unknown,
This Key knows outward porch and inner gloom,
Each sky-ward stair, each closet dim and lone.

Dance in the echoing halls, Beloved, and sing Away your heart to every echo sweet (The echoes, too, are mine) with flitting wing Of buoyant joy and scarce-alighting feet.

The lighted walls shall answer your delight,
With floating shapes and summer dreams of Art:
The Undine springing from her fountain bright,
The lithe Bacchanté with her panting heart.

Dream in the purple glooms, for dreaming made, Where the white angel holds the lily white Against her marble bosom (in the shade Her wings forgotten), watching day and night.

What though at times along the floors—unknown; Unheard by others—ccho phantom feet, Weird faces start from veils, faint voices moan?— Know Life and Death in every passage meet.

Open the chambers where the unburied dead,
While Memory stands forever wakeful there,
Show their thin ghostly radiance never fled—
Who enters life, to live with death must dare.

Around the death-beds, hushed, familiar go,
And kiss for me the dear familiar clay,
While the dark funeral tapers waver slow
And the old death-watch is renewed for aye.

Stand in my secret chapel when you will:

Lo! Visions come adown some unseen stair;
Sometimes vast voices all the silence fill,

And St. Cecilia's soul is in the air.

Fear not: the angel with the lily white
There watches, too, as in the dreaming place,
With wings uplifted in mysterious light,
And some white morning on her lifted face.

Enter, whene'er you choose, whatever door:
This Key will open, night and day, the whole.
Be Love with you your guardian evermore;
Fear nothing. Take the Night-Key of my Soul.



Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

UR Record closes on the 9th of March. The military events of the month have been of little apparent importance, being confined mainly to skirmishes between reconnoitring parties. One of these, which took place near Strasburg, Virginia, was, according to the reports, disgraceful to our men, a party of 200 cavalry being utterly routed by an inferior force of the enemy. Another unfavorable encounter of more magnitude occurred on the 6th of March at Springfield, Tennessee, in the neighborhood of Nashville. Colonel Coburn, with about five regiments, advanced from Franklin, and after some slight skirmishing with the enemy on the 3d and 4th, was, on the 5th, assailed by a superior force of the enemy under Van Dorn, and lost by capture a considerable part of three regiments.—The operations before Vicksburg have been mainly confined to work upon the cut-off, which it is hoped will divert the channel of the river. Here also two unfortunate events have taken place. The gun-boat Queen of the West, having run unharmed past the batteries at Vicksburg, captured a transport belonging to the enemy, and proceeded up the Red River, with a view of capturing other vessels known to be there, and destroying fortifications which had been erected. She ran aground at a narrow bend of the river, close before Fort Taylor, and was exposed, helpless, to the fire of the fort. She was soon disabled, abandoned by her crew, and taken in possession by the enemy, who soon repaired the damage which she had sustained. Meanwhile the steamram Indianola also ran past the Vicksburg batteries, but was attacked by two of the enemy's vessels, one of which was the Queen of the West, and captured. It is reported by way of Richmond that the Indianola was blown up by the captors, and that her armament was subsequently recovered by the national vessels. Meanwhile strenuous efforts have been made, by cutting the levees above Vicksburg, to open communication through the Yazoo Pass to the rear of that city; and a project has even been broached of opening a continuous channel of communication through different bayous and streams from above Vicksburg to the Gulf of Mexico, thus practically reopening the Mississippi, even though the batteries erected at various points by the enemy should remain in their hands.——It now appears that the destruction of the gun-boat Hatteras was effected by the Alabama; the vessel was speedily disabled and reduced to a sinking condition. The crew were taken off and carried to Kingston, Jamaica, where they were put ashore, and were subsequently brought to New York.—The Confederate steamer Florida, which escaped the blockade at Mobile, has committed depredations upon our commerce. The most important capture effected by her was that of the ship Jacob Bell, owned in New York, on her voyage from China, with a cargo estimated to be worth a million of dollars, a large share of which belonged to English owners. The vessel was burned, and her passengers and crew were transferred to a Danish vessel, which carried them to St. Thomas. -Still another Confederate vessel, the armed schooner Retribution, has made its appearance in the waters of the Gulf and Caribbean Sea, where she has made several captures. It is said that she encountered an unknown whaler, which made resistance, and

last heard of at the British port of Nassau. ---- From all accounts it appears that the Confederate vessels receive a warm welcome in all of the British West India ports, while our own meet with scanty courtesy.—The Confederate steamer Nashville, which has been for a long time under shelter of Fort M'Allister, near Savannah, shut in by our blockading fleet, in changing her position, apparently with a view of escaping to sea, came within range of the guns of our iron-clad Montauk on the 27th of February. She was struck by shells, and in a short time was set on fire and totally consumed.

The Thirty-seventh Congress terminated its existence on the 4th of March. Several bills passed near the close of the session are of the highest importance.

The Financial Bill authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow from time to time on the credit of the United States \$900,000,000-\$300,000,000 for the current, and \$600,000,000 for the ensuing fiscal year, and to issue bonds therefor, at such times and upon such terms as he may think advisable; the bonds to bear interest not exceeding 6 per cent., and to be payable at such times as may be fixed upon by the Secretary, not less than ten or more than forty years. The Secretary is also authorized to issue Treasury Notes to the amount of \$400,000,000, to run not more than three years, and bear interest; which notes may be made legal tender; besides which he may issue \$150,000,000 of Treasury Notes in the ordinary form, including the \$100,000,000 lately authorized by joint resolution. Thus, if money can be had by borrowing, he is authorized to borrow; if it can not be procured by borrowing upon terms which he thinks advantageous, he is authorized to manufacture paper-money to the amount of 550,000,000 of dollars. Besides this, the Bank Act in effect transfers to the Government the entire control over the bank currency. This Act empowers any Company to issue bank-bills on the basis of Government securities to an amount within ten per cent, on the market-value of the securities deposited by them. In just so far as currency is issued by individual banks under this law every stockholder and bank-note holder is really an insurer of Government stock to the value of his stock or notes.—Another provision, inserted as an amendment into the Tax Bill, has already exerted a decided influence upon the finances of the country: For some months gold and silver have become articles of speculation, and, in consequence, coin has almost disappeared from circulation. The holders of specie or bullion borrowed largely upon the pledge or deposit of the precious metals, and succeeded in raising its price to a maximum of 172 cents for the dollar. The amendment to the Tax Bill provides that all contracts for the sale or purchase of coin or bullion, if to be performed after a period of three days, must be in writing, or printed, and duly signed, the contract to bear upon it stamps equal to one half per cent. upon its amount, with interest; any renewal or extension of such loan to be subject to the same tax; and, moreover, no loan to be made upon pledge or deposit of coin or bullion for an amount exceeding the par value of the coin pledged or deposited as security; all contracts made in violation of this provision to be invalid, and any amounts paid upon them to be recoverable by law. The bearing of this amendment is to impose a tax of one per cent. upon all contracts was sunk with all on board. The Retribution was for the purchase and sale of specie to be executed in



30 days, the general tax being one-half per cent., and the interest for 30 days being one-half per cent. more. The immediate result of this measure was that in three days the price of gold fell from 172 to about 150 per cent., though it afterward rallied to 155, at which price it was currently sold on the day when our Record closes.

The "Act for Enrolling and Calling out the National Forces," commonly called the "Conscription Law," provides that all able-bodied male citizens, and persons of foreign birth who have declared their intentions of becoming citizens, and who have voted, between the ages of 20 and 45, are liable to be called into service-unless specially excepted. The exceptions are those who are physically or mentally incapable; those who have ever been convicted of felony; a few specified officers of the National and State Governments; and the following classes of persons: The only son of a widow or of aged or infirm parents, dependent upon his labor for support; when there are two or more sons of aged or infirm parents, dependent upon them for support, the father, or if he be dead the mother, may select one who shall be exempt; the only brother of children without father or mother, under 12 years old, dependent upon him for support; the father of motherless children under 12 years old, dependent upon his labor for support; where of the same family and household a father and one or more sons are in the military service of the United States, two of the same family and household are to be exempt. Those persons liable to conscription are to be divided into two classes; the first class comprising all below 35 years of age. and all unmarried persons between 35 and 45; the second class comprises married persons between 35 and 45. This second class is not to be called into service until the first class has been exhausted .-Any person actually drafted may be discharged from draft by furnishing an acceptable substitute, or by paying a sum not exceeding 300 dollars, to be fixed by the Secretary of War. The foregoing are the essential provisions of this Act, the remainder prescribing the details of carrying it into execution. It will be seen that every able-bodied citizen, who is not included within these exceptions, between the ages of 20 and 45, without respect to color, occupation, or religious persuasion, is liable to be called into actual service. Negroes, clergymen, teachers, and Quakers, who have heretofore been exempt from military service, are put on the same footing as other classes. Another Act empowers the President to suspend the habeas corpus Act, whenever and wherever he deems it expedient. Still another Act empowers the President to issue Letters of Marque and Reprisal. The entire white population of the loyal States, at the breaking out of the war, liable to enrollment under the Conscription law, after deducting all exemptions, was fully 4,000,000; of these probably 1,000,000 are now in the service or have been killed, disabled, or discharged; so that there is a reserved force of 3,000,000 able-bodied men between the ages of 20 and 45, all of whom are liable to be called into military service. By these several military and financial laws the entire resources of the country, personal and material, are placed under the absolute control of the President of the United States. Power more ample was never assumed by or confided to any ruler. ---- A concurrent resolution which passed both Houses of Congress takes decided | Powers.

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ground against any attempt at mediation by foreign Powers, declaring that Congress will regard every proposition for interference in the present contest as so far unreasonable and inadmissible as to be explained only on the ground of a misunderstanding of the true state of the question; and that any further attempt of the kind will be looked upon as an unfriendly act.

EUROPE.

Parliament met on the 5th of February. The Queen's Speech indicated that no change in the policy of Government toward the United States was in contemplation. She had failed to take steps toward mediation, because it did not seem probable that any overtures would be attended with success. It was hoped that the distress in the manufacturing districts was diminishing, and that some renewal of employment was beginning to take place. The policy of Government was generally approved; although the Earl of Derby and Mr. Disraeli, the leaders of the Opposition, regretted that England had not made an effort, in conjunction with France, to bring about an armistice, while they believed the attempt would have failed.—Parliament, in view of the approaching marriage of the Prince of Wales, voted him an allowance of £40,000 per annum, in addition to his revenue of £60,000 from the Duchy of Cornwall, and besides granted £10,000 per annum to the future -Mr. Mason, the Confederate Commis-Princess. sioner, was a guest at the annual banquet of the Lord Mayor of London, where he made a speech, regretting that the Confederacy had not been recognized by Great Britain, and predicting that intimate commercial relations would soon be established between the Confederacy and Great Britain. This reception of Mr. Mason is not, however, considered to have any political significance. --The ship George Griswold, laden with the provisions sent for the relief of the starving operatives, had arrived at Liverpool, and was warmly welcomed. The general tone of English feeling seems turning in favor of the North.

An insurrection of an annoying if not formidable character has broken out in Russian Poland. immediate occasion appears to have been the attempt at a rigid enforcement of the conscription law, although indications are not wanting to show that a national movement, long meditated and secretly organized, underlies this sudden action. The outbreak took place almost simultaneously at Warsaw and other places about the 22d of January. The rising is evidently of such an extent and character as to have excited serious apprehensions. Within a week after the first movements an alliance offensive and defensive was entered into by the sovereigns of Russia and Prussia, both of whom had so large a share of dismembered Poland. This alliance appears to have been looked upon unfavorably by France and England, and the French Emperor sent a dispatch to Berlin expressing his displeasure, while in the English Parliament Earl Russell has denounced the course of Russia. Our intelligence is as yet too meagre to enable us to form any opinion as to the result of this rising; but it is clear that it is considered in Europe as not unlikely to give rise to serious international troubles, which will for the present give ample occupation to the European



Literary *H*otices.

The Invasion of the Crimea, by WILLIAM ALEX-ANDER KINGLAKE. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Mr. Kinglake occupies a peculiar position in our literature. Almost twenty years ago he produced "Eöthen," a book of brilliant sketches of travel in the East. Its success was so marked that the author seemed to be afraid of his own reputation; and with the exception of an occasional review article, he wrote nothing more. Meanwhile he again traveled extensively in the East, was for a time, as a spectator, with the French army in Algeria, and subsequently with the British forces in the Crimea. For some years it has been known that he was engaged in writing the history of that campaign; but the work has been so long delayed that it was feared the fastidiousness which prevented him from following up the success of Eothen would prevent the execution of this design. But the first installment, comprising half of the work, has at length made its appearance, and we have reason to congratulate ourselves upon the delay. In these days of hasty, careless writing, it is something to have a work every sentence of which has been carefully considered. Mr. Kinglake's style is a model. Less pointed and epigrammatic than that of Macaulay, it is in every other respect superior to that of the great master of English prose. If he has taken a large canvas, it is because he had a great picture to paint. He had to describe not merely a few brilliant battles, but to unravel a scheme of tortuous policy, in which the chief actors were moved by conflicting motives. He had to describe Turkey, apparently in the last stages of existence, and all the Great Powers of Europe watching for the effects of the sick man, each determined that no other should get more than its due share. He had to present the strange career of the man who, with no apparent endowment except the name which he bore, managed to place himself upon an equality with the sovereign in whose service he had only three years before carried a club as special policeman, and to humble the haughty potentate who had scornfully refused to recognize him as a "brother." He had to show how it happened that out of a question so unimportant as whether the Latin Church should be allowed to have a key to the door of a single place of worship, a war sprung up which in a few months cost the lives of a million men. Besides this, he had to paint the portraits of a vast number of men whose peculiar characters gave form to these great events. It is indeed in portraying character that Mr. Kinglake has put forth his full strength. In another part of this Magazine we have given his cool and merciless dissection of the character of the Emperor of the French. Following this comes a minute description of the plot of the coup d'état, written in a tone of scornful severity like that with which Sallust describes the conspiracy of Catiline. Still more vivid than the portraiture of Napoleon is that of St. Arnaud, "formerly Le Roy," the French Commander in the Crimea. Vain, ambitious, dissipated, and unscrupulous; yet with a wonderful power of secrecy when the occasion demanded, he entered the French army twice and twice left it with discredit, if not in disgrace; he entered it a third time as Lieutenant, at the age of forty; was sent to Algeria, where the fierce old Bugeaud soon discovered the servicea-

ble character of the man, and advanced him rapidly. In 1845 he learned that a large body of Arabs had taken refuge in a cave; of these eleven came out and surrendered; St. Arnaud alone knew that five hundred more remained behind; these he determined to kill, and say nothing about it. He wrote to his brother, "I had all the apertures hermetically stopped up. I made one vast sepulchre. No one went into the caverns. No one but myself knew that under there were five hundred brigands who will never again slaughter Frenchmen. A confidential report has told all to the Marshal, without terrible poetry or imagery. No one is so good as I am by taste and by nature; but my conscience does not reproach me. I have done my duty as a commander, and to-morrow I would do the same over again; but I have taken a disgust to Africa." Six weeks after this transaction Mr. Kinglake was riding by the side of St. Arnaud, who was moving with his force a five weeks' journey into the desert, to wreak vengeance upon a revolted tribe. As he looked upon the keen, handsome, eager features of the Frenchman, heard the clear incisive words in which he described the mechanism of the "movable column" under his command, and saw the delight with which he managed his Arab charger, the English visitor little dreamed of the secret of the suffocation of half a thousand men which the gay Frenchman bore in his heart. Still less did he imagine that this dashing Colonel was in a few years to be the man chosen out of all the army to fill the post of Minister of War, when the great conspiracy of the coup d'état required a man alike bold, secret, and unscrupulous. But "the right man for the right place" was found in Achille St. Arnaud, once known as "Jacques Le Roy." The coup d'état succeeded, and St. Arnaud, its right hand, could demand his pay. He received it in honors and wealth, but always put in claims for "more;" and so when the war with Russia was determined upon, and England had been forced into it, St. Arnaud, though his health was so feeble as apparently to unfit him to lead an army in the field, was appointed to the command of the French forces.-In contrast the most striking with St. Arnaud is Lord Raglan, the English Commander: a man of unstained honor, and of abilities originally of no common order; but who seemed crushed by the remembrance that he had fought under Wellington. One can not help thinking, in reading Mr. Kinglake's narrative, that the question with Lord Raglan always was, not, "What is now to be done?" but, "What would the Great Duke have done?" How two men so different as St. Arnaud and Raglan-each commanding independent of the other, yet having to depend upon the other-could act together is one of the problems with which Mr. Kinglake had to grapple. In addition to the main figures, Mr. Kinglake had to present many others; such as the Emperor Nicholas, audacious yet irresolute; Mentschikoff, fierce but incapable; Lord Stratford de Redeliffe, quiet, keen, and impassible; and a score of others of greater or lesser note. Of all these men, most of whom are now living and may look upon their own likenesses, the historian writes as coolly as though they had been dead a thousand years. We trust they will enjoy seeing the manner in which they are to be handed down to after-years. -This first installment of the History of the Inva-



rate description of the Battle of the Alma—the first Russians. It was no great battle, after all, in any sense. It was marked by the strangest blunders on both sides. The Russians, with 39,000 men in a strong position, undertook to stop the Allies with 63,000. But as it happened, 37,000 French were opposed to only 13,000 Russians, and there was no real fighting between them. The contest was actually between 26,000 English, with 60 guns, and an equal number of Russians, strongly posted, with 86 guns. The Russians should certainly have crushed their English opponents; but so far from doing this, they were driven from their intrenchments, and forced into what became a tumultuous retreat. Then the superior Allied force ought to have improved the victory by following up the routed enemy. Had this been done, Sebastopol might have been taken at once, and the only possible object of the invasion of the Crimea would have been attained at a blow. The world would have been richer by a million men, and poorer by a new lesson in the art of defensive

Elements of Military Art and History, by Ed. DE LA BARRE DUPARCQ. That General CULLUM, Chief of Staff to the Commanding General, should have chosen to translate and edit this work, rather than to prepare an original one himself, gives the highest professional testimony to its value. The work contains a history of the Art of War, as it has grown up from the earliest ages; describes the various formations which have from time to time been adopted; and treats in detail of the several arms of the service, and the most effective manner of employing them for offensive and defensive purposes. It is fully illustrated with diagrams, displaying to the eye the formations and evolutions which find place in ancient and modern armies. Though the book is especially designed for the instruction of officers and soldiers, the non-professional reader can not fail to perceive the clearness of its statements and the precision of its definitions. It differs from the smaller and more popular book of Captain SZABAD, "Ancient and Modern War," of which we had lately occasion to speak, mainly in this, that Duparcq's work is especially addressed to the soldier, while that of Szabad undertakes to furnish to the general reader an idea of the principles of war, as now waged. Each bears upon its face the evidence that it has been written by one thoroughly qualified for the task which he has undertaken; and the careful study of either, or both-which would be betterwould be of inestimable service to any one who wishes to gain some adequate idea of warfare as waged at the present day.—The work of Duparcq is published by D. Van Nostrand, who has made the issue of military works a specialty. From him we have also a thoughtful and suggestive pamphlet by Captain E. B. Hunt, U. S. A., entitled "Union Foundations." We can not better express our opinion of the worth of this treatise than by saying that the manuscript was placed in our hands, and that by the permission of the author the main facts and views contained in it were embodied in an article in our February number, upon the "Indivisibility of the Union." In the pamphlet, as now published, the argument is further developed, and sustained by an array of facts and statistics which our space did not allow us to present in detail.

My Diary North and South, by WILLIAM How-ARD RUSSELL. The "Times Correspondent," whose

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sion of the Crimea concludes with a long and elabo- | letters from the Crimea and India gave him a special notoriety, has in this volume endeavored to rein which the Allies measured themselves with the produce the impressions made upon his mind during his rather unfortunate visit to America, without being fettered by the consciousness that when he wrote for his immediate employers his letters would be suppressed, or "doctored" to meet the views of the directors of the paper at which every true-born Briton grumbles and by which he swears. Mr. Russell is an odd compound of the Irishman and the Englishman. To the impulsiveness of the one he adds the conceit of the other. We doubt whether those who "dined and wined" him look back upon him as a genial guest. But he sees clearly what lies upon the surface; and if not over-scrupulous, is yet passably honest in telling what he saw. He journeyed widely, saw many of the men who are now making history, and describes vividly what he saw, without being restrained by any scruples of delicacy in giving personal details of individuals with whom he came in contact, whether in public or private. His account of slave life on the plantations of the Far South is especially interesting at the present time; and his condemnation of the system is all the more emphatic for being involuntary. Unlike Baalam, he wished to bless, and is obliged to curse. If the North will take exception to the tone and spirit of his descriptions, the South will have far more occasion for dissatisfaction. Still, making all due allowance for errors arising from hasty observation and abundant prejudice, there is much in this Diary which the American people will do well to read. There is always an advantage in knowing how we appear in the eyes of one who does not like us. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The New American Cyclopædia, edited by GRORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA, Vols. I. — XVI. (Published by D. Appleton and Company.) The editorial preface to the first volume, issued five years ago, gives, in a single sentence, the precise idea of what such a work ought to be. It should "furnish a condensed exhibition of the present state of human knowledge on the most important subjects of human inquiry." A Cyclopædia, as is implied in its title, professes to be a resumé of the whole circle of human knowledge. It is to Things just what a Dictionary is to Words. It is especially designed as a book of reference, where the reader may expect to find the information which he may want upon any one of ten thousand subjects, often at an instant's notice. The information must therefore not only be contained in the work, but it must be so arranged as to be readily found; and, moreover, it must be so condensed that the whole shall be comprised within some moderate compass. A great library-such as the British Museum or the Astor-may be fairly assumed to contain all the information which any man can possibly require. But only a few persons can have constant access to these collections, and of these not one in a hundred can search their vast alcoves for any special purpose. A Cyclopædia professes to condense within the space of a single bookshelf the substance of a great library. If it does this in any fair measure it is of the highest value; if it falls notably short of this it is worse than useless. The completion of the "New American Cyclopædia" affords a fair occasion to inquire how far the editors and contributors have succeeded in accomplishing the design so clearly announced at the outset.

In a work of such magnitude, comprising so many subjects, and which must be the work of numerous

hands, absolute perfection is not to be expected. The "New Cyclopædia" comprises some 30,000 articles, furnished by some hundreds of writers. The "leading articles," of course, have been intrusted to men whose reputation is a guarantee for the value of their contributions. No publisher willing to risk his capital in such a venture would fail to perceive this evident necessity. It is to be assumed that any Cyclopædia will contain papers of great value, furnished by men fully competent for the task which they undertook. We need but glance at the list of contributors to see at once that this point has not been neglected; and when we read the papers of this class we find that the writers have done justice to themselves and their subjects. But a Cyclopædia may contain scores, or even hundreds, of articles, each in itself of great excellence, and yet, for all practical purposes as a book of reference, the work may be wholly defective. Thus the Encyclopadia Britannica has not a few elaborate and brilliant articles; but as a whole it is lamentably defective in the very points where it should be perfect. It does not give an "exhibition of the present state of human knowledge." It is admirably written in parts, but poorly edited as a whole. It is worth while to examine in how far the New American Cyclopædia meets the required conditions in the points in which the English one is defective. One who examines it for the purpose of censure, we may be sure in the outset, will find what he seeks; he can easily point out what he may, not unreasonably, consider faults of omission, if not of commission. Nor is one who takes up the book simply for the purpose of criticism a fair judge. He will naturally give his main attention to the few subjects in which he takes a special interest. If these accord with his views he will pronounce the whole work to be good; if not, he will condemn it. The only competent critic is one who has had frequent occasion to put the work to its true use as a book of reference. We have had almost daily occasion, from the time of the publication of the first volume down to the hour of writing this notice, to use the work in this way. There is scarcely a conceivable subject in relation to which we have not frequent occasion to consult a work of this class. Gradually, as volume after volume of the "New American Cyclopædia" has appeared, we have found ourselves making more frequent use of it, and less of its English and Continental rivals; and it is rarely that we find occasion to go beyond it upon any subject in respect to which we require immediate, precise, and definite information. We consider, therefore, that we are fully warranted in saying that, for all the practical purposes for which such a work is designed, the "New American Cyclopædia" is, beyond all comparison, the best in our language. We are sure that within these sixteen compact octavo volumes there is comprised more valuable information, far more accurately stated, and with much fewer faults of omission or commission, than in the thirty bulky quartos of the Encyclopædia Britannica.

Harper and Brothers have made several additions to their series of reprinted novels. Foremost we place Mr. WILKIE COLLINS'S No Name, which, as a simple piece of story-telling, where the interest of the plot is kept up to the last, is perhaps without a rival in our language. - Of Mr. ANTHONY TROL-LOPE'S Orley Furm, which has already appeared in the Magazine, we need not speak in detail. Our readers can not have failed to recognize in it many delineations of special phases of English life and (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

character, as accurate and minute as photographs. It was a bold experiment, certainly, to bring the actual denouement of the plot into the middle of the work; yet Mr. Trollope has succeeded in maintaining the interest in his story even after the reader knows how it is to end .- The Chronicles of Carlingford, by Mrs. OLIPHANT, is, upon the whole, the best novel of its author. It has more life and action than her other stories, and abounds in those minute descriptions of local character which distinguish the novels of the author of "Adam Bede." Indeed, while the stories were in course of publication in Blackwood they were generally attributed to Miss Evans.—In Barrington Mr. CHARLES LE-VER has produced one of those stirring and racy Irish stories upon which his reputation mainly rests. This last is not inferior in spirit and vivacity to his early ones.--The Mistress and Maid, of Miss MULOCH, we need not say to our readers, is a charming story of domestic life, marked by the purity of feeling and elevation of principle which form the charm of the writings of the author of "John Halifax, Gentle-

The Employments of Women: A Cyclopædia of Woman's Work, by VIRGINIA PENNY. In any civilized community there must always be a large number of women who are obliged to earn their livelihood by their own labor. "Woman's work," in popular estimation, is mainly confined to the use of the needle. How erroneous this impression is may be seen from this book, in which are enumerated fully five hundred different occupations in which women are actually employed in the United States, with statistics of the number engaged in each occupation, and the pay received by them. These facts have been gathered with immense labor; and the volume in which they are embodied is well worthy of the consideration of those who wish to study one of the most important social problems of the age. (Published by Walker, Wise, and Company.)

Mr. Stephen C. Massett, widely known by the nom de plume of "Colonel Jeems Pipes of Pipesville," has issued, under the title of Drifting About, a curious volume of autobiography. Few men have seen, and done, and been as many things as Colonel Pipes. In the Atlantic States we meet with him as law student, banker's clerk, actor, carpet salesman, and newspaper correspondent. In California and Oregon as editor, lecturer, alcalde, vocalist, alderman, and once at least as clergyman. In his various avocations he has traversed a good part of our planet, and gives us amusing sketches of life and adventure in Turkey, France, India, Italy, the Pacific Islands, Great Britain, Australia, and elsewhere. Of bimself and his own personal doings he tells us in a quaint, comical, self-deprecatory fashion. With such abundant and varied materials no man could well fail of making an amusing book-least of all Mr. Massett, whose rich humor crops out on every occasion. Shut him up in a solitary cell, or banish him to an uninhabited island, and he would somehow find something odd and fanciful. (Published by Carleton.)

African Hunting from Natal to the Zambezi, by WILLIAM CHARLES BALDWIN. In another part of this Number we have given an extended article compiled from this work, which shows to some extent the interest of its contents and the spirit and beauty of its illustrations. Upon the whole, we think it the most readable book of adventure for which the Paradise of Nimrods has given occasion.



The National Almanac and Annual Record for 1863. The want occasioned by the discontinuance of the "American Almanac" is abundantly supplied by the issue of this excellent work for reference, which contains full and accurate statistical information, brought down almost to the day of publication, upon almost every subject which might be expected in a work of this class. In it will be found, properly arranged and classified for ready consultation, a complete representation of the actual condition of the Federal Government and of the respective States. in their political, social, industrial, educational, and ecclesiastical aspects. The Record of Important Events during the years 1861 and 1862 furnishes a comprehensive index to the history of the war, with a table, as full and accurate as can now be made out, of all the battles, and of the respective losses on each side. The compendium of the late census has been officially corrected at the Census Bureau. In the number and variety of topics introduced, the fullness, and, as far as we have had occasion to verify them, the accuracy of its statement, this work far exceeds any one of a similar character which has been attempted in this country. (Published by George C. Childs.)

Memoirs of Mrs. Joanna Bethune, by her Son, Rev. George W. Bethune, D.D. Few women have ever achieved, by patient self-denial and active effort, so noble a reputation as that of Mrs. Bethune. It was fitting that some memorial of her long and useful life should be prepared; and by no one could it have been so well done as by her son, one of the ripest scholars and most eloquent preachers that have adorned our American pulpit. The pious task was, in fact, the last which he performed upon earth. Indeed it is rather a fragment than a completed work; for the hand of death, which was over him during its preparation, was laid upon him before its completion. But even a fragmentary sketch of the daughter of Isabella Graham, written by the son of Joanna Bethune, could not fail to be of high worth. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

A. Roman and Company, of San Francisco, publish a handsome volume upon the Resources of California, by John S. Hittell. It contains a resumé, evidently prepared with great care and industry, of the physical character, social, industrial, and political aspects, and probable future developments of the State. The concluding chapter, which advocates the sale of the mineral lands, and treats of the evils which have resulted from the insecurity of land titles held directly or indirectly under Mexican grants, is especially worthy of consideration. The present white population of the State, according to Mr. Hittell, is about 350,000. More than 200,000 have left, never to return, mainly on account of this insecurity; while probably as many have been deterred from coming to California for the same reason. It is estimated that the delay in settling land titles alone has cost the State 250,000 men, representing a population of a million.

Springs of Action, by Mrs. C. H. B. RICHARDS. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) A volume of quiet, thoughtful essays, written in a graceful style, designed especially for the benefit of girls growing up to womanhood. Under such titles as "Health," "Industry," "Earnestness," "Reverence," "Self-Consciousness," "Tact," and "Dignity," the author treats of some of the great facts and principles which should be the "Springs of Action" in the character of any one who is to be worthy of the honored name of woman. No one of those for

whom this little volume is specially designed can read it without becoming wiser and better. — Of somewhat similar character is A Talk with my Pupils, by Mrs. CHARLES SEDGWICK, which is a sort of resumé of oral lessons, on various subjects, given at various times to her pupils by a teacher long and honorably known. Though primarily designed as a memento for those who have been the pupils of the writer, the volume will be welcomed, we believe, by not a few beyond that large circle. (Published by John Hopper.)

Country Seats, by Henry Hudson Holley. This volume contains a series of designs for cottages, mansions, churches, etc., with estimates of the cost of construction. A number of these, which can be built for from 800 to 3000 dollars, show that a home combining taste with convenience is not beyond the reach of persons of moderate means. This feature of the work commends it to special attention. (Published

by D. Appleton and Company.)

The future historian of the War in America will be embarrassed by the extent and variety of the materials at his command. He must analyze and compare the speeches, messages, and proclamations of statesmen and politicians, and the official reports of superior and subordinate officers in every action and movement, in order to ascertain the exact truth contained in the mass of conflicting testimony. He must make himself acquainted with the innumerable letters from newspaper correspondents which embody striking pictures of isolated scenes and events. He must study the diagrams and maps to gain a clear idea of the topography of the seats of war. The innumerable pictures produced by the pencil of the artist or by the camera of the photographer will also be brought into requisition. All these materials must be moulded into one consistent whole. Much of the preliminary labor of collection will indeed be saved to him by Mr. FRANK MOORE'S Rebellion Record, of which we have before had occasion to speak in the highest terms. It is not surprising that many writers should be eager to enter upon so wide a field. We have before us a list of at least fifteen Histories of the War already in course of preparation. The publication of some of them is so far advanced as to furnish a basis for an estimate of their respective merits. Among these is Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion. The writer brings to the execution of his task untiring industry, quick perceptions, thorough candor, and a clear and nervous style. He lays at the outset a broad and firm foundation for his superstructure by tracing in a rapid manner the outlines of our political history, pointing out especially the bearings of the slavery question in every stage; developing the various compromises, and the infractions of them, real or alleged, on both sides; notes the rise and progress of the feeling of secession which culminated on the occasion of the election of Mr. Lincoln; describes the feeble, vacillating course of Mr. Buchanan, whose constitutional timidity, enhanced by extreme age, ill-fitted him to contend with the bold and unscrupulous traitors in his Cabinet. Having thus, in his introductory chapter, laid a foundation for his history, he proceeds to narrate, in a clear and graphic manner, the successive withdrawals of the Gulf States, the investment and final capture of Fort Sumter, which formally opened the war. With this the second chapter closes, giving promise of a work of high value. The ample size of the page—four times that of this Magazine, enables the publishers to use maps

Editor's Casy Chair.

placid Easy Chair has been divided between the marriage of General Tom Thumb and the performance of a foolish young Englishman, the Marquis of Hartington, at a private party. The marriage was one of those foolish excitements which are produced in New York by the daily papers. If the owner of a two-headed calf should teach the animal a few tricks, construct a silken marquee to exhibit it in, then invite a few gentlemen to a series of good dinners, those gentlemen, out of pure good-nature, and themselves laughing at the absurdity of the thing, would write with due rhetorical eloquence accounts of the learned calf, which would simultaneously appear and reappear in the papers, while the enterprising owner would, if he were wise, exhibit at shop windows in Broadway the alphabet blocks with which the learned ealf told his letters, the pictures of cows at which he bleated, etc., while the dead walls and fences would be covered with brilliant wood-cuts of the calf in the very act of selecting the letters S-O-L-D, until at last, by dint of persistence in presenting his name and performance to the public, the town would discuss the learned calf together with the war.

That a human being is born dwarfed is his misfortune. If he chooses to turn his misfortune to his profit, no one will seriously condemn him. For another man to share the profit of his misfortune, however, is another thing. And that another man should make a show of the marriage of two persons who are dwarfs, and that a very general public excitement should prevail about such a marriage, is both ludicrous and humiliating. The interest is not of wonder only, it is a prurient curiosity. And while such things are possible in New York, we have no right to be furious with cockneys who speak of us with disdain. The thing was a week's wonder, is laughed at, and forgotten. But next week what will be the excitement? Could there be a more curious illustration of the kind of reaction of feeling which has followed the sublime lift of public emotion two years ago than that there was so general a conversation about the wedding-such a rush for tickets, and such prolonged accounts of the marriage ceremony of two persons, who, without any personal disrespect whatever, must be considered objects of sympathy and compassion?

The other affair was an incident at a purely private party; but its immediate publication was a matter of course, so that it became a topic of universal discussion at clubs and lunch-houses, and in offices and parlors. The result of the affair indeed must have been a very grateful fact to the host; for had it been known, as it surely would have been, that the badge of an enemy now seeking the overthrow of this Government had been worn at a party in his house, and unrebuked by him, the consequences to himself in public opinion could not have been agreeable.

That the distant friends of the Chair may know exactly the facts of this important event he will detail them as they were reported to him by one who was present. The young gentleman in question, the Marquis of Hartington, had been traveling for some months in the country, and had run the to be doubted that the host—a conspicuous member

THE social excitement of the month around the lines to Richmond. In returning, his companion. or one of them, was taken, and is now imprisoned. The Marquis was more fortunate, and escaped. Before sailing for England from New York a masquerade was given by a gentleman of the city to which the young man was invited. While chatting with a domino the wearer insisted that he should wear a rebel badge upon his coat. He refused, good-humoredly. She pressed. He declined. At last she said, "Well, then, at least, while you are talking with me." It was the old story: "The woman tempted me, and I did yield." She paraded her triumph through the rooms until meeting suddenly his guide, philosopher, and friend, that gentleman said abruptly to the Marquis, as his eye fell upon the badge, "Good God, my good fellow! you mustn't do that;" and exhorted him in the most stringent way to remove the badge. The young man obeyed; but not of course until it was known throughout the rooms that he had plainly displayed a badge which was inexpressibly offensive to the feelings of every loyal heart in the house.

There were several officers of various grades present. General M'Clellan was one of the guests. It was therefore not surprising that a little later a young officer, whose only knowledge of that badge was that it was the symbol of the murder of his friends and the attempted ruin of his country, brushed violently against the Marquis. That gentleman, thinking possibly that it was an inadvertence, took no notice of the collision. But upon its repetition, when the intention was palpable, he turned, and said, "Well, Sir, what am I to understand by that?" The reply was very crisp: "You know very well what it means." At the same instant friends interfered, and begged that if any difficulty were pending, its consideration should be deferred until the morning. The gentlemen assented. Before the morning full explanations were made, and when the two gentlemen met at the Club-house an explanation satisfactory to both sides concluded the affair. A few days afterward the Marquis sailed for England.

It was nothing but the weakness of a youth who either knows nothing of the world, or who is simply silly, or else it was a conscious insult to the presumed sentiment of the company. If, at a corresponding festivity in Richmond, it is to be supposed that the Marquis would have allowed himself to promenade the rooms with the Union badge upon his coat, then the wearing of the disunion badge in New York was simply silly. But if this young British nobleman had sense enough not to do it in Richmond, he had not lost his senses when he reached New York; and in wearing such a thing here he meant either to express his sympathy with the cause represented by the badge, or he counted upon wearing it with impunity in the company in which he found himself, or he yielded without any particular thought to the importunity of a woman. Either of the first suppositions, if true, should have caused his prompt expulsion from the house. The last saves his goodhumor at the expense of his brains.

It was a proceeding which most grossly insulted every loyal American in the rooms; and it is not



of the gayer circles of the city-took occasion to inform the light-headed youth of the great abuse of courtesy and hospitality of which he had been guilty. If the host himself had been dining four or five years since at the house of the Marquis of Hartington's father-an English duke-and had said or implied (as he certainly never would have done), intentionally or unintentionally, that he hoped Great Britain. which was then contending for India in the persons of the children and brothers and friends of the company at table, would not succeed; or if he had worn at table the colors, had there been any, of Nena Sahib-if there had been a single gentleman present whose son had been massacred in that war, it is not rash to presume, despite British phlegm, that the offender would have left the dining-room more rapidly than he entered. And failing such a person, the Duke would have informed his guest that the insult to his house, to his friends, and his country was gross and unpardonable.

Such signal rebukes are not wanting in our current history. It is not long since two or three of the young sprigs at the Naval School, now in Newport, called upon a lady of fashion and intelligence, and spoke with indifference or worse of the good cause. She rose immediately, and said to them: "I have to wish you good-evening, and I regret that I can not have the pleasure of receiving you in my house again." And so, with a bow, she turned them out of doors, leaving them to understand that if they were willing to see their country ruined she was not. Such are the women who adorn the country which their brothers, and husbands, and friends defend and save.

APROPOS of the escapade of the silly young Englishman, the Easy Chair acknowledges the following note:

"DEAR MR. EASY CHAIR,-I see that you are a kind of general censor of manners and the minor morals," and perhaps a word sent to you may get beyond you to your readers. I want to know if you and they have observed a disposition in society—especially among us girls—to carp, and criticise, and take violent part for or against certain public men, and so to sneer at any want of success upon our part in the war as to make a person wonder whether we really wish to succeed. I know several girls who are so fond of General M'Clellan-and I am sure I don't blame them-that they seem to think he is the country, and that nothing can be done, or ought to be done, or will be done so long as he is not at the head of affairs. Well, now, I have a great admiration for General M'Clellan, as I have for General Burnside and General Rosecrans and Butler. and others of our brave Generals; but I should think myself a mighty poor kind of patriot, or lover of my country, if I thought she depended upon any one man, however much I might admire him.

"You know-dear Mr. Easy Chair, don't you know my consin Belinda? Well, she is a combination of Sappho, Helen of Troy, and Marie Duplessia. The other evening General M'Clellan was presented to her, and in his quiet way he shook her hand. 'Ciel!' exclaimed my cousin Belinds, drawing off the glove which he had touched; hail, immortal glove! Henceforth no meaner touch shall pollute thee!' She has laid it away under lock and key, and makes a kind of shrine of it. I don't object to that. Heavens, dear Sir! I too have gloves, and handkerchiefs, and old nosegays; and very pleasant souvenirs they are. But Belinda sneers and sniffs at every thing that is done now by the authorities, merely because M'Clellan is not consulted; exactly as Captain Henry, who served with Frémont, says that every thing will of course go wrong until General Fremont is in the place where Belinda wants her General.

* What are the minor morals !-- Basy CHAIR.

"Now I want to know if these people think they can go on in this way and still preserve that united sentiment which is the only hope of the cause. The girls and boys in society are not always so wise as they think they are (I was twenty-nine on my last birthday), and they go on in this way until they forget entirely that they have any duty to perform, and that while they sneer and abuse the authorities they are doing all they can to hurt the cause. Do you suppose that little Hartington (how glad I am the President told him his name rhymed with Partington!) would have dared to wear that thing on his coat the other evening if he had not been about and heard the girls talk? I don't. I believe that if we had all said, and said always, that we had our preferences of men and methods indeed, but that our great preference of all was our country and its salvation, no snip of a Marquis would have ever insulted us all by wearing the sign of our defeat and shame.

"What I want is, that you should tell the girls something of this kind: that we have no choice between the present administration of the Government and sheer anarchy; that therefore if they want to have the fight in our own streets they had better do all they can to bring the authorities into contempt, but if they really wish for peace and success they will do what they can to support them in their efforts.

"I confess that we are, a good many of us, poll parrets. We say what we have heard our fathers, and brothers, and lovers say, and we don't know why. General McClellan is the fashion; so we all praise him, and insist that there never was such a soldier and such a dear. To-morrow he may go out of fashion, and then we shall all spatter the new man with our praises. It used to be the fashion when Mr. Lincoln was elected to sneer at him as a vulgar, common person. Dear Mr. Easy Chair, did you ever see Mr. Buchanan? He used to spit on the carpets in London (I beg pardon for that word, but it is just what he did do, so I run the risk of using the word). And Mr. John Masondid you know him? He was our Minister in Paris, and his great feat was to smoke and chew at the same time. I never heard the people who thought the new President so 'vulgar' complain of these gentlemen. No; it was a fashion. It has been the fashion in my day to call a great many young men 'gentlemanly.' Well, that depended upon whether God or the tailor made a gentleman. The Southern 'gentlemen' that I have seen at Newport- No matter; the South was the fashion. That fashion is rather going out.

"In the same way, I say that it is the fashion to shiff at the authorities, and to make General McClellan the point of interest rather than the country. Please ask the girls to think about it; to remember that it is easy to honor any man they choose as much as they will without doing it at the expense of their duty to the cause. If General McClellan is the man I believe him to be, he would be very sorry that any admirer should be more interested in him than in the cause which makes him interesting. If he is truly great, it is because he is devoted unreservedly to his country, and willingly forgots himself and his own wishes in her service. Is it not so?

"I merely send you these incoherent hints for you to work up into some proper shape. It may lead some, it may lead many, to ask themselves whether they are doing their duty when they hold their sympathy coldly aloof from the Administration which is conducting a war for the salvation of the country. Have we no interest in our country and its welfare if it is not saved by our party or by our favorite leaders? What sort of a 'woman of the Revolution' would she have been who shrugged her shoulders as if all were lost when Washington was made chief of the army instead of Lee? What sort of a woman would she have been who lost all interest in the cause if Greene had superseded Washington?

"These, and such as these, dear Mr. Easy Chair, are the questions I should like to ask Cousin Belinda and her set. Won't you please ask them for me? And I remain your friend and well-wisher,

To so clear and simple an appeal the Easy Chair has certainly nothing to add. Clara has observed what has been observed by others and reported, with pain, to this Chair, that there is often a gay



and skeptical indifference in the conversation of many drawing-rooms about the solemn trial through which the country is passing. Happily for humanity it is seldom in what are technically called "drawing-rooms" that the great movements of the world are determined. The grand experiment of free popular government is not like to fail even should Cousin Belinda still sniff and sneer. Cousin Belinda is one of the young women who would not have felt very much troubled if the Marquis of Hartington had worn hostile badges all over his coat while she hung upon his arm. Cousin Clara, on the other hand, would have pulled the mask from her face, ordered him to remove the badge, and if he had hesitated would herself have torn it from his coat-oh fie! what impropriety! hey, Cousin Belinda? What is national pride, womanly dignity, decency, and fidelity to the whim of a Marquis? O dearest Cousin Belinda, aren't you glad that we live in a land where there are no specimens of that most offensive form of humanity, a young and pretty Female Snob?

In speaking of the new member of the Sassafras Club in January I mentioned the shanty, or rustic den, which is his study and retreat. There he sits and dreams his dreams, or looks out at the window in the winter afternoon, watching the sunset, and unconsciously lapsing into a melancholy mood, as if he beheld the symbol of his own decline. But it is the penalty of solitude that, having no others to study, we study ourselves; and by-and-by we have to engage in a very brisk struggle to prevent a morbid habit from overcoming us.

And yet it would seem that the lesson of solitude should be that there is no age in an unpleasant sense. Among the books in which lies pressed forever fair the bloom of so much genius, in which old Herodotus is a boy and Tennyson in his wise music as old as Ulysses-where George Fox still trudges about in his leather breeches, and Milton sits at his door to feel the evening sun-where the verse of Chaucer sings like spring brooks, and we shudder with Dante in the gloom of centuries ago-here surely should be no sense of age, but only of an eternal permanence of thought and sympathy. Even the backward running regrets of our prime are but echoes. The air of all time is full of them; just as every body complains of his age as sordid and poor. The earliest spring song,

> "Summer is a coming in, Loud sing cuckoo!"

is repeated every year with the first note of the carliest bird. Spenser's Epithalamium, Herrick's "Daffodils" are no older than this year's crocuses. The man therefore who lives alone among his books, who has his walls, like those of the shanty, tapestried with all kinds of manuscript extracts from the immortals, should be always young in spite of himself.

And so he is. Our member for woods and forests has an unfailing youth, and yet his chief recreation is to lament the departure of its ghost. Years are the merest shadows of life. The essential substance they leave untouched. Many of the youngest men in the world have the whitest hair. And one of the oldest men I ever knew was under thirty. Here is this old elm, the archbishop of the leafy diocese in which I live: it is long past its half century, but every year the tender tips are as green, every year the bowery foliage as fresh, as if it were a mere shoot of a tree springing from the lawn. It is not less so with our new member. If he were a hundred

years old his heart would be as young as a boy's, and therefore his words and works, the clustering blossoms and foliage and fruit of his life and character, are as unworn as the sky and as sweet as honey.

Thus in some of the pensive musings which naturally flow in cadence from his pen as he sits writing in the quiet shanty, it is not a stinging regret, it is only an affectionate regard for all the years, all the feelings of the heart, old as well as new, of vesterday no less than to-day, which casts them in the minor key. The purple of the distant hills is a deeper, graver hue than the bloom of the plum upon the tree by the window; but if you sing of purple, you sing of both. Thus in the following verses the poet recounts with delight the precious names of birds and insects, the shrubs and flowers that fill the summer air with sweetness of sound and odor. But when he says that the zest of enjoyment is gone, the verse itself ripples incredulously in the ear, denying his impeachment of himself. The eye of earlier youth with which he saw, the emotion which he remembers, were indeed "another, yet the same."

FORTY YEARS AGO.

The same clear notes the robin sings,
While on her nest his mate is sitting,
The oriole with sable wings,
And golden breast is by me flitting.

The martins chatter from the eaves,
The swallows through the old barn flying,
The vircos among the leaves
Of elms, in singing still are vying.

The summer air is just the same,
The same blue sky and fleecy cloud,
A thousand things endeared by name,
A thousand thoughts my memory crowd,

The harvest-fly with long-drawn note Salutes the drowsy noontide hour, And on the soothing breezes float The cricket's chime of mystic power.

The primrose by the wayside smiles
Where soon the golden rod shall tower,
Its beauty still my heart begulles
As in my boyhood's sunniest hour.

The raspberry ripens by the wall
That bounds the new-mown meadow's side,
The bay-berry and spirea tall
Are growing still there, side by side.

Mid-summer in her glory reigns
In this our fair New England clime;
Among her glorious hills and plains
How rich this generous flow of time!

In all around I miss no power,
I find no change in earth or air,
The same as in my childhood's hour,
When each new sense was fresh and fair.

No change in Nature's grand domains
As rolling on the seasons go,
Though man may change, she still remains
The same as forty years ago.

But yes! ah yes! I feel a change,
A change within myself alone,
And wheresco'er my footsteps range,
I find with youth the zest has gone.

Here again, in the same vein:

O my lost youth!
Those days of happy dreams,
When Hope triumphant
Bore me on my way—



No longer young! Those bright and cheering beams, Forever gone!-Beyond the reach of day.

These verses express not so much a distinct personal regret as that sweet luxury of melancholy into which a meditative mind falls upon a still summer day in the country. When they shall come to be read beneath the aromatic shade of the sassafras. and mingled with the gurgle of the brook, they will be entirely harmonious with the call of the pee-wee, the melody of the woodthrush, and the z-ing of the locust, as Thoreau called it. It is the vague, yearning sentiment of summer which make such verses; singing itself, as it were, through a sensitive organization. In the same way the winter spirit, homely, domestic, contented, and serene, inspires this "Winter Evening:"

"The snow falls on my shanty roof, And fiercely drives against the door; But my warm fire keeps harm aloof, And flickers on the hard pine floor.

"Flickers upon the boards and beams, That form my humble rustic dome, Where flies enjoy their winter dreams. And wasps and spiders find a home.

"Companions of my solitude! Ye're welcome to your chosen nooks; In this my habitation rude Ye never on my peace intrude, But leave me to my thoughts and books.

"So let the storm beat loud without, If only peace may rule within: All harping ills I'll put to rout, And deem my solitude no sin."

The sessions of the Sassafras will be attuned to peaceful music by so sincere and simple a muse as The gracious elm will not withhold its breezy benediction, and the modest brook will murmur through summer days and nights its soft Amen.

The author of Eöthen, the most brilliant of books of Eastern travel, has never seemed brave enough to write another book. The sudden and general reputation of that work, almost as un-English as Beckford's Italy, had apparently paralyzed his power or his ambition. It was one of the few instances of great literary success, not unlike that of Dana's Two Years before the Mast, which was not followed by another venture. The usual excuse of a desire to devote himself to his profession was freely made by Mr. Kinglake's friends. But there must have been some overpowering reason to withhold a man who could write so well from writing again. That the ambition and power were both his could not be denied, and the explanation was doubtless to be sought in a fastidiousness which could not satisfy his own demands upon himself.

At length, however, the long silence is broken. The History of the Invasion of the Crimea, announced for some years, has been partly published; and the English journals devote their attention to the first two volumes, which are to be followed, and the work completed, by two more. The best notices concede to it the rank of history, while all the gifts of picturesque description and rhetoric which make "Eöthen" so glowing have been of the utmost service in the accounts of battles and military movements which the subject offers, and in which the author is said to show that he is no contemptible does any body suppose those pretty women to be

"strategist," and to take rank among the best historians of warlike operations.

But for us at the present moment the interesting point of Kinglake's history will be his estimate of the talent and purposes of Louis Napoleon. His investigation of the causes of the Crimean War lead him necessarily and at once into the politics of the early days of the present French Empire, and he discusses the character and conduct of his Imperial Majesty with a plainness of speech which will forever prevent his being a welcome guest at the Tuileries. The historian thinks the Emperor a clever man, but not infinitely cleverer than other men: a man devoid of conscience and reticent, and therefore somewhat inscrutable; and, upon the whole, rather a coward. At the same time he attributes much of his wrong-doing to the influence of bad advisers. He was goaded to the Imperial throne, according to Mr. Kinglake, by Persigny, De Morny, and Fleury, especially the two last, who, he thinks, are as thoroughly unprincipled counselors as a ruler could have.

Seated, by their assistance and by the sudden massacre of the Boulevards, upon the throne, his next step was necessarily the occupation of the public mind by some measure which should appeal to the pride and illustrate the glory of France. In his view, Louis Napoleon had to divert attention from despotism at home to diplomacy abroad. Hence the Eastern difficulty about the Holy Places was fanned into a flame. The original quarrel was insignificant, about some keys or cupboards. But the piety of Russia, which, the historian claims, if unenlightened, still regarded the pilgrimage to Jerusalem with almost Mussulman reverence, was withstood by the piety of France, which country, he says, was understood since the eighteenth century to have obtained a tight control over her religious feelings, and which had been latterly represented at Jerusalem by "a tourist, with a journal, and a theory, and a plan of writing a book."

In continuation of his plan the Emperor found that Lord Palmerston's views of foreign policy favored an alliance between France and England against Russia. Prussia and Austria were the powers chiefly interested in keeping Russia away from the Danube, and would have cheerfully united with the others, so that a war would have been impracticable. But the adroitness of the Emperor succeeded in effecting a special alliance between France and England, leaving out the others, and war began. The work proceeds with the story of the war down to the battle of the Alma, including a vindication of the ability and sagacity of Lord Raglan.

But in his brief remark that to divert attention from despotism at home Louis Napoleon undertook the Crimean war, Mr. Kinglake, although saying nothing new, undoubtedly touches the key of the general foreign policy of the Emperor. For what other reason are his soldiers in Mexico? The individual debts of French subjects are guaranteed, and the Emperor, run to earth, is obliged to declare that his "mission" there is the supremacy of the Latin That he is the head of the Latin race, and that his personal success is essential to the fulfillment of the Latin destiny, are, of course, corollaries of this amusing assumption. Of all transparent pretenses those of statecraft are the chief. When Louis Napoleon gives a masquerade at the Tuileries, as he lately did, and at the close of the evening huge beehives are brought in from which steps a cluster of gorgeous ladies who dance the quadrille of the bees,

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winged insects? So when the same Louis sends soldiers to Mexico, and prates solemnly of the Latin race, does any body seriously accept the ethnological explanation? My dear old lady in the corner, these dancers in the Tuileries are not queen-bees, they are pretty French women, and this supremacy of the Latin race is only the success of Louis Napoleon. He sits upon an insecure throne. Kinglake calls him a person of a highly dramatic disposition. But he plays his play too late. New imperial dynasties are not founded in the nineteenth century. The alphabet is the lever that upsets monarchies, and A B C are more crafty conspirators than de Morny or Fleury. His majesty Napoleon III. is busily engaged in the unpromising enterprise of balancing a pyramid upon its point. We have changed all that. It is not the day of any individual, but of men; not of kings, but of peoples; and men are eminently successful not as they withstand but as they assist the popular instinct. The revolution is declared in permanence not by the edict of an assembly, but by the course of civilization. Poor innocent Louis XVI., like Charles Stuart, butted his head off against an irresistible fact of human nature. The steady tendency of history is to the recognition and practical establishment of equal human rights, and Louis Napoleon is playing a desperate and hopeless game against civilization.

What he will effect in Mexico is yet to be seen. The movement is only part of his floundering to keep himself afloat. Do the French love him? Do they love his dynasty, including Prince Napoleon, the Princess Mathilde, and the Spanish countess, his wife? Were he to die to-morrow do they feel that the peace of France is secure? Do his counselors inspire confidence? Is living easier to the individual Frenchman under his reign? Is not the instinctive conviction of France precisely that of all the world, that the empire is merely a striking and temporary phenomenon?

The Crimea, Italy, and Mexico have the same interpretation. They show a monarch conscious of insecurity. Were he sure of his supremacy in the heart of France he would not be troubled about that of the Latin race in Mexico. And precisely for that reason he is the man of all foreign rulers to be suspected in his dealings with us. The British dynasty is sure of the loyal affection of Great Britain. Were its tenure doubtful, it would betray the same restless meddling which characterizes the French ruler. The difference explains the differing conduct of the two powers toward us. Great Britain has growled and snapped like an ugly mastiff guarding its own bone of aristocratic privilege. France, smooth, silent, and wily, has watched us like a tiger. Great Britain in the beginning issues a proclamation of equal belligerence, and openly says and does all she means, so that we see the character and extent of her hostility. Louis Napoleon waits nearly two years and then writes a letter to General Forey, insinuating the limitation of our expansion. Which do you trust most, gentle reader?

A FEW lines in a late paper are full of interest and significance: "Mrs. Eliza Fleury, Beranger's Lisette, has just died in a Paris hospital. For some time previous to her death she lived in a poor attic on ten half-pence a day, the produce of her handiwork. Not one of the many admirers of the great Chansonnier seems to have remembered his old friend, or tried to alleviate the gnawing hunger and want to which she must have been pretty often

subjected when her feeble hands failed to earn the miserable pittance upon which we should fancy only a Frenchwoman would be able to subsist."

Here is a new chapter for the Loves of the Poets. Laura and Beatrice, and Waller's Sacharissa, Dorothy Sidney, might look askance upon the lady. But Philip Sidney's Stella, Diana de Poictiers, and Rizzio's Mary, would they frown upon the grisette? Dead in a hospital at three-score and ten! The woman whom the most passionately popular of all French poets had immortalized in glowing song! The woman, tender and true to him while his life lasted, and whose name will be as imperishable in French literature as his verses! What a wonderful history that poor old woman has seen! Born in the agony of the first revolution, and dying in a hospital while the quadrille of the bees is danced in Louis Napoleon's palace! Her life included the rise and fall of Napoleon, and the renown of her lover, Beranger, and that lover has made her a part of that history as well as of that literature; for his songs are an essential part of it, and Lisette is the heroine of his Muse.

Poor old soul! Was there no Frenchman who could spare thee a comfortable pittance in thy decline, for love of Beranger? Was there no Republican who remembered the inspiring music of his lyre, like a morning hymn, in the height of the reactionary Bourbon gloom, who felt it a pious duty to smooth thy pillow and tenderly hold the withered hand that in its bloom had been pressed to the poet's ardent lips? Nay, is the Emperor so astute, and yet could not forgive the dust of one who did not love his empire, but who sang:

And remembering this, did he not know that a surer path to the heart of France lay in cheering the last days of Lisette than in paving with dead Frenchmen the shores of Mexico?

"Lived in a poor attic upon ten half-pence a day, the produce of her handiwork." What a vanished world of youth, and song, and revelry those few words recall! For Beranger's songs have the quality of great historic pictures. They restore the times, the people, the scene, the spirit of the life they describe. When you are familiar with them you are admitted ad cundem to the Republican Bohemia of France thirty, and forty, and fifty years ago. No song writer had ever the influence of Beranger. "My Muse," he said, "it is the people." And they acknowledged it. The poet spoke for them with a brilliant audacity, a sagacity, a humor, variety, and persistency that their prosiest advo-cates never surpassed. During all this time, as Lisette was the solace of his home so she was the familiar spirit of his song. In that wild burst of passionate yearning and regret, the Garret, she was the central figure. "Lived in a poor attic upon ten half-pence a day," did she, poor old woman? And as her failing fingers wearily wrought was her old brain busy with the past? Did her feeble voice essay the fiery music she had inspired long ago? Did she stop from time to time, and



^{*} Translated by Frank Mahony (Father Prout).

rub her dim eyes, and look out from that attic upon the roofs of Paris? And did she see that other attic and hear that song? And was she, poor old forgotten waif of humanity! the same of whom he sung?

"O my Lisette's fair form could I recall
With fairy wand!
There she would blind the window with her shawl,
Bashful, yet fond!
What though from whom she got her dress I've since
Learnt but too well,
Still in those days I envied not a prince
In attic cell."

There is a picture of the scene in Father Prout's Reliques. It is a coarse wood-cut, but it tells the story. A table with bottles and glasses; a bench upon which two companions sit; another bench at the end of the table on which sits another reveler singing, and by his side stands one with outstretched hand and glass, in front of the window curtained by the shawl. His huge, grotesque shadow falls upon the curtain of the bed by the side of which sits the young poet, his face smooth, and with the full shirt frill of the period. He is filling a "bright bowl" from the bottle with one hand, and Lisette's fair form is clasped by the other arm. Her hair is dressed high, she has the gigot, the mutton leg sleeves. There are ear-rings in her ears; and-andyes, she is actually sitting partly on the poet's knee! As they proudly drink the Consul's health, is the lover singing this song?

"Lisette, who o'er my glass
Will, like a despot, reign,
Compelling me, alas!
To beg a drop in vain.
No chicken now am I,
Yet you my quantum fix;
But when, dear, did I try
To reckon up your tricks?
Lisette, O my Lisette,
You're false—but let that pass—A health to the grisette,
And, to our love, Lisette,
I'll fill another glass."

Or this?

"What! is it you, Lisette?
You a rich robe can wear?
You mounting an aigrette?
And jewels, I declare!
Ah! never, nay never,
You're Lizzy no more;
Nay, nay, Lizzy, bear not
The name that you bore!

"How Time has winged his flight
Since—in your garret yet—
The queen of my delight
Was only a grisette!
Ah! never, nay never,
You're Lizzy no more;
Nay, nay, Lizzy, bear not
The name that you bore!

"If Love's a god, he cares
For honest girls and true;
You've all a duchese' airs!
Adieu, your Grace, adieu!
Ah! never, nay never,
You're Lizzy no more;
Nay, nay, Lizzy, bear not
The name that you bore!"

Or is it haply this, for in the picture the young woman has a most modest, simple, confiding aspect?

- Translated by Frank Mahony (Father Prout).
- † Translated by John Oxenford.
- ‡ Translated by William Young.

"What! ye venture, court ladies, of Liz
And her virtuous fame to make sport?
Granted she's a grisette ye but quiz,
What's a patent of rank at Love's court?

"With the flash of her eye, men at arms,
And the bar, and the church, are aflame;
Lizzy says not a word of your charms,
Never trouble yourselves with her fame!"

Can you fancy the old woman plying her tasks, earning ten half-pence a day, and thinking of those other times? Had her poet often told her what he tells us all in his memoirs? "There was, however, some alleviation to my poverty. I was inhabiting a garret on the fifth story in the Boulevard St. Mar-What a beautiful prospect I enjoyed from it! How I delighted in the evening to hover in spirit, as it were, over the immense city, especially when to the murmurs which were unceasingly ascending from it were added the noise and tumult of some great storm! I had installed myself in this lofty abode with inexpressible satisfaction. I was destitute of money, without any certain prospect for the future; but I considered myself fortunate in being at length delivered from the anxiety of so many unfortunate transactions, by which all my better feelings and tastes had been constantly ruffled.

"To live alone, and to compose verses at my leisure, appeared to me the very summit of felicity. And then my budding wisdom was not of that kind which dispenses with all joy; very far from it. Perhaps I have never thoroughly known what our ancient and modern romancers call love; for I have ever regarded woman, not as a wife or as a mistressrelations which too often put her in the condition either of a slave or a tyrant-but I have always seen in her a friend whom God has bestowed upon That tenderness, mingled with esteem, with which this sex has inspired me from my youth, has never ceased to be the source of my sweetest consolations. I have thus completely triumphed over a lurking disposition to indulgence in gloomy humors, the returns of which became less and less frequent under the influence of women and poetry. It would have been sufficient to have expressed my gratitude to women for this blessing, for poetry came to me from them.'

And the chief of women to him dies poor, and old, and friendless in a hospital. She was buried in the hospital cemetery probably. What have they carved upon her head-stone? Or has she only a wooden cross to mark her grave, which will crumble with her bones, and so all sign of her disappear from earth? Last year it came out that the grave of Charles Lamb was overgrown with brambles and utterly neglected. Yet no author was ever more personally loved by his public than he. Doubtless months since, when the fact was made known, the mound has been softly turfed anew, and flowers that bloom all summer long trail over it. And how many, had they but have known of Beranger's Lisette living in age and pinching poverty, would, for love of him, have spared her old hands the hard necessity of work! It is too late now. Lisette is with Beranger, and the First Consul, and all the famous company of the Paris of half a century ago. But what other Charles Lamb's grave may be at this moment neglected that we might piously restore? What other Lisette lives painfully in an attic whom we might console?



^{*} Translated by William Young.

Editar's Drawer.

I HAVE been reading, in "The Book Hunter," Mr. White's kind notice of Mr. John Keese, the book auctioneer; and have looked over my bookcase, among the catalogues of the many auctions I have attended, for one where I noted down in shorthand the witty run of words that, for a few minutes, fell from his lips, and I will copy it for you. Few book-buyers in this city but have dropped in his auction-room, and those who were his friends will have pleasant reminiscences awakened, as mine are,

by hearing again his words:

"N'alf, n'alf, n'alf; three do I have? three, three; quarter, did you say? Never let me hear an Irishman cry quarter. N'alf, n'alf; knocked down to Maguire at three dollars and a half. Now, gentlemen, give me a bid for 'Byron's Works,' London edition, full of illustrations. Two dollars, two, two; an eighth, eighth, eighth; quarter, quarter, quarter-the man that deliberates is lost. Moffat, at two dollars and a quarter. The next thing, gentlemen, is 'The Four last Things, by Dr. Bates.' Fifty cents, fifty— What are they? Bid away, gentlemen, the book'll tell you exactly what they are: five eighths, five eighths; five and six, five and six. Chase has it, at five and six. Stop! that's my bid. Too late, Sir, all booked to Chase; had such a confounded short name, got it right down. Start, if you please, gentlemen, on 'Protestant Discussions, by Dr. Cummings,' an original D.D.-none of your modern fiddle-dec-dees: three quarters, quarters; seven eighths; do I have seven eighths?—yes, it is all complete; a perfect book, gentlemen; wants nothing but a reader. Dollar, dollar; n'eighth, n'eighth. Black has it, at one and one eighth. Now, gentlemen, I offer you a superb 'Prayer Book,' Appleton's edition, best morocco, gilt all over, like the sinner; three quarters, three quarters, quarters, quarters-look at it, gentlemen. Here, Sir, let me show it up to this goodly company; you've looked at it many a time with more care than profit: seven eighths; dollar; n'eighth; quarter, quarter-large print, gentlemen; good for those whose eyes are weak and whose faith is strong; remember your grandmothers, gentlemen - three eighths, three eighths. Brown has it, at one and three eighths. Now, gentlemen, I come to a line of splendid illustrated English books. Be so kind as to bid for 'Finden's Beauties of Moore,' cloth extra, full of superb illustrations, and I've how much bid for this? Start, if you please; go on. Two dollars; and a half, n'alf, n'alf; three, three; n'alf, n'alf; four, four, four. These are all English books, printed in England, bound in England, and sacrificed in America; and I have only four dollars for this superb book—quarter, quarter, quarter, and this goes to the great Maguire [at that time Kossuth was being called every where the great Magyar], at four dollars and a quarter. 'The Gems of Beauty' is the next book, gentlemen. This is a glowing book, beautiful as Venus, and bound by Vulcan in his best days, red morocco, well read outside, gentlemen, and what do I hear for that? Fifty cents-horrible! Two dollars by some gentleman whose feelings are outraged; quarter, quarter; half, shall I say? Cash has it, at two dollars and a half. Now, gentlemen, for the 'Philosophical Works of John Locke,' best edition, opened by John Keese; start, if you please—go on. Dollar; n'alf, n'alf; three quarters. Bound in muslin? Yes, Sir; don't you respect the

cloth? Seven eighths, seven eighths; two, two, two; quarter, quarter-brought three dollars the other day. No, it didn't! Well, one just like it did. Moffat takes it, at two dollars and a quarter. Now for a beautiful Annual, gentlemen, 'The Ladies' Diadem,' splendid steel engravings, and no date, may be 1855, 6, 7, or 8. Can't tell; they publish them so much in advance nowadays. What do I hear? seventy-five, seventy-five; new book, published in England; dollar; eighth, do I hear? eighth; quarter; three eighths, three eighths-down. What's the name? whose bid is that? Well, just as you please; quarter, quarter-that's your bid, Sir, 'gainst you out there, three eighths, that's yours, Sir; what's the name? I'll take it; you seem to be very anxious to sell it. No, Sir, I'm not on the anxious bench; those are the anxious seats where you are. I take a decided stand on that; I face the whole congregation. Go on, if you please. The next book, 'Kirke White's Remains,' London edition, with splendid portrait, taken from some old daguerreotype; dollar, dollar, dollar, and down it goes. Who'll have it? Well, start it, gentlemen. What do I hear? seventy-five cents; seven eighths, seven eighths; dollar by all the house; n'eighth, n'eighth. Cash has it, at a dollar and one eighth; horrible! I've been the high priest of many a sacrifice. Now, gentlemen, who wants 'Ross's last Expedition;' went to the poles, and, no doubt, voted twice. Start, if you please—go on; dollar, did you say? quarter, quarter, quarter; bidder here, half, half"-and so on through the catalogue.

A FRIEND in Chicago writes to the Drawer:

Quite a number of contrabands have found their way into our city, and are employed in various capacities in families. One of them was sent by his new master for a "porter-house" steak, which proved to be tough and uneatable. No notice was taken of it, however, and soon after Cuffee was sent on a similar errand, when the steak was worse than before. Cuffee was called up and interrogated.

"When I send you of an errand, do you always ask for what I send you?"

"Yes, Sah; allays, Sah."

"What did you ask for when you went for the steak this morning?"

"Boarding-house steak, Sah."

A CLERGYMAN, whom we are pleased to number among the contributors to the Drawer, relates an amusing scene in his own house, in the country:

A strapping Irishman, full six feet two inches, accompanied by another son of Erin, came into my study, and intimated a desire for matrimony on the part of the taller and larger of the two. The female had remained bashfully in the kitchen. After several inquiries the matter did not appear at all satisfactory—the man seemed sullen, and the bride decidedly secretive. It was finally determined, however, to tie the knot, and after asking about a ring, which the man said he had, the party were directed to go into the parlor. Here were difficulties innumerable. The man persisted in keeping his hands in his pockets, and stumbled fearfully in his answer to the important question. But the climax was reached with the ring. "Where is the ring?"

"John," said the bridegroom to his friend, "give us the ring."

John, thrusting his hand in his trowsers pocket, drew out a dirty buckskin purse, and emptying a miscellaneous collection of pennies, keys, pieces of



string, etc., produced a formidable ring, and extended it toward the bridegroom. His fingers were slippery, and the ring rolled off somewhere on the carpet. Immediately the whole party were on their knees in search, while the clergyman contemplated the unusual spectacle of bride, bridegroom, and friends groping around on hands and knees upon the floor. The bride at last finding the ring under a sofa, the ceremony was concluded, a certificate given, and the parties departed, but evidently not in a condition of perfect bliss. It appeared afterward that the man had been engaged to the girl for some time, was tired of her, but could not resist the force of circumstances.

A few days afterward the woman came to say that her husband had taken the certificate and had disappeared. Another certificate was furnished, and the man was pursued by his wife and brought back—only in a few weeks to depart again for the Far West. Six months afterward the woman walked sixteen miles to ask the writer to unmarry her, as she wished to marry another man.

A SOLDIER who can get off a laugh over the loss of a limb must be of pretty good stuff:

Passing along one of our thoroughfares a few days since we met a poor soldier, who had lost one of his limbs in battle, slowly walking on his crutches. A friend meeting him cried,

"I say, Jim, how is it that you went away with two legs and came back with three?"

"Oh, bedad, I made fifty per cent. on it!" was the reply.

A WESTERN New Yorker writes the following for the Drawer:

In the neighboring town of D—— live two farmers, named Jones and Atwood. Their farms join; and, as is often the case, a quarrel arose about a certain side-hill line-fence. The quarrel resulted in a lawsuit, in which neighbor Jones, having (as Atwood claims) sworn the most tremendous lies on trial, gained the case. A short time after notice was given out that there would be preaching on a certain evening in the school-house. On the appointed evening the neighbors assembled. The preacher, having finished his discourse—from the text, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—invited any of those present who wished to make a few remarks on the text. Brother Jones arose, and commenced his remarks by saying,

"What shall a man give for his soul? How much is it worth? Can any one here tell me how much a soul is worth?"

Before he could proceed further neighbor Atwood jumped up, and, with finger pointing to Brother Jones, said, in shrill, piping voice, which penetrated every corner of the room,

"I know what one man's soul is worth. It's worth just one rod of side-hill!"

THE blunders of "help" are endless, but this is rich beyond any lately narrated. It is reported by a clergyman, whose wife is the daily victim of such a plague:

We had recently a new "help," of the "African persuasion," who, being from the city, naturally prided herself on her qualifications. "The Lady of the Manse" the other morning directed her to boil some eggs, and at the same time placed on the table an egg-glass, the sand in which runs through in three minutes, directing her to boil the eggs by the

glass. Going into the kitchen a few minutes later the eggs were found boiling away for dear life around the circumference of the pan, and the egg-glass mounting guard in the centre, and the boiling water playing such antics with it as would have appalled Father Time, its great patron.

THE same good-humored friend, in writing of the trials of the kitchen, tells us of the parlor-talk as follows:

We have a small melodeon, that was once overheard by a country parishioner. He expressed a wish to come in and hear it to his full satisfaction. After listening a while, with evidently gratified feelings, he exclaimed, "Well, that is pretty! This is the only forty piany I ever see in my life but one, but that one had a crank rigged at the back of it!"

WE have not had a neater story than this in the Drawer for many a month. It is all the pleasanter as it comes from one of our "way ward sister" States:

A bashful gentleman of Holly Springs, Mississippi, took a violent "hankering" after a fair seamstress of the town; and, after a great deal of hesitation, finally brought his courage up to the sticking point, and made an evening call on the lady. He found her busily engaged at her work, pressing off a garment with a tailor's goose. She, however, received him very courteously, and continued her work. A bevy of the seamstress's female friends dropped in a few minutes after our heroic friend had subsided into silence, for he found it absolutely impossible to maintain a conversation with the lady. The sudden entrance of the visitors, instead of relieving, only added to his embarrassment, and he sat in silence until his situation became painful to all, but to none more than to himself. All efforts to draw him into conversation proved abortive, and it became a matter of serious concern to the ladies how to relieve the gentleman of his embarrassment without a catastrophe, for he was well known to all of them as a gentleman of great worth, bashfulness being his only frailty. The seamstress finally got through with her work, and called out to the negro man in the kitchen:

"John!"

The door opened, and a stout, burly negro stuck his head through the doorway, and said,

"I is here, Missus."

"John, will you take this goose out?"

Our bashful friend sprang to his feet in an instant, and exclaimed.

"I beg your pardon, Madam, for intruding on you, but I'll go out myself!"

And before the lady could explain her meaning to him, he had gathered his hat and made his exit, which was followed by the frantic yells of the girls. I am sorry to add that that little misunderstanding made an old bachelor and an old maid.

ONE of our army correspondents sends to the Drawer a capital story of a Yankee who was up to driving a trade under the most unfavorable circumstances:

A certain Captain in this regiment (Massachusetts Fourteenth) is noted somewhat for his love of the good things gastronomic, and several days since dispatched one of his "live Yankees" off to Alexandria for some fresh oysters, giving him, in his usual jocose vein, the command, "Don't come back without them!"

Off goes the man, and no more was seen of him

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for several days. The indignant and disappointed Captain reports him a deserter, and gives him up as a "lost child." But lo! after a lapse of nine days, the Captain beholds his reported deserter, Baily, coming into camp, leading in a train of four-horse wagons loaded with oysters. Approaching and respectfully saluting the amazed and speechless Captain, Baily laconically "reports:"

"Here are your oysters, Cap; couldn't find any in Alexandria, so I chartered a schooner and made a voyage to Fortress Monroe and Norfolk for them. There's about two hundred bushels—where do you

want 'em?"

Baily, it seems, did really make the trip, hired his men, and sold oysters enough in Georgetown, before "reporting," to pay all expenses and leave him a profit of \$150. The "two hundred bushels" were divided among the regiment, and Baily returned to his duty as if nothing unusual had transpired.

This comes to the Drawer from Missouri:

Not far from here, on the Missouri River, live a worthy couple, Mr. Tom Childers and wife, whose principal occupation during the boating season is watching and commenting on the different steamers passing up and down. Mrs. Childers can read a little, and generally manages to spell out the names on the wheel-houses; but Tom knows nearly every boat on the river by some peculiarity of construction. Once they were both puzzled. The Thos. E. Tutt was coming up.

"There comes the Thomas E. Tutt," says Tom.

"No," says the old lady, after the boat had got near enough for the letters on the wheel-house to be distinguished; "it's the T-H-O-S-E T-U-T-E, the *Those Tute*, for there's the name on the wheelhouse."

Tom insisted that it was the *Tutt*, and even wagered a calico dress that he was right. While they were considering about how the bet was to be decided, Steve Bynum, a noted wag, rode up, and they agreed to leave it to him. He looked at the boat attentively for a moment, and answered,

"Well, I declare, at the first glance I thought it was the Tutt; but, Tom, you've lost the dress. Your old woman is right; there's the name as plain as day: T-H-O-S-E, those; T-U-T-E, tute—THOSE TUTE."

Tom bought the dress, but is puzzled to this day about the great similarity between the Those Tute and the Thos. E. Tutt.

THE intelligence of our Anglo-Saxon brethren over the water was strikingly exhibited by the verdict of a jury in Surrey a few weeks ago. A jury was empanneled to try a man charged with having house-breaking implements in his possession, with intent to commit a felony. The foreman delivered the intelligent verdict: "We find the prisoner guilty, with the benefit of a doubt." Of course the presiding magistrate refused to receive such a verdict; whereupon the foreman explained that there was a doubt among them, but they thought the prisoner was guilty. The explanation did not make matters clearer, and the doubting jury were sent back to consider the evidence again. They failed to agree, and were discharged, the prisoner being remanded to the next sessions, to be then tried.

To get a joke into some people's heads requires a surgical operation. Our Scotch friends are not very quick at "seeing the point." In London, the other day, at the trial of a divorce case, the parties to

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which were a nobleman of advanced years and his young wife, Sir Cresswell Cresswell remarked that this was another instance of the evil effects of "marriages contracted between May and December." Shortly afterward the learned Judge received a letter from the Secretary of a Scotch Statistical Society, intimating that the body which he represented would be much obliged if Sir Cresswell would favor them with an account of the facts from which he had derived the singular rule enunciated by him as to the infelicity of marriages solemnized during certain months of the year; and adding that some of the members of the Society wished to draw up the information which might be thus afforded them in the shape of a paper to be read before the Society, with a view to public discussion.

SPECIMENS of the cloquence of lawyers are frequently met with in print. It is seldom, however, that the world is favored with a glance at the office-practice of counsel, in which, after all, the greatest triumphs of the profession are won. The following will be fully appreciated by legal gentlemen:

In the town of C—, De W—— County, Illinois, lives a lawyer named Smith. Not long since a Mr. Jones, wishing to purchase some land, the separate property of the wife of a Mr. Brown, consulted Smith in reference to the matter. The purchase was effected, and the deed to Jones executed by Mrs. Brown and her husband. Acting under the instructions of lawyer Smith, the justice of the peace who took the acknowledgments of the parties examined Mr. Brown separately, afterward affixing to the deed the following certificate:

"And the said John Brown, husband of the said Mary Brown, who is personally known to me to be the same person who subscribed the said instrument of writing, having had the contents of said instrument made known and explained to him, and being by me examined separate and apart from his said wife, did acknowledge said instrument to be his act and deed; that he executed the same, and relinquished his courtesy in the lands and tenements therein mentioned, voluntarily and freely, without the fear or compulsion of his said wife, Mary Brown, and that he does not wish to retract."

This extraordinary document is now on the records of De W—— County, a standing monument of the legal acumen of the attorney aforesaid.

In 1848, while the Convention which nominated General Taylor was in session at Philadelphia a somewhat noted local politician from Pickaway County, Obio, was in the city mingling in the muss. As the Convention adjourned over Sunday he concluded to go to church. We will let him tell his own story:

"I had mounted my best regalia and looked fine; stopped at the door and asked the sexton for a seat; was shown a very good one, entirely unoccupied, in the back part of which I seated myself. In a short time a very decent-looking man, plainly dressed, entered and took the front of the pew. I held my head reverently and looked pious. He glanced at me several times, then took out a white handkerchief, looked at me again, then took out a card, drew his pencil, wrote, 'This is my pew, Sir,' and tossed the card to me.

the card to me.

"I picked it up, and immediately wrote on it, 'It is a very good one. What rent do you pay?' and tossed it back."

A VENERABLE correspondent writes to the Drawer: Your "Yuba Dam" anecdote puts me in mind of a story of many years ago. Our dear old dead and gone teacher had a strange way of instructing us. Calling his class into his study, he would say "Go on;" and on we went, all together. Suddenly he would cry "Stop!" and "Go on you," pointing to some poor fellow he thought was "doing the shuffle." Upon one occasion he was down upon an unoffending-looking lad. His recitation did not please the Doctor, and out came the cane, wax-ended. When "wax end" came out we knew he was in a passion.

- "What's your name?" asked the Doctor. "Watt, Sir," replied the unoffending boy.
- "What, Sir?" repeated the irate Doctor.
- "Watt, Sir," replied blue coat.
- "Put out your hand!" And six would have been administered had not the other boys with one voice cried out.
 - "His name is William Watt, Sir!"

In Central New York a crowd had congregated at the dépôt to "see the cars come in." was covered with a plank flooring level with the top of the rails. A young man from the "rural districts" stood very near the track, both hands in his pockets, and mouth and eyes open, eagerly watching for the expected train, which, when it came around the curve and approached the station, so completely absorbed his attention he was regardless of the fact that the point of his boot rested on the rail. Suddenly, however, he jumped back, greatly frightened, minus the end of his boot, which the wheels had neatly amputated. As he was gazing at the curtailed member with some astonishment, and thinking what a "near" thing it was, some one coolly remarked to him, "My dear Sir, you came very near being made no-toe-rious that time!"

There lives in this city (says a Chicago friend) a lady named Mallaby, whose sudden illnesses and more sudden recoveries are the cause of wonder among her many friends. The doctor's carriage stands at her door of an afternoon, and in the evening she will be out to ball or party, radiant with health and beauty. These sudden conversions were well hit off by a friend of mine, a day or two since. Meeting him on Lake Street, I inquired anxiously after Mrs. M., having heard shortly before that she was very ill.

"Oh!" said he, "she is bad—very bad; she wasn't expected to live yesterday."

"Is it possible?" I replied.

"Yes. She called up Mr. Mallaby, and bid him good-by; called up the children, and bid them good-by; called up John, and told him to bring the carriage to the door; and in half an hour she was shopping in town!"

One of our many army correspondents sends us a whole budget of pleasantries, from which we cull a few for the Drawer:

One of our Companies is composed of emigrés from "the fair land of Poland." Before we adopted the regulation uniform (nearly two years ago now), these "gay and festive" exiles beamed in four-cornered blood-colored caps and coats, faced with the same sanguinary color, it being the national costume of the Polish "Fatherland." They were called by the men throughout camp as "the Poles." One day, as the Colonel was writing in his private office in barracks, he desired a bundle of papers which were on the top of a high chest. Having nothing at hand to get them down with, he dispatched his or-

derly—who was one of the Polish gentry—to bring him a long pole. "And mind," said the Colonel, "to bring the longest pole you can find."

Off went the son of Poland, and soon returned, bringing with him a tall brother "patriot," with the queer cap and faced coat (since denominated the "regimental flag-staff"), and saying, as he entered,

"Kollnel, dis is de longest Bole in mine Kompany!"

THE Captain of B Company, who is known as the "Senior Captain" by the persistency in which he advanced his claims to that honorable position, had, singular to say, two-thirds of his large Company composed of tailors. Why the sons of St. Sartorius should have gathered around him none can say-except, perhaps, he having been a lawyer, the connection between suits at law and suits of clothes, or the lawyer's quill and the tailor's goose had caused itbut so it was. One day, when the number of tents and occupants to each was being regulated, the Captain aforesaid had asked for two more canvas houses, and fancy his surprise when an order came from the Colonel for him to turn in to the Quarter-master one tent, as he (the Colonel) was informed there was "but one man in the tent."

Off went the surprised Captain to head-quarters, and meeting the Colonel and Quarter-master there, asked the meaning of the order in question.

"Why," says the Colonel, with a droll twinkle in his eyes, "one of your sergeants informed me that you have a tent with but one man in it."

"It is false, Sir!" says the irate Captain. "Every one of my tents is more than full, and I want two more."

"Captain," said the Quarter-master, "haven't you got nine of your tailors in one tent? and—"

But the "sold" Senior Captain had "sloped," and did not hear the laughter which accompanied the Quarter-master's statement that "nine tailors make a man."

In our camp a peculiar kind of brandy, marked V. O. P., is much used by the officers. What V. O. P. stands for no man can tell, but all the bottles bear prominently the cabalistic letters. In relation to this a good story is told:

Several of our officers were once assembled at head-quarters. The Colonel was engaged in writing to the Secretary of War relative to a certain inscription to be placed on the regimental colors. As this was a subject of discussion in the regiment at the time, Captain Rufus Potts said,

"Colonel, what inscription will be placed on the

"Why," broke in a Lieutenant familiarly known as "Old Useless," an inveterate punster—"why," said he, "the inscription will be V. O. P."

When the laugh had subsided, Captain Dan Bobiels, known as "the small but healthy tiger," innocently asked what V.O.P., in that connection, stood for.

"Why," answered the "Old Useless" chap, "the Colonel prides himself upon having one of the oldest regiments in the service; and V.O.P. stands for Very Old Privates."

Silence reigned, while several dark bottles were produced, and all agreed that the Very Old Privates are the best companions on a campaign.

FROM the interior of Pennsylvania comes the folowing admirable story:

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Many years ago, when Coudersport, the seat of | uproarious at the lower end of the table, occasioned justice in Potter County, was in its infancy, there lived and flourished a good old man named Taggart. He was endowed with strong common sense, a genial disposition, and considerable love of fun. His education was quite limited; but for all that he was the choice of the people and the Governor for justice of the peace for many years.

One day a man was arrested and brought before "Squire Taggart," charged with setting fire to a neighbor's barn. Mr. Cole, a lawyer of the place, was employed for the prosecution, and one Jacob Bishop, a wrangling, ignorant, and pretentious pettifogger, was employed for the defense. In the course of the examination the wife of the man whose barn had been burnt was brought on the stand as a witness for the prosecution, whereupon Bishop got up and objected to the witness.

"State the ground of your objection," said the

justice, mildly.

"Yes, yes," interposed the counsel for the prosecution, "we want to know upon what grounds you object to this witness.'

The pettifogger here drew himself up, and, looking at the old justice with an air of profound wisdom, said, slowly and emphatically,

"May it please this hon'ble court, I object to this witness on the ground that she is compos mentis.'

'Compos mentis!" exclaimed Cole, with a laugh. "Come, come, Bishop, don't you go to humbugging the court with your nonsense.'

"Sir," said the justice, sternly, "this court permits no hog Latin to be used here, and you must state in plain English what you mean by such outlandish talk as compos mentis. For my own part, I never heard any thing against the woman's character before."

"I beg the hon'ble court's pardon," said Bishop, with great dignity. "I had no intention of defamating the lady's character; and what I meant by her bein' compos mentis is, that she is interested in the event of this here suit, and therefore I object."

The court overruled, and the case went on.

A FRIEND in Buffalo, writing to the Drawer, says: Some years ago, at the Eric County Oyer and Terminer, a man was tried for murder before the late Judge Dayton. He was defended by the late and lamented G. P. Barker, and Mr. Coon. During the entire trial the judge ruled against the prisoner, and the consequence was a conviction.

The next cause moved was that of an Indian, for murder. The judge says: "Mr. Barker, do you defend this man?

Barker rose to his feet and replied: "Well, your Honor, Brother Coon and I thought we would look on and see how your Honor and the District Attorney propose to hang the Indian."

A CORRESPONDENT from whom our readers have heard before writes:

They have a good old Hibernian Society in Philadelphia, at whose dinners, in former days, might have been witnessed the richest scenes imaginable. The then President was a gentleman of the old school, of the highest social standing, greatly esteemed by all the community, and idolized by his countrymen. The Society then numbered among its members the Chief Justice of the State, several of the Judges of the Courts, and many of the most eminent merchants and lawyers of the city. At one of these dinners the laughter becoming somewhat

by a passage of wit between the Honorable R-V—x, the ex-Mayor, and M—n M'M—l, Esq., one of our talented editors, the Chief Justice commanded the Sheriff (another member) to read the riot act, arrest the rioters, and bring them before his Honor Judge B-e (then present) for trial. The pleadings in the case, pro and con, by some of the ablest lawyers of the city, were so extremely rich in humor and wit that they can never be forgotten by those that heard them. That was a night to be remembered in the history of the Society.

At another dinner, when the President called the gentlemen to fill their glasses for a toast, a certain member jumped up, and, in his rich Irish brogue,

called out,

"Mr. President, here's a gentleman don't drink fair!"

"I hope," said the President, "that no gentleman at the table refuses to drink his wine."

"Oh," said the other, "that's not what I complain of at all: he drinks two glasses to my one!"

It was the same member who told the story of the Irish wake, where two boys of tender years were, on account of their youth, refused a share of the liquor which is so freely distributed on such occasions:

"Niver mind, Jimmy," said one to the other, " I hope we'll soon have a death in our own family, and then we'll get as much whisky as we want!"

He congratulated the Society, when the Sheriff was elected a member, that they then "had a hangman of their own, and could have their hanging done gratis-a matter of no small importance where so many Irishmen were interested."

They tell a story of the Judge alluded to above who tried the rioters at the dinner-table. Before his promotion to the Supreme bench he had once a number of Irishmen before him, in one of the interior counties, indicted for a riot on the canal. All their names were included in the one indictment, and the jury found them all guilty, though one of them (Pat Murphy) clearly proved an alibi. They were all brought into court to be sentenced, and Pat was directed to stand up among the others. Pat protested vehemently, and reminded the Judge that it was clearly proven on the trial that he was at the time sick in bed, and at a considerable distance from the scene of the riot.

"Sit down, Pat," said the Judge; "sit down: you're just as guilty as any of them. You know you would have been there if you could!"

FROM Boston "O. H. P." writes:

Saturday came, and, as usual, brought the Weekly. We like the Weekly—we do; it's always right up to the mark. Could we do without it? Guess not. Excuse me; did not write this to praise the Weekly. No praise needed from this quarter, or any other. As I was saying, Saturday eve came, and we were looking over the illustrations. By we, I mean Wife, Little One, and Self. The portrait of Nicholas Longworth was studied. Wife, with an eye to the main chance, inquired how he became possessed of such enormous wealth? I replied that he invested largely in lands, which rapidly "rose on his hand." Little One was all attention. She looked very scrutinizingly at the portrait, then raised her eyes to me, and exclaimed,

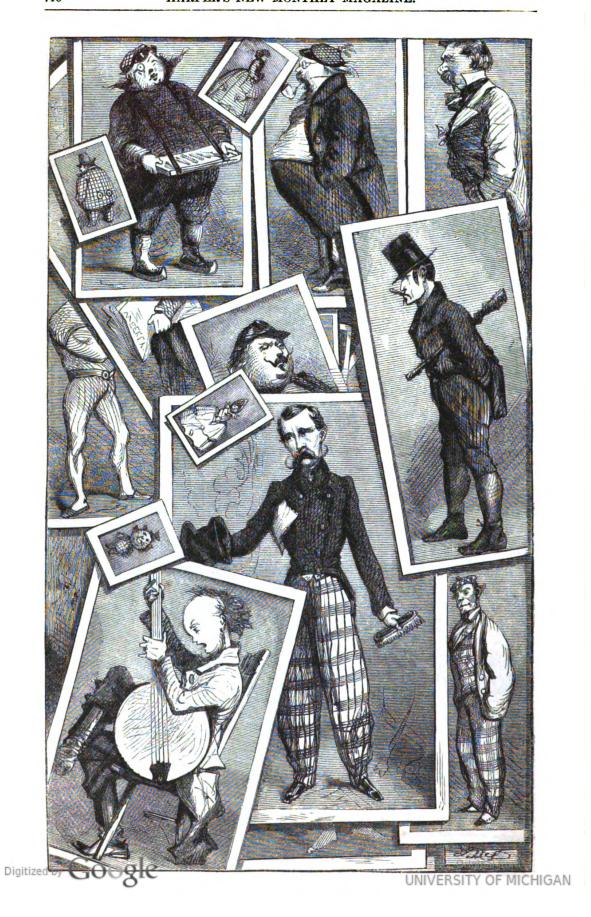
"Papa, where's the 'rose on his hands?" The rose was not to be seen in the picture. Is the pun worth preserving?

[It is. And here it stands.—EDITOR.]



A Few Cartes de Visite.





Fashions for April.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by Voigt from actual articles of Costume.





FIGURE 1.—BRIDAL TOILET.



FIGURE 2.—STREET COSTUME.

THE BRIDAL TOILET, made of appropriate materials, is especially becoming, while the style of the robe is such that it is well adapted for the promenade, the material, of course, being differ
Digitizent-by

The STREET Costume which we illustrate consists mainly of a mantilla-shaped pardessus, made of black silk of the heaviest description, and ornamented with the braid-wrought embroidery now so much in vogue.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLVI.—MAY, 1863.—Vol. XXVI.

SCENES IN THE WAR OF 1812.*



WILLIAM HULL, 1812.

I.—HULL'S CAMPAIGN.

ORTY-NINE years ago a court-martial was in session in the city of Albany, trying a

Brigadier-General of the United States Army, who had been accused of treason, cowardice, and neglect of duty. The acting Commander-in-Chief of that army was the President of the court. One of the most eminent lawyers of the day (soon to be made a cabinet minister), and another, who was afterward President of the United States, were appointed special judge-advocates. One of the principal accusers and witnesses is now a distinguished statesman, and was not long ago a cabinet minister.

The accused was WILLIAM HULL, a meritorious officer of the Revolution,

* It is proposed in this and subsequent paperto give a series of sketches of the leading events in the War of 1812. These sketches will be entirely distinct from the elaborate "Field-Book of the War of 1812," upon which the author, Mr. Lossing, has for some years been engaged, the publication of which will shortly be commenced. This work will be on the same general plan as the "Field-Book of the Revolution," and will be illustrated by several hundred engravings, mostly from sketches by Mr. Lossing.

and Governor of the Michigan Territory. The President of the court was HENRY DEARBORN, also an officer of the old Continental army. The prosecuting attorneys were ALEXANDER J. DALLAS and MARTIN VAN BUREN, and the principal accuser and witness was Lewis Cass.

The charge of treason was not considered, it being without the jurisdiction of a military tribunal. The court found the accused guilty of the second and third charges, and sentenced him "to be shot to death," at the same time recommending him to the mercy of the President of the United States. That mercy was exercised. President Madison remitted the sentence; and in general orders, signed by J. B. Walbach, the adjutant-general (who died a few months ago), the following decree went forth: "The roll of the army is not to be longer dishonored by having upon it the name of Brigadier-General William Hull."

Almost half a century has passed away since that sentence was pronounced, and each participant in the trial-accuser and accused, court, advocate, witness, and almoner of mercy-has been laid in the grave, except the venerable General Cass, the faithful among the



LEWIS CASS, 1860.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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faithless when active treason was beleaguering | determined that a declaration of hostilities the citadel of the national strength.

Notwithstanding almost two generations stand between us and the events of fifty years ago, and we are too remote to be seriously influenced by the prejudices and passions of that day-notwithstanding the voice of the accused was heard at the time of trial and in after-years, protesting innocency in solemn cadences, and citing grave facts and arguments not to be rightfully unheeded by dispassionate reason, History still repeats the terrible sentence, the general order, and the merciful words of the President, without more than hinting at the defense; and we all acquiesce in the justice of the verdict.

The offense of Hull was the surrender of Detroit and the Michigan Territory to the British in the summer of 1812. I propose to give an outline history of the campaign which resulted in that surrender, and thus present the question of the righteousness of that verdict.

For several years the insolence and aggressions of ever insolent and aggressive England in the enforcement of her claim to be the "mistress of the seas," and the persistent efforts of her approved agents in Canada, for twenty years, to incite the savages of the Northwest to an exterminating war against the Americans northward of the Ohio River, in order to secure the monopoly of the Indian traffic to British traders in the country of the Great Lakes, had made it clear to every sagacious mind that war between the two nations was inevitable.

The Democratic party, from its birth, during Washington's first administration, had been bitterly hostile to England and friendly toward France. The Federal party (its opponent), on the contrary, was bitterly hostile to France and desirous of maintaining a good understanding with England. These opposing opinions and feelings were exhibited by strongly-defined party lines in the autumn of 1811. The Democrats, led in Congress by Henry Clay of Kentucky, John C. Calhoun of South Carolina, and others, and composing a large majority in the present slave-holding States, were known as the War Party. The Federalists, led in Congress by the then mature Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts, Emott of New York, and others, having a majority in New England, were called the Peace Party, but not of that character, half

ident and a majority of his Cabinet, though Democrats, were opposed to war; and the only man among Madison's Constitutional advisers who possessed any practical knowledge of military affairs was James Monroe, the Secretary of State. The war party in the Congress were the stronger; and during the session of 1811-'12 it was

against Great Britain should be made at an early day. That declaration was promulgated late in June, 1812.

That President and his Cabinet, and all the Senators and Representatives in that Congress, have passed away from earth, except Josiah Quincy, the great champion of the Federal party, whose influence in the East was so conspicuous that his opponents called him, in derision, "Josiah the First, King of New England, Nova Scotia, and Passamaquoddy." That venerable and venerated man now stands, in relation to his compeers in the National Legislature, like a solitary column, almost perfect in its exquisite proportions, and the admiration of beholders, notwithstanding his life has reached into the last decade of a century of earthly existence.

An invasion of Canada at three points, namely Detroit, and Niagara and St. Lawrence rivers, was a chief feature in the programme of the first campaign. The project was freely discussed in official circles at Washington four or five months before war was declared, and preparations were made for its execution. Governor Meigs, of Ohio, was requested to call for troops to assemble at Dayton in April, and Governor Hull, who was in Washington in the winter and spring of 1812, was consulted on the subject. He advised, as he had done before, the creation of a navy on Lake Erie sufficient to control its waters, before an attempt should be made to invade Canada; and when he was offered the commission of a brigadier-general, and the command of an army in the Northwest for the purpose, he declined the honor, partly because his judgment condemned the proposed invasion as premature and perilous, and partly because of his age and growing infirmities, he being then sixty-five years old. He knew better than President, Cabinet, or Congress the character of the country through which an army from Ohio must pass, and in which it must be subsisted; the disposition, temper, and force of the savages; the great influence of the British emissaries; and the manifold dangers to which such an expedition would be exposed. His advice and remonstrances were of no avail. He yielded, accepted the commission of a brigadier-general, and in May he was at Dayton, at the head of three regiments, under the respective commands of Colonels Duntreason and half cowardice, known at this time can M'Arthur, James Findlay, and Lewis Cass. as the "Peace-on-any-terms-Party." The Pres- The place of rendezvous was a pleasant plain on



PLACE OF RENDEZVOUS NEAR DAYTON.



the north side of the Mad River, about two miles above Dayton.

The destination of the troops was Detroit. Before them lay a dense wilderness over a space of more than two hundred miles, broken only by the cabin and the clearing of the hunter and trader here and there. They were to pass by the place of Wayne's victory over Little Turtle and his warriors, at the rapids of the Maumee, in 1794; and Fort Miami, built by the British upon the soil of the United States, to aid the savages in their bloody raids upon the frontier settlements, to which they had been constantly incited. Before him stood veterans in Indian wars; and upon the mind of every soldier the horrors of recent massacres along the borders had made deep impressions, and fired him with vengeful feelings against the British, the real authors of these calamities. By such men a stirring speech, made by Hull on formally assuming command, was responded to by most vociferous applause. "In marching through a wilderness," he said, "memorable for savage barbarity, you will remember the causes by which that barbarity has been heretofore excited. In viewing the ground stained with the blood of your fellow-citizens, it will be impossible to repress the feelings of indignation. Passing by the ruins of a fortress erected in our territory, by a foreign nation, in time of profound peace, and for the express purpose of exciting the savages to hostility, and supplying them with the means of conducting a barbarous war, must remind you of that system of oppression and injustice which that nation has continually practiced, and which the spirit of an indignant people can no longer endure."

On the first day of June, one of the loveliest of the season, the little army commenced its march up the Miami. At Urbana, on the verge of the great wilderness, they were joined by the Fourth Regiment of Regular Troops, under Colonel James Miller, the brave leader who said "I'll try" when asked if he could capture a British battery in Lundy's Lane, and succeeded. They were received with honor as the heroes of the Wabash, and entered the volunteers' camp under a triumphal arch of evergreens, decked with flowers from the banks of the brooks, surmounted by an eagle, and inscribed with the words, in large letters, Tippecanoe—Glory.

Now commenced the difficulties and fatigues of the march. Hitherto the troops had enjoyed a sort of holiday frolic, for wide latitude had been given them. Now pleasure and romance were compelled to yield to work and stern reality. There was no pathway for the army—no, not so much as an Indian trail. They were compelled to cut a road through heavy timber and tangled vines. They built causeways over broad morasses, and bridges over considerable streams, upon the water-shed between Lake Erie and the Ohio River; and at certain intervals block-houses were erected for the purpose of protection to provision trains and those who might fall sick by the way.

On the 16th of June the road was opened to the Scioto River, and on the south side of that stream half an acre of land was inclosed with pickets, two block-houses and some huts were built, and the whole affair was called Fort M'Arthur. The forest here began to swarm with savages. The hostile Wyandots were watching every movement of the little army with vigilant eyes and malignant hearts. They had suffered at Tippecanoe, and thirsted for vengeance.

Colonel Findlay pushed forward, and on a branch of the Au Glaise erected a stockade called Fort Findlay. The whole army soon followed, except a small corps left to garrison Fort M'Arthur. Heavy rains were falling, and the mud in the marshes became so deep that the army was compelled to halt. Its position became extremely perilous. It could move neither backward nor forward. Black flies and mosquitoes were a terrible scourge. The cattle were placed on short allowance, and preparations were made to transport the baggage and stores on packhorses. They built a stockade, and, in allusion to their condition, called it Fort Necessity.

While stuck in the mud in the deep wilderness-mud equal in tenacity to any that ever blocked the Army of the Potomac—General Hull was met by two messengers from Detroit, bearing gloomy tidings. A great council of Indian chiefs had been held at Brownstown, nearly opposite the British Fort Malden, in which Walkin-the-Water, a powerful Wyandot chief, had expressed hostile feelings toward the Americans. The British too, had collected a considerable body of Indians at Malden, where they were fed, armed, and well furnished with blankets and ammunition. These tidings made Hull anxious, for Detroit, his capital, with its weak defenses, was evidently in danger. At length the rain ceased, and the army moved forward. It soon reached Fort Findlay (where the village of Findlay now stands), and there Hull received a dispatch from the War Department urging him to hasten to Detroit and await further orders. It was dated on the morning of the day when war was declared, but contained no allusion to the measure. Ordering all the camp equipage to be left at the fort, and directing Colonel Cass to move forward and open a road to the Maumee, Hull moved steadily on with the army, and at the close of June it encamped upon a plain at the Rapids of that river, a few miles above the present village of Perrysburg.

So exhausted were Hull's horses and mules that, from the foot of the Rapids, he dispatched a schooner for Detroit with his own baggage and that of most of his officers; also all of the hospital stores, intrenching tools, and a trunk containing his commission, his instructions from the War Department, and complete muster-rolls of the army under his command. He would also have sent the army money-chest by the same vessel had he not been persuaded by his paymaster to take it by land. This was a fatal blunder, as we shall perceive presently. A smaller vessel was sent with the schooner to convey the army



invalids to Detroit. Both sailed from the present port of Toledo on the evening of the 1st of July. On the same day the army moved forward through the beautiful open flat country to the settlement at Frenchtown, on the River Raisin, now the pleasant city of Monroe, Michigan.

When approaching Frenchtown, toward the evening of the 2d of July, Hull was overtaken by Mr. Shaler, of Cleveland, who had been sent by Postmaster Walworth, at that place, with the following dispatch from the War Department:

"SIR,-War is declared against Great Britain. You will be on your guard. Proceed to your post with all possible expedition. Make such arrangements for the defense of the country as in your judgment may be necessary, and wait for further orders.

Hull was perplexed. This dispatch bore the same date as the one received from the same office eight days earlier, in which no mention had been made of a declaration of war. That dispatch, comparatively unimportant, had been sent to him from the seat of Government by special courier-this, extremely important, had been sent to Cleveland by mail to be intrusted to such conveyance as accident might supply; and but for the vigilance and judgment of Walworth, it might have remained there a month. This action of the Secretary of War remains unexplained to this day. Indeed the remissness of Dr. Eustis in not speedily informing the military commanders of the declaration of war was amazing. British subjects in New York sent an express with the news to the Governor-General of Canada; and Colonel St. George, the British commander at Fort Malden, was informed by letter of the fact two days before Hull received the least intimation of it. That letter was in an envelope franked by the American Secretary of the Treasury. How that frank was obtained will forever remain a mystery. No man now believes that Albert Gallatin would have lent such assistance, knowingly, to an enemy of his adopted country. His known opposition to the war then gave plausibility to the report that he was willing to cast obstacles in the way of the invasion of Canada; and President Madison was afterward charged with having, under the influence of Virginia politicians and the wily sophist Calhoun, withheld aid from Hull that the conquest of Canada might not be effected. It has been alleged that Calhoun, Virginia members of Congress, and others of the war party, were opposed to the scheme of invading Canada, and their motives have been sought in the fact that the conquest of that province would lead to its annexation to the United States, and thus materially increase the area and influence of free territory, and speedily cause the sceptre of political domination to pass from the hands of the politicians of the Slave States. It may be remarked, in passing, that it was during the session of Congress when war was declared that Calhoun assured the now venerable Admiral Stewart that, when that sceptre should thus pass away from the Slave States the people thereof would resort | burned with a desire to cross the river imme-

to a dissolution of the Union. Their right to do so had just been vehemently declared on the floor of Congress by a distinguished representative from New England.

On the receipt of the last dispatch from Washington Hull felt well-grounded anxiety for the safety of the schooner sent from the Maumee. She was beyond recall; and within twenty-four hours he heard of her capture by the British at Fort Malden. Through the tardiness of the Secretary of War the enemy were thus put in possession not only of valuable clothing, hospital stores, and intrenching tools (all lost to the Americans), but also of yet more valuable information, and thirty-six men. The sin of the Government was temporarily covered by charging Hull with a treasonable design in sending that vessel to Detroit under such circumstances. He was charged with the crime of desiring her capture, that the enemy might have the benefit of the information contained in his papers! The charge fell to the ground when touched by honest investigation. It was a blunder-nothing

Hull rightly believed that the enemy, possessed of a perfect knowledge of his force, would attempt to intercept him on his way from the Raisin to Detroit. He pushed forward as rapidly as possible, and barely escaped an attack from the British and their savage allies in the swamps of the Huron River. On the evening of the 5th of July his worn and weary little army, about fifteen hundred strong, encamped upon an eminence at Spring Wells, now in the southern suburbs of Detroit, and opposite the pleasant Canadian village of Sandwich. There they were allowed to rest and recruit while Hull waited for the promised "further orders" from the Secretary of War.

Detroit was then a small village of about sixty houses, surrounded by strong pickets fourteen feet in height, erected for defense against Indian incursions. On the hill in the rear, about two hundred and fifty rods from the river, stood Fort Detroit, built by the English after the conquest of Canada a hundred years ago. It was quadrangular in form, with bastions and barracks, and covered about two acres of ground. The embankments were nearly twenty feet in height with a deep dry ditch, and were surrounded by a double row of pickets, the outside row standing in the centre of the ditch, and the other row projecting laterally from the banks, forming what is technically called a fraise. There was another work called the Citadel Fort that stood on the site of the present American or Temperance hotel on Jefferson Avenue. The location of Fort Detroit was badly chosen, for it did not command the river.

The British had watched the movements of Hull from the Canada shore, and as soon as it was seen that he had reached Detroit, they commenced throwing up fortifications at Sandwich, and opposite the Michigan capital on the site of the village of Windsor. Hull's officers and men





BLOODY RUN.

diately and attack the foe, but Hull would not move. The sight of growing fortifications that would endanger Fort Detroit and the town, and soon become too formidable to face in crossing the river, maddened them, and it was with great difficulty that the Ohio volunteers were kept from open mutiny.

To quiet the growing tumult in camp Hull called a council of his field-officers. They were young, ardent, and impatient. With the exception of the regulars they had no knowledge of thorough military discipline. The Commander-in-Chief was old, extremely cautious, and obedient to superiors. He assured the council that he had no orders to invade Canada. They insisted that it was expedient, orders or no orders, to do so immediately, and drive off the fort-builders. "While I have command," said Hull, firmly, "I will obey the orders of my government. I will not cross the Detroit until I hear from Washington."

The young officers heard this announcement of the veteran with compressed lips; and doubtless many a rebellious heart-rebellious toward the commanding general - beat quickly with deep emotion for hours after the council was dismissed. The General, observing the temper of the officers, was perplexed. Happily for all a letter came from the Secretary of War that evening, directing Hull to "commence operations immediately," and if he thought circumstances would justify the attempt, to invade Canada at once, take possession of Fort Malden at Amherstburg, about eighteen miles below Detroit, and assure the inhabitants that ample protection to persons and property would be given. To the delight of all Hull immediately issued orders for the invasion of Canada. With the Michigan mili-

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diately and attack the foe, but Hull would not move. The sight of growing fortifications that would endanger Fort Detroit and the town, and vicinity of the Fort.

There were boats and canoes only sufficient to carry about four hundred men—too few to cross in the face of the intrenched foe; so Hull resorted to strategy. Toward the evening of the 11th all the vessels were sent down to Spring Wells, in full view of the British, and at the same time Colonel M'Arthur and his regiment marched down to the same point. The deceived enemy concentrated his force at Sandwich to dispute the passage. After dark boats and men moved silently up the river to Bloody Run, so called because it was the scene of the slaughter of Provincial troops by Indians under Pontiac, the great Ottawa chief, a century ago. It was about a mile and a half above the fort.

At dawn on the morning of the 12th, the regulars and Ohio volunteers crossed to the Canada shore and ascended the river bank without molestation. Colonel Cass and a subaltern immediately raised the Stars and Stripes, in token of conquest, for the first time over British soil, amidst the cheers of the invaders themselves, and the soldiers and citizens at Bloody Run and



OCIONEL BABY'S HOUSE.

Original from

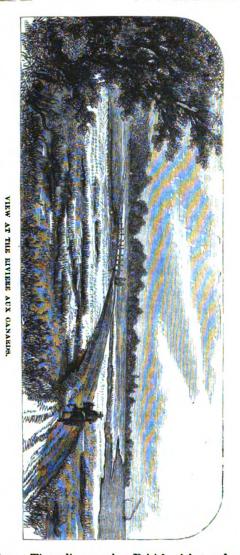
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Detroit. The Americans were welcomed by the French inhabitants who remained. Hull made the fine brick house of the British Colonel Baby (yet standing in the village of Windsor) his headquarters, and proceeded to construct a fortified camp. At the same time he sent out a stirring proclamation, written by Colonel Cass, assuring the inhabitants that he came as a friend and not as an invader, as a liberator from British tyranny and not as a subjugating foe. "I tender you," he said, "the invaluable blessings of civil, political, and religious liberty, and their necessary results, individual and general prosperity." He exhorted them to remain peaceably at their homes. He did not ask them to join his army, as he had come amply prepared for every contingency. He told them that he had a force that would look down all opposition; and declared that it was only the vanguard of a larger one. At the same time he warned them that no quarter would be given to any of the inhabitants who should be found "fighting side by side with the savage allies of the British."

This proclamation, the presence of an army to sustain it, and the sight of the American flag waving on both sides of the Detroit, produced the desired effect, and Hull found himself in the midst of at least passive friends. He commenced preparations immediately for an ad-A reconnoitring party vance upon Malden. went as far as Turkey Creek, half-way to that post, and returned with information that Tecumtha, the great Shawnoese warrior, who had attempted to confederate the Northwestern tribes against the Americans, and who was now in the British service, was lying in ambush below with about two hundred Indians, and that the woods were swarming with savages. Rumors also came that the British were about to send a small squadron up the river to co-operate with a land force in an attack on the Americans; also that a body of hostile Indians were up the river in the direction of the Thames.

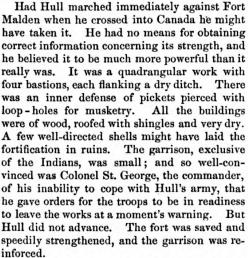
These rumors caused Hull to hasten the fortification of his camp on the land side, and to plant the two or three cannon in his possession on the bank of the river to confront the expected British squadron. He also sent M'Arthur and a hundred mounted men after the Indians above him. These were soon joined by another troop. They pushed into the interior to the Moravian Towns, full sixty miles, scattering the banded Indians to the winds, alarming the loyal inhabitants, and bringing back as spoils two hundred barrels of flour, four hundred blankets, and a large quantity of military stores, which had been collected for the use of the British army at Fort Malden.

In the mean time Colonel Cass and a detachment of volunteers, and Lieutenant-Colonel Miller with some regulars, made a reconnoissance in force toward Malden, as far as the sluggish stream called Ta-ron-tee by the Indians, and Aux Canards by the French-a wide and deep creek that flows sullenly into the Detroit River



They discovered a British picket and a body of Indians, under Tecumtha, at the southern end of the causeway and bridge by which the stream was crossed. Cass went up the stream four miles, forded it, and after great difficulty and fatigue, came down upon the enemy's flank at sunset, and dashed upon them with great impetuosity. They fled at the first fire, but rallied. They again fled, and again they rallied; and a third time they ran, and then turned upon their pursuers. Cass drove them about half a mile, his drums beating Yankee Doodle, when, night falling with intense blackness, he returned to the bridge and crossed to the north side of the stream, where he had left a small corps of riflemen in ambush. He immediately dispatched a courier to Hull with a request that he might be permitted to push forward in the morning and attack Malden. The request was denied. The detachment was too small, the cautious Hull said, to make the attempt alone, and because his cannon had not yet arrived from Detroit he was not prepared to through broad marshes, four miles above Mal- march upon the British strong-hold, as he considered it, with his whole army. The victors were indignant, and murmured loudly.

This was the first battle and victory in the second war for independence, and was hailed throughout the United States as an omen of future success. Colonel Cass was called the Hero of Ta-ron-tee.



On the evening of the 17th of July, Hull's camp was stirred by a report that the Queen Charlotte, a vessel mounting twenty guns,* was committing depredations on the American shore of the Detroit, between Malden and the Michigan capital. Colonel Findlay was sent on a tour of observation toward the Ta-ron-tee. He found the Queen Charlotte lying in the mouth of that stream, the planks of the bridge removed, and a British battery erected at the southern end of the causeway. The fruits of Cass's victory were utterly lost. Another party were sent in the same direction the next day; and Hull delighted the army by an order that seemed to promise an immediate march upon Malden. Their interpretation was erroneous. Hull had not yet procured his needed cannon from Detroit, and he would not allow his troops to cross the Ta-rontee without them. Detachments went in that direction, and skirmishing with Indians took place, but no other result followed than the irritation of the Americans. They finally returned to camp, followed to Turkey Creek by the dusky foe, who took possession of the country between there and Malden. Dispirited and indignant, the officers and men lost confidence in their commanding general. He was accused of incapacity and timidity; and a few expressed the belief that he was treacherous. These suspi-



MACKINACK.

Had Hull marched immediately against Fort cions were confirmed to their minds, when, on alden when he crossed into Canada he might we taken it. He had no means for obtaining charge of Colonel M'Arthur, crossed over to prect information concerning its strength, and Detroit, and remained there four days.

Alarming intelligence now came from the north, the far distant and mysterious region of the Upper Lakes, which was considered the great hive of the fierce savages. In the bosom of the clear, cold, and deep waters of the strait between Lakes Huron and Michigan, a strait forty miles in length and four in breadth, stands a limestone rock, seven miles in circumference, rising in the centre to an altitude of almost three hundred feet, and covered with a rough and generous soil, out of which springs heavy timber. The Indians speaking the Algonquin tongue, impressed with its shape, called it Michilimackinack, which signifies the Great Turtle. That long Indian name has been abbreviated to Mackinack, and by that title the island and strait is now known. It is a delightful spot. As seen from the water, it presents a striking picture of white cliffs, contrasting beautifully with the dark flood below and the green foliage that half covers them.

On that island the English built Fort Mackinack after their conquest of Canada, and it became a possession of great importance. Under the treaty of 1783 it finally passed into the possession of the United States in 1796. In 1812, a new work called Fort Holmes was standing on the high bluff of the southwestern part of the island, and garrisoned by less than sixty men under Lieutenant Hanks of the United States Artillery. It was a dreary post in a social point of view, for it was isolated from all exterior civilized life more than half the year by ice and snow. Now the hum of industry is heard over most of that region; and modern Fort Mackinack, the pleasant village below it, and the picturesque scenery of the island, are visited by hundreds of tourists and sportsmen between May and Novem-

Forty miles northeast from Mackinack was the British island of St. Joseph, on which was a small fort of the same name, garrisoned by about forty volunteers under Captain Roberts of the British army. That officer received early information of the declaration of war, by a letter also in an envelope franked to Buffalo by the



FORT MACKINACK.

American Secretary of the Treasury, while Hanks remained in profound ignorance of the fact and rested in fancied security. On the morning of the 17th of July, when not a cloud was seen in the firmament and no breeze rippled the waters, an overwhelming force of British and Indians, under Captain Roberts, appeared before Mackinack in boats, batteaux, and canoes, and convoyed by the British Northwest Fur Company's armed brig Caledonia. Roberts demanded an immediate surrender of the post "to the forces of his Britannic Majesty." "This," said Hanks in his report of the affair, "was the first intimation I had of the declaration of war." Resistance would have been in vain. The post fell into the hands of the enemy, and the spoils were valuable stores and seven hundred packages of costly furs.

By this capture the key to the fur-trade of a vast region was placed in the possession of the allied enemies of the United States. The command of the Upper Lakes, with all its vast advantages, was transferred to that enemy. The prison-bar that kept back the savages of that region and secured their neutrality was drawn, and Detroit was exposed to fearful raids by those fierce barbarians whose numbers were unknown, and the dread of whom made all the frontier settlements shudder with horror. Such was another result of the criminal remissness, willful neglect, or imbecility of the Government.

The prospect presented to Hull immediately after the fall of Mackinack was justly appalling. His uneasiness was increased by the clear perception of the weaving of a web of extreme difficulties around him. It was becoming more complex every hour. He was in a region almost barren of supplies, with foes on every side. The adjacent country was a wilderness. In the whole territory of Michigan there were not much above five thousand inhabitants: and he was

separated from the Ohio settlements by two hundred miles of solitary forest. He had sent to the Governors of Ohio and Kentucky for reinforcements and supplies, but had, as yet, no positive tidings of their approach. From the north came sounds of dreadful import to a handful of isolated soldiers. The savage chiefs in alliance with the British had sent couriers to all the Indians south as far as the Maumee to inform the warriors of that alliance, and urge them to assemble as quickly as possible at Malden. From the east came a rumor that the Canadians and savages in that direction were hastening toward Malden as a common rendezvous; and that a detach-

ment of British regulars, with artillery, had landed at the west end of Lake Ontario, and were pushing toward the Detroit by way of the Thames, receiving large accessions of militia and Indians. These rumors were followed by a report that Colonel Proctor of the British army had arrived at Malden from Fort Erie, with reinforcements; and an intercepted letter from a member of the Northwest Fur Company, assuring the British authorities that all their employés, and all the neighboring Indians, to the number of four or five thousand men, were ready to assist in the destruction of Hull's army, was placed in the General's hands. To these external causes of alarm was now to be added the display of a spirit of mutiny in his own camp-a spirit, he said, "which before had manifested itself in whispers, increased and became more open. It was evident it was now fostered and encouraged by the principal officers of the militia, and was fast rising."

Such was the situation of General Hull and his little army at the middle of the first week in August, when intelligence came that Captain Brush, of Chilicothe, with more than two hundred Ohio volunteers, a hundred beef cattle; and a mail were at the fords of the Raisin, thirtyfive miles south of Detroit. Great perils lay in the remainder of his way, for Tecumtha and a band of warriors, and some British troops, had crossed the Detroit from Malden to intercept him. Of this movement Brush was informed, and prudently halted at the Raisin. Hull was also apprised of it, and after some hesitation-a reluctance that irritated his young field-officers -he dispatched Major Van Horne, of Findlay's regiment, with two hundred men, to join Brush and act as auxiliary convoy for the cattle, provisions, and mail.

whole territory of Michigan there were not much above five thousand inhabitants; and he was August, and that night his soldiers slept on their



arms on the right bank of the Ecorces River. They pressed forward at an early hour the next morning. The flat country over which their path lay was veiled with a light fog. The air was still and sultry. Cautiously they moved forward through the open woods and over the green savannas. Four spies under Captain M'Culloch led the van watching for the enemy, and while passing a field of corn in full bloom, they were fired upon by concealed Indians. The brave leader fell, and before his comrades could reach the spot the dusky allies of the British bore away his shining scalp-lock, an acceptable trophy to their employers.

Onward the main column moved. Rumors of other savages near were prevalent, but Van Horne, accustomed to alarmists, did not believe them. Suddenly, near the little village of Brownstown, they fell into an ambuscade and were terribly smitten by a storm of bullets. The attack of the savages was quick, sharp, and deadly. To avoid being surrounded, Van Horne ordered a retreat, and a running fight ensued half-way back to the waters of the Ecorces. The mail in care of the detachment, containing important information-letters in which the weakness and disaffection of Hull's army were revealed-fell into the hands of the enemy. The detachment lost seventeen men killed, and several wounded, who were left on the field.

"Let us instantly retrieve this misfortune," said the young and ardent officers at head-quarters. "Brush and our needed supplies are in peril. The way between the army and Ohio must be kept open or we are lost. Send five hundred men at once to escort Brush to Detroit." Hull listened, shook his head, and said, "I can spare only one hundred men." The decision fell like ice on the hearts of the brave soldiers. These were too few. The enterprise must be abandoned and Brush be left at the mercy of Tecumtha and his savage followers. Then followed indignation and alarm, and a mutinous spirit, far more manifest than ever before, broke out at head-quarters. There was a great deal of plain talk-talk which startled the General and caused him to assemble a council of fieldofficers, which resulted in an agreement to march immediately upon Malden.

Orders for a forward movement diffused joy throughout the little army. Every man was seen cheerily engaged in preparation; but when

another order went out from the Commanderin-Chief, which cast a cloud of disappointment over the camp more sombre than the curtain of night which speedily fell upon it. It was an order for the army to abandon Canada and recross the river to Detroit! Intelligence had just reached Hull that General Brock, the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in Upper Canada, was hastening toward Malden with reinforcements that would imperil the Americans. This intelligence, and the necessity for keeping open his communication with Ohio, forced the cautious Hull to the wise conclusion that an inglorious termination of the invasion of British soil would not be so disastrous as the loss of his army. He believed the longer occupation of that soil to be perilous in the extreme; so, leaving a corps of artillerists to occupy Fort Gowies (a brick house stockaded) and a large stone building in Sandwich, yet standing, "to hold possession of that part of Canada, and afford all possible protection to the well-disposed inhabitants," Hull recrossed that deep, dark, and rapidly-flowing river, sullenly followed by his disappointed and humiliated army.

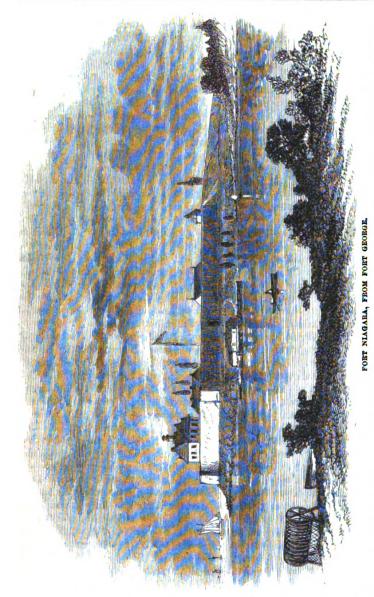
The vigilant and energetic Brock was indeed on his way with reinforcements for Fort Malden. He was Lieutenant-Governor of Canada, and, while he was preparing for war in the Upper Province, Sir George Prevost, the Governor-General, was spending precious time at Quebec in the indulgence of doubts whether war had actually begun.

Brock was at York (now Toronto) when intelligence of the declaration of war reached him. He had just ordered an extraordinary session of the Provincial Legislature. He flew to Fort George, on the Niagara River, with the intention of seizing the American Fort Niagara opposite. Prudence forbade the attempt; so he summoned the militia of the Canadian Peninsula to arms, and at his call a hundred Indians from the Grand River hastened to his standard under John Brant, son of the great Mohawk chief.

On the 20th of July Brock received intelligence of Hull's invasion and a copy of his proclamation. He also heard of the disaffection of the inhabitants in the west. He comprehended the peril that menaced the Province, and sent Colonel Proctor with reinforcements for Fort Malden. He then hastened to York to attend the long summer day was drawing to a close to his civil duties. These, for the moment,







were made subordinate to military necessity. He prorogued the Legislature, and issued a proclamation to counteract that of Hull; and while that General was lingering near Sandwich he gathered some militia, clothed them in the scarlet uniform of regulars to deceive the Americans, and pushed on toward the Detroit. The fatal tardiness of General Dearborn in placing troops on the Niagara frontier to make a diversion there in favor of Hull, as was promised, enabled Brock to thus strip that frontier, on the Canada side, of its military defenders, and use them timely in checking the invasion. Brock was twenty years the junior of Hull, quick in his perceptions, hopeful, and full of

On their withdrawal from Canada Hull's army encamped on the rolling plain in the rear of Fort Detroit. Lieutenant-Colonel Miller was then orthe Raisin, and escort Brush to Detroit. He chose part regulars and part Ohio and Michigan militia for the enterprise. They were paraded on Jefferson Avenue, nearly opposite the present Exchange, where they were addressed by the brave Lieutenant-Colonel. After assuring them that they would soon meet the enemy, and by victory retrieve Van Horne's disaster, he turned to his comrades of the Fourth Regiment, and said: "My brave soldiers, you will add another victory to that of Tippecanoe -another laurel to that gained on the Wabash last fall. If there is now any man in the ranks who fears to meet the enemy, let him fall out and stay behind." A loud huzza went up from the entire corps, and "I'll not stay! I'll not stay!" broke from every lip. That night Miller and his men bivouacked on the southern bank of the Rouge River.

On the morning of the 9th of August, a sultry, lowering Sabbath morning, Miller pressed forward in the path of Van Horne. He was accompanied by that officer and several others who had volunteered as aids. Spies, commanded by Major Maxwell, led the way. These were followed by a vanguard of forty men,

under the heroic Captain Snelling. The infantry marched in two columns, two hundred yards apart. The cavalry kept the road in the centre. Flank guards of riflemen marched at proper distances, and all were in position to form a line of battle immediately. Toward noon Indians, fleet of foot, were seen flying in the distance; and as an eager citizen of Detroit dashed ahead of the column he was shot dead near the cabin of Walk-in-the-Water, the hostile Wyandot chief, near Maguaga. His scalp was borne off as a trophy and spoil, having a marketable value in gold at Malden.

The day was waning, and Snelling and his men were approaching the Oak Woods near Maguaga, not far from the Detroit River, when they received a terrible volley of musket-balls from a line of British and Indians in ambush, the former commanded by Major Muir, and the dered to take six hundred men, open the way to latter by Tecumtha. They had come up from

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MAGUAGA BATTLE GROUND .- THE OAK WOODS

Brownstown, where the flying Indians just mentioned had given them notice of the approach of the Americans. Snelling received and returned the fire gallantly. Miller's quick ear caught the first sound of the battle, and ordering his men forward at double-quick, he rode at full speed toward the field of conflict. As his troops came up he waved his sword and shouted, "Charge, boys, charge!" The order was instantly and effectively obeyed, especially by the gallant Major Dequindre and his Michigan militia and Ohio volunteers, who fell upon the savages on the right wing of the enemy and scattered them in all directions.

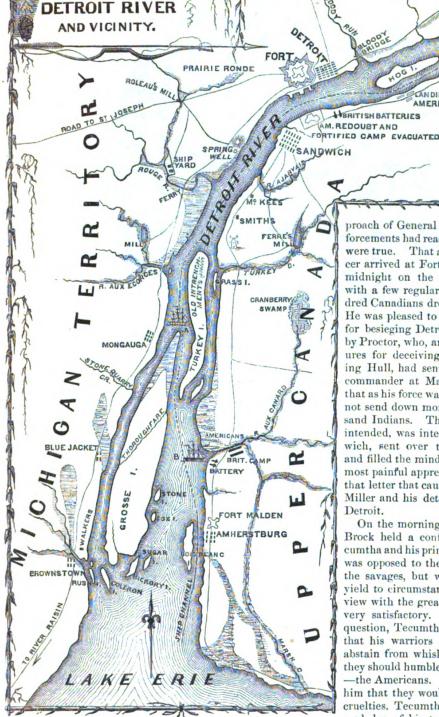
The conflict now became general, and the whole British line, civilized and savage, soon wavered. Expecting an attack in the rear the British regulars and Canadians fled in confusion, leaving Tecumtha and his followers to bear the brunt of the battle. These, too, fled; when Miller ordered one of his cavalry officers to pursue. The trooper hesitated. The impetuous Snelling, perceiving the tokens of cowardice, rushed up to him, ordered him to dismount, leaped into the delinquent's saddle himself, and at the head of a troop of horsemen, bareheaded, his long red hair streaming meteor-like in the wind, he dashed after the fugitives and pursued them more than two miles.

Anxious to follow up his advantage, Miller, of the little army would only be found in deat sunset, sent a messenger to Hull to ask for a supply of provisions. Hull promptly responded by dispatching Colonel M'Arthur and a hundred it. He declined, but was willing to give it to

men, in boats, with food. The night was dark and stormy, and they passed the British vessels and reached their destination in safety; but when, the next day, they attempted to return by water with the wounded, they were intercepted by those vessels, and compelled to abandon their boats and make their way to Detroit by land. Meanwhile Colonel Cass had come down. Miller had been injured by a fall from his horse at the commencement of the battle and was too ill to proceed. Knowing the importance of prompt action at that moment, Cass sent a note to Hull, saying, "Colonel Miller is sick, may I relieve No reply came, and he hastened tohim?" ward Detroit. On his way he met a messenger from Hull, conveying positive orders to Miller for the immediate return of his whole detachment to head-quarters. Thus another opportunity for achieving great good was lost by the seeming timidity and indecision of the commanding general.

The troops were now exceedingly dispirited; according to modern phraseology, "totally demoralized." The shortcomings of the General were freely discussed; and the belief prevailed that he was traitorously inclined or had become an imbecile. His incompetency was felt by all; and his officers of every grade, after consultation, came to the conclusion that the salvation of the little army would only be found in depriving him of the command and giving it to another. Colonel Miller was asked to accept it. He declined, but was willing to give it to

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proach of General Brock with reinforcements had reached Hull. They were true. That accomplished officer arrived at Fort Malden at near midnight on the 13th of August, with a few regulars and three hundred Canadians dressed as regulars. He was pleased to find preparations for besieging Detroit already made by Proctor, who, among other measures for deceiving and disheartening Hull, had sent a letter to the commander at Mackinack, saying, that as his force was strong, he need not send down more than five thousand Indians. That letter, as was intended, was intercepted at Sandwich, sent over to head-quarters, and filled the mind of Hull with the most painful apprehensions. It was that letter that caused Hull to order Miller and his detachment back to

S. CLAIR PEACH

YORK

NDING OF THE AMERICANS JULY 5. 1812.

On the morning after his arrival Brock held a conference with Tecumtha and his principal chiefs. He was opposed to the employment of the savages, but was compelled to yield to circumstances. His interview with the great Shawnoese was very satisfactory. In reply to a question, Tecumtha assured Brock that his warriors had promised to abstain from whisky-drinking until they should humble the Long Knives the Americans. He also assured him that they would not indulge in cruelties. Tecumtha's demeanor was a pledge of his truthfulness. His

M'Arthur. But when the moment for positive appearance was very prepossessing. He was about forty years of age; his figure was light and lithe; his height five feet nine inches; his color a light copper; his face oval, with eyes of dark general at the head of the army. While I would hazel, the whole beaming with cheerfulness, energy, and decision. Three small silver coronets were suspended from the lower cartilage of his We have observed that rumors of the ap- nose, and a large silver medallion, given to his

action came they all hesitated. It would be a bold step for subordinate officers to strip the epaulets from the shoulders of a commanding was waiting upon I dare, a new scene in the drama suddenly opened.

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TECUMTHA.

father by Lord Dorchester when Governor-General of Canada, hung from his neck by a string of mixed wampum. His dress was neat. It consisted of a scarlet military coat appropriate to his rank; tanned deer-skin jacket, and trowsers of the same material, the seams of both neatly fringed. On his feet were ornamented leather moccasins, and on his head was a scarlet cap with ornamented band and an eagle's feather.

Brock lost no time at Malden, but pushed on toward Sandwich, sending before him a proclamation calculated to calm the fears of the inhabitants and secure their loyalty. This was easy, for Hull's desertion of them had produced great exasperation. The little American force at Fort Gowies and Sandwich had already fled across the river, and Captain Dixon, of the Royal Engineers, commenced erecting batteries opposite Detroit. Hull's artillerists begged permission to interrupt their work by sending over a few meddlesome 24-pound shot; but the commander, who seemed unwilling to either injure or exasperate the foe, denied their request. Captain Snelling, impetuous, confident, and brave, earnestly desired to cross the river with a party in the night and attempt the capture of the British engineers; but the cautious Hull would not consent.

The thoughts of the little army were frequently turned with the greatest anxiety to far distant Ohio, their only source of supply; and on the day when Brock appeared at Sandwich, Hull ordered M'Arthur and Cass to march with three hundred and fifty men toward the Raisin for the relief of Brush. M'Arthur was placed in the chief command of the expedition. They departed in haste just at the close of a sultry day, taking very little food with them, for Hull prom-

They took a circuitous route by the upper fords of the Huron to avoid the enemy. At sunset the next day they found themselves twenty-four miles from Detroit, half famished, and so entangled in a swamp that they could not proceed. They anxiously looked for the pack-horses with food. In their stead a solitary horseman appeared just as the twilight ended. He bore a summons from Hull for the detachment to return to Detroit immediately. They obeyed; and at ten o'clock the next morning they were in sight of the town. Since dawn they had heard the sullen booming of cannon in that direction. Affairs there had reached a crisis.

For two days the British had piled up earthworks and planted a heavy battery opposite Detroit without molestation from twenty-eight pieces of ordnance, with which chafing artillerists might have swept clean the Canada shore from the present Windsor to Sandwich. Those works and that battery would command the fort and town, and yet Hull would not allow any interference with them.

When Brock was full ready for attack, at noon on the 15th of August, he sent a flag to Hull with a summons for the immediate and unconditional surrender of the post. "It is far from my inclination," Brock said, significantly, in his note, "to join in a war of extermination; but you must be aware that the numerous body of Indians who have attached themselves to my troops will be beyond my control the moment the contest commences."

This covert threat of letting loose the bloodthirsty savages deeply stirred the commanding General with conflicting emotions. His pride of character and his hitherto unsuspected and tried patriotism, for which he was venerated, bade him fight; his tenderness of heart, his sense of responsibility, and his fear of dreadful consequences to the army and the inhabitants under his charge as General and chief-magistrate bade him surrender. His whole effective force did not exceed one thousand men. The fort was thronged with trembling women, helpless children, and decrepit old men of the town and surrounding country, who had fled thither to escape the blow of the tomahawk and the keen blade of the scalping-knife. Among them were his own daughter and her children. Every thing conspired to make him doubt his ability to sustain a siege. Dearborn had evidently failed to make the promised diversion at Niagara and Kingston, or Brock would not have been at Sandwich. The way to Ohio, the source of Hull's supplies, was cut off by a vigilant foe as well as a broad wilderness. His provisions were becoming too scarce to promise long sustenance. Hemmed in on every side by a foe of unknown strength, and his own force wasting by disease and disappointment, his natural kindness of heart and the timorous circumspection of old age counseled him to yield. He did not know that Proctor's intercepted letter was intended for him. He did not know that a large portion of ised to send after them a supply on pack-horses. Brock's troops, reported to him as Regulars,

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were Long Point Militia in the uniform of Regulars. He sincerely believed that his little army was in imminent peril, and doomed, possibly, to experience the horrors of Indian atrocities.

A younger man, full of resolution and resource, might have braved the dangers of an attack, even at this period, from an enemy who could not fail to perceive that he had a timid antagonist to deal with. For full two hours Hull detained the flag while endeavoring to decide what to do. Stimulated by the courage and earnest words of his soldiers he at length answered. "I have no other reply to make than to inform you that I am ready to meet any force which may be at your disposal, and any consequences which may result from its execution in any way you may think proper to use it." This decision was greeted by a defiant shout from the garrison and the soldiery without.

An immediate attack was expected. Major Jesup rode down to Spring Wells to reconnoitre. He there saw the Queen Charlotte apparently ready for action, and the British in great numbers at Sandwich. Not doubting that it was their intention to cross there, he hastened back and asked Hull to have a 24-pounder placed so as to sweep the suspected landing-place. Hull refused. Jesup and Snelling then asked for troops to oppose the landing of the foe. Hull refused. They then asked for a small body of troops to go over and seize and spike the cannon that commanded the town and fort. Hull refused. His reply to the last request had just been given when the British battery opposite opened with shot and shell. Hull took shelter within the walls of the fort, and ordered all the troops, but a few, to follow him.

The British kept up a cannonade and bombardment until almost midnight. Just at the dawn of a bright and beautiful Sabbath morning, the 16th of August, a large portion of Brock's army landed at Spring Wells, unopposed by ball, bullet, or bayonet. Tecumtha, with six hundred Indians, took position in the woods to flank the Americans. After a breakfast enjoyed without molestation, the whole invading army moved cautiously upon Detroit. The white troops were in single column, their left flank covered by the savages, and their right resting on the Detroit River, covered by the guns of the Queen Charlotte.

The Americans, though inferior in numbers, had greatly the advantage in position, fortifications, and artillery. Miller and the Fourth Regiment of Regulars were in the fort. Ohio Volunteers and part of the Michigan Militia were posted behind the town palisades, so as to annoy the enemy's whole left flank. residue of the militia were stationed in the upper part of the town, to resist any attempts of the Indians to enter it. Two 24-pounders had been placed in battery on an eminence, from which they could sweep the approaching column.

Onward, with steady tread, the invaders move.

allel with the river glows with scarlet uniforms. That column in which is centred the real strength of the enemy has reached a point within five hundred yards of the fort, where the 24pounders may hurl terrible destruction upon them. The gunners are ready, with lighted matches, and only await the order to fire. That word, so fatal to the foe, is withheld. Another, fatal to the hopes of the Americans and the reputation of the commander, goes forth. Hull sends out an imperative order for the troops to retreat within the fortress! Astonished and bewildered, they rave like madmen. Some of the Ohio troops, in whose veins runs the best blood of the continent, are almost in open mutiny. They resolve to seize and imprison the General, declare his successor, and destroy the invaders. But Reason prevails over Passion. Like good soldiers, they obey the order; but they enter the fort with feelings of intense bitterness and dis-

The fort was now densely crowded, and scenes within it were most appalling. Ever since the dawn the British battery had been throwing shot and shell at intervals, but without doing much damage: now that battery was worked with increased energy and destructiveness. Suddenly a huge ball came bounding over the front wall of the fort, dealing death and destruction in its passage. A group of officers, at the door of the quarters of one of them, were almost annihilated by it. Many women and children were in the building. Some of them, petrified by affright and bespattered with blood, were carried senseless to the bomb-proof vault for safety.

The General saw the effects of the ball from a distance. He knew not whether his own child was slain. Another shot immediately followed, and killed two soldiers. The storm of iron was becoming more furious. The yells of the savages were heard in the woods. The Regulars and Canadians were almost at the gates. The terrible casualties already observed the General believed to be the precursors of greater calamities, and he was unnerved. He paced the parade backward and forward in the most anxious frame of mind. At that moment an officer from the Michigan Militia in the town, who had observed the steady approach of the foe without opposition, came in haste to the General to inquire whether that force alone was to defend the place, and to inform him that the British and a large body of the Indians were at the tan-vard, close upon the village. The General made no reply, but, stepping into a room in the barracks, he wrote a brief note, handed it to his son, Captain Hull, and directed him to display a white flag immediately from the walls of the fort, where it might be seen by Captain Dixon, the commander of the British battery on the opposite side of the river. He obeyed, and a table-cloth was soon seen fluttering in the wind over the eastern wall. The guns of the enemy were silenced by it; and a few minutes later a boat with a flag of truce was seen crossing the De-The forest swarms with Indians. The road par- troit. The bearer conveyed a message to Brock



The astonished Briton sent back commissioners authorized to arrange the terms of surrender.

The white flag upon the walls had awakened painful suspicions in the minds of the Americans; the arrival of the British officers announced the virtual betrayal of the garrison, for Hull had asked no man's advice, nor suggested to any the possibility of a surrender. The act was his own, quick, and as unexpected as a thunder-bolt from a clear sky. Not a shot had been fired upon the enemy-not an effort to stay his course had been made. For a moment nothing but reverence for his gray hairs and veneration for a meritorious soldier of the Revolution saved the commander from personal violence at the hands of his people. Even the women were indignant at so shameful a degradation of the American charac-Many of the soldiers shed tears of mortification and disappointment; and when the order for surrendering their arms was given, they dashed their weapons upon the ground, exclaiming, with bitter scorn, "Damn such a General!"

When the terms of surrender were agreed upon, Hull sent a note to Colonels M'Arthur and Cass, announcing the fact, and informing them that the detachment then under their command were included in the capitulation. They had arrived in sight of Detroit at about the time when the white flag had silenced the British battery. They attempted to communicate with Hull, but failed; and for many hours they waited in wonder for a message from head-quarters, confident that they might fall upon the rear of the invaders, and make their capture or destruc-tion an easy matter. A message finally came, in the form just mentioned, and was followed at sunset by a British officer, authorized by Hull to receive their surrender. The dark, lustrous eyes of M'Arthur flashed with indignation at the demand. Then, as they filled with tears of deepest mortification, he thrust his sword into



DUNCAN M'ARTHUR.

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from Hull, proposing an immediate capitulation. | the ground, broke it in pieces, and tore the epaulets from his shoulders. This paroxysm of feeling was soon followed by dignified calmness; and in the dim twilight M'Arthur and Cass, with their whole detachment, were marched into the fort, where the arms of the soldiers were stacked. The formal surrender of the fort and garrison had taken place that day at meridian.

> At noon on Monday, the 17th, General Brock and his staff, and other British officers, appeared in full uniform; and in their presence a salute was fired from the esplanade in front of the fort, with one of the brass cannon included in the capitulation, which bore the following inscription: "TAKEN AT SARATOGA, ON THE 17TH OF OCTOBER, 1777." Some of the British officers greeted the released captive with kisses. The Americans retook it on the banks of the Thames in Canada, in October the following year. In April, 1861, I saw it in the arsenal at Frankfort, Kentucky.

> The surrender of Detroit produced the greatest indignation. The national pride was intensely mortified. In less than two months after war was declared, and the favorite scheme of invasion of the enemy's province had been put in motion, a strong military post, a spirited army, and a magnificent territory (for the whole peninsula of Michigan was included in the surrender), had been given up. The opposition denounced the Government, and the Government frowned awfully upon General Hull. While he and his fellow-officers were on their way to Montreal as prisoners of war, Colonel Cass was hastening to the city of Washington to lay before the Government a history of the campaign. He made his communication in writing. The letter exhibited much warmth of feeling, and its immediate circulation in print prejudiced the public mind against Hull, and intensified the indignant reproaches which the first intelligence of the surrender had caused to be hurled at the head of the unfortunate General. It also diverted public attention, for a while, from the palpable inefficiency of the War Department, and the injurious delays of General Dearborn, to which much of the disaster should properly be charged. The young Colonel's opinions, as well as facts, were eagerly accepted by the excited public as veritable history. His assertion that "had the courage and conduct of the General been equal to the spirit and zeal of the troops, the event would have been as brilliant and successful as it was disastrous and dishonorable," was accepted as indisputable truth.

> General Hull was soon exchanged, and retired to his little farm in Massachusetts under a cloud of deepest disgrace. It was a year and a half before he was tried by a court-martial. The result has been mentioned. For twelve years he remained silent. Then he published an able vindication of his conduct. Soon afterward, on his dying bed, he declared his conviction that he was right as a soldier and as a man in surrendering Detroit. He had the consolation of feeling, before his departure, a growing sympathy

for him in the partially disabused public mind thirty years. Let his faults (for, like all men, which prophesied of future justice.

The facts given in this outline of Hull's campaign, and others which limited space would not allow me to introduce, unattended by analysis, comparison, and argument, present the conduct we will, with eyes unfilmed by prejudice, the of the veteran in that campaign, in some instances, in an unfavorable light, not as an actual coward-not as an actual traitor, but as having the semblance of both. After having weighed these facts and many others, and estimated their value in connection with the concurrent circumstances to which they bore positive relationship -after having considered the composition of the court-martial, and the relations of that court and the witnesses to the accused, and the testimony in detail, I am constrained to believe that General Hull was actuated throughout that campaign by the purest impulses of patriotism and humanity. That he was weak, we may allow; that he was wicked, we can not believe. His weakness, evinced at times by vacillation, was not the child of cowardice, but of excessive prudence engendered by the noblest sentiments of the human heart. This, in his case, was enhanced by the disabilities of waning physical vigor. He was then far down the western slope of life, when men counsel more than act. The perils and fatigues of the journey from Dayton to Detroit had prostrated him; and the anxieties created by his responsibilities bore heavily upon his judgment. These difficulties his young, vigorous, ambitious, daring officers could not understand; and while they were honestly cursing him they should have been kindly nursing him. When he could perceive no alternative but surrender or destruction, he bravely determined to choose the most courageous and humane course; so he faced the frowns and taunts of his soldiers and the expected scorn of his countrymen rather than fill the beautiful land of Ohio and the settlements of Michigan with mourning.

Hull had warned the Government of the folly of attempting the conquest of Canada without better preparation. But the young hot-bloods of the Administration-Clay, and others-could not wait; and the President and his Cabinet, lacking all the essential knowledge for planning a campaign, had sent him on an errand of vast importance and difficulty, without seeming to comprehend its vastness or estimating the means necessary for its accomplishment. The conception of the campaign was a huge blunder, and Hull saw it; and the failure to put in vigorous motion for his support auxiliary and co-operative forces was criminal neglect. When the result was found to be a failure and humiliation, the Administration perceived it and sought a refuge. Public indignation must be appeared the lightning of the public wrath must be averted. General Hull was made the chosen victim for the peace-offering-the sin-bearing scape-goat; and on his head the fiery thunder-bolts were hurled.

The grass has now grown greenly upon the grave of General Hull for almost eight-and-

he was not immaculate) also be covered with the verdure of blessed charity. Two generations have passed away since the dark cloud first brooded over his fair fame. We may all see, if silver edging which tells of the brightness of good intentions behind it, and prophesies of evanishment and a clear sky. Let History be just in spite of the clamors of hoary Error.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

WE sat together, you and I, That evening in the month of June, Beneath the porch; the deep-blue sky Held the sharp crescent of the moon.

So mildly shone her silvery light On the smooth lawn it seemed to sleep; Sweet odors filled the summer night From fragrant gardens ankle-deep.

The honey-suckle, wet with dew, Scattered her perfume on the air; Soft gales from spicy woodlands blew, And toyed each moment with your hair.

And now and then the drowsy herd, From meadow pastures far and near, Lowed dreamily; the startled bird Twittered the while; and sweet and clear

The murmur of the cool, dark stream, That woo'd with song the heart of Night; And through the vines a truant beam Of moonlight kissed your neck so white.

I held your tender hand-we talked About the future and the past; Or sometimes down the path we walked Beneath the lindens; till at last

The moon sank in the violet east, Gilding the thin clouds as she went; And on the lawn the shades increased Till all in doubtful dusk was blent.

When suddenly upon the night, Near where the moon had sunk to rest, Kindled a strange, mysterious light Behind the ragged mountain's crest,

And up the glittering arch of blue, And far across the billowy plain, As through the air the meteor flew, A ball of fire with streaming mane.

How wildly gleamed your startled eye, How tight your fingers clasped my hand, As slowly in the western sky It faded, leaving all the land

To darkness and the silent stars! That night, upon my restless bed I tossed, in dreams of cruel wars And fields of battle strewn with dead.



Wettie's Shells.

THE waste of the great sea was lost In wastes of sand on Barbary's coast, Where a maiden played on the beach with shells That sang in her ears like summer bells. The sun, that had scorched the desert dry, Had tinged her face with its violet dye: The breaking waves, in murmurs hoarse, Gave back the echo of Nature's curse. But she heard not these, nor remembered then Tales that her mother had told in vain, Of stranger ships that flitted by On snow-white wings, in mystery; Of their pale-faced crews, with hearts of stone, Sweeping the coast like the dread simoon; And the piteous fate of man or maid That fell in the way of their heartless raid. Lost in her dreams, she forgot all these; The tiny shells but whispered peace: And she seemed to hear from beyond the sea Bland winds that wooed her steps away.

But our Thought works magic through secret laws, And swift through darkness its answer draws; Else why, within this dim twilight, Floats yonder vessel into sight, With white wings flapping in the wind, Leaving whole leagues of sea behind? A boat was lowered, and twelve white hands Brought it to anchor in the sands: And twelve white hands the maid did seize, With her shells in her lap, in dumb amaze. With her shells in her lap, across the sea They brought poor Nettie in cruel glee; And when they landed, she was bound And sold as a slave in Newport town. Light were her bonds, but she deeply sighed When she looked on the ocean dark and wide. Winters and summers came and went, And the marvel lasted which God had sent.

For Nettie lived to grow old among A people whose love outlived their wrong; And she wore, long ere her hour of death, In a happy triumph, Freedom's wreath. From Nature's bonds and Man's, through love, She swan-like passed to realms above. And thus the ways of God grew plain, Which through small losses brought great gain: For Slavery is God's in the highest sense, And this is every recompense. Old Nettie's shells sing yet in our ears The meaning of this many years: They ring in: "Freedom as the end "Toward which all human footsteps tend:

"Hid in the shadow of the White

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"The Black race struggles into light;

"And wee to him that in God's good hour

"Maintains the Shadow, and mocks His powe Vor. XXVI.—No. 156.—3 A



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GARROTING IN LONDON.

ROBBERY AS A SCIENCE.

E QUINCEY'S famous essay on "Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts," is perhaps the grimest specimen of humor in our language. Think of a "Society for the Encouragement of Murder" having a regular course of monthly lectures, with coffee, chocolate, and sandwiches, like our own excellent Historical Society, and most likely, more Anglice, with a formal annual dinner, with an elaborate report on the state of the Art, and the general progress of the society: is it not a fearful take-off upon many of our own "Societies" whose May Anniversaries used to form a feature in our spring amusements? Now, as a matter of fact, we can not think that murder has been fairly reduced to the category of an Art or a Science unless the poisonings of Brinvilliers, the Borgias, and others in France and Italy may be so considered; for in the system of "Thuggee" in India, although only that he might be robbed. But robbery, pure and simple, has been brought to the per-

fection of a system. with well-established rules, cunning implements, and able professors. The ablest professors of the science are doubtless to be found in England, though some of no mean ability now and then pay us a visit. To study this science thoroughly, therefore, one must go to London, just as the young surgeon should study in the hospitals of Paris, or the young artist in the galleries of Rome. Moreover, special implements are required for the more delicate operations, which are only produced at Sheffield, Birmingham, and Wolverhampton; and as there is a general prejudice against their use, they are not sold openly, so that the person who proposes to enter the highest branches of the profession, and must therefore have the best tools, must procure them in person from the manufacturers. London is therefore the school for the

robber; and the person who wishes to guard against his performances needs to look to London for the means.

A late writer in the Cornhill Magazine, who has thoroughly studied up the subject, gives the result of his researches, which we propose to embody in this paper. We give him general credit for the whole, our own contributions being too insignificant to be taken into the account. He commences with describing the system of "garroting," which, within a few months, has filled so large a space in every English publication, from Punch to the Times.

Crimes, he says, like some other diseases, are often epidemical. They appear from time to time in new forms and in strangely gathered force, rage a while, and then die away; their coming and their going being equally inexplicable, or at least unexplained. A few years ago the garrote broke out suddenly, like a new plague, infested the streets with danger, infected murder was always involved, it was only as an the community with half-shameful apprehenaccessory to robbery: the victim was killed, but sions, and disappeared without leaving a hint to settle our bewilderment. Winter after winter passed, and the garroter came not again.

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He was no more heard of than Paul Jones or | man." These designations are perfectly signifthe Black Death; when suddenly no place was safe from his atrocities. The long summer nights had scarcely ended, the doors of that most civilizing Exhibition at Brompton were not yet closed, when we were surprised by the most inclement ruffianism that ever disgraced a nineteenth century. Once more the streets of London are unsafe by day or night. The epidemic has come upon us again, and we are just as unprepared and as helpless as before. The doctors who are appointed to regulate our social system are taken by surprise, and the public dread has almost become a panic.

It is certainly not to increase the panic that this paper is written; but simply to expound from the lips of criminals themselves, and for the information of honest men, the most approved and successful methods of burglary and the garrote. The subject is not a pleasant one, and I feel almost apologetic for the slang that I must write. On the other hand, what I have learned among burglars and garroters in my prison ministrations may be useful at a time like this; and for the rest we should remember that dread may encourage the propagation of moral as well as physical disorders. To fear the plague is to be half dead of it; and by the time a gang of desperadoes have intimidated a whole city they have become to other rogues so glorious that they are sure to be imitated, and imitated by bungling ruffians more dangerous even than the original practitioners. This has been shown already in the rise and progress of the garrote system of robbery. At first it was a scientific operation, abundantly cruel, but not absolutely murderous; the intention was neither to kill nor to maim. The audacity of the system, its novelty, and the difficulty of guarding against it terrified the public; and this terror gave the very best testimony that could be borne to the merits of a practice already too inviting to crime. Rogues with a good heart for such work, but no skill, rude unhandy villains, took up the trade, and now it is carried on with a ferocity more than brutal.

We have been told, and the statement is curious if true, that the garroter first acquired his art in a convict-ship, where her Majesty's jailers practiced it on him occasionally, whenever he became very outrageous. Finding how easily he was subdued by this method, and how little it injured him if coolly applied, the convict noted the trick, with an eye to business when he should become a ticket-of-leave man. Perhaps it is because the lessons they have received were all at their own sore cost that regular garroters work with great care. They practice upon each other frequently before they venture into the streets—not only to acquire the art of garroting in every possible position and attitude, but that they may learn how long and with what degree of force they may hug their victim's throat without endangering his life or seriously injuring him. They consort in companies of three-a "front stall," a "back stall," and a "nasty of strife. This operation is assigned to the Digitized by UNIVERSITY OF MICH

icant of the part each man is expected to play. The "nasty man" is, of course, the actual operator; and, accordingly, he is the leader in all enterprises, and takes a larger share of the plun-

A regular gang does not often make speculative ventures. They call that "throwing a chance away," meaning that they run extraordinary risks. Only when the rogues are "hard up," or made audacious by drink, or encouraged beyond their cooler judgment by such a run of success as they have achieved in London lately, do they "throw a chance away." The favorite method is to select a promising victim, mark his incomings and outgoings, and await a fair opportunity of time and place. By many unsuspected means, as well as those which are open to every body, they get to know that such and such a man carries a good "stake" about with him, in money, watch, jewelry, etc., and that he is generally to be found walking in a certain direction at certain seasons. He is marked. Time and place are fixed for the deed; but opportunity is never forced. If success appears doubtful on one occasion they wait till another comes round, and will dog one man for nights and even weeks together. At last fortune favors the unjust, and the thing is done. The "front stall" walks a few yards in advance of the prey; it is his duty to look out for dangers ahead. The "back stall" comes on at a still further distance behind, or sometimes in the carriage-way-aloof, but at the victim's side. Immediately in his rear walks the "nasty man," approaching nearer and nearer, with steps which keep time with those of him whom he follows. The first stall lifts his hat from his head in token that all is clear beyond; the second stall makes no sign to the contrary; and then the third ruffian, coming swiftly up, flings his right arm round the victim, striking him smartly on the forehead. Instinctively he throws his head back, and in that movement loses every chance of escape. His throat is fully offered to his assailant, who instantly embraces it with his left arm, the bone just above the wrist being pressed against the "apple" of the throat. At the same moment the garroter, dropping his right hand, seizes the other's left wrist, and, thus supplied with a powerful lever, draws him back upon his breast and there holds him. The "nasty man's" part is done. His burden is helpless from the first moment, and speedily becomes insensible; all he has now to do is to be a little merciful. An experienced garroter knows immediately when his prey is insensible (or so he boasts), and then he relaxes his embrace somewhat; but if symptoms of recovery should follow too rapidly the hug is tightened forthwith. Meanwhile the stalls are busy. Their first care, after the victim is seized and safely held, is to take off his hat and their comrade's too; hats awkwardly kick about in the scuffle, and it is obviously not well for the garroter to leave any thing that is his on the field

"front stall," and is simple enough; but he has sometimes to perform another and a far more onerous one. Should the "nasty man" have a "tumble," or, in language a little plainer, should he find a difficulty in "screwing up" his subject, it is the duty of the "front stall" to assist him by a heavy blow, generally delivered just under the waist. The screwing up is easy after that, and then the second stall proceeds to rifle the victim's pockets. This done, the garroter allows his insensible burden to drop to the ground, carefully avoiding a fall, lest that should arouse him.

I once allowed a thief, continues our authority, whom I visited in his cell, to garrote me. We had a clear understanding that I was not to be made insensible; but he explained that it was necessary that he should screw me hard if I wished to experience the sensation of the garroted, and to know how speedily the trick could be done. I submitted to this view, and in a marvelously short period found that I had gone through almost all that the "nasty man" inflicts in an ordinary way. The operation was exactly what I have above described it; it occupied a few seconds only; and yet, had I been held a few seconds longer, I must have become insensible. As it was, I was wholly helpless, and my throat was not easy again for several weeks afterward. Although this is the most approved mode of garroting, there are othersas may be seen from the police reports which have made the news-sheet so hideous lately; it is obvious, moreover, that circumstances must sometimes oblige the best-regulated gangs to vary their tactics. A "nasty man" will sometimes work alone, lying in wait in a door-way, or at a street corner. More brutal and inexpert thieves press the fingers of both hands into the victim's throat; others use a short stick, which is passed across the throat from behind, and hauled back at both ends-a plan seldom adopted, though, and one that is of no avail to long-armed ruffians. Another set of thieves, who go the shorter way to work of pouncing on the wayfarer and stunning him with a blow, are not garroters at all, and are as much despised by regular practitioners as both parties are execrated by every body else.

Sometimes garroters select largely frequented thoroughfares for their work, trusting in that case to the very boldness of their guilt; but, as a rule, they prefer late hours and lonely, illlighted places. They are very shrewd in the selection of their subjects, and profess to be able dows (by insertion between the upper and lowto tell at a glance whether a man is worth "planting." Garroters are not without expedients to avoid suspicion, should they be interrupted by a passer-by. Their victim is then end; skeleton-keys of various sizes, with wards their friend; and their friend is intoxicated, at each end, called "double-enders;" wires to they are sorry to say; and the stranger will be lift lock-tumblers; and a centre-bit. This is a good enough to pass on, perhaps, as otherwise complete set of ordinary tools; and they are usuthe police may observe their friend, which would ally carried in an honest commercial-looking kit be awkward. Or they pretend that he has been or carpet-bag. A capitalist entering on busitaken suddenly ill, or is in a fit; and starting iness may obtain the whole budget, nicely fitted, off, one to fetch a cab and another a doctor, the for about five pounds, it is said. rogues make good their escape.

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Women are seldom garroted; and their exemption is due, perhaps, to some last spark of manly and generous feeling which even a garroter may cherish. There are other motives, to be sure. The unhappy creatures who are or should be the thieves' wives resent the practice of this outrage on their sex, and many of them have a bitter experience of it; for when they offend their lords, those rascals sometimes "screw them up" by way of punishment. Then, again, women are more difficult to deal with, and more adept at an outcry, than men: such of them as carry money or jewels worth the risk of penal servitude are rarely found alone in unfrequented places; and it was Adam, and not Eve, who swallowed the core of the apple. The pomum Adami in a woman's throat is so small that it is difficult to choke her on the safest principles of the garrote, and in fact it is safest altogether to allow her to go unmolested. Garroters declare that more perjury is committed in convicting them than any other class of malefactors. They admit that a prosecutor may generally swear to the identity of the "stalls" with a sure conscience, but seldom or never to the "nasty man," because he keeps out of sight as much as possible from the beginning, and at the moment of attack is always invisible to the sufferer. Possibly there is some truth in this, though not enough to add much to the uneasiness of society.

This uneasiness has been much increased by the observation that garrote robberies, numerous as they have become of late, do not exhaust the energies of our more desperate criminals. Burglary also is alarmingly frequent; and for that, too, there appears no immediate remedy beyond the courage and caution which every man may exercise in his own defense. In aid of these, a little information may be useful, if not exactly agreeable.

First, as to the burglar's tools. These are made, for the most part, like the tools of honest men, in Sheffield, Birmingham, and Wolverhampton. The simpler appliances, indeed, such as skeleton-kevs, a rogue will sometimes make for himself in the intervals of business, and others come readily enough to hand any where. An ordinary set of tools comprises a darkey, or small dark lantern; silent matches; a wax taper; a neddy, or life-preserver; a large pruning-knife, useful for cutting panels out; a pallet - knife, thin and pliant, for opening winer sashes, so as to push back the spring fastening); a jemmy, or small crow-bar about twelve inches long, and splayed or crow-footed at one

But ordinary tools are for ordinary work

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alone; and the ingenuity which provides against them has been promptly met. At one time, when our houses and treasures were all protected by old-fashioned warded locks, it was thought that safety was insured if only the key was a very big one. The strong-room keys of that period were monstrous engines, tortured with complex wards of every conceivable shape; and yet neither the weight nor the complexity of these instruments was of much avail against the resources of a thief. It was well known that many of the wards were superfluous, and the house-breaker easily avoided the trouble of copying them in all their intricacy. All he had to do was to find out just what were the effective wards in the lock, which opposed any obstacle to the working of the key. The accompanying wood-cut will assist us to describe the process.

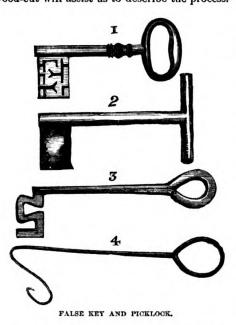
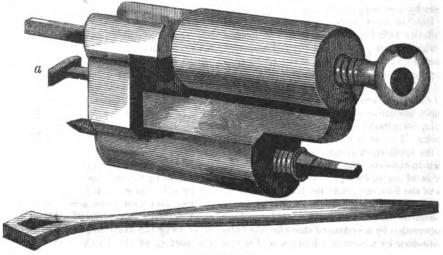


Figure 1 is a key which the thief can not ob-

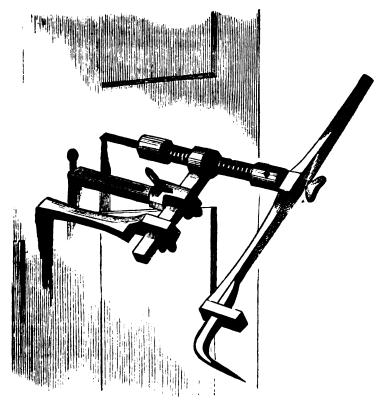
To accomplish this he provides himself with a coarsely made blank key of tin, one side of which is covered with a layer of wax. Wards being fixed obstructions in these locks, it is only necessary to insert the blank, and turn it gently, to receive an impression of them on the wax. From the map of the interior thus obtained a forged key (Fig. 3) is made of strong flattened wire. It will be seen that the copy is a much simpler instrument than the original, but it is equally effective. It will open the lock just as easily as the genuine key, although the prettiness and the pretension of those slits and slots in Figure 1 are lost. The picklock, Figure 4, is of a different character; it acts by working round outside the wards, reaching the bolt that way. This key requires more dexterity than the other; but it rarely fails in the hands of a practiced thief.

The success of Industry's chevaliers with warded locks brought them into disrepute at length; they were cashiered from all offices of trust, in favor of the "lever" or "tumbler" lock. Even for these inventions a ponderous key was used: dishonesty had not yet provoked the construction of those admirable locks which throw out any number of great bolts with the smallest of keys. But this important advantage had been gained: the thief's skeleton-keys were strained to no effect in the new locks, whenever they were well made, with several tumblers. Still rascaldom was not baffled yet. The locksmith had to be circumvented by fresh means, and they were soon discovered. The jack-in-thebox was invented-a small compact article, and very portable, the use of which was to force the lock off, or rend the case sufficiently to allow its bolts to be drawn back.

Into the keyhole the piece (a)—a separate part of the instrument-was inserted, upright, so that on turning it round it lay broadly across the keyhole (in the position it has below), forming a fulcrum there. The shank of the - piece was then fitted into the main body of the instrutain, and for which he has to find a substitute. ment, the lower screw of which was next ad-



JACK-IN-THE-BOX.



THE ORIGINAL SAFE-DRILL

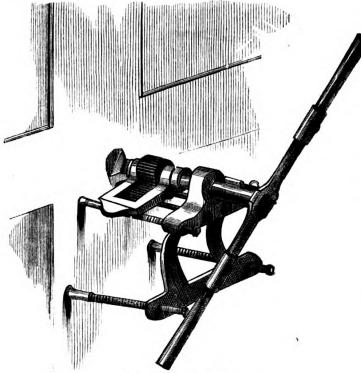
vanced, until it bit into the door. The machine was thus rendered quite steady and firm, and nothing remained to be done but to force on the straight iron tool which is seen over the piece by means of the larger screw. This tool was also a separate part of the instrument, and varied in dimensions according to the size of the keyhole at which it had to operate. The power of the instrument was resistless. The rather small specimen from which our engraving is made is capable of lifting three tons; and it is not surprising, therefore, that it should force a lock off in a very few moments. This invention was met by a certain improvement in the "detector lock" of Mr. Chubb. Instead of the back plate of the lock being of one sheet of iron, a piece was cut out just behind the keyhole, and its place filled by a separate small plate containing the pin on which the key revolves. This second plate was kept in position by a few slight screws only. When the lock was fixed upon an iron safe, the inner case of the door had also a false pin, corresponding in position with that of the lock. The object of all this is obvious. Upon the application of any such instrument as the jack-in-the-box, the false plates give way, and it is of no more use. The tumblers and works of the lock are above the level of the keyhole, and out of reach.

By-and-by the use of locks with large keys was superseded by a system of throwing the bolts of a safe-door by means of a handle, and securbox had now no chance at all; the keyhole was too small for it to work upon. Driven from this expedient, the thief's next plan was to drill into and thus destroy the lock, or such parts of it as would give access to the bolts. A clever hand could accomplish this with an ordinary breast-drill and Safe-makers were bow. therefore obliged to protect the lock with a covering-plate of hardened steel. This succeeded well enough till some ingenious mind hit upon a mode of fixing the drill to the lock after the manner of the jack-in-the-box, and so to work it with greater ease and rapidity. In the case of this instrument the |- piece was necessarily very small, to be accommodated to the reduced area of the keyhole, but it sufficed to afford a good fulcrum for the drill.

This machine was good

in its way, but it was not good enough. Locks which protected the one coveted treasure were of several kinds, and their vital parts were variously situate; so that the burglar often found himself drilling at random. It was desirable to bore larger holes, for then a single one might suffice. To accomplish this end a really formidable machine was at length constructed-the completest tool in the burglar's budget. In an engraving on the next page it is shown at work, and a glance at the picture explains its processes.

The centre pin and chief support of the machine is fixed in the keyhole, while several setscrews passing through the frame of the machine serve to adjust it. The drill itself is worked by a lever handle, which can be lengthened by movable arms to give increased power. The "bits," of various sizes, will make a hole of half an inch to three inches in diameter, and are propelled through their work by a self-adjusting, slowmotioned screw at the rate of an eighth of an inch of progress for every sixty turns of the lever; and that can be handled rapidly. Of course the larger drills of this machine were as likely to have their edges turned upon a hard steel plate as smaller ones; but there was this difference in the burglar's favor-supposing the larger drills to have penetrated an outer plate of iron, and then to be arrested, or even damaged, by an inner plate of steel, it would still wear away the overlying iron until a considerable surface of the harder metal lay exposed: ing them with a small key. The jack-in-the- and it was possible to break that up with a



THE IMPROVED SAFE-DRILL.

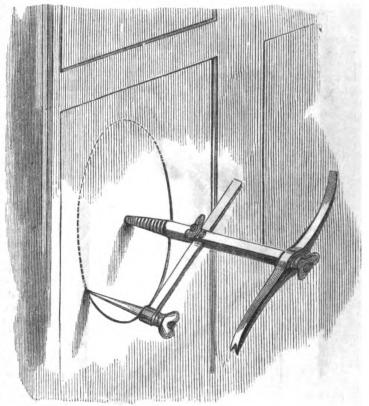
punch, and so proceed till the lock was de- cutter was invented. stroyed.

To meet this difficulty, Mr. Chubb patented an improvement, consisting mainly in the insertion in the substance of the outer iron plate of numerous steel screw-plugs : these were placed so closely together that the larger drills could not avoid them, while the smaller ones were sufficiently checked by the inner lining of steel. To the same end other manufacturers have adopted the use of case-hardened iron, with steel in plates or bars.

We have now described the most formidable implements of strong-box breaking; and we are happy to say that all the thief's ingenuity seems to have been exhausted upon them. The box-makers, and not the box-breakers, and not the box-breakers, have the advantage at present; and now the hope and dream of these latter is that some one will invent a chemical preparation capable of fretting a lock away or consuming an iron door.

Gentlemen who enjoy not the luxury of a strong-box are as much concerned in the arts of burglary as those who do, perhaps: to them the operation of the "panelcutter," figured below, may be instructive. Now a good lock upon an ordinary timber door suffices to prevent unlawful entry unless the burglar is violent; but violence is noisy; and noise is fatal to the "job;" and therefore the burglar proceeds upon a system which he finds very objectionable when practiced on himself-the silent system. Instead of forcing a door, he will cut one of its panels out. This used to be managed by a fine saw worked softly; but a quicker and quieter method was established when the panel-

cutter was invented. A strong stem with gimlet point is thrust into the centre of the panel.



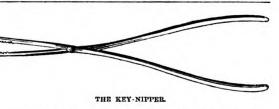
THE PANEL-CUTTER.

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGÁN Through this stem slides a cross-bar, carrying at one extremity a sharp cutting tool, which, it will be seen, may be adjusted to move at any desired radius. At the head of the stem is fixed a double-armed lever (detached, it forms a powerful "jemmy") which works the whole machine. In a few minutes this instrument will make an

arm, or his whole body even; and the door is then quickly unfastened. The best safeguard is to have the door lined with sheet-iron, or plaided with metal strips, or studded with nails irregularly disposed.

If it be necessary to force a door, however, the burglar is at no loss: he again becomes mechanical, and produces the apparatus figured below. It consists of a stout metal arm riveted to a plate at the lower end, and having a worm like the screw of a press working through the upper. Sharp-pointed thumb-screws, passing through each corner of the plate, fix the whole apparatus to the door-jamb. The screw is then worked as shown in our engraving-a stout socket plate being interposed between the end of the worm and the face of the door, so as to obtain a good bearing. This instrument may be applied to the lock, the hinges, or wherever a bolt may be fixed.

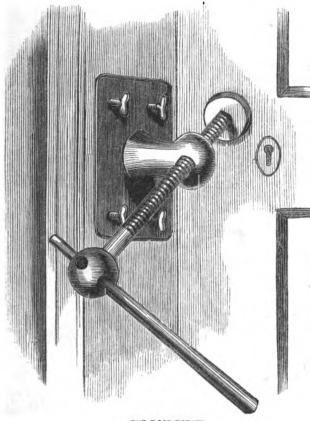
A locked door is obviously no difficulty with a thief provided with such apparatus, but if the



aperture large enough to admit the burglar's locked the door, to leave the key in it, the burglar's operations are much facilitated. lief still prevails in many families that to leave the key in the lock is to bar the entrance of picks and skeletons, and very true it is. But in such a case a thief uses neither of these instruments. He introduces into the keyhole a strong and slender pair of nippers, such as we have engraved above, and seizing the extremity of the householder's key, opens the door therewith by a single turn of the wrist. This is very agreeable to the thief, but particularly annoying to the householder. An effectual safeguard against the use of the nippers, is to pass a stick through the handle of the key on the inside, and fasten it so as to prevent the turning of the key.

Having now described the ordinary and extraordinary tools of a burglar, let us see how he works his own wits. It is pretty well understood that he seldom breaks into a house where there is nothing to be had, or of which he knows nothing. Generally, thieves take care to be well-informed on both points: what is to be master of the house is ingenious enough, having had, and where to have it. This information

> they get in many ways; often accidental, but oftenest from hawkers, who are either themselves thieves in disguise, or traders who, while afraid of the law for their own sakes, know no reason why they should not "put a friend up to a good thing." A house chosen for plundering is said to be "planted." The burglars have learned how many people live in it, and when and in what rooms they retire to sleep. Night-lights, burned as a warning that somebody is awake and stirring, never deceive a thief; a few nights' watching discovers the pretense, which thenceforward is, of course, despised. If it be necessary to watch a house in order to learn this or other particulars, the work is done at all hours, and by various persons. The housebreakers' wives and children, maybe, take their turn during the day; at night, the men themselves watch. On such occasions they often wear "reversibles," or coats which may be worn inside out; one side being of a bright, the other of a dark color. The use of this garment is obvious. Should the watcher find himself observed, he goes into some quiet corner in the neighborhood,



THE DOOR-FORCER.

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turns his coat, exchanges his hat for a cap, and returns to his post another man to all appearance; the very policeman knows him not again.

We will suppose a burglary completely arranged, and a dark gusty night arrived to favor its execution; bright nights are never chosen for such enterprises. After drinking a courage cup together, the thieves start away, but not in company. There are usually three in a gang, two to enter the house, and one to keep watch outside. Each man takes his own road to the house; and should any one of them be watched or followed by the police, he avoids the place of rendezvous, and the "job" is off for the night. The tools are either carried by one of the party in a traveling-bag, or, more frequently, they are bestowed in multitudinous pockets about the person. There is no difficulty in carrying the most complex and formidable apparatus in this way, for such tools are made to separate into many pieces. And the thieves have agreed upon a plan of action for every emergency. Sometimes the motto of the expedition is "every man for himself," in which case each makes his escape as best he can, should the attempt fail; but oftener it is understood that they shall stand by each other from first to last.

The police constable has once more passed the house in his weary round, his footfall sounds far away down the street, and now the burglars commence operations. If you have a watchdog, it is drugged; if you have a corruptible servant, he has been bribed, perhaps. A mould has been taken of your house-key by some innocent-looking woman, who has got into the hall for a moment on pretended business, and the door yields instantly to the counterfeit. Or perhaps your house is regularly broken into; and there are various ways of accomplishing that feat. "Jumping a crib," is entrance by a window; "breaking a crib," forcing a back door; "grating a crib," through cellar gratings; "garreting a crib," through the roof or by an attic window. Entrance through the roof is sometimes cleverly effected (from the leads of an empty house adjacent) by means of an umbrella. First a few slates are removed, then a small hole is made, and through this aperture a streng springless umbrella is thrust, and shaken open. Again the thieves go to work upon the hole in the roof, which they widen rapidly, and with perfect confidence, since the debris falls noiselessly into the umbrella pendent beneath.

Some of our own "Artists" have accomplished feats in the way of forcing an entrance which exceed any thing which we find recorded by our Cornhill authority, or in the English police reports. Every few weeks we read of rogues hiring a house adjoining some rich ware-room. digging through the walls at leisure, and taking advantage of Sunday when the employes are supposed to be absent, removing the mest valuable goods. Not many months ago a person who carried on a large business as a reputable trader, displayed besides an original genius as a

gies to roguery would have given him a prominent place in the profession. He occupied in his lawful business the upper part of a building adjoining one filled with costly goods. Ascending at night to the roof of his own premises, he crossed to that of his neighbor, let himself down by a rope over the eaves to the level of his neighbor's upper windows, five stories from the street, and therefore left unfastened in fancied security, raised the window, swung himself in, selected at leisure the goods that he needed to complete his own assortment, conveyed them over-roof to his own premises, where having removed the trademarks of the owners, he sold them openly, without being obliged to share his profits with "fences." When he left his neighbor's premises, he took away his rope, leaving behind him not a trace to show that a burglary had been committed. Goods to a large amount were missed, but as there were no tokens to show that any outsider had entered the premises, the inevitable inference was that they had been stolen by some of their own employés. It was only by the merest accident that the true robber was detected.

In another case the vault of a New York bank was located in the basement of the building. It was built in the strongest manner, of solid masonry, with burglar-proof iron doors, provided with the best locks, the floor of the vault being of large blocks of solid granite. An enterprising Professor of the Science of House-breaking rented the basement of the adjoining building, ostensibly for some legitimate purpose—the manufacture of rag-carpets, we believe. He with his confederates actually dug down below the level of the foundations of the bank building, and excavated an underground passage, for ninety feet, leading directly under the bank vault, carrying off the rubbish into their own premises. Then they carried a powerful screw along the passage with which they actually forced up the massive granite flooring, in order to gain access to the vault, where money to a large amount was deposited. But, unfortunately for them, these operations took a few hours longer than they had anticipated, and the time for opening the vault by the officers of the bank arrived just before a practicable breach was effected. The operators were obliged to desist, and when the vault was opened their whole plan was apparent. They made nothing by their labors, as it turned out; but if they could only have had an hour or two more for working, they would have rifled the bank, and got clear off with their spoil.

For boldness of conception these two last operations of American "Artists" exceed any thing which we find on record of their foreign brethren, though perhaps the technical details were less perfectly executed. The difference is just that between a picture by Church, full of broad massive conceptions, and a painting by a Düsseldorff artist, in which the slightest point is carefully elaborated. An American, when he takes to roguery, displays more genius, though burglar, which had he devoted his whole ener-less technical culture, than his British confrère.

main of fraud. Compare, for instance, Monroe Edwards and Charley Huntington with Sir John Howard Paul and Leopold Redpath, or the fresh in men's minds. A Frenchman, indeed, now and then manifests a brilliant genius for roguery on a large scale-Monsieur Mirés for instance; but there is something bizarre in his performances. He is in Rascality what Doré is in Art. His performances are very wonderful, as he does them; but nobody else can imitate them; his copyists are simply ridiculous. Whereas the conceptions of an American rogue are good; if he fails it is in execution, and any one can see how and why he failed; but a British rogue works by rule, and so if he is not so apt to make a great "strike," meets with fewer absolute failures. Hudson, the "Railroad King," though an Englishman, belongs rather to the American school of operators. A man is sometimes born in the wrong country.

As we write, the New York papers contain reports of the arrest of a burglar whose exploits, and the manner of whose detection, furnish a the American and English schools of robbery, illustrating the brilliant conception and the want of artistic perfection in details which characterize the former. Within a few weeks the inhabitants of one of the best neighborhoods of the adjacent city of Brooklyn were alarmed by a rapid succession of burglarious robberies. Property of the most costly kinds-jewels, plate, furs, and the like, mysteriously disappeared. burglar evidently knew not only what houses contained valuable booty, but just where it was kept; but for weeks there was not the slightest clew to the disposition of the property or the personality of the depredator. At length an old fur-dealer, who had retired from the trade, but still kept a kindly interest in his former profession, happened to see, on the counter of a reputable furrier in New York, a costly cape, which he at once recognized as answering to the description of one which he had seen advertised as stolen in Brooklyn. Upon inquiry he was informed that it had been left to be furnished with a new lining. This was suspicious, for its present lining was unexceptionable in color, and as good as new. The proprietor of the establishment was put on his guard, the police notified, and when the person who had left the cape called for it at the appointed time he was taken into custody, and the whole mystery of the Brooklyn robberies was speedily unraveled.

Some three months before a genteel young man of twenty-three was in search of pleasant apartments in the City of Churches. He was rich; money was not the slightest object; he would willingly pay fifty dollars a week for accommodations that suited him. With such liberal views he was of course soon suited, with handsome apartments on the first floor of a fine house in a

This characterizes their efforts in the whole do- | inmate. Punctual as Saturday came the promised fifty dollars was paid. He was always at home in the evening, retired at seasonable hours, and was never absent from the breakfast-table in knavish contractors in the Crimean War with the morning. His unexceptionable manners some of our own "operators," whose names are aided, very likely, by his costly jewelry and the liberality with which he offered little presents and other attentions to the lady inmates of the house-soon made him a favorite, and he was introduced into one after another of the "good" houses of the neighborhood. He was a "nice young man" every way. But alas! it was this "nice young man who stole the spoons." Whenever he attended a party or paid a visit, he busied himself in observations upon the valuables in the house and their place of deposit. Returning home, bidding good-night to his friends, he would retire to his "first floor" apartments, and as the "small hours" approached, would disguise himself, slip quietly from the window, enter the house which he had fixed upon, secure his booty, return to his rooms, and make his usual appearance at the breakfast-table. When his apartments were searched, after his arrest, his disguises, tools, and a large amount of property was found. The watch on his person was idengood exemplification of the difference between tified by one, the diamond breast-pin by another, a pair of gold glasses by another, and so on. In all he had robbed about thirty houses, and secured probably \$50,000 in booty, without, as far as appears, having the aid of a single accomplice. His conception, as we have said, was bold, and the general execution masterly; but he failed in minute details. A thoroughly educated English operator, for example, would never have exposed the fur cape to public view so near the place where it was stolen; still less would he have run the risk of carrying upon his own person the jewels, watch, and other articles so easily identified.

But to return to our Cornhill authority:

By one of these means, then, the burglars have entered the house; and when they are determined to come in, it is almost impossible to keep them out: and once within, they fall to work rapidly and noiselessly. At one time housebreakers held to the superstition that no sleeper cold awake, and no waking man could see them, if they carried their candle in a dead man's hand. There are no such superstitions now, but there are silent matches and India-rubber goloshes—things far more to the robber's purpose. Or he pulls a pair of thick stockings over his boots, and so moves about unheard within, while his confederate, the "crow," keeps watch without. Plate is the house-breaker's dearest hope -money their fondest aim; and as for the former, they usually know exactly where to lay their hands upon it. It would be far safer than it is in most houses if it were not kept always in one place, which a dishonest servant is able to point out years after his existence is forgotten in the household he betrays. The policeman again passes the house where this treasure is being sought, but nothing is discovered to him. genteel neighborhood. He proved an admirable Is there not a "crow" outside? and is not that

approach, so that his confederate may put out the light and be quite still for a while? Even is a panel has been cut from the door, and the constable, in passing, turns his lantern on the very spot, discovery is by no means certain; for the panel has been replaced by a sheet of grained or painted paper provided for that purpose. The scout's signals are anxiously observed by his comrades. By a cough, a whistle, a stamp of the foot, or by mewing like a cat, perhaps, he is able to inform them instantly, while they are at work in one room, that a light has been struck in another: that the inmates are aroused, in fact, and immediate retreat necessary. Nor do the burglars venture to leave the house, even when the booty is secured, until they are signaled that the way is clear for an escape. As soon as the thieves reach their quarters they change their clothes: that is the first thing to be done. The next is to get rid of their plunder; than which nothing is easier if it be plate. Jewels also are readily disposed of, but not so profitably for the thieves; the receiver has always the best of the bargain, which has to be repeated through many hands after his. A wounded burglar is conveved at once, if possible, to another town, where he is said to have met with an accident. Unless the wound is serious no doctor is called in: he is confided to the care of the women of his wicked fraternity. When house-breakers are disturbed, and have to abandon their plunder, they say that they have "rung themselves."

A quick succession of dextrous burglaries occasionally astonishes some quiet country town; the operators are almost always professional thieves from a distance. They come provided with ample information, and with plan, of certain houses, perhaps, in their pockets. knowledge is often obtained from the idle, dissolute fellows who are to be found in every village. In country towns, too, there are local rascals who are in frequent correspondence with city thieves, and who supply them with the knowledge necessary for that which they are too cowardly or too cautious to commit themselves.

Jewelers' shops have great attractions for thieves, and are very provoking to their ingenuity. One clever plan is managed thus: two young women, or a young lady and a young gentleman, enter a jeweler's shop, and ask to see some brooches, rings, and so on. certain pretty remarks and jocose observations it soon appears that there is a wedding in the wind, and that there stands the bridegroom or the bride herself. The jeweler, though ordinarily cool and cautious, is still human, and the thought of a wedding-order pleases and confuses him. He has eyes for the bride, or the bride's sister, as well as for his wares; but the bride sees only them, and her fingers are busy in the trays. Certain things are bought and paid for: then others are taken up, and handled with such dexterity that of two trinkets examined one remains concealed between the thumb and the palm till an opportunity occurs of dropping it | morning light of this new day.

a wary bird, who faithfully signals the constable's | into a pocket, or between the folds of a parasol hanging half open from the left hand.

> But, after all, with caution there is little danger, especially from burglars. These men, who inform themselves so accurately as to what and where they can steal, venture little willingly; and they are careful to learn, among other things, whether you leave your bars and bolts alone to protect your property. No burglar ventures into a house knowingly where there is a wakeful dog and a pair of loaded pistols by the master's hand. He has easier prey for the seeking, and he very much prefers it.

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART III.

THE study was no place for Mr. Home next I morning. He looked into it on his way from the house, stood in the doorway gazing round upon its walls and shelves-on table, desk. There was neither book nor paper that could charm him or beguile him of his liberty that morning, nor was there a duty whose claim might hope for hearing.

A half sad curiosity was in his eyes when he gave the room this kind of inspection, as if he had surveyed an old friend under changed circumstances, in the newness of the change.

In that room had passed over him how many renunciative years! but at last, in the fullness of time, renunciation was required of him no more. He should never again enter that study, as he had often entered it, sadness unconfessed lurking under the mask of cheerful philosophy. He could not cross its threshold even this morning. He must go to the river first. Perhaps he should meet Judith there. Indeed, he expected it; for he knew that often in the early morning she was down there. He had sometimes met her in her early stroll, and conversations, which, it seemed to him now, had all one drift and bearing, were begun, continued there. Years ago, from the window of his humble lodging, he had seen her coming up from her uncle's house with her school-books, seeking the shade of the old willows, whose branches dipped to the waters of Grand River. Had all this come between them-the noisy factory, the great, fine mansion, Mill Hamilton, infancy, a prison? He would not think of these things. He would sing in solitude no longer the sweet, sad hymn of Werner:

> "Where art thou, oh mine own dear land, Far from whose lovely shores I stand: The land that knows not woe or gloom, The land where all my roses bloom?"

He saw the quiet shores stretching softly upward, green and bright, and the roses were all in bloom.

Somewhere he should meet her, and he could not rest till he had ascertained whether all was well with her, as with him, and how she met the

But he saw nothing of her while he strolled | mind was withdrawn from the place and hour. on up or down the river bank. And so at last he struck into the path that led to the house. It was yet quite early; but before now, at an hour as unseasonable, he had called upon Mrs. Hamilton at Riverside in behalf of some needy parishioner. Why might he not in his own behalf?

Yet as he approached the house it became his impulse to pass quite around it, and probably he would then have gone down the carriage road, and so have left the grounds, had he not seen Judith coming up that road. She was dressed for the street, and evidently had been to Granby, and on foot.

When she saw the minister she seemed greatly disconcerted; for she paused, hesitated, and would fain have prevented the meeting if she might have done so by any device. She, however, continued to advance toward him, and said, when they were met,

"Let us walk toward the river. Have you time this morning?"

"It is my morning," he said, "if I may ever claim one. How could I sermonize this morning, or even speak well to some poor wretch about patience and submission? The queen's wonder why her starving people didn't use bread and cheese would be of a piece with my moralizing."

So they crossed the brow of the hill and descended to the water's edge, for Judith said,

"I want some water-lilies if you can take me up the river. I was obliged to go out this morning, as you see. But I only went a little wayit is so sultry below.....Besides, I slept little."

Dreaming of him, did he think? wakeful for very happiness? He could understand how that might be, and without presumption, by experience!

"It isn't too late to go to town now, is it? It would be quite delightful by the river, and there would be time enough after for the lilies."

"It is quite too late," said Judith. And the word decided the point, it was spoken with such decision. "Another time will do as well. I was going to see Morris—but nothing important. And I want the lilies."

She gave him the key to the boat-house, and, while he was getting the boat ready, stood in the doorway watching the process, so quietly, with such perfect composure, as was strange to see. It may have helped to confuse his movements a little, for he had some difficulty loosening the chain, so that at last she closed the door, stepped into the boat, and took the knot into her own hands. She was more dextrous than he, and when she lifted the oars and rowed out into the river, he said.

"It isn't the first time, Judith, that you've shown me how awkward and clumsy I am. I think sometimes that my business in the world is almost a failure."

She answered, speaking from a depth of knowledge which he had not sounded yet; he thought from the abstraction of her manner that her she spoke:

from him, and he wondered at it, so concentrated his whole being was in this present interest:

"Not as long as there are poor creatures who must be taught what is right, and encouraged to stand for that, though it be to their destruction."

"And how little I can do there!" he answered; "for the soul in each individual case must do its own fighting. . The outside encouragement may be of some service, of course; in many instances of the very greatest service. But your true life is not born of another."

"No; but human help we all want. It is our need. Most efficacious, David, if it is given with the authority of a man who has been tried by temptation and has resisted it."

She looked at him with a wistful, anxious, longing look. Could he not understand? must she speak to the last word their doom of separation? "Yet," he said, interpreting her mood in his own way, certain that though some vexation, or merely reminiscence perhaps, had clouded her morning, there was a central light that shone serene and steadfast for her - "Yet I have sometimes become the confidant of experiences which for depth and sadness made mine to seem shallow. Though I have had my struggles. Victories too. When Hamilton told me that you would marry him, I saw nothing left to strive for, nothing in this world that was worth the winning. That was not an experience to be repented or outlived; but I grew stronger. It has made renunciation and submission on behalf of others who came to me in perplexity and disturbance not so easy a matter."

"It must be one of the hardest of trials," said Judith, "if we love the sufferer, and feel our perfect helplessness to serve him. We see then that duty is a terrible master; that the struggle between desire and conscience is as momentous as can be endured."

"What has put you into this grave way this morning, Judith? I did not leave you so last night. Has not this morning begun for you a happy day, as it has for me the happiest? I wanted to say to you before I said it to my mother that I had found my youth."

He waited for her answer. It did not come speedily. A word would break his dream. The emotion that possessed her in those few moments of silence that followed his question was a violent one. It was her impulse to throw herself before him and leave all to his decision, renounce herself so utterly as to have no voice whatever in this decision that must be made; and equally her impulse to fling herself from the boat into the swift current, and cease from struggle and from life in one moment. She did neither. And this was more than the self-control of the serene lady of fashion, whose emotions are never to get the better of her breeding, whose passions are not to be suspected as existing forces in her life. She sat silent, looking, not at him, but, it seemed, on the softly-gliding water. At last



- "You have not said it to her, then?"
- "No, dearest Judith, to you first."

Trouble was in his voice, anxiety in his eyes. In his desire to be released from the suspense of the moment he almost ceased from rowing the little boat till it seemed as if the current might reverse its course and carry it along. Yet he held the oars, and his resistance to the opposing force was hardly voluntary.

"I am glad," said Judith. "You need not

disappoint her."

"I shall never disappoint her again," he said. Was he refusing to discover in her words a meaning that might have a present application? "Oh, dear love, can you understand what joy it is for me to think of the happiness her son has yet to bring her?"

"Do not speak of it, David. Do not think of that."

When she had said this Judith made no effort to add another word. Her face grew pale; and that ever a smile should beam from those eyes again seemed impossible, so drearily they looked on him. For they were upon him; once having lifted them to his, she seemed incapable of withdrawing them again.

They were going, were they not, two happy lovers, in search of water-lilies, wherewith to decorate the house? Nothing, it seemed, could have been more remote from the thought of either—the flower had not budded that should breathe its perfume around them that day.

"I can not understand you," said David Home. "What has happened, Judith? You have something to say to me."

"Do not claim your right to hear it," she answered, turning her face suddenly away from him; and it seemed as if in the act even some violence had been done. "Believe any thing. Forget what we said last night. It will not realize itself for you and me in this life. Let it be as a dream.'

"As a dream!" he exclaimed, too much astounded even for indignation. "The one hour of my life in which I have really lived, heart, soul, and will! Do you know what you ask? Did Judith ask it?"

"Not as a dream, then, David. Not as a dream. How could it be? As a vision, my friend; as a promise of what shall be. Did I say I loved you?"

"Oh, Judith, never word like that was spoken to me!"

"It doth repent me that I spoke it. Yetit was truth. I loved you—with a deathless love. Why do I say it? That you may help me, not hinder me. Oh, help me! You say you have been called upon to sustain poor human nature in a fight where your great pain was that you might not aid in the struggle. You may aid here. You must, indeed, take your part in it. You were to be my portion, my strength, in this life. Be that, I charge you! We promised each other—it was our dearest hope. But the time has come to prove it. So you my love, and it isn't that I gave to him, 800n!"

"If Mill Hamilton had, in some inexplicable way, returned to you a living man, I might hope to understand you; but-'

"He has!" said Judith, and she hid her face in her hands, and bowed her head.

For a long time dead silence ruled there. David Home took up the oars, and rowed on swift-They glided past islands of water-lilies; green leaves and dainty bloom were swept by the boat's keel, unheeded. Let the bees have their sweets. At last, said the minister:

"That is a dream, Judith-a diabolical imagination. Such a thing could never happen. It could not be-permitted."

She answered:

- "He came to me last night. His escape was effected at the time of the reported death. That was the true reason why they would not let us have the body for burial, and not the danger of contagion. He has been living in secrecy."
 - "Escaped!"
 - "Yes.

"Then you know his guilt."

"He could not endure the prison, nor-he said so-to live without me, David."

"What! not choose between five years and a lifetime dragged out in fear and secrecy! Mill Hamilton is guilty."

"David, be just; be merciful at least."

- "I have sufficient evidence, Judith, of his guilt apart from this. But you shall bear me witness that I let you lament for an innocent man. He can not live without you! Doesn't he know that the marriage bond is broken between you? He has been convicted of a crime that was punished by imprisonment. He has no legal claim upon you: has he any other?"
 - "He loves me."
- "Loves you! Can you believe it? Do you love him, Judith?"
- "That is not the question," she answered; and she spoke coldly, as if she were not taking part against herself, it was now so evident that David Home would not sustain her in this struggle, but would make it yet more desperate by taking part against her soul's conviction. "The covenant said, For better, for worse; and can I ever forget what he was, and was to me?"
 - "You did not love him."

"I was grateful to him, and I can not forget. If there was any reason for gratitude-"

"Gratitude! gratitude! You are merely inviting ruin for the future; and do you think that a past recollection can meet it successfully? I am the one to decide your destiny, Judithnot Mill Hamilton. You must listen to me."

She did hearken: would she be persuaded? He had so evidently forgotten all things in his blind, desperate struggle, clinging to the one joy of his life, as that, at all hazards, he would keep.

"If the worst is in it," she said, "it does not set me free. If even love has perished—and it has. Dare you listen to that? I have given though it absorbs that. Remind me of nothing.

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I trust you. Why? You are David Home. I am Judith Hamilton. Help me to sustain my heart, to honor my conscience. Turn me not off wholly upon God. Let me feel that a strong human hand supports me. Stand by me, David! What I promised last night I can never forget. It remains true always. I will keep it. Oh! you have said too often that our life is a battle. You were not speaking to poor human nature, demanding of it what you could not yourself give!"

"Yes," he said, "it seems so, Judith."

"No: you preach of One who gave himself for the unthankful. I may bring him back to what he was. You do not know—you can not imagine—how changed he is. It's a fearful change. If it is not given me to bring him back, his salvation will never come."

"I would rather bury you."

"That is an easy thing to say. It would be but getting rid of a trouble. Speak words that befit you better."

"You will take this upon yourself to hide his life from the living. Hedge him about with suspicious care. Make yourself a spy on all the world. You think you can do it. You might, if you loved him. You can not otherwise."

"I know," she said, "with men it is impossible."

"One such flower to bloom in a hundred years, and only for a night!" He seemed speaking to himself, as one might muse over glory utterly destroyed.

She took up the thought in a stronger tone:

"Forever!" she said, with a clear conviction
of eternity. "So I believed. I shall never
hear a voice like yours, nor find my home again.
It is all over for me too. Only a harder way to
go, and heavier work to do. Yet, could I rest
in heaven, and think of ruin I might perhaps
have hindered? I can not save him, but I may
prevent a worse fall. You, who have said so
often that we must follow the best light we
have, and follow the light we see clearest—"

"Don't remind me of any thing that I have ever said. I have not known any thing. I've been prating all my life, and only lived since last night's sunset. I see only one thing—ruin without remedy, and no justice in it."

"Justice! I had not thought of justice. If duty is clear to me, don't insist that I shall see it in all its bearings. I see nothing but that we shall suffer as we love, according to the depth; and mine for you is deep as life is. And I dare to say it because it should be said."

"I ask nothing more," he answered; and that was all he said. Changing the boat's course, he now rowed rapidly down the river. They went in silence. But when he had brought the boat again to the point from which they set out, he said, looking upon her, with eyes full of the tenderness that has dared to deepen to love,

"I shall leave you here, but I can not go home yet."

Judith had intended to tell the minister her purpose in regard to the factory and Riverside. But, after all, she had not spoken. She had found it impossible, just as in the morning, when she set out for the interview with Morris, purposing to authorize the sales. Fear, in both instances, withheld her. Morris would listen with amazement to the acknowledgment of such design; possibly suspicions would be roused in respect to Mr. Hamilton-knowledge of his existence made such suspicions seem possible to her; and in the dishonor of them she must share. When Mr. Home had left her landed by the boat-house, and rowed on down the river, she stood looking after him silently, thankful that she stood alone, and that all was said; for thankfulness does not necessarily involve or even suppose joy.

She went back to the house. Breakfast had been waiting long. The child in the piazza came toddling toward the steps from the nurse's arms, laughing and shouting in true child-delight. How should she in an instant show him a smiling face? Yet it was done, and she took him up in her arms and carried him into the house. He nestled in her bosom, for she had clasped him in a close embrace; and he was satisfied, with his little face so closely pressed against his mother's cheek.

VIII.

A little after breakfast came Mrs. Home. One of the parishioners had been to see her son, and was apparently so anxiously desirous of the minister's advice, that, on his second coming, she set out in search of him.

Mrs. Hamilton could tell her nothing more than that Mr. Home had taken the boat and gone down the river.

"He said he meant to have a holiday," said the mother, looking at Judith, as if she had a suspicion that in some way Mrs. Hamilton might be concerned in it. "Did he tell you when he might be coming back? I expect not," she added, as if conscious that her words might betray her secret hope in her son's behalf.

"He thought that he might not be back till night"

"Oh, then it's down the river he's gone," said the old lady, evidently disappointed. "To spend his holiday down there! Well, I can't help it. But I do wish that David wouldn't always go off by himself so, when he thinks to take a little pleasure."

The smile that had been summoned to reasure her child now gladdened the eye of David's mother. You might safely have charged her with ambition there and then—for to look on Judith Hamilton one might almost have forgotten that Nature is a democrat.

"Wouldn't you think he must be tired of people?" Judith said. "He has so much to do with them. And they don't seem to think how necessary it is that he should ever see the bright side of their fortunes. They are so careless and selfish—they let him ease their pains, but



they do not remember him as they should do in | might have a better church than this-a better their pleasures."

As rain to the thirsty earth was Judith's kind consideration to the mother of David Home. Her face brightened; that bent and wrinkled

being was bathed in deep content.

"You can't say a thing like that to him. He won't hear to 't. But I say to myself 'twon't be so always. His day must come. He'll be like what he was once. He'll begin to grow young. And I thought this morn maybe the time was near. Well, well-this isn't setting the poor man's heart to rest. I must go back.'

"Let me send James for you, Mrs. Home. He can do the errand. Rest here a while. I can make you comfortable; then you will not be disturbed all day by visitors. Let James tell Janet that you'll not be home till afternoon, and to say to every body that Mr. Home has gone down the river."

Judith was so urgent, and the old lady so well inclined, that she allowed herself to be per-

So she sat on the sofa in the cool and shadowy piazza, and read the newspapers which Judith herself brought for her; and the little one played in the sight of age; and age fell into a dream which Mrs. Hamilton, coming by-and-by with her work to sit beside her, did not break.

When the child was taken away to his morning nap, she said:

"As often as I see that baby I'm downright envious. It isn't wicked, is it? I know my son 'd be so happy with his children playing round him. It's astonishing to me."

"If he could marry the right woman," said Judith, glad of any talk that would relieve her of herself, and prevent the possibility of any planning for at least this day.

"Of course," said Mrs. Home; "of course

the right woman."

"Can you take it for granted that he would do that? I know he is a wise man, but wise men have been known to do not the wisest things. Then both of your lives would be spoiled! How you would repent that you were not satisfied with such peaceful days as you have now!"

"It isn't for myself I think of change and wish for it," said Mrs. Home. "But I shall be gone by-and-by, and I want to see him happy first."

"But in all Granby you couldn't find one good enough for the minister. And people are much alike elsewhere. Only if he married a stranger - some little lady you knew nothing about-you might be satisfied; but that would be because you were ignorant of what she really was. It is all hazardous and fearful. Do not persuade your son. Don't speak of it to him."

"Oh, as to that, he needn't be beholden to strangers for a wife," said Mrs. Home, folding up the newspaper she had been reading, very carefully, after the original creases. "He is a good son-David is. He'd make a good husband. And he has learning that's better than are his mother. Are there no duties and obliriches. I suppose if he had the mind for 't, he gations with which the desire of happiness must

place altogether. And the right kind o' wife would stir him up to it."

"Oh, Mrs. Home, how you would spoil him! You want he should be ambitious too. Dear,

dear, what a pity!"

"I want him to be happy," said the old lady, with such significance that the words seemed to convey reproach.

"And I want him to be happy," said Judith, caring not what meaning her words might convey to another, so real and so urgent at that moment was the want expressed.

"Then make him so," was the instant response; "for you can, Mrs. Hamilton, and I don't know the living creetur save and except yourself."

"Don't say that—don't think it!" exclaimed Judith. Then she checked herself. Perhaps, in the fullness of her own knowledge, she had mistaken the mother's meaning. "Is there any one in Granby-any young lady you would like to have me intercede with?"

"No; you understand me." And Mrs. Home thought that she also understood. It was beyond her expectation to see Judith so much disturbed. She had only feared to speak because she dreaded to be met with a real or a perfectly assumed ignorance as to what her meaning could be. But no sooner had she touched upon this ground than she saw that it had been touched and trodden before, and she looked at Judith through her mild surprise with a very manifest pleasure.

"There's one, and but one in the world, he'd give his heart to, as a man should to the woman he marries. I'm speaking to her, Mrs. Hamilton. It isn't his fault."

"Is it mine?" asked Judith, quickly, as if some new discovery were at hand. If blame was any where-if she could but take it upon herself, and say, "My foolishness has brought this calamity," the trouble would be easier to bear. To have been convicted of any wrong-doing, of any foolishness at this moment, would have given her strength to rise above the temptation that beset

"No, no," said the old lady, kindly, "I can't say that. You have been his good friend and mine. I've often said that no one could be discreeter. And it was curious people couldn't see that you must have no intimates, but stand alone and feel alone. But there's one always stood with you, and suffered for you, and served you, never tiring. I mean David. There's no use hiding of it.'

"I know it, mother; and if you had a daughter she could never love you better than I love the mother of David Home. But if you knew that what I am now I must always continue, or else pay a dreadful penalty to my conscience, would you not say to me, 'Go your way; keep as you are, no matter how you loved even the voice that asked you for love?' Would you not? You know what is in a woman's heart, for you



not interfere? Would you not choose to have me die sinless—yes, die to all of you, and leave David a solitary man, rather than tempt him by permitting my love for him to overrule my sense of right? Come; speak to me as if God heard you."

With such passion this appeal was made that Mrs. Home, thoroughly astonished, and not less alarmed, feeling her incompetence to deal with any such difficulty as was acknowledged here, shrunk away even bodily from Judith. A love was sounding in her ear of which her heart had no knowledge; and summoned with this manner of solemnity to speak, as in God's presence, she could only falter:

"I don't understand you. If I could, I think that I'd say yes." Then, with increasing decision, as if time and occasion were swallowed up by the very principle they had presented: "There's no good ever come, that I know, from wrong-doing. But if my son-if you're thinking of him so, what could hinder you? For he has loved you so long-before ever I came to Granby-when you were a school-girl and he worked in the factory. He's never lost sight of you since. He's always been thinking of you, though I say it that shouldn't, and it's no wrong to them that's dead and gone. And for your sake he never could marry another woman, though he might have had his pick. Oh yes; I can't tell you how many I've seen with my own eyes. But that's neither here nor there." And thus she suddenly checked herself.

"You speak for him," said Judith; "then you trust me. I know you trust me. I am very thankful. Then you will not make the mistake to think that I can not value rightly what you tell me. But we must not talk of these things any more. People in Granby shall never have the right to blame their minister or question his prudence. We must say no more about it. I must think no more."

Mrs. Home listened with most painful gravity. She put up her knitting-work. It hindered her thinking. She suspected it had prevented her speech. She looked altogether so sadly disappointed, gave so many touching evidences in her old and battered person that the "summer of her life" had also been but "brief," as David said of his, that Judith was constrained to throw her arms around the old lady's neck; and thus embracing her, she said:

"Don't take away your love from me!"

"It's little I can do for such as you are, but I love you, if you'll have it. I always loved you since I stopped being afraid because you was what the folks called a great lady."

"Oh, mother, there's nothing more I have to cling to now! I have given up what makes every thing else seem worthless. Do not blame me. Only do not blame me. You can not understand it. God, it seems, requires it of me. Does he ask of us any thing we have not power to give?"

"Nothing, my child."

"Oh, are you sure! For it seems to me that across the lawn with me, Judith?"

many die of grief, and many because they can not do the work required of them. If I pray to Him, are you sure that he will give me the strength? Must He not?"

"I know," said the bewildered, terrified old mother of David Home, "there are some who have the strength to do great things that are not required of them, and some that smile under what's put upon them without their seeking. I don't understand it, but it's all right, I know. It must be right. And the weakest, I think, might get through their trouble if they'd believe more."

"But there isn't any way of finding out our duty except by listening to what our conscience says. Is it so, dear mother?"

Like a child she questioned, and with the hope of the humblest child she waited for the answer.

"I don't know another," said Mrs. Home; yet she spoke with hesitation, as if to confess the truth of this point were to give up all her confidence in David's cause. When she had spoken thus Judith rose and went away.

But she staid not long. When she came back she had gained her usual serenity, but her whole bearing was changed. Those who were quick at finding pride and pretense first in the wife of the prosperous Hamilton, and then in the woman who was capable of setting public feeling at defiance, would not have found it within the power even of their stolid hearts to accuse her of pride or pretense now.

"You have not had your nap yet, mother," she said. "Come and lie down in the library. The sight of so many dull books will send you to sleep, I am sure. I have to go down to the tenant's house. Robert's wife is very ill."

"Then let me go with you." Mrs. Home had been longing for Judith's return—she had thought of so many things to say, such irresistible facts, such powerful arguments.

But Judith would not listen to it. "No," she said, "you are too tired now. Besides, I am in doubt as to what this sickness is—there is no need of your exposure to it. I have sent to town for a nurse, but I must go myself to visit her. Come, let me see you stowed away nicely before I go."

IX.

It might have been an hour afterward that Mrs. Home was again on the piazza, when her son came to the house. He seemed greatly surprised to find her there, and his "Why, mother, are you here?" and the question, "Where is Mrs. Hamilton?" expressed to her that he had come on urgent business that must not be delayed.

When she told him the direction in which Mrs. Hamilton had gone, and her errand, he set out at once for the tenant house.

He met Judith coming alone from Robert's cottage. He spoke at once:

"I have seen Hamilton to-day: will you walk across the lawn with me. Judith?"



For an instant she was evidently and even violently alarmed. That her husband should be seen of any except herself she had not anticipated. He would certainly take precautions in the neighborhood of Granby to remain undiscovered. How had it happened that an interview between these men, of all men, had taken

"I can ask no questions," said she; "if you have any thing to tell me, Mr. Home, say on."

That was his evident purpose. He had come to speak. His heart was full. He would hold back nothing. He was playing no game, he was fighting a desperate battle, not only with an adversary, but with himself; and to her he had come not for encouragement in the struggle, but to claim her service.

"I was going down to Granby, I don't know what for. I could not go home. I am not so strong after all, Judith, that I can hide myself altogether from the suspicions of those who love me as my mother does. At least she would not let me rest unless I put her off, and I had no heart for any resistance. It seemed as if the town were in pursuit of me when I got there. I couldn't stay. So I took the boat and went down to the ferry and crossed to Milford. I was going from there to Davidson when I met Hamilton. He was on foot. I should have known him in the dark. He recognized me too, and we talked. He is very bitter. He will never forgive men for convicting him. I do not think he is revengeful. He only purposes to take you away with him, and that must never be, unless you go from sovereign choice—a desire uninfluenced by any fear whatever. The bond between you two is broken; there isn't the merest thread of it left. Such as it was, it can never be formed again."

"You do not speak as I should have the confidence to expect of you, David. You forget every thing. I can not forget. You take him as he stands steeped in misfortunes, very bitter I have no doubt. But that is not his natural disposition. There was never man more kind than he."

"It may be while he was prosperous. But he is savage now — insane, I think. should you expect—an escaped convict!—I will not trust you with him. Your conscience is no judge at all in this matter. He has lost the rights to appeal to it. Ask my mother why she sent Sandy to her brother in the country—if the story he told her had gone abroad it would only have deepened the evidence of Hamilton's guilt."

"And you knew it!"

"My mother knew it from the first. She did not tell me until after I presented the useless petition. He has no right whatever to make any claim on you. He has forfeited all right. It would not only be to your misery, but to your ruin, that you listened to his claim. I told him so."

"You told Mill Hamilton so!"

-for the law is hanging over him-his life is not safe-he will fear discovery."

"He will not fear it, he will dare it, if you tempt him far, or if he should suspect-

"No, Judith, I am not afraid of his suspicions. If he has failed to do you honor, by the strength and the purity of my love I will take away all reproach that could cling to his wife."

"He is not sane, you think," asked Judith, whose mind was steadfastly pursuing one thought; and the calmness of her manner by degrees seemed to communicate itself to the minister; he too became more composed. hesitated before answering this question.

"He is not the Hamilton we once knewcertainly. I think that the state of mind in which he now is by no means sane. Morally, he is insane. I should certainly not trust him.

"And to what end, David, do you think he is approaching?"

"I can not see."

"Or do you see more than you will acknowledge? Is it to destruction, David? Must he live like a wild beast, skulking in the dark, his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him?"

"He is a ruined man, Judith." That seemed to be the sum of the minister's reflections on the future of Mill Hamilton. He was as fixed in that view as in his purpose that there should be no renewal of promise, or acknowledgment of obligation, between these two who had once been man and wife.

"Did he"-asked Judith, who, knowing that such was the purpose of David Home, yet would have from his lips his conception of Hamilton's purposes, that, in his speaking, her own heart might intelligibly present itself before the tribunal that had convened among spiritual powers of whom she was cognizant, with all solemnity-"Did he tell you, David, what his plans were? Did he deem you his friend so far as that?"

"He said that he had left directions with you, and that you would see they were all carried out. About disposing of the factory and the house."

"He did!"

Again, after a moment's pause, she spoke, with a resolution that was more sharply selfcondemning than Hamilton's bitterest accusation could have been.

"In your need and in mine he befriended If I never loved him as I loved you, I regarded him with an honest, honorable trust. I was to him what he could perfectly rely on. The last year has given you to me, and me to you. But I acknowledge this pre-existing claim. You say the law abolishes it. What is that to me? There is another law more stringent whose demand I recognize. It is God's law. If he looks to me as to his only friend for this life dare I disappoint him? His condition shows me that I must not dare. If it has no allurements for me, if I renounce myself to the uttermost in this, let me ask you again what have "Yes-and he will not dare to persecute you | you been teaching ever since you went into a

pulpit? I asked you to succor me, but you the penalty. I could go with you then wherever tempt me! Oh, it would ease half my burden, and take away the sharpest sting of pain, to know that you stood by me, resolutely bent on my doing my duty!"

Hoarse and rudely shaken was the voice that answered her; the voice so clear and flute-like, valiant in sound as a trumpet, when he stood on the walls of Zion and challenged the besiegers!

"If it were duty, Judith, well. But duty it is not. I say duty it is not! He has gone in his own way; with his eyes open he has chosen What right has he to make a hell of the path. your life? What right have you to give to your boy such a father? How dare you consign that beautiful sunny-hearted child to the gloom of such a youth as threatens him? Better for him that he died! Have a care how you confound duty. Be just, Judith. Shall not the claims of three equal the demand of one?"

"Far, far better that he died, if I might not leave him here with you and your mother, David. And that I could not do. But I will give my boy a better portion than you think. And some day, if God spares him, he shall come to you. Will you take him then?"

"I'll never let him go."

Her eyes brightened as she heard him say this; gradually, though, the brightness passed from them, though they continued resting on him: a strange hope, it seemed unlikely she would trust, and yet a hope, softened the eyes, softened the voice.

"Do you bid me cease to think and reason for myself? Oh, David, can I give all this into your hands, and forget all except that I have you? Can one life be so involved in another as to lose all individual responsibility?"

"Trust me!" he said. "I dare bid you trust me. It is not that I am so hungry for love; it is not that alone; but I can not patiently, I never could, stand by and see a monstrous wrong committed."

"Is forgiveness then so shallow a thing," she asked, "that it shrinks away into nothing the instant it requires much of us? Think for me, David, if you dare think. For there is more than action necessary here. Forever! it is long to think of. It is only pain that is transient. Happiness-"

"Happiness! I have known for a moment what the word means, Judith. What do you ask of me?-permission to exclude it from you till you shall look into human faces no more. and need no more of human hearts?"

"You and I have work to do. You have your mother and I have my child," said Judith. She had now removed her gaze from him; she had returned into the solemn council chamber, where was other testimony, where other witnesses were gathered. "I married him in ignorance, not against any feeling of my own. For I had not ever loved, and if I did not love him, at least I knew it not. Had I known it all would now be changed. I would not dare to speak as I have to you. I would silently pay Mr. Home had hardly gone when she repented

you led. One wrong should not prevent another. But now I must remember how one left the ninety-and-nine that went not astray, and sought the one that was lost. Yourself would teach me that but for the terrible surprise."

"It is true," he said, "I have lost something of the enthusiasm of youth. I have none of the heroism that takes real pleasure in sinking self in renunciation. I have been constrained to do it so long that I can not rise to the virtue of the voluntary act a moment when the necessity seemed removed. Judith, I have fallen so low as even to count the stones that bruise my feet. How base must my position seem, if you can not see that at this moment it is the thought of the life that awaits you from which I shrink in horror and fear-which I shall not allow."

He ceased to speak, and she was dumb.

That silence made him hope.

"He is coming here to-night again," he said. And he saw that Judith's face changed; that, strive as she might, she could not conceal her despair. Was it despair? The symptoms were those of fear. He had never for an instant abandoned his ground, and he now spoke as if, in spite of all that had been said, the argument might this moment be concluded.

"Before he comes let his claim on you be decided. If your resolution were but equal to your life's salvation nothing could come between us! George Ridout is at my house. He came down with me from Milford. Let him marry us, and your child shall have a father who will love and protect him so long as God gives him life and power. Hamilton may do what he will with the property. Every requisition he makes in regard to it shall be met. He has earned his fortune. The sale of the factory and of this place will not then arouse suspicion. The minister of Granby is not a trader; and what more reasonable than that, when you married him, you should choose anew in reference also to your son. Your boy shall never want. I myself will educate him. I said I would be a father to him. Judith, I will decide for you here! You asked if I were able. I am able; as I would be if a Hindoo woman appealed to me when the pyre was lighted that should consume her dead husband."

While he spoke thoughts had been flying through the brain of Judith, to and fro, swift as a weaver's shuttle.

"He is coming to-night.-Go, then. Bring George Ridout."

Her words, and the voice that spoke, the look that enforced them, were all so decisive, so urgent, that one less determined than the minister as to what he should do would have been compelled by them.

When he had left her, Judith sat down to wait his return in the summer-house they had approached, but had not entered yet.

But she did not stay there long. She was in a state that made silent deliberation impossible. Original from

having sent him. She did not at this moment clearly understand why she had allowed him to go for his friend. It seemed to her that she had spoken on some other authority, by aid of some other intelligence than her own. She was whirling in the maelstrom of passion, and darkness was above and around her. Not only did the excited state into which she was physically thrown prevent her silent reflection in this summer-house, but as helpless seemed the vexed spirit that shrunk from the part her conscience assigned to her. "This is your work, do it; this is the way, walk in it." Against the peremptoriness of this injunction she rebelled, now that the voice she loved was not here urging what she felt bound to resist.

She thought of her child—and this thought it was that brought her from the summer-house; but she did certainly not purpose to find him, though she took the path that would lead her through the garden and across the lawn up to the house.

The moments flew. It startled her when, approaching the piazza, she saw George Ridout and David Home going down a winding walk, which they presently left to strike across the greensward, shortening thus their way—as if it were too long.

They did not see her, but kept steadily on toward the summer-house, and for a moment she stood still—transfixed, it seemed, by the agony of a doubt that could have of her alone its fit solution.

Looking toward the house again she saw, not her boy, but David's mother, dozing over the newspapers in the warm, quiet afternoon. A thought flashed through her mind. She did not wait to reconsider it, but ran to the house in haste, laid her hand on the old lady's shoulder, and whispered in her ear,

"Come, mother—come! I need you."

"What's that?" exclaimed she; and the minister's mother started up, frightened and trembling, for Mrs. Hamilton was obviously not in a playful mood.

"I need you-come and help me!" exclaimed Judith; and taking her arm she hurried Mrs. Home down the piazza steps, and, by a short cut, to the place where David already stood, waiting and wondering at Judith's disappearance. When he saw her coming at length with his mother, he was confounded. What need of such a witness? Why trouble her mind, or raise a question that might plague her with doubts for the remainder of her days? That Judith herself should have suffered from doubt and hesitation did not surprise him; but he was confident that one decisive act on her part would establish her convictions. Their marriage once made a fact, legal as well as spiritual, conscience would immediately pronounce an absolution; all these mists would be absorbed, and the splendor of the shining sun should no more be dimmed. But the vision of his mother was narrow; her notions of duty were childish; her conscience

might have been nobly free. If Judith had brought her here as a counselor, or arbitrator, Judith was strangely at fault. And so any one must have perceived who beheld the old lady in her present attitude and aspect. On her own ground Mrs. Home felt comfort and assurance, but an inch removed from it she was in distress and perplexity, lost, and unavailing. So her son deemed, though he kept the conviction at a distance; and no one ever could have suspected his apprehension of certain very obvious facts that, in more shallow-hearted sons, would have had a demonstration cutting them clearly from the consideration of the fifth commandment.

Mr. Home had not, for his part, confided all the facts of this business to his brother minister; and now, instead of speaking when Judith came, he remained silent and in doubt. His friend seemed removed an immeasurable distance from him; his mother was looking to him with questioning anxiety; Judith stood face to face with him, and he seemed to see her alone.

He tried to read her thought when she was yet approaching to the spot where he waited for her, but he seemed incapable. His own emòtions hindered. He only saw her-the presence he worshiped—Judith Hamilton, the woman of his dreams these many years; the unapproachable so long-his at last! The words of her love were in his heart, a possession forever; and vows were on her tongue which in a moment should have utterance. He had no misgivings now. He could excuse the trouble he saw in her eyes when they met his. That she had consented to accept for her conscience a law suggested of his own-that she had made her spiritual life to be thus identified with his-satisfied him. At this moment he could ask no more!

He was first to speak.

"Mother," he said, "I am going to make you happy at last. You shall have a daughter to-day whom I can not instruct you how to love, for long ago you found out the excellent way. I thank you, Judith, for bringing her to witness this ceremony."

She stood and heard, looking on him; motionless she stood, and her face had a strange calmness one rarely sees in the face of a bride who has not yet spoken her vows. She slowly moved her head thus standing, and thus looking on him; an arrow piercing his heart could not have startled him more, for he saw in it the most absolute, the most profound resistance to his will and to her own—the most utter renunciation.

Easier would it have been to see that life before him drop into sudden and irrevocable ruin than to hear the words she spoke.

"David"—as she uttered that name George Ridout came nearer; and the poor old mother drew herself up, yet somewhat bewildered, and yet faintly smiling, such a smile as might grow brighter; it seemed as if, when Judith said "David," she might have answered, "Yes! my son, that is!"

notions of duty were childish; her conscience "David"—her voice shook, and she paused made her a slave, in some respects, where she that she might summon strength, for she would



speak now with the firmness that alone could befit her character and place. The effort was well made—triumphantly; though a keen ear might have detected in it the valor of desperation. "When it becomes impossible for two persons to see their way clearly, it is best they should look for help to those who love them. If we were younger, and erred, we might plead youth, inexperience, passion. But now we are helpless, and we know it. If I can not trust my own sense of sight to-day—neither my own nor yours—your mother can not mislead us, your friend will not."

Alarmed and impatient, the minister answered quickly, addressing his friend:

"Ridout, I brought you here to marry us. And I said I'd explain why the ceremony must be performed in this hurried fashion some other time. Last night this lady and myself understood and trusted each other as we seem not to do now. We promised ourselves to each other in marriage then. But last night Mill Hamilton returned to his house, and he claims his wife."

Mr. Home did not pause even for his mother's amazed outbreak, nor for the sudden gesture of his friend—that was, however, unaccompanied by any word.

"It has often enough been said and repeated that she is free of him—that she was free of him before his death was published. The law made her free. Has she any right to outlaw herself for his sake, merely because once she was married to him? Why should she acknowledge a claim he long since destroyed? for it is ascertained that there is no question of his perpetration of the crime he was accused of. There is but one thing that would sustain his claim-Love. That has perished. I love Judith Hamilton. She has said.....Oh, Judith!.....I would protect her and her child. She does not see clearly what is right. I would teach her; but she will not trust me. The old obligation is what she acknowledges-for better, for worse." The minister ceased abruptly, yet not as if out of his own mouth condemned. He had presented the strong points of his argument, and could say no more.

"Speak, mother!" said Judith, in a suppressed voice, that told the difficulty of that mere utterance. But let a woman counsel her; let one who had known, in whatever measure, a woman's trials, joys, temptations, rights, speak—lead her. For how should she lead herself?

"What brought me here?" exclaimed the distressed old mother. "Oh David! David! man of God, I ne'er feared for you!"

The words startled that little group. To Judith it was obvious that, against herself, she had a woman on her side.

David also obviously gave the words this interpretation, for he said, instantly,

"Fear not now, mother. I will do the thing that is right. I will defend the fatherless and the widow. God will teach me how to do it."

"Speak!" said Judith, turning to George Ridout.

He came forward as if to a conference whose eternal issues were clearly set before him. David Home's heart misgave him as he looked at his friend; for here was not the mere personal ally who would shield him from a threatened blow; here was one who could drop his prerogatives of friendship to assume higher, nobler. His countenance was almost stern of aspect, and his audience was larger than this apparent one of three struggling souls.

"Brother," said he, approaching David Home, and laying his hand on his shoulder, "there's one word, the sublimest and most terrible of all those great words whose meaning we must learn -not from the dictionary-self-abnegation. Let this woman, who must answer for her own soul, speak to you for herself. You can not so instruct her as to take away her right, her responsibility, nay, her subjection, to the conscience that speaks louder than our voices. She is, as you say, legally free of the man who was her husband; and her heart is yours. But it is for not one of us to decide what she shall do. You have yourself reported to me the admirable wisdom and judgment with which she has conducted her life, and her son's life, and her estate for these two years. To her God alone, I must remind you, she stands now responsible. I can only counsel her-because I love you, and because I respect her-follow your heart's bidding."

In the solemn and awful hush that fell over them Judith Hamilton gave her hand to David Home. For one instant even now he dared hope that the heart should be victorious; had not Ridout even made the last appeal to it? But looking into Judith's eyes he could deceive himself no more.

"It is enough," she said. "I am glad for this, at least—that God has let us speak. It will not be a harder life to me that I have the knowledge of your love. Of mine I can speak no more. For I have spoken, David. Mother, I have spoken to him. Do not let it die—the flower that opened so fair! It might blossom all the year round; and it would not make other work the harder that this, the hardest, is done. Done by God's help, or it could never be!—He is coming here to-night, you say. I will go with him. He has never doubted me: he doubts every thing else now but me. Something he must have. It was for better, for worse; till death us do part—till death us do part!"

Life, at the longest, is brief—we are in the habit of saying.

We sum up the moments that go to make the years, and stand appalled to think of what must be lived through if the years are joyless. Ten years are not many, but in less time a ruin may be wrought; or in them the soul may grow in strength and grace and in wisdom to enter a kingdom of heaven all whose events, all whose revelations, shall correspond to the inward fitness.

When the cholera came into the heart of New England Judith Hamilton said to her husband,



"Let Judah go to Granby. Whatever happens to us, we must keep him for this world." And that day the lad set out alone for the town on Grand River, where David Home still lived and preached the Gospel.

Before the end of the week Mr. Home went down to the great city, where a thousand crimes might hide themselves a lifetime from detection. He had no fear of cholera, or it was a fear now mastered. For the first time in ten years he had obtained knowledge of Judith's home. He had talked with Judith's son, and the day after the lad's arrival at his house he left him there in his mother's charge, in sight of Riverside.

It was his conviction that there was urgent reason for this journey: that more than the ten solitary, workful years were drawing to a close. The inquiries he had made had left on his mind an impression young Judah was innocent of attempting to convey, and nothing could loosen its hold—nothing abate its force.

He readily found the house that he was seeking—a cottage in the suburbs of the town, isolated, remote, with no recommendation of site, no charm of prospect or neighborhood, to point it out or to commend it. Judith's home.

A frame cottage, painted white, across whose front a veranda ran whose latticed walls were covered with vines, in whose narrow yard were a few ornamental shrubs, and tiny beds of flowers in the grass, showed that refinement and taste lived in the house—the house where Judith lived.

It was such a home as Mill Hamilton in his early dreaming moods might have desired. The aspirations of David Home would never have passed beyond it. Yet as he walked up the street, and surveyed the green inclosure, looked at the shrubs and flowers as her friends, her witnesses, about which she had planned, whose growth she had regarded, he found himself wondering whether the great Mill Hamilton had actually found content as well as retirement in this humble retreat.

He ascended the flight of steps leading to the veranda and approached the open door, and as he did so a voice, raised high in fear or pain, said, "Judith! Judith!"

The name drew him in "as a call," till he stood at the end of the passage, before the open door of an apartment where on a bed lay—no! it was not Judith! The voice that cried was not to one departing—and that had been David Home's instant suspicion as, breathless, he hurried on till he came and beheld.

It was Mill Hamilton, who lay, that summer evening when Death's messages were many, doubting whether his own time had come.

So absorbed was Judith in the efforts she was making to soothe him in his agony, that though she saw the minister enter, she saw it as the arrival of a friend whose presence—not as a mere spirit—was familiar in that room. At the first glance, indeed, she supposed it was the physician, for whom she had sent two hours ago, and whose coming she had waited for, mo-

ment by moment, with most intense anxiety. But a second glance was sufficient; and she said.

"Did Judah find you?"

"Yes."

"Then sit here, in my place, for I must leave it. I must find a doctor. I have expected one every instant, so long! He is falling into the stupor."

As she spoke Mill Hamilton opened wide his eyes. He saw Judith leaving his bedside, and he fancied for an instant—incredible though he might pronounce the fancy, and instantly though he must reject it—that she was going to desert him.

"There!" he said. "You're afraid of the cholera too. So am I, for your sake. I wish you had gone with Judah. It is wicked to keep you here!"

She was back by his side in an instant, and bending over him, said,

"I was going for something that would help you, Mill; it was only a minute I'd be gone, and our friend here would sit with you."

But before he could speak in answer the doctor came.

He did not stay five minutes. Going directly to the bed—he had been sent for, this house answered to the number, that was all he knew—he looked at the patient, and turning to the wife, said.

"It was too late at noon. Yet, in the morning, if we deem advisable then, he must be taken to the hospital. He will get the right treatment there."

Mill Hamilton heard these words: he looked at the doctor and laughed.

"I understand you," he said.

"I'm a dead man myself," replied the doctor. "We may happen to meet at the hospital though. You've got pluck enough, and if I die it will be standing."

"Lie down," said Judith, in quick sympathy with the spirit that could speak thus. "You will find a bed up stairs. I will send for any one you say. You do look very ill. Indeed you must remain."

"No, no," answered the doctor; he was a young man, and a month ago studied this pestilence with ambitious vigor, and in imagination saw himself the healer of the town—the stayer of the scourge; and though that expectation, hope, ambition had dropped out of sight, and was as if it had never been, he was still bent on the work; and where there was a hope of saving life he served the sick with untiring zeal.

When he was gone Judith sat down by Hamilton's bed. She held his hand—something in life to lean on he should have—as long as his life lasted. He grasped her hand when he felt her touch as if in it lay his salvation.

"Where's the boy?" he asked, rousing from the strange state of drowsiness into which he was constantly falling.
"He will come back by-and-by," said Judith.

"Don't let him stay too long."



"No, father, it will not be a great while. We could not spare him long."

David Home stood at a distance and surveyed his old friend-saw what ten years had done toward whitening his gray hair. How old he looked! and yet this was not irascible, vindictive, or defiant old age. Had the years brought him repentance? was it possible for him to speak out on his death-bed in blessing or in praise? Had he any thing to say to her who had given her life for his life, honoring love even to deathsurrendering common happiness that she might save even the semblance of love from a new desecration in any mortal's mind? She had thrown herself into the deadly breach with more than the valor of fighting men who have for their incitement gaping wounds, and flowing blood, dismembered bodies, death. She had pitched her tent among enemies, had become outcast and alien for the sake of a deserter. And to what purpose?

To hear him say at last, as in a dream, that now and then moved him as a reality,

"It is the cholera—the city is dying of it. We sent away Judah—run Judith! I won't have you dying here for me! It's too much—go."

And yet, when she did not go—neither argued with him, but sat silent—he did not seem to notice that she lightly heeded what sounded so peremptory in the moment of strenuous utterance which exhausted him. He was still holding her hand—clinging to it yet.

"Judith," he said, "you've been true as God. I couldn't consent to go to any one but Him from you."

"I would not give you up," she answered, tenderly, "to any one but Him." And who can tell the satisfaction with which she spoke those words! It was—David Home where he stood acknowledged it—it was, though an hour of death, an hour of holy triumph.

"Judith—there! Kneel down. Say, God take this sinner in—say—I'll say to Him—in a moment, when I see clearer—I'll say, she stood by me till death. It was of her free-will. I'm a sinner; but she did that for me, and I've got to worshiping her where I only was proud of her; and that's all my fitness for heaven. She did it to save me. God can't do less."

"Mill, dear, here's an old friend come to speak to you," exclaimed Judith. She looked toward the minister as she spoke, but not for "ghostly counsel" nor for priestly warrant. She would have risen up and withdrawn her hand, but her husband would not let her move. He held her there as much by his words as by his grasp.

"No friend but Judith," he said. "Judith, pray out so I can hear you what you've been praying all this while. I know you've made it all safe for me, intercessor, but no harm—once more."

"O Father, if Thou art taking him out of this world, take him to a better home! Take him to Thyself. O thou loving one, if Thou wilt take him from us, smile on him!"

"Say for your sake, Judith, for you love me." So did he stay him on this rock—of trust in Judith.

"For Jesus' sake! Thy dear Son's sake—not mine—not my husband's. We are dust before our Creator."

"My boy," he said, with sudden vehemence, "love your mother. God will love you for that. Judah—how could she make a man out of a wild beast? She's done it. There she stood—like a rock it was, my boy—till I cast anchor."

As long as he could speak this was Mill Hamilton's testimony. He spoke but to bless the name of Judith. His hope of heaven was fixed on his trust in her perfect faithfulness. And again the world was saved by Love.

When he could speak no more, she bowed her head over him and said:

"It is enough. The battle's fought, the victory's won. The entrance of Thy word giveth light."

David Home wrestled in that cottage all night long with Death. Morning saw him kneeling, as last night Judith knelt, and as scores of men at that same moment were kneeling, to hear last words of the most precious life.

"I give you all I have," she said. "Finish the work I began, for Judah's sake. Oh, David, it is not long. Has it been a weary time, beloved? Wait! wait! We have done our duty. Leave to God the rest."

ROMOLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE."

CHAPTER XLII.

ROMOLA IN HER PLACE.

IT was the thirtieth of October, 1496. The sky that morning was clear enough, and there was a pleasant autumnal breeze. But the Florentines just then thought very little about the land-breezes: they were thinking of the gales at sea, which seemed to be uniting with all other powers to disprove the Frate's declaration that Heaven took special care of Florence.

For those terrible gales had driven away from the coast of Leghorn certain ships from Marseilles, freighted with soldiery and corn; and Florence was in the direst need, first of food, and secondly of fighting men. Pale famine was in her streets, and her territory was threatened on all its borders.

For the French king, that new Charlemagne, who had entered Italy in anticipatory triumph, and had conquered Naples without the least trouble, had gone away again fifteen months



ago, and was even, it was feared, in his grief for the loss of a new-born son, losing the languid intention of coming back again to redress grievances and set the Church in order. A league had been formed against him-a Holy League, with Pope Borgia at its head, to "drive out the barbarians," who still garrisoned the fortress of Naples. That had a patriotic sound; but, looked at more closely, the Holy League seemed very much like an agreement among certain wolves to drive away all other wolves, and then to see which among themselves could snatch the largest share of the prey. And there was a general disposition to regard Florence, not as a fellow-wolf, but rather as a desirable carcass. Florence, therefore, of all the chief Italian States, had alone declined to join the league, adhering still to the French alliance.

She had declined at her peril. At this moment Pisa, still fighting savagely for liberty, was being encouraged not only by strong forces from Venice and Milan, but by the presence of the German Emperor Maximilian, who had been invited by the League, and was joining the Pisans with such troops as he had in the attempt to get possession of Leghorn, while the coast was invested by Venetian and Genoese ships. And if Leghorn should fall into the hands of the enemy, woe to Florence! For if that one putlet toward the sea were closed, hedged in as she was on the land by the bitter ill-will of the Pope, and the jenlousy of smaller States, how could succors reach her?



The government of Florence had shown a great heart in this urgent need, meeting losses and defeats with vigorous effort, raising fresh money, raising fresh soldiers, but not neglecting the good old method of Italian defense—conciliatory embassies. And while the scarcity of food was every day becoming greater, they had

resolved, in opposition to old precedent, not to shut out the starving country people, and the mendicants driven from the gates of other cities, who came flocking to Florence like birds from a land of snow. These acts of a government in which the disciples of Savonarola made the strongest element were not allowed to pass without criticism. The disaffected were plentiful, and they saw clearly that the government took the worst course for the public welfare. Florence ought to join the League, and make common cause with the other great Italian States, instead of drawing down their hostility by a futile adherence to a foreign ally. Florence ought to take care of her own citizens, instead of opening her gates to famine and pestilence in the shape of starving contadini and alien mendi-

Every day the distress became sharper: every day the murmurs became louder. And, to crown the difficulties of the government, for a month and more-in obedience to a mandate from Rome-Fra Girolamo had ceased to preach. But on the arrival of the terrible news that the ships from Marseilles had been driven back, and that no corn was coming, the need for the voice that could infuse faith and patience into the people became too imperative to be resisted. In defiance of the Papal mandate the Signoria requested Savonarola to preach. And two days ago he had mounted again the pulpit of the Duomo, and had told the people only to wait and be steadfast, and the Divine help would certainly come. It was a bold sermon: he consented to have his frock stripped off him if, when Florence persevered in fulfilling the duties of piety and citizenship, God did not come to her rescue.

Yet at present, on this morning of the thirtieth, there were no signs of rescue. Perhaps if the precious Tabernacle of the Madonna dell' Impruneta were brought into Florence and carried in devout procession to the Duomo, that Mother, rich in sorrows and therefore in mercy, would plead for the suffering city? For a century and a half there were records how the Florentines, suffering from drought, or flood, or famine, or pestilence, or the threat of wars, had fetched the potent image within their walls, and had found deliverance. And grateful honor had been done to her and her ancient church of L'Impruneta; the high house of Buondelmonti, patrons of the church, had to guard her hidden image with bare sword; wealth had been poured out for prayers at her shrine, for chantings, and chapels, and ever-burning lights; and lands had been added, till there was much quarreling for the privilege of serving her. The Florentines were deeply convinced of her graciousness to them, so that the sight of her tabernacle within their walls was like the parting of the cloud, and the proverb ran, that the Florentines had a Madonna who would do what they pleased. When were they in more need of her pleading pity than now? And already, the evening before, the tabernacle containing the miraculous hidden

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escort from L'Impruneta, the privileged spot six miles beyond the gate of San Piero that looks toward Rome, and had been deposited in the church of San Gaggio, outside the gate, whence it was to be fetched in solemn procession by all the fraternities, trades, and authorities of Florence.

But the Pitying Mother had not yet entered within the walls, and the morning arose on unchanged misery and despondency. Pestilence was hovering in the track of famine. Not only the hospitals were full, but the court-yards of private houses had been turned into refuges and infirmaries; and still there was unsheltered want. And early this morning, as usual, members of the various fraternities who made it part of their duty to bury the unfriended dead were bearing away the corpses that had sunk by the wayside. As usual, sweet womanly forms, with the refined air and carriage of the well-born, but in the plainest garb, were moving about the streets on their daily errands of tending the sick and relieving the hungry.

One of these forms was easily distinguishable as Romola de' Bardi. Clad in the simplest garment of black serge, with a plain piece of black drapery drawn over her head, so as to hide all her hair, except the bands of gold that rippled apart on her brow, she was advancing from the Ponte Vecchio toward the Por' Santa Mariathe street in a direct line with the bridge-when she found her way obstructed by the pausing of a bier, which was being carried by members of the company of San Jacopo del Popolo, in search for the unburied dead. The brethren at the head of the bier were stooping to examine something, while a group of idle workmen, with features paled and sharpened by hunger, were clustering round and all talking at once.

"He's dead, I tell you! Messer Domeneddio has loved him well enough to take him."

"Ah, and it would be well for us all if we could have our legs stretched out and go with our heads two or three bracci foremost! It's ill standing upright with hunger to prop you."

"Well, well, he's an old fellow. Death has got a poor bargain. Life's had the best of him."

"And no Florentine, ten to one! A beggar turned out of Siena. San Giovanni defend us! They've no need of soldiers to fight us. They send us an army of starving men."

"No, no! This man is one of the prisoners turned out of the Stinche. I know by the gray patch where the prison badge was."

"Keep quiet! Lend a hand! Don't you see the brethren are going to lift him on the bier!"

"It's likely he's alive enough if he could only look it. The soul may be inside him if it had only a drop of vernaccia to warm it."

"In truth, I think he is not dead," said one of the brethren, when they had lifted him on the bier. "He has perhaps only sunk down for want of food."

"Let me try to give him some wine," said out it. You and I, Ce Romola, coming forward. She loosened the is to go to bed fasting."

small flask which she carried at her belt, and. leaning toward the prostrate body, with a deft hand she applied a small ivory implement between the teeth, and poured into the mouth a few drops of wine. The stimulus acted: the wine was evidently swallowed. She poured more, till the head was moved a little toward her, and the eyes of the old man opened full upon her with the vague look of returning consciousness. Then for the first time a sense of complete recognition came over Romola. Those wild dark eyes opening in the sallow deep-lined face, with the white beard, which was now long again, were like an unmistakable signature to a remembered handwriting. The light of two summers had not made that image any fainter in Romola's memory: the image of the escaped prisoner, whom she had seen in the Duomo the day when Tito first wore the armor—at whose grasp Tito was paled with terror in the strange sketch she had seen in Piero's studio. A wretched tremor and palpitation seized her. Now at last, perhaps, she was going to know some secret which might be more bitter than all that had gone before. She felt an impulse to dart away as from some sight of horror; and again, a more imperious need to keep close by the side of this old man whom, the divination of keen feeling told her, her husband had injured. In the very instant of this conflict she still leaned toward him and kept her right hand ready to administer more wine, while her left was passed under his neck. Her hands trembled, but their habit of soothing helpfulness would have served to guide them without the direction of her thought.

Baldassarre was looking at her for the first time. The close seclusion in which Romola's trouble had kept her in the weeks preceding her flight and his arrest had denied him the opportunity he had sought of seeing the Wife who lived in the Via de' Bardi; and at this moment the descriptions he had heard of the fair goldenhaired woman were all gone, like yesterday's wayes.

"Will it not be well to carry him to the steps of San Stefano?" said Romola. "We shall cease then to stop up the street, and you can go on your way with your bier."

They had only to move onward for about thirty yards before reaching the steps of San Stefano, and by this time Baldassarre was able himself to make some efforts toward getting off the bier, and propping himself on the steps against the church doorway. The charitable brethren passed on, but the group of interested spectators, who had nothing to do and much to say, had considerably increased. The feeling toward the old man was not so entirely friendly now it was quite certain that he was alive, but the respect inspired by Romola's presence caused the passing remarks to be made in a rather more subdued tone than before.

"Ah, they gave him his morsel every day in the Stinche—that's why he can't do so well without it. You and I, Cecco, know better what it is to go to bed fasting."



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have turned out some of the prisoners, that they may shelter honest people instead. But if every thief is to be brought to life with good wine and wheaten bread, we Ciompi had better go and fill ourselves in Arno while the water's plenty.'

Romola had seated herself on the steps by Baldassarre, and was saying, "Can you eat a little bread now? perhaps by-and-by you will be able, if I leave it with you. I must go on, because I have promised to be at the hospital. But I will come back if you will wait here, and then I will take you to some shelter. Do you understand? Will you wait? I will come back."

He looked dreamily at her, and repeated her words, "come back." It was no wonder that his mind was enfeebled by his bodily exhaustion, but she hoped that he apprehended her meaning. She opened her basket, which was filled with pieces of soft bread, and put one of the pieces into his hand.

"Do you keep your bread for those that can't swallow, madonna?" said a rough-looking fellow, in a red night-cap, who had elbowed his way into the inmost circle of spectators—a circle that was pressing rather closely on Romola.

"If any body isn't hungry," said another, "I say, let him alone. He's better off than people who've got craving stomachs and no breakfast."

"Yes, indeed; if a man's a mind to die, it's a time to encourage him, instead of making him come back to life against his will. Dead men want no trencher."

"Oh, you don't understand the Frate's charity," said a young man in an excellent cloth tunic, whose face showed no signs of want. "The Frate has been preaching to the birds, like Saint Anthony, and he's been telling the hawks they were made to feed the sparrows, as every good Florentine citizen was made to feed six starving beggar-men from Arezzo or Bologna. Madonna there is a pious Piagnone: she's not going to throw away her good bread on honest citizens who've got all the Frate's prophecies to swallow."

"Come, madonna," said he of the red cap, "the old thief doesn't cat the bread, you see: you'd better try us. We fast so much we're half saints already."

The circle had narrowed till the coarse men -most of them gaunt from privation-had left hardly any margin round Romola. She had been taking from her basket a small horn cup. into which she put the piece of bread and just moistened it with wine; and hitherto she had not appeared to heed them. But now she rose to her feet, and looked round at them. Instinctively the men who were nearest to her pushed backward a little, as if their rude nearness were the fault of those behind. Romola held out the basket of bread to the man in the night-cap, looking at him without any reproach in her glance, as she said,

have the power to take this bread if you will. ling a wider circuit toward the river, which she

"Gnaffe! that's why the Magnificent Eight | It was saved for sick women and children. You are strong men; but if you do not choose to suffer because you are strong, you have the power to take every thing from the weak. You can take the bread from this basket; but I shall watch by this old man; I shall resist your taking the bread from him."

For a few moments there was perfect silence, while Romola looked at the faces before her, and held out the basket of bread. Her own pale face had the slightly pinched look and the deepening of the eye-socket which indicate unusual fasting in the habitually temperate, and the large direct gaze of her hazel eyes was all the more impressive. The man in the night-cap looked rather silly, and backed, thrusting his elbow into his neighbor's ribs with an air of moral rebuke. The backing was general, every one wishing to imply that he had been pushed forward against his will; and the young man in the fine cloth tunic had disappeared.

But at this moment the armed servitors of the Signoria, who had begun to patrol the line of streets through which the procession was to pass, came up to disperse the group which was obstructing the narrow street. The man addressed as Cecco retreated from a threatening mace up the church steps, and said to Romola, in a respectful tone,

"Madonna, if you want to go on your errands, I'll take care of the old man."

Cecco was a wild-looking figure: a very ragged tunic, made shaggy and variegated by clothdust and clinging fragments of wool, gave relief to a pair of bare bony arms and a long sinewy neck; his square jaw shaded by a bristly black beard, his bridgeless nose and low forehead, made his face look as if it had been crushed down for the purposes of packing, and a narrow piece of red rag tied over his ears seemed to assist in the compression. Romola looked at him with some hesitation.

"Don't distrust me, madonna," said Cecco, who understood her look perfectly; "I'm not so pretty as you, but I've got an old mother who eats my porridge for me. What! there's a heart inside me, and I've bought a candle for the most Holy Virgin before now. Besides, see there, the old fellow is eating his sop. He's hale enough: he'll be on his legs as well as the best of us byand-by."

"Thank you for offering to take care of him, friend," said Romola, rather penitent for her doubting glance. Then leaning to Baldassarre, she said, "Pray wait for me till I come again."

He assented with a slight movement of the head and hand, and Romola went on her way toward the hospital of San Matteo, in the Piazza di San Marco.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE UNSERN MADONNA.

In returning from the hospital, more than an "Hunger is hard to bear, I know, and you hour later, Romola took a different road, mak-



reached at some distance from the Ponte Vecchio. She turned her steps toward that bridge, intending to hasten to San Stefano in search of Baldassarre. She dreaded to know more about him, yet she felt as if, in forsaking him, she would be forsaking some near claim upon her.

But when she approached the meeting of the roads where the Por' Santa Maria would be on her right hand and the Ponte Vecchio on her left, she found herself involved in a crowd who suddenly fell on their knees; and she immediately knelt with them. The Cross was passing —the Great Cross of the Duomo—which headed the procession. Romola was later than she had expected to be, and now she must wait till the procession had passed. As she rose from her knees, when the Cross had disappeared, the return to a standing posture, with nothing to do but gaze, made her more conscious of her fatigue than she had been while she had been walking and occupied. A shop-keeper by her side said:

"Madonna Romola, you will be weary of standing: Gian Fantoni will be glad to give you a seat in his house. Here is his door close at hand. Let me open it for you. What! he loves God and the Frate as we do. His house is yours."

Romola was accustomed now to be addressed in this fraternal way by ordinary citizens, whose faces were familiar to her from her having seen them constantly in the Duomo. The word "home" had come to mean, for her, less the house in the Via de' Bardi, where she sat in frequent loneliness, than the towered circuit of Florence, where there was hardly a turn of the streets at which she was not greeted with looks of appeal or of friendliness. She was glad enough to pass through the opened door on her right hand and be led by the fraternal hose-vendor to an upstairs window, where a stout woman with three children, all in the plain garb of Piagnoni, made a place for her with much reverence above the bright hanging draperies. From this corner station she could see, not only the procession pouring in solemn slowness between the lines of houses on the Ponte Vecchio, but also the river and the Lung' Arno on toward the bridge of the Santa Trinità.

In sadness and in stillness came the slow procession. Not even a wailing chant broke the silent appeal for mercy: there was only the tramp of footsteps, and the faint sweep of woolen garments. They were young footsteps that were passing when Romola first looked from the window-a long train of the Florentine youth, bearing high in the midst of them the white image of the youthful Jesus, with a golden glory above his head, standing by the tall cross where the thorns and the nails lay ready.

After that train of fresh beardless faces came the mysterious-looking Companies of Discipline, bound by secret rules to self-chastisement, and devout praise, and special acts of piety; all wearing a garb which concealed the whole head and face except the eyes. Every one knew that at the meeting of the roads, fall on their knees these mysterious forms were Florentine citizens as if something divine were passing. The move-

of various ranks, who might be seen at ordinary times going about the business of the shop, the counting-house, or the State; but no member now was discernible as son, husband, or father. They had dropped their personality, and walked as symbols of a common vow. Each company had its color and its badge, but the garb of all was a complete shroud, and left no expression but that of fellowship.

In comparison with them the multitude of monks seemed to be strongly distinguished individuals, in spite of the common tonsure and the common frock. First came a white stream of reformed Benedictines; and then a much longer stream of the Frati Minori, or Franciscans, in that age all clad in gray, with the knotted cord round their waists, and some of them with the zoccoli, or wooden sandals, below their bare feet -perhaps the most numerous order in Florence. owning many zealous members who loved mankind and hated the Dominicans. And after the gray came the black of the Augustinians of San Spirito, with more cultured human faces above it-mon who had inherited the library of Boccaccio, and had made the most learned company in Florence when learning was rarer; then the white over dark of the Carmelites; and then again the unmixed black of the Servites, that famous Florentine order founded by seven merchants who forsook their gains to adore the Divine Mother.

And now the hearts of all on-lookers began to beat a little faster, either with hatred or with love, for there was a stream of black and white coming over the bridge-of black mantles over white scapularies; and every one knew that the Dominicans were coming. Those of Fiesole passed first. One black mantle parted by white after another, one tonsured head after another, and still expectation was suspended. They were very coarse mantles, all of them, and many were threadbare, it not ragged; for the Prior of San Marco had reduced the fraternities under his rule to the strictest poverty and discipline. But in the long line of black and white there was at last singled out a mantle only a little more worn than the rest, with a tonsured head above it which might not have appeared supremely remarkable to a stranger who had not seen it on bronze medals, with the sword of God as its obverse; or surrounded by an armed guard on the way to the Duomo; or transfigured by the inward flame of the orator as it looked round on a rapt multitude.

As the approach of Savonarola was discerned, none dared conspicuously to break the stillness by a sound which would rise above the solemn tramp of footsteps and the faint sweep of garments; nevertheless his ear, as well as other ears, caught a mingled sound of low hissing that longed to be curses, and murmurs that longed to be blessings. Perhaps it was the sense that the hissing predominated which made two or three of his disciples in the fore-ground of the crowd,



ment of silent homage spread: it went along the | the bidden Mother cared less for torches and sides of the streets like a subtle shock, leaving some unmoved, while it made the most bend the knee and bow the head. But the hatred, too, gathered a more intense expression; and as Savonarola passed up the Por' Santa Maria, Romola could see that some one at an upper window spat upon him.

Monks again-Frati Umiliati, or Humbled Brethren, from Ognissanti, with a glorious tradition of being the earliest workers in the wooltrade; and again more monks-Vallombrosan and other varieties of Benedictines, reminding the instructed eye by niceties of form and color that in ages of abuse, long ago, reformers had arisen who had marked a change of spirit by a change of garb; till at last the shaven crowns were at an end, and there came the train of untonsured secular priests.

Then followed the twenty-one incorporated Arts of Florence in long array, with their banners floating above them in proud declaration that the bearers had their distinct functions, from the bakers of bread to the judges and notaries. And then all the secondary officers of State, beginning with the less and going on to the greater, till the line of secularities was broken by the Canons of the Duomo, carrying a sacred relic-the very head, inclosed in silver, of San Zenobio, immortal bishop of Florence, whose virtues were held to have saved the city perhaps a thousand years before.

Here was the nucleus of the procession. Behind the relic came the archbishop in gorgeous cope, with canopy held above him; and after him the mysterious hidden Image—hidden first by rich curtains of brocade inclosing an outer painted tabernacle, but within this, by the more ancient tabernacle which had never been opened in the memory of living men, or the fathers of living men. In that inner shrine was the image of the Pitying Mother, found ages ago in the soil of L'Impruneta, uttering a cry as the spade struck it. Hitherto the unseen Image had hardly ever been carried to the Duomo without having rich gifts borne before it. There was no reciting the list of precious offerings made by emulous men and communities, especially of veils and curtains and mantles. But the richest of all these, it was said, had been given by a poor abbess and her nuns, who, having no money to buy materials, wove a mantle of gold brocade with their prayers, embroidered it and adorned it with their prayers, and, finally, saw their work presented to the Blessed Virgin in the great Piazza by two beautiful youths who spread out white wings and vanished in the blue.

But to-day there were no gifts carried before the tabernacle: no donations were to be given to-day except to the poor. That had been the advice of Fra Girolamo, whose preaching never insisted on gifts to the invisible powers, but only on help to visible need; and altars had been raised at various points in front of the churches, on which the oblations for the poor were de-

brocade than for the wail of the hungry people. Florence was in extremity: she had done her utmost, and could only wait for something divine that was not in her own power.

The Frate in the torn mantle had said that help would certainly come, and many of the faint-hearted were clinging more to their faith in the Frate's word than to their faith in the virtues of the unseen Image. But there were not a few of the fierce-hearted who thought with secret rejoicing that the Frate's word might be proved false.

· Slowly the tabernacle moved forward, and knees were bent. There was profound stillness; for the train of priests and chaplains from L'Impruneta stirred no passion in the on-lookers. The procession was about to close with the Priors and the Gonfaloniere; the long train of companies and symbols, which have their silent music and stir the mind as a chorus stirs it, was passing out of sight, and now a faint yearning hope was all that struggled with the accustomed despondency.

Romola, whose heart had been swelling, half with foreboding, half with that enthusiasm of fellowship which the life of the last two years had made as habitual to her as the consciousness of costume to a vain and idle woman, gave a deep sigh, as at the end of some long mental tension, and remained on her knees for very languor; when suddenly there flashed from between the houses on to the distant bridge something bright-colored. In the instant Romola started up and stretched out her arms, leaning from the window, while the black drapery fell from her head, and the golden gleam of her hair and the flush in her face seemed the effect of one illumination. A shout arose in the same instant; the last troops of the procession paused, and all faces were turned toward the distant bridge.

But the bridge was passed now; the horseman was pressing at full gallop along by the Arno; the sides of his bay horse, just streaked with foam, looked all white from swiftness; his cap was flying loose by his red becchetto, and he waved an olive branch in his hand. It was a messenger-a messenger of good tidings! The blessed olive branch spoke afar off. But the impatient people could not wait. They rushed to meet the on-comer, and seized his horse's rein, pushing and trampling.

And now Romola could see that the horseman was her husband, who had been sent to Pisa a few days before on a private embassy. The recognition brought no new flash of joy into her eyes. She had checked her first impulsive attitude of expectation; but her governing anxiety was still to know what news of relief had come for Florence.

"Good news!" "Best news!" "News to be paid with hose (novelle da calze)!" were the vague answers with which Tito met the importunities of the crowd, until he had succeeded in posited. Not even a torch was carried. Surely pushing on his horse to the spot at the meeting



of the ways where the Gonfaloniere and the Priors were awaiting him. There he paused, and, bowing low, said:

"Magnificent Signori! I have to deliver to you the joyful news that the galleys from France, laden with corn and men, have arrived safely in the port of Leghorn, by favor of a strong wind, which kept the enemy's fleet at a distance."

The words had no sooner left Tito's lips than they seemed to vibrate up the streets. A great shout rang through the air, and rushed along the river; and then another, and another; and the shouts were heard spreading along the line of the procession toward the Duomo; and then there were fainter answering shouts, like the intermediate plash of distant waves in a great lake whose waters obey one impulse.

For some minutes there was no attempt to speak further: the Signoria themselves lifted up their caps, and stood bareheaded in the presence of a rescue which had come from outside the limit of their own power—from that region of trust and resignation which has been in all ages called divine.

At last, as the signal was given to move forward, Tito said, with a smile:

"I ought to say that any hose to be bestowed by the Magnificent Signoria, in reward of these tidings, are due, not to me, but to another man, who had ridden hard to bring them, and would have been here in my place if his horse had not broken down just before he reached Signa. Meo di Sasso will doubtless be here in an hour or two, and may all the more justly claim the glory of the messenger, because he has had the chief labor and has lost the chief delight."

It was a graceful way of putting a necessary statement, and after a word of reply from the *Proposto*, or spokesman of the Signoria, this dignified extremity of the procession passed on, and Tito turned his horse's head to follow in its train, while the great bell of the Palazzo Vecchio was already beginning to swing, and give a louder voice to the people's joy.

In that moment, when Tito's attention had ceased to be imperatively directed, it might have been expected that he would look round and recognize Romola; but he was apparently engaged with his cap, which, now the cager people were leading his horse, he was able to scize and place on his head, while his right hand was still encumbered with the olive-branch. He had a becoming air of lassitude after his exertions; and Romola, instead of making any effort to be recognized by him, threw her black drapery over her head again, and remained perfectly quiet. Yet she felt almost sure that Tito had seen her; he had the power of seeing every thing without seeming to see it.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE VISIBLE MADONNA.

The crowd had no sooner passed onward than upon him Romola descended to the street, and hastened to the steps of San Stefano. Cecco had been fixedness.

attracted with the rest toward the Piazza, and she found Baldassarre standing alone against the church-door, with the horn cup in his hand, waiting for her. There was a striking change in him; the blank, dreamy glance of a half-returned consciousness had given place to a fierceness which, as she advanced and spoke to him, flashed upon her as if she had been its object. It was the glance of caged fury that sees its prey passing safe beyond the bars.

Romola started as the glance was turned on her, but her immediate thought was that he had seen Tito. And as she felt the look of hatred grating on her, something like a hope arose that this man might be the criminal, and that her husband might not have been guilty toward him. If she could learn that now, by bringing Tito face to face with him, and have her mind set at rest!

"If you will come with me," she said, "I can give you shelter and food until you are quite rested and strong. Will you come?"

"Yes," said Baldassarre; "I shall be glad to get my strength. I want to get my strength," he repeated, as if he were muttering to himself rather than speaking to her.

"Come," she said, inviting him to walk by her side, and taking the way by the Arno toward the Ponte Rubaconte as the more private road.

"I think you are not a Florentine," she said, presently, as they turned on to the bridge.

He looked round at her without speaking. His suspicious caution was more strongly upon him than usual, just now that the fog of confusion and oblivion was made denser by bodily feebleness. But she was looking at him too, and there was something in her gentle eyes which at last compelled him to answer her. But he answered cautiously,

"No, I am no Florentine; I am a lonely man." She observed his reluctance to speak to her, and dared not question him further, lest he should desire to quit her. As she glanced at him from time to time, her mind was busy with thoughts which quenched the faint hope that there was nothing painful to be revealed about her husband. If this old man had been in the wrong, where was the cause for dread and secrecy? They walked on in silence till they reached the entrance into the Via de' Bardi, and Romola noticed that he turned and looked at her with a sudden movement as if some shock had passed through him. A few moments after she paused at the half-open door of the court, and turned toward him.

"Ah!" he said, not waiting for her to speak, "you are his wife."

"Whose wife?" said Romola, flushing and trembling.

It would have been impossible for Baldassarre to recall any name at that moment. The very force with which the image of Tito pressed upon him seemed to expel any verbal sign. He made no answer, but looked at her with strange fixedness.



She opened the door wide and showed the court covered with straw, on which lay four or five sick people, while some little children crawled or sat on it at their ease—tiny pale creatures, biting straws and gurgling.

"If you will come in," said Romola, tremulously, "I will find you a comfortable place, and

bring you some more food."

"No, I will not come in," said Baldassarre. But he stood still, arrested by the burden of impressions under which his mind was too confused to choose a course.

"Can I do nothing for you?" said Romola. "Let me give you some money that you may buy food. It will be more plentiful soon."

She had put her hand into her scarsella as she spoke, and held out her palm with several grossi in it. She purposely offered him more than she would have given to any other man in the same circumstances. He looked at the coins a little while, and then said,

"Yes, I will take them."

She poured the coins into his palm, and he grasped them tightly.

"Tell me," said Romola, almost beseeching-

ly. "What shall you-"

But Baldassarre had turned away from her. and was walking again toward the bridge. Passing from it, straight on up the Via del Fosso, he came upon the shop of Niccolò Caparra, and turned toward it without a pause, as if it had been the very object of his search. Niccolò was at that moment in procession with the armorers of Florence, and there was only one apprentice in the shop. But there were all sorts of weapons in abundance hanging there, and Baldassarre's eyes discerned what he was more hungry for than for bread. Niccolò himself would probably have refused to sell any thing that might serve and weapon to this man with signs of the prison on him; but the apprentice, less observant and scrupulous, took three grossi for a sharp hunting-knife without any hesitation. It was a conveniently small weapon, which Baldassarre could easily thrust within the breast of his tunic; and he walked on, feeling stronger. That sharp edge might give deadliness to the thrust of an aged arm: at least it was a companion, it was a power in league with him, even if it failed. It would break against armor; but was the armor sure to be always there? In those long months while vengeance had lain in prison, baseness had perhaps become forgetful and secure. The knife had been bought with the traitor's own money. That was just. Before he took the money he had felt what he should do with it-buy a weapon. Yes, and if possible, food too: food to nourish the arm that would grasp the weapon, food to nourish the body which was the temple of vengeance. When he had had enough bread he should be able to think and act-to think first how he could hide himself, lest the traitor should have him dragged away again. With that idea of hiding in his mind Baldassarre turned up the narrowest streets, bought himself some meat and bread, and sat down under the first loggia to eat. Digitized by Vol. XXVI. - No. 156.-3 C

The bells that swung out louder and louder peals of joy, laying hold of him and making him vibrate along with all the air, seemed to him simply part of that strong world which was against him.

Romola had watched Baldassarre until he had disappeared round the turning into the Piazza de' Mozzi, half feeling that his departure was a relief, half reproaching herself for not seeking with more decision to know the truth about him, for not assuring herself whether there were any guiltless misery in his lot which she was not helpless to relieve. Yet what could she have done if the truth had proved to be the burden of some painful secret about her husband, in addition to the anxieties that already weighed upon her? Surely a wife was permitted to desire ignorance of a husband's wrong-doing, since she alone must not protest and warn men against him. But that thought stirred too many intricate fibres of feeling to be pursued now in her weariness. It was a timesto rejoice, since help had come to Florence; and she turned into the court to tell the good news to her patients on their straw beds. She closed the door after her, lest the bells should drown her voice, and then throwing the black drapery from her head, that the women might see her better, she stood in the midst and told them that corn was coming, and that the bells were ringing for gladness at the news. They all sat up to listen, while the children trotted or crawled toward her, and pulled her black skirts, as if they were impatient at being all that long way off her face. She yielded to them, weary as she was, and sat down on the straw, while the little pale things peeped into her basket and pulled her hair down, and the feeble voices around her said, "The Holy Virgin be praised!" "It was the procession!" "The Mother of God has had pity on us!"

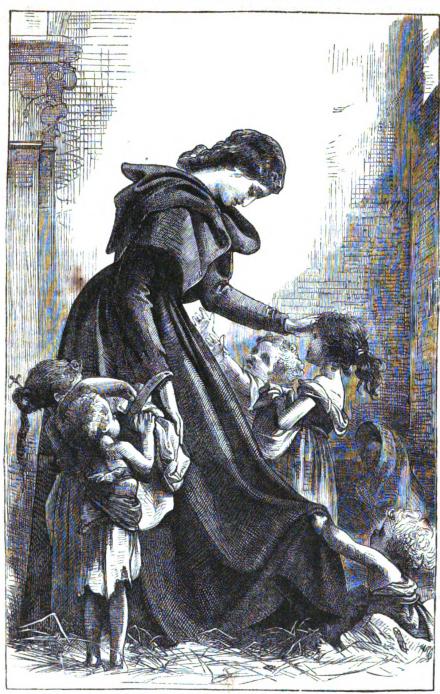
At last Romola rose from the heap of straw, too tired to try and smile any longer, saying, as she turned up the stone steps,

"I will come by-and-by to bring you your dinner."

"Bless you, madonna! bless you!" said the faint chorus, in much the same tone as that in which they had a few minutes before praised and thanked the unseen Madonna.

Romola cared a great deal for that music. She had no innate taste for tending the sick and clothing the ragged, like some women to whom the details of such work are welcome in themselves, simply as an occupation. Her carly training had kept her aloof from such womanly labors; and if she had not brought to them the inspiration of her deepest feelings, they would have been irksome to her. But they had come to be the one unshaken resting-place of her mind, the one narrow pathway on which the light fell clear. If the gulf between herself and Tito, which only gathered a more perceptible wideness from her attempts to bridge it by submission, brought a doubt whether, after all, the bond to which she had labored to be true might not itself be false-if she came away from her





THE VISIBLE MADONNA.

with the disciples of Savonarola among whom she worshiped, with a sickening sense that these people were miserably narrow, and with an almost impetuous reaction toward her old contempt for their superstition-she found herself recovering a firm footing in her works of womanly sympathy. Whatever else made her doubt, the help she gave to her fellow-citizens made her sure that Fra Girolamo had been right to call

confessor, Fra Salvestro, or from some contact | her place had not been empty: it had been filled with her love and her labor. Florence had had need of her, and the more her own sorrow pressed upon her the more gladness she felt in the memories, stretching through the two long years, of hours and moments in which she had lightened the burden of life to others. All that ardor of her nature which could no longer spend itself in the woman's tenderness for father and husband had transformed itself into an enthusiher back. According to his unforgotten words, asm of sympathy with the general life. She had

ceased to think that her own lot could be happy—had ceased to think of happiness at all: the one end of her life seemed to her to be the diminishing of sorrow.

Her enthusiasm was continually stirred to fresh vigor by the influence of Savonarola. In spite of the wearisome visions and allegories from which she recoiled in disgust when they came as stale repetitions from other lips than his, her strong affinity for his passionate sympathy and the splendor of his aims had lost none of its power. His burning indignation against the abuses and oppression that made the daily story of the Church and of States had kindled the ready fire in her too. His special care for liberty and purity of government in Florence, with his constant reference of this immediate object to the wider end of a universal regeneration, had created in her a new consciousness of the great drama of human existence in which her life was a part; and through her daily helpful contact with the less fortunate of her fellow-citizens this new consciousness became something stronger than a vague sentiment; it grew into a more and more definite motive of self-denying practice. She thought little about dogmas, and shrank from reflecting closely on the Frate's prophecies of the immediate scourge and closely following regeneration. She had submitted her mind to his and had entered into communion with the Church, because in this way she had found an immediate satisfaction for moral needs which all the previous culture and experience of her life had left hungering. Fra Girolamo's voice had waked in her mind a reason for living, apart from personal enjoyment and personal affection; but it was a reason that seemed to need feeding with greater forces than she possessed within herself, and her submissive use of all offices of the Church was simply a watching and waiting if by any means fresh strength might come. The pressing problem for Romola just then was not to settle questions of controversy, but to keep alive that flame of unselfish emotion by which a life of sadness might still be a life of active love.

Her trust in Savonarola's nature as greater than her own made a large part of the strength she had found. And the trust was not to be lightly shaken. It is not force of intellect which causes ready repulsion from the aberrations and eccentricities of greatness, any more than it is force of vision that causes the eye to explore the warts on a face bright with human expression; it is simply the negation of high sensibilities. Romola was so deeply moved by the grand energies of Savonarola's nature that she found herself listening patiently to all dogmas and prophecies, when they came in the vehicle of his ardent faith and believing utterance.*

No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence. Romola's trust in Savonarola was something like a rope suspended securely by her path, making her step elastic while she grasped it; if it were suddenly removed, no firmness of the ground she trod could save her from staggering, or perhaps from falling.

CHAPTER XLV.

AT THE BARBER'S SHOP.

AFTER that welcome appearance as the messenger with the olive-branch, which was an unpromised favor of fortune, Tito had other commissions to fulfill of a more premeditated character. He paused at the Palazzo Vecchio, and awaited there the return of the Ten, who managed external and war affairs, that he might duly deliver to them the results of his private mission to Pisa, intended as a preliminary to an avowed embassy of which Bernardo Rucellai was to be the head, with the object of coming, if possible, to a pacific understanding with the Emperor Maximilian and the League.

Tito's talents for diplomatic work had been well ascertained, and as he gave with fullness and precision the results of his inquiries and interviews, Bernardo del Nero, who was at that time one of the Ten, could not withhold his admiration. He would have withheld it if he could; for his original dislike of Tito had re turned, and become stronger, since the sale of the library. Romola had never uttered a word to her godfather on the circumstances of the sale, and Bernardo had understood her silence as a prohibition to him to enter on the subject, but he felt sure that the breach of her father's wish had been a blighting grief to her, and the old man's keen eyes discerned other indications that her married life was not happy.

"Ah," he said, inwardly, "that doubtless is the reason she has taken to listening to Fra Girolamo, and going among the Piagnoni, which I never expected from her. These women, if they are not happy, and have no children, must either take to folly or to some overstrained religion that makes them think that they've got all heaven's work on their shoulders. And as for my poor child Romola, it is as I always said-the cramming with Latin and Greek has left her as much a woman as if she had done nothing all day but prick her fingers with the needle. And this husband of hers, who gets employed every where, because he's a tool with a smooth handle, I wish Tornabuoni and the rest may not find their fingers cut. Well, well, solco torto, sacco dritto-many a full sack comes from a crooked furrow; and he who will be captain of none but honest men will have small hire to pay."

hear him who feels them not;....and therefore it is well said by St. Jerome, 'Habet neede quid latentis energievive vocis actus, et in aures discipuli de auctoris ore transfusa fortis sonat.'"

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^{*} He himself had had occasion enough to note the efficacy of that vehicle. "If," he says in the Compendium Revelationum, "you speak of such as have not heard these things from me, I admit that they who disbelieve are more than they who believe, because it is one thing to hear him who inwardly feels these things, and another to

With this long-established conviction that member of the group entirely by chance as he there could be no moral sifting of political agents, the old Florentine abstained from all interference in Tito's disfavor. Apart from what must be kept sacred and private for Romola's sake, Bernardo had nothing distinct to allege against the useful Greek, except that he was a Greek. and that he, Bernardo, did not like him; for the doubleness of feigning attachment to the popular government while at heart a Medicean was common to Tito with more than half the Medicean party. He only feigned with more skill than the rest: that was all. So Bernardo was simply cold to Tito, who returned the coldness with a scrupulous, distant respect. And it was still the notion in Florence that the old tie between Bernardo and Bardo made any service done to Romola's husband an acceptable homage to her godfather.

After delivering himself of his charge at the Old Palace, Tito felt that the avowed official work of the day was done. He was tired and adust with long riding; but he did not go home. There were certain things in his scarsella and on his mind from which he wished to free himself as soon as possible, but the opportunities must be found so skillfully that they must not seem to be sought. He walked from the Palazzo in a sauntering fashion toward the Piazza del Duomo. The procession was at an end now, but the bells were still ringing, and the people were moving about the streets restlessly, longing for some more definite vent to their joy. If the Frate could have stood up in the great Piazza and preached to them they might have been satisfied, but now, in spite of the new discipline which declared Christ to be the special King of the Florentines and required all pleasures to be of a Christian sort, there was a secret longing in many of the youngsters who shouted "Viva Gesù!" for a little vigorous stone-throwing in sign of thankfulness.

Tito as he passed along could not escape being recognized by some as the welcome bearer of the olive-branch, and could only rid himself of an inconvenient ovation, chiefly in the form of eager questions, by telling those who pressed on him that Meo di Sasso, the true messenger from Leghorn, must now be entering, and might certainly be met toward the Porta San Frediano. He could tell much more than Tito knew.

Freeing himself from importunities in this adroit manner, he made his way to the Piazza del Duomo, casting his long eyes round the space with an air of the utmost carelessness, but really seeking to detect some presence which might furnish him with one of his desired opportunities. The fact of the procession having terminated at the Duomo made it probable that there would be more than the usual concentration of loungers and talkers in the Piazza and round Nello's shop. It was as he expected. There was a group leaning against the rails near the north gates of the Baptistery so exactly what he sought that he looked more indifferent than ever, and seemed to recognize the tallest | men's dullness by the devices they trust in for

had half passed him, just turning his head to give him a slight greeting, while he tossed the end of his becchetto over his left shoulder.

Yet the tall, broad-shouldered personage greeted in that slight way looked like one who had considerable claims. He wore a richly embroidered tunic, with a great show of linen, after the newest French mode, and at his belt there hung a sword and poniard of fine workmanship. His hat, with a red plume in it, seemed a scornful protest against the gravity of Florentine costume, which had been exaggerated to the utmost under the influence of the Piagnoni. Certain undefinable indications of youth made the breadth of his face and the large diameter of his waist appear the more emphatically a stamp of coarseness, and his eyes had that rude desecrating stare at all men and things which to a refined mind is as intolerable as a bad odor or a flaring light.

He and his companions, also young men dressed expensively and wearing arms, were exchanging jokes with that sort of ostentatious laughter which implies a desire to prove that the laughter is not mortified though some people might suspect it. There were good reasons for such a suspicion; for this broad-shouldered man with the red feather was Dolfo Spini, leader of the Compagnacci, or Evil Companionsthat is to say, of all the dissolute young men belonging to the old aristocratic party, enemies of the Mediceans, enemies of the popular government, but still more bitter enemies of Savonarela. Dolfo Spini, heir of the great house with the loggia, over the bridge of the Santa Trinità, had organized these young men into an armed band, as sworn champions of extravagant suppers and all the pleasant sins of the flesh, against reforming pietists who threatened to make the world chaste and temperate to so intolerable a degree that there would soon be no reason for living, except the extreme unpleasantness of the alternative. Up to this very morning he had been loudly declaring that Florence was given up to famine and ruin entirely through its blind adherence to the advice of the Frate, and that there could be no salvation for Florence but in joining the League and driving the Frate out of the city - sending him to Rome, in fact, whither he ought to have gone long ago in obedience to the summons of the Pope. It was suspected, therefore, that Messer Dolfo Spini's heart was not aglow with pure joy at the unexpected succors which had come in apparent fulfillment of the Frate's prediction, and the laughter, which was ringing out afresh as Tito joined the group at Nello's door, did not serve to dissipate the suspicion. For leaning against the door-post in the centre of the group was a close-shaven, keeneved personage, named Niccolò Macchiavelli, who, young as he was, had penetrated all the small secrets of egoism.

"Messer Dolfo's head," he was saving, "is more of a pumpkin than I thought. I measure

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deceiving others. Your dullest animal of all is he who grins and says he doesn't mind just after he has had his shins kicked. If I were a trifle duller now," he went on, smiling as the circle opened to admit Tito, "I should pretend to be fond of this Melema, who has got a secretaryship that would exactly suit me—as if Latin illpaid could love better Latin that's better paid! Melema, you are a pestiferously clever fellow, very much in my way, and I'm sorry to hear you've had another piece of good luck to-day."

"Questionable luck, Niccolò," said Tito, touching him on the shoulder in a friendly way; "I have got nothing by it yet but being laid hold of and breathed upon by wool-beaters, when I am as soiled and battered with riding as a tabellario (letter-carrier) from Bologna.'

"Ah! you want a touch of my art, Messer Oratore," said Nello, who had come forward at the sound of Tito's voice; "your chin, I perceive, has yesterday's crop upon it. come—consign yourself to the priest of all the Muses. Sandro, quick with the lather!"

"In truth, Nello, that is just what I most desire at this moment," said Tito, seating himself; "and that was why I turned my steps toward thy shop, instead of going home at once, when I had done my business at the Palazza."

"Yes, indeed, it is not fitting that you should present yourself to Madonna Romola with a rusty chin and a tangled zazzera. Nothing that is not dainty ought to approach the Florentine lily; though I see her constantly going about like a sunbeam among the rags that line our corners-if indeed she is not more like a moonbeam now, for I thought yesterday, when I met her, that she looked as pale and worn as that fainting Madonna of Fra Giovanni's. You must see to it, my bel erudito: she keeps too many fasts and vigils in your absence."

"It is too Tito gave a melancholy shrug. true, Nello. She has been depriving herself of half her proper food every day during this famine. But what can I do? Her mind has been set all aflame. A husband's influence is powerless against the Frate's."

"As every other influence is likely to be, that of the Holy Father included," said Domenico Cennini, one of the group at the door, who had turned in with Tito. "I don't know whether you have gathered any thing at Pisa about the way the wind sets at Rome, Melema?"

"Secrets of the council chamber, Messer Domenico!" said Tito, smiling, and opening his palms in a deprecatory manner. "An envoy must be as dumb as a father confessor."

"Certainly, certainly," said Cennini. ask for no breach of that rule. Well, my belief is, that if his Holiness were to drive Fra Girolamo to extremity, the Frate would move heaven and earth to get a General Council of the Church—ay, and would get it too; and I, for one, should not be sorry, though I'm no Piagnone."

"With leave of your greater experience, Mes-

fer from you-not in your wish to see a General Council which might reform the Church, but in your belief that the Frate will checkmate his Holiness. The Frate's game is an impossible one. If he had contented himself with preaching against the vices of Rome, and with prophesying that in some way, not mentioned, Italy would be scourged, depend upon it Pope Alexander would have allowed him to spend his breath in that way as long as he could find hearers. Such spiritual blasts as those knock no walls down. But the Frate wants to be something more than a spiritual trumpet: he wants to be a lever, and what is more, he is a lever. He wants to spread the doctrine of Christ by maintaining a popular government in Florence, and the Pope, as I know, on the best authority. has private views to the contrary.'

"Then Florence will stand by the Frate," Cennini broke in, with some fervor. "I myself should prefer that he would let his prophesying alone, but if our freedom to choose our own government is to be attacked—I am an obedient son of the Church, but I would vote for resisting Pope Alexander the Sixth, as our forefathers resisted Pope Gregory the Eleventh.'

"But pardon me, Messer Domenico," said Macchiavelli, sticking his thumbs into his belt, and speaking with that cool enjoyment of exposition which surmounts every other force in discussion. "Have you correctly seized the Frate's position? How is it that he has become a lever, and made himself worth attacking by an acute man like his Holiness? Because he has got the ear of the people: because he gives them threats and promises, which they believe come straight from God, not only about hell, purgatory, and paradise, but about Pisa and our Great Council. But let events go against him, so as to shake the people's faith, and the cause of his power will be the cause of his fall. He is accumulating three sorts of hatred on his headthe hatred of average mankind against every one who wants to lay on them a strict yoke of virtue; the hatred of the stronger powers in Italy, who want to farm Florence for their own purposes: and the hatred of the people to whom he has ventured to promise good in this world, instead of confining his promises to the next. If a prophet is to keep his power he must be a prophet like Mohammed, with an army at his back, that when the people's faith is fainting it may be frightened into life again."

"Rather sum up the three sorts of hatred in one," said Francesco Cei, impetuously, "and say he has won the hatred of all men who have sense and honesty, by inventing hypocritical His proper place is among the false prophets in the Inferno, who walk with their heads turned hind foremost."

"You are too angry, my Francesco," said Macchiavelli, smiling; you poets are apt to cut the clouds in your wrath. I am no votary of the Frate's, and would not lay down my little finger for his veracity. But veracity is a plant ser Domenico," said Macchiavelli, "I must dif- of paradise, and the seeds have never flourished

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beyond the walls. You yourself, my Francesco, tell poetical lies only; partly compelled by the poet's fervor, partly to please your audience; but you object to lies in prose. Well, the Frate differs from you as to the boundary of poetry, that's all. When he gets into the pulpit of the Duomo he has the fervor within him, and without him he has the audience to please. Ecco!"

"You are somewhat lax there, Niccolò," said Cennini, gravely. "I myself believe in the Frate's integrity, though I don't believe in his prophecies; and as long as his integrity is not disproved we have a popular party strong enough to protect him and resist foreign interference."

"A party that seems strong enough," said Macchiavelli, with a shrug, and an almost imperceptible glance toward Tito, who was abandoning himself with much enjoyment to Nello's combing and scenting. "But how many Mediceans are there among you? How many who will not be turned round by a private grudge?"

"As to the Mediceans," said Cennini, "I believe there is very little genuine feeling left on behalf of the Medici. Who would risk much for Piero de' Medici? A few old stanch friends, perhaps, like Bernardo del Nero; but even some of those most connected with the family are hearty friends of the popular government, and would exert themselves for the Frate. I was talking to Giannozzo Pucci only a little while ago, and I'm convinced there's nothing he would set his face against more than against any attempt to alter the new order of things."

"You are right there, Messer Domenico," said Tito, with a laughing meaning in his eyes, as he rose from the shaving-chair; "and I fancy the tender passion came in aid of hard theory there. I am persuaded there was some jeal-ousy at the bottom of Giannozzo's alienation from Piero de' Medici, else so amiable a creature as he would never feel the bitterness he sometimes allows to escape him in that quarter. He was in the procession with you, I suppose?"

"No," said Cennini; "he is at his villawent there three days ago."

Tito was settling his cap and glancing down at his splashed hose as if he hardly heeded the answer. In reality he had obtained a much-desired piece of information. He had at that moment in his scarsella a crushed gold ring which he had engaged to deliver to Giannozzo Pucci. He had received it from an envoy of Piero de' Medici, whom he had ridden out of his way to meet at Certaldo on the Siena road. Since Pucci was not in the town, he would send the ring by Fra Michele, a Carthusian lay brother in the service of the Mediceans, and the receipt of that sign would bring Pucci back to hear the verbal part of Tito's mission.

"Behold him!" said Nello, flourishing his comb and pointing it at Tito, "the handsomest chief in prison. As for our Piero di Cosimo, scholar in the world or in Maremma, now he has passed through my hands! A trifle thinner bello: he has such an extravagant fancy that he in the face, though, than when he came in his would take a lizard for a crocodile. No: that

first bloom to Florence—eh? and, I vow, there are some lines just faintly hinting themselves about your mouth, Messer Oratore! Ah, mind is an enemy to beauty! I myself was thought beautiful by the women at one time—when I was in my swaddling-bands. But now—oimè! I carry my unwritten poems in cipher on my face!"

Tito, laughing with the rest as Nello looked at himself tragically in the hand-mirror, made a sign of farewell to the company generally, and took his departure.

"I'm of our old Piero di Cosimo's mind," said Francesco Cei. "I don't half like Melema. That trick of smiling gets stronger than ever. No wonder he has lines about the mouth."

"He's too successful," said Macchiavelli, playfully. "I'm sure there's something wrong about him, else he wouldn't have that secretaryship."

"He's an able man," said Cennini, in a tone of judicial fairness. "I and my brother have always found him useful with our Greek sheets, and he gives great satisfaction to the Ten. I like to see a young man work his way upward by merit. And the secretary Scala, who befriended him from the first, thinks highly of him still. I know."

"Doubtless," said a notary in the back-ground.
"He writes Scala's official letters for him, or corrects them, and gets well paid for it too."

"I wish Messer Bartolommeo would pay me to doctor his gouty Latin," said Macchiavelli, with a shrug. "Did he tell you about the pay, Ser Ceccone, or was it Melema himself?" he added, looking at the notary with a face ironically innocent.

"Melema? no indeed," answered Ser Ceccone. "He is as close as a nut. He never brags. That's why he's employed every where. They say he's getting rich with doing all sorts of underhand work."

"It is a little too bad," said Macchiavelli, "and so many able notaries out of employment!"

"Well, I must say I thought that was a nasty story a year or two ago about the man who said he had stolen jewels," said Cei. "It got hushed up somehow; but I remember Piero di Cosimo said at the time he believed there was something in it, for he saw Melcma's face when the man laid hold of him, and he never saw a visage so 'painted with fear,' as our sour old Dante says."

"Come, spit no more of that venom, Francesco," said Nello, getting indignant, "else I shall consider it a public duty to cut your hair awry the next time I get you under my scissors. That story of the stolen jewels was a lie. Bernardo Rucellai and the Magnificent Eight knew all about it. The man was a dangerous madman, and he was very properly kept out of mischief in prison. As for our Piero di Cosimo, his wits are running after the wind of Mongibello: he has such an extravagant fancy that he would take a lizard for a crocodile. No: that



story has been dead and buried too long-our noses object to it."

"It is true," said Macchiavelli. "You forget the danger of the precedent, Francesco. The next mad begger-man may accuse you of stealing his verses, or me, God help me! of stealing his coppers. Ah!" he went on, turning toward the door, "Dolfo Spini has carried his red feather out of the Piazza. That captain of swaggerers would like the republic to lose Pisa just for the chance of seeing the people tear the frock off the Frate's back. There are few things I should like better than to see him play the part of Capo d' Oca, who went out to the tournament blowing his trumpets and returned with them in a bag."

CHAPTER XLVI.

BY A STREET LAMP.

THAT evening, when it was dark and threatening rain, Romola, returning with Maso and the lantern by her side, from the hospital of San Matteo, which she had visited after vespers, encountered her husband just issuing from the monastery of San Marco. Tito, who had gone out again shortly after his arrival in the Via de' Bardi, and had seen little of Romola during the day, immediately proposed to accompany her home, dismissing Maso, whose short steps annoyed him. It was only usual for him to pay her such an official attention when it was obviously demanded from him. Tito and Romola never jarred, never remonstrated with each other. They were too hopelessly alienated in their inner life ever to have that contest which is an effort toward agreement. They talked of all affairs, public and private, with careful adherence to an adopted course. If Tito wanted a supper prepared in the old library, now pleasantly furnished as a banqueting-room, Romola assented, and saw that every thing needful was done; and Tito, on his side, left her entirely uncontrolled in her daily habits, accepting the help she offered him in transcribing or making digests, and in return meeting her conjectured want of supplies for her charities. Yet he constantly, as on this very morning, avoided exchanging glances with her; affected to believe that she was out of the house, in order to avoid seeking her in her own room; and playfully attributed to her a perpetual preference of solitude to his society.

In the first ardor of her self-conquest, after she had renounced her resolution of flight, Romola had made many timid efforts toward the return of a frank relation between them. But to her such a relation could only come by open speech about their differences, and the attempt to arrive at a moral understanding; while Tito could only be saved from alienation from her by such a recovery of her effusive tenderness as would have supposed oblivion of their differences. He cared for no explanation between them; he felt any thorough explanation impossible: he would have

fondness was impossible. She could be submissive and gentle, she could repress any sign of repulsion; but tenderness was not to be feigned. She was helplessly conscious of the result: her husband was alienated from her.

It was an additional reason why she should be carefully kept outside of secrets which he would in no case have chosen to communicate to With regard to his political action he sought to convince her that he considered the cause of the Medici hopeless; and that on that practical ground, as well as in theory, he heartily served the popular government, in which she had now a warm interest. But impressions subtle as odors made her uneasy about his relations with San Marco. She was painfully divided between the dread of seeing any evidence to arouse her suspicions, and the impulse to watch lest any harm should come that she might have arrested.

As they walked together this evening, Tito said: "The business of the day is not yet quite ended for me. I shall conduct you to our door, my Romola, and then I must fulfill another commission, which will take me an hour, perhaps, before I can return and rest, as I very much need to do."

And then he talked amusingly of what he had seen at Pisa, until they were close upon a loggia, near which there hung a lamp before a picture of the Virgin. The street was a quiet one, and hitherto they had passed few people; but now there was a sound of many approaching footsteps and confused voices.

"We shall not get home without a wetting, unless we take shelter under this convenient loggia," Tito said, hastily, hurrying Romola, with a slightly startled movement, up the step of the loggia.

"Surely it is useless to wait for this small drizzling rain," said Romola, in surprise.

"No, I felt it becoming heavier. Let us wait a little." With that wakefulness to the faintest indication which belongs to a mind habitually in a state of caution, Tito had detected by the glimmer of the lamp that the leader of the advancing group wore a red feather and a glittering sword-hilt-in fact, was almost the last person in the world he would have chosen to meet at this hour with Romola by his side. He had already during the day had one momentous interview with Dolfo Spini, and the business he had spoken of to Romola as yet to be done was a second interview with that personage, a sequence of the visit he had paid at San Marco. Tito, by a long preconcerted plan, had been the bearer of letters to Savonarolacarefully forged letters, one of them, by a stratagem, bearing the very signature and seal of the Cardinal of Naples, the Cardinal who had most exerted his influence at Rome in favor of the Frate. The purport of the letters was to state that the Cardinal was on his progress from Pisa, and, unwilling for strong reasons to enter Florence, yet desirous of taking counsel with Sacared to have Romola fond again, and to her, vonarola at this difficult juncture, intended to



miles from the city, whence he would ride out the next morning in the plain garb of a priest, and meet Savonarola, as if casually, five miles on the Florence road, two hours after sunrise. The plot, of which these forged letters were the initial step, was that Dolfo Spini with a band of his Compagnacci was to be posted in ambush on the road, at a lonely spot about five miles from the gates; that he was to seize Savonarola with the Dominican brother who would accompany him according to rule, and deliver him over to a small detachment of Milanese horse in readiness near San Casciano, by whom he was to be carried into the Roman territory.

There was a strong chance that the penetrating Frate would suspect a trap, and decline to incur the risk, which he had for some time avoided, of going beyond the city walls. Even when he preached, his friends held it necessary that he should be attended by an armed guard; and here he was called on to commit himself to a solitary road, with no other attendant than a fellow-monk. On this ground the minimum of time had been given him for decision, and the chance in favor of his acting on the letters was, that the eagerness with which his mind was set on the combining of interests within and without the Church toward the procuring of a General Council, and also the expectation of immediate service from the Cardinal in the actual iuncture of his contest with the Pope, would triumph over his shrewdness and caution in the brief space allowed for deliberation.

Tito had had an audience of Savonarola, having declined to put the letters into any hands but his, and with consummate art had admitted that, incidentally and by inference, he was able so far to conjecture their purport as to believe they referred to a rendezvous outside the gates, in which case he urged that the Frate should seek an armed guard from the Signoria, and offered his services in carrying the request with the utmost privacy. Savonarola had replied briefly that this was impossible: an armed guard was incompatible with privacy. He spoke with a flashing eye, and Tito felt convinced that he meant to incur the risk.

Tito himself did not much care for the result. He managed his affairs so cleverly that all results, he considered, must turn to his advantage. Whichever party came uppermost, he was secure of favor and money That is an indecorously naked statement; the fact, clothed as Tito habitually clothed it, was that his acute mind, discerning the equal hollowness of all parties, took the only rational course in making them subservient to his own interest.

If Savonarola fell into the snare, there were diamonds in question and papal patronage; if not, Tito's adroit agency had strengthened his position with Savonarola and with Spini, while any confidences he obtained from them made him the more valuable as an agent of the Medi-

But Spini was an inconvenient colleague.

pause this very day at San Casciano, about ten | He had cunning enough to delight in plots, but not the ability or self-command necessary to so complex an effect as secrecy. He frequently got excited with drinking; for even sober Florence had its "Beoni," or topers, both lay and clerical, who became loud at taverns and private banquets; and in spite of the agreement between him and Tito, that their public recognition of each other should invariably be of the coolest sort, there was always the possibility that on an evening encounter he would be suddenly blurting and affectionate. The delicate sign of casting the becchetto over the left shoulder was understood in the morning, but the strongest hint short of a threat might not suffice to keep off a fraternal grasp of the shoulder in the evening.

Tito's chief hope now was that Dolfo Spini had not caught sight of him, and the hope would have been well-founded if Spini had had no clearer view of him than he had caught of Spini. But himself in shadow, he had seen Tito illuminated for an instant by the direct rays of the lamp, and Tito in his way was as strongly marked a personage as the captain of the Compagnacci. Romola's black shrouded figure had escaped notice, and she now stood behind her husband's shoulder in the corner of the loggia. Tito was not left to hope long.

"Ha! my carrier-pigeon!" grated Spini's harsh voice, in what he meant to be an undertone, while his hand grasped Tito's shoulder; "what did you run into hiding for? You didn't know it was comrades who were coming. It's well I caught sight of you; it saves time. What of the chase to-morrow morning? the bald-headed game rise? Are the falcons to be got ready?"

If it had been in Tito's nature to feel an access of rage he would have felt it against this bull-faced accomplice, unfit either for a leader or a tool. His lips turned white; but his excitement came from the pressing difficulty of choosing a safe device. If he attempted to hush Spini, that would only deepen Romola's suspicion, and he knew her well enough to know that if some strong alarm were roused in her she was neither to be silenced nor hoodwinked; on the other hand, if he repelled Spini angrily, the wine-breathing compagnaccio might become savage, being more ready at resentment than at the divination of motives. He adopted a third course, which proved that Romola retained one sort of power over him—the power of dread.

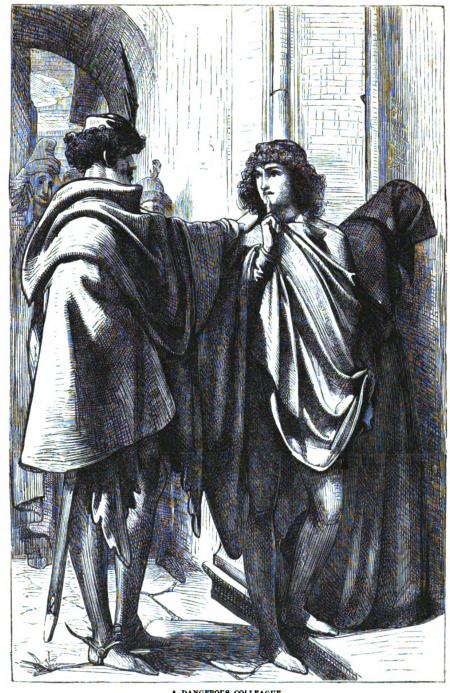
He pressed her hand, as if intending a hint to her, and said, in a good-humored tone of comradeship,

"Yes, my Dolfo, you may prepare in all security. But take no trumpets with vou."

"Don't be afraid," said Spini, a little piqued "No need to play Ser Saccente with me. I know where the devil keeps his tail as well as you do. What! he swallowed the bait whole? The prophetic nose didn't scent the hook at all?" he went on, lowering his tone a little, with a blundering sense of secrecy.

"The brute will not be satisfied till he has





A DANGEROUS COLLEAGUE.

emptied the bag," thought Tito; but aloud he | Spini without telling him to go. The moment said, "Swallowed all as easily as you swallow a cup of Trebbiano. Ha! I see torches: there must be a dead body coming. The pestilence

has been spreading, I hear."
"Suffocation! I hate the sight of those biers. Good-night," said Spini, hastily moving off.

The torches were really coming, but they preceded a church dignitary, who was returning homeward; the suggestion of the dead body and the pestilence was Tito's device for getting rid of

he had moved away Tito turned to Romola, and said, quietly,

"Do not be alarmed by any thing that bestia has said, my Romola. We will go on now: I think the rain has not increased."

She was quivering with indignant resolution: it was of no use for Tito to speak in that unconcerned way. She distrusted every word he could utter.

"I will not go on," she said. "I will not

against this treachery being perpetrated."

"Wait, at least, until these torches have passed," said Tito, with perfect self-command, but with a new rising of dislike to a wife who this time, he foresaw, might have the power of thwarting him in spite of the husband's predominance.

The torches passed, with the Vicario dell' Arcivescovo, and due reverence was done by Tito, but Romola saw nothing outward. If for the defeat of this treachery, in which she believed with all the force of long presentiment, it had been necessary at that moment for her to spring on her husband and hurl herself with him down a precipice, she felt as if she could have done it. Union with this man! At that moment the self-quelling discipline of two years seemed to be nullified: she felt nothing but that they were divided.

They were nearly in darkness again, and could only see each other's faces dimly.

"Tell me the truth, Tito—this time tell me the truth," said Romola, in a low, quivering voice. "It will be safer for you."

"Why should I desire to tell you any thing else, my angry saint?" said Tito, with a slight touch of contempt, which was the vent of his annoyance, "since the truth is precisely that over which you have most reason to rejoicenamely, that my knowing a plot of Spini's enables me to secure the Frate from falling a victim to it."

"What is the plot?"

"That I decline to tell," said Tito. enough that the Frate's safety will be secured."

"It is a plot for drawing him outside the gates that Spini may murder him."

"There has been no intention of murder. It is simply a plot for compelling him to obey the Pope's summons to Rome. But as I serve the popular government, and think the Frate's presence here is a necessary means of maintaining it at present, I choose to prevent his departure. You may go to sleep with entire ease of mind to-night."

For a moment Romola was silent. Then she said, in a voice of anguish, "Tito, it is of no use: I have no belief in you."

She could just discern his action, as he shrugged his shoulders and spread out his palms in silence. That cold dislike which is the anger of unimpassioned beings was hardening within him.

"If the Frate leaves the city—if any harm happens to him," said Romola, after a slight pause, in a new tone of indignant resolution, "I will declare what I have heard to the Signoria, and you will be disgraced. What if I am your wife?" she went on, impetuously; "I will be disgraced with you. If we are united, I am that part of you that will save you from crime. Others shall not be betrayed."

"I am quite aware of what you would be like-

move nearer home until I have some security | small amount of reasoning at your disposal just now, consider that if you believe me in nothing else, you may believe me when I say I will take care of myself, and not put it in your power to ruin me."

> "Then you assure me that the Frate is warned—he will not go beyond the gates?"

"He shall not go beyond the gates."

There was a moment's pause; but distrust was not to be expelled.

"I will go back to San Marco now and find out," Romola said, making a movement forward.

"You shall not!" said Tito, in a bitter whisper, seizing her wrists with all his masculine force. "I am master of you. You shall not set yourself in opposition to me.'

There were passers-by approaching. Tito had heard them, and that was why he spoke in a whisper. Romola was too conscious of being mastered to have struggled, even if she had remained unconscious that witnesses were at hand. But she was aware now of footsteps and voices, and her habitual sense of personal dignity made her at once yield to Tito's movement toward leading her from the loggia.

They walked on in silence for some time under the small drizzling rain. The first rush of indignation and alarm in Romola had begun to give way to more complicated feelings, which rendered speech and action difficult. In that simpler state of vehemence, open opposition to the husband from whom she felt her soul revolting, had had the aspect of a temptation for her; it seemed the easiest of all courses. But now habits of self-questioning, memories of impulse subdued, and that proud reserve which all discipline had left unmodified, began to emerge from the flood of passion. The grasp of her wrists, which asserted her husband's physical predominance, instead of arousing a new fierceness in her, as it might have done if her impetuosity had been of a more vulgar kind, had given her a momentary shuddering horror at this form of contest with him. It was the first time they had been in declared hostility to each other since her flight and return, and the check given to her ardent resolution then retained the power to arrest her now. In this altered condition her mind began to dwell on the probabilities that would save her from any desperate course: Tito would not risk betrayal by her; whatever had been his original intention, he must be determined now by the fact that she knew of the plot. She was not bound now to do any thing else than to hang over him that certainty that if he deceived her, her lips would not be closed. And then, it was possible—yes, she must cling to that possibility till it was disproved—that Tito had never meant to aid in the betrayal of the

Tito, on his side, was busy with thoughts, and did not speak again till they were near home. Then he said-

"Well, Romola, have you now had time to ly to do, anima mia," said Tito, in the coolest recover calmness? If so, you can supply your of his liquid tones; "therefore, if you have a want of belief in me by a little rational infer-



ence: you can see, I presume, that if I had had | any intention of furthering Spini's plot I should now be aware that the possession of a fair Piagnone for my wife, who knows the secret of the plot, would be a serious obstacle in my way."

Tito assumed the tone which was just then the easiest to him, conjecturing that in Romola's present mood persuasive deprecation would be

lost upon her.

"Yes, Tito," she said, in a low voice, "I think you believe that I would guard the Republic from further treachery. You are right to for her.

believe it; if the Frate is betrayed, I will denounce you." She paused a moment, and then said with an effort, "But it was not so. I have perhaps spoken too hastily-you never meant it. Only, why will you seem to be that man's comrade?"

"Such relations are inevitable to practical men, my Romola," said Tito, gratified by discerning the struggle within her. "You fair creatures live in the clouds. Pray go to rest with an easy heart," he added, opening the door

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.



CHAPTER XIX.

THE SQUIRE MAKES A VISIT TO THE SMALL HOUSE.

MRS. DALE acknowledged to herself that she had not much ground for hoping that she should ever find in Crosbie's house much personal happiness for her future life. She did not dislike Mr. Crosbie, nor in any great degree mistrust him; but she had seen enough of him to make her certain that Lily's future home in London could not be a home for her. He was worldly, or, at least, a man of the world. He would be anxious to make the most of his income, and his life would be one long struggle, not perhaps for money, but for those things which money only can give. There are men to whom eight hundred a year is great wealth, and houses to which it brings all the comforts that life re- up to London," said Bell, laughing. "But one

quires. But Crosbie was not such a man, nor would his house be such a house. Mrs. Dale hoped that Lily would be happy with him, and satisfied with his modes of life, and she strove to believe that such would be the case; but as regarded herself she was forced to confess that in such a marriage her child would be much divided from her. That pleasant abode to which she had long looked forward that she might have a welcome there in coming years should be among fields and trees, not in some narrow London street. Lily must now become a city lady; but Bell would still be left to her, and it might still be hoped that Bell would find for herself some country home.

Since the day on which Lily had first told her mother of her engagement Mrs. Dale had found herself talking much more fully and more frequently with Bell than with her younger daughter. As long as Crosbie was at Allington this was natural enough. He and Lily were of course together, while Bell remained with her mother. But the same state of things continued even after Crosbie was gone. It was not that there was any coolness or want of affection between the mother and daughter, but that Lily's heart was full of her lover, and that Mrs. Dale, though she had given her cordial consent to the marriage, felt that she had but few points of sympathy with her future son-in-law. She had never said, even to herself, that she disliked him; nay, she had sometimes declared to herself that she was fond of him. But, in truth, he was not a man after her own heart. He was not one who could ever be to her as her own son and her own child.

But she and Bell would pass hours together talking of Lily's prospects. "It seems so strange to me," said Mrs. Dale, "that she of all girls should have been fancied by such a man as Mr. Crosbie, or that she should have liked him. I can not imagine Lily living in London."

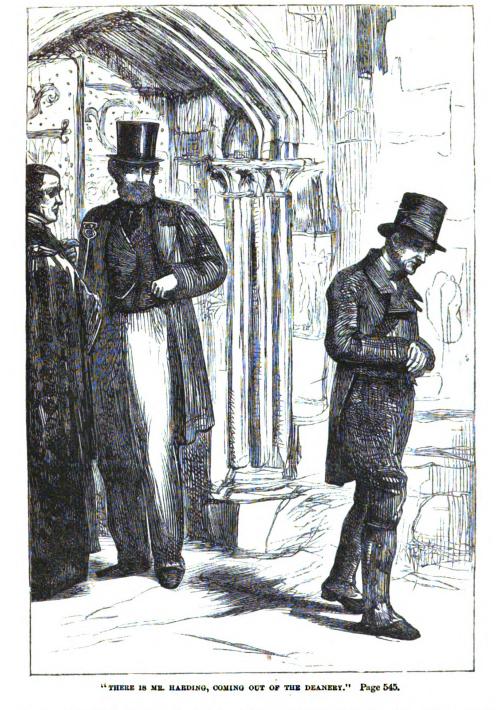
"If he is good and affectionate to her she will

be happy wherever he is," said Bell.

"I hope so-I'm sure I hope so. But it seems as though she will be so far separated from us. It is not the distance, but the manner of life which makes the separation. I hope you'll never be taken so far from me."

"I don't think I shall allow myself to be taken nal from

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can never tell. mamma."

- "I do not want another Mr. Crosbie for you, dear."
- "But perhaps I may want one for myself. You need not tremble quite yet, however. Apollos do not come this road every day."
- "Poor Lily! Do you remember when she first called him Apollo? I do, well. I remember his coming here the day after Bernard brought him down, and how you were playing on the as well as men in the country."

If I do you must follow us, lawn, while I was in the other garden. thought then what it would come to."

- "But, mamma, you don't regret it?"
- "Not if it's to make her happy. If she can be happy with him, of course I shall not regret it; not though he were to take her to the world's end away from us. What else have I to look for but that she and you should both be hapру?"

"Men in London are happy with their wives

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to acknowledge that."

"And as to Adolphus himself, I do not know why we should distrust him."

- "No, my dear; there is no reason. If I did distrust him, I should not have given so ready an assent to the marriage. But, nevertheless-"
 - "The truth is, you don't like him, mamma."
- "Not so cordially as I hope I may like any man whom you may choose for your husband."

And Lily, though she said nothing on the subject to Mrs. Dale, felt that her mother was in some degree estranged from her. Crosbie's name was frequently mentioned between them, but in the tone of Mrs. Dale's voice, and in her manner when she spoke of him, there was lacking that enthusiasm and heartiness which real sympathy would have produced. Lily did not analyze her own feelings, or closely make inquiry as to those of her mother, but she perceived that it was not all as she would have wished it to have been. "I know mamma does not love him." she said to Bell on the evening of the day on which she received Crosbie's first letter.

- "Not as you do, Lily; but she does love him."
- "Not as I do! To say that is nonsense, Bell; of course she does not love him as I do. But the truth is, she does not love him at all. you think I can not see it?"
 - "I'm afraid that you see too much."
- "She never says a word against him; but if she really liked him she would sometimes say a word in his favor. I do not think she would ever mention his name unless you or I spoke of him before her. If she did not approve of him, why did she not say so sooner?"
- "That's hardly fair upon mamma," said Bell, with some earnestness. "She does not disapprove of him, and she never did. You know mamma well enough to be sure that she would not interfere with us in such a matter without very strong reason. As regards Mr. Crosbie, she gave her consent without a moment's hesitation."
 - "Yes, she did."
- "How can you say, then, that she disapproves of him?"
- "I didn't mean to find fault with mamma. Perhaps it will come all right."
- "It will come all right." But Bell, though she made this very satisfactory promise, was as well aware as either of the others that the family would be divided when Crosbic should have married Lily and taken her off to London.

On the following morning Mrs. Dale and Bell were sitting together. Lily was above in her own room, either writing to her lover, or reading his letter, or thinking of him, or working for him. In some way she was employed on his behalf, and with this object she was alone. It was now the middle of October, and the fire was lit in Mrs. Dale's drawing-room. The window which opened upon the lawn was closed, the heavy curtains had been put back in their places,

"Oh yes; of all women I should be the first; fact that the last of the summer was over. This was always a sorrow to Mrs. Dale; but it is one of those sorrows which hardly admit of open expression.

"Bell," she said, looking up suddenly, "there's your uncle at the window; let him in." For now, since the putting up of the curtains, the window had been bolted as well as closed. So Bell got up, and opened a passage for the squire's entrance. It was not often that he came down in this way, and when he did do so it was generally for some purpose which had been expressed before.

"What! fires already?" said he. "I never have fires at the other house in the morning till the first of November. I like to see a spark in the grate after dinner."

"I like a fire when I'm cold," said Mrs. Dale. But this was a subject on which the squire and his sister-in-law had differed before, and as Mr. Dale had some business in hand he did not now choose to waste his energy in supporting his own views on the question of fires.

"Bell, my dear," said he, "I want to speak to your mother for a minute or two on a matter of business. You wouldn't mind leaving us for a little while, would you?" Whereupon Bell collected up her work and went up stairs to her sister. "Uncle Christopher is below with mamma," said she, "talking about business. I suppose it is something to do with your marriage." But Bell was wrong. The squire's visit had no reference to Lily's marriage.

Mrs. Dale did not move or speak a word when Bell was gone, though it was evident that the squire paused in order that she might ask some question of him. "Mary," said he, at last, "I'll tell you what it is that I have come to say to you." Whereupon she put the piece of needlework which was in her hands down upon the work-basket before her, and settled herself to listen to him.

- "I wish to speak to you about Bell."
- "About Bell?" said Mrs. Dale, as though much surprised that he should have any thing to say to her respecting her eldest daughter.
- "Yes, about Bell. Here's Lily going to be married, and it will be well that Bell should be married too."
- "I don't see that at all, said Mrs. Dale. "I am by no means in a hurry to be rid of her."
- "No, I dare say not. But of course you only regard her welfare, and I can truly say that I do the same. There would be no necessity for hurry as to a marriage for her under ordinary circumstances; but there may be circumstances to make such a thing desirable, and I think that there are." It was evident from the squire's tone and manner that he was very much in earnest; but it was also evident that he found some difficulty in opening out the budget with which he had prepared himself. He hesitated a little in his voice, and seemed to be almost nervous. Mrs. Dale, with some little spice of ill-nature. altogether abstained from assisting him. She and it had been acknowledged as an unwelcome was jealous of interference from him about her

girls, and though she was of course bound to listen to him, she did so with a prejudice against and almost with a resolve to oppose any thing that he might say. When he had finished his little speech about circumstances the squire paused again; but Mrs. Dale still sat silent, with her eves fixed upon his face.

"I love your children very dearly," said he, "though I believe you hardly give me credit for

doing so."

"I am sure you do," said Mrs. Dale, "and they are both well aware of it."

"And I am very anxious that they should be comfortably established in life. I have no children of my own, and those of my two brothers are every thing to me."

Mrs. Dale had always considered it as a matter of course that Bernard should be the squire's heir, and had never felt that her daughters had any claim on that score. It was a well understood thing in the family that the senior male Dale should have all the Dale property and all the Dale money. She fully recognized even the propriety of such an arrangement. But it seemed to her that the squire was almost guilty of hypocrisy in naming his nephew and his two nieces together, as though they were the joint heirs of his love. Bernard was his adopted son, and no one had begrudged to the uncle the right of making such adoption. Bernard was every thing to him, and as being his heir was bound to obey him in many things. But her daughters were no more to him than any nieces might be to any uncle. He had nothing to do with their disposal in marriage; and the mother's spirit was already up in arms and prepared to do battle for her own independence, and for that of her children. "If Bernard would marry well," said she, "I have no doubt it would be a comfort to you"-meaning to imply thereby that the squire had no right to trouble himself about any other marriage.

"That's just it," said the squire. "It would be a great comfort to me. And if he and Bell could make up their minds together, it would, I should think, be a great comfort to you also."

"Bernard and Bell!" exclaimed Mrs. Dale. No idea of such a union had ever yet come upon her, and now in her surprise she sat silent. She had always like Bernard Dale, having felt for him more family affection than for any other of the Dale family beyond her own hearth. He had been very intimate in her house, having made himself almost as a brother to her girls. But she had never thought of him as a husband for either of them.

- "Then Bell has not spoken to you about it?" said the squire.
 - "Never a word."
 - "And you have never thought about it?"
 - "Certainly not."
- "I have thought about it a great deal. For some years I have always been thinking of it. I have set my heart upon it, and shall be very unhappy if it can not be brought about. They are both very dear to me—dearer than any body

else. If I could see them man and wife, I should not much care then how soon I left the old place to them."

There was a purer touch of feeling in this than the squire had ever before shown in his sister-in-law's presence, and more heartiness than she had given him the credit of possessing. And she could not but acknowledge to herself that her own child was included in this unexpected warmth of love, and that she was bound at any rate to entertain some gratitude for such kindness.

"It is good of you to think of her," said the mother; "very good."

- "I think a great deal about her," said the squire. "But that does not much matter now. The fact is, that she has declined Bernard's offer."
 - "Has Bernard offered to her?"
- "So he tells me; and she has refused him. It may perhaps be natural that she should do so, never having taught herself to look at him in the light of a lover. I don't blame her at all. I am not angry with her."
- "Angry with her! No. You can hardly be angry with her for not being in love with her cousin."
- "I say that I am not angry with her. But I think she might undertake to consider the question. You would like such a match, would you not?"

Mrs. Dale did not at first make any answer, but began to revolve the thing in her mind, and to look at it in various points of view. There was a great deal in such an arrangement which at the first sight recommended it to her very strongly. All the local circumstances were in its favor. As regarded herself it would promise to her all that she had ever desired. It would give her a prospect of seeing very much of Lily; for if Bell were settled at the old family house, Crosbie would naturally be much with his friend. She liked Bernard also; and for a moment or two fancied, as she turned it all over in her mind, that even yet, if such a marriage were to take place, there might grow up something like true regard between her and the old squire. How happy would be her old age in that small house, if Bell with her children were living so close to her!

"Well?" said the squire, who was looking very intently into her face.

"I was thinking," said Mrs. Dale. "Do you say that she has already refused him?"

- "I am afraid she has; but then you know-"
- "It must of course be left for her to judge."
- "If you mean that she can not be made to marry her cousin, of course we all know she can't."
 - "I mean rather more than that."
 - "What do you mean, then?"
- "That the matter must be left altogether to her own decision; that no persuasion must be used by you or me. If he can persuade her, indeed—"
 - "Yes, exactly. He must persuade her. I



quite agree with you that he should have liberty to plead his own cause. But look you here, Mary, she has always been a very good child to you—"

"Indeed she has."

"And a word from you would go a long way with her, as it ought. If she knows that you would like her to marry her cousin, it will make her think it her duty—"

"Ah! but that is just what I can not try to make her think."

"Will you let me speak, Mary? You take me up and scold me before the words are half out of my mouth. Of course I know that, in these days, a young lady is not to be compelled into marrying any body—not but that, as far as I can see, they did better than they do now when they had not quite so much of their own way."

"I never would take upon myself to ask a child to marry any man."

"But you may explain to her that it is her duty to give such a proposal much thought before it is absolutely refused. A girl either is in love or she is not. If she is, she is ready to jump down a man's throat; and that was the case with Lily."

"She never thought of the man till he had

proposed to her fully."

"Well, never mind now. But if a girl is not in love, she thinks she is bound to swear and declare that she never will be so."

"I don't think Bell ever declared any thing of the kind."

"Yes, she did. She told Bernard that she didn't love him, and couldn't love him, and, in fact, that she wouldn't think any thing more about it. Now, Mary, that's what I call being headstrong and positive. I don't want to drive her, and I don't want you to drive her. But here is an arrangement which for her will be a very good one; you must admit that. We all know that she is on excellent terms with Bernard. It isn't as though they had been falling out and hating each other all their lives. She told him that she was very fond of him, and talked nonsense about being his sister, and all that."

"I don't see that it was nonsense at all."

"Yes, it was nonsense—on such an occasion. If a man asks a girl to marry him, he doesn't want her to talk to him about being his sister. I think it is nonsense. If she would only consider about it properly, she would soon learn to love him."

"That lesson, if it be learned at all, must be learned without any tutor."

"You won't do any thing to help me, then?"

"I will, at any rate, do nothing to mar you. And, to tell the truth, I must think over the matter fully before I can decide what I had better say to Bell about it. From her not speaking to me—"

"I think she ought to have told you."

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"No, Mr. Dale. Had she accepted him, of yet made possible for her. Would not such a course she would have told me. Had she thought marriage as this be for them all the happiest do-

of doing so, she might probably have consulted me. But if she made up her mind that she must reject him—"

"She oughtn't to have made up her mind."

"But if she did, it seems natural to me that she should speak of it to no one. She might probably think that Bernard would be as well pleased that it should not be known."

"Pshaw—known! of course it will be known. As you want time to consider of it, I will say nothing more now. If she were my daughter, I should have no hesitation in telling her what I thought best for her welfare."

"I have none; though I may have some in making up my mind as to what is best for her welfare. But, Mr. Dale, you may be sure of this—I will speak to her very earnestly of your kindness and love for her. And I wish you would believe that I feel your regard for her very strongly."

In answer to this he merely shook his head, and hummed and hawed. "You would be glad to see them married, as regards yourself?" he asked.

"Certainly I would," said Mrs. Dale. "I have always liked Bernard, and I believe my girl would be safe with him. But then, you see, it's a question on which my own likings or dislikings should not have any bearing."

And so they parted, the squire making his way back again through the drawing-room window. He was not above half pleased with his interview; but then he was a man for whom half pleasure almost sufficed. He rarely indulged any expectation that people would make themselves agreeable to him. Mrs. Dale, since she had come to the Small House, had never been a source of satisfaction to him, but he did not on that account regret that he had brought her there. He was a constant man; urgent in carrying out his own plans, but not sanguine in doing so, and by no means apt to expect that all things would go smooth with him. He had made up his mind that his nephew and his niece should be married, and, should he ultimately fail in this, such failure would probably embitter his future life; but it was not in the nature of the man to be angry in the mean time, or to fume and scold because he met with opposition. He had told Mrs. Dale that he loved Bell dear-So he did, though he seldom spoke to her with much show of special regard, and never was soft and tender with her. But, on the other hand, he did not now love her the less because she opposed his wishes. He was a constant, undemonstrative man, given rather to brooding than to thinking; harder in his words than in his thoughts, with more of heart than others believed, or that he himself knew; but, above all,

Mrs. Dale, when she was left alone, began to turn over the question in her mind in a much fuller manner than the squire's presence had as yet made possible for her. Would not such a marriage as this be for them all the happiest do-

he was a man who, having once desired a thing,

would desire it always.



afford? Her daughter would have no fortune, but here would be prepared for her all the comforts which fortune can give. She would be received into her uncle's house, not as some penniless, portionless bride whom Bernard might have married and brought home, but as the wife whom of all others Bernard's friends had thought desirable for him. And then, as regarded Mrs. Dale herself, there would be nothing in such a were to marry any man without absolutely lov-

mestic arrangement which circumstances could | marriage which would not be delightful to her. It would give a realization to all her dreams of future happiness.

But, as she said to herself over and over again, all that must go for nothing. It must be for Bell, and for her only, to answer Bernard's question. In her mind there was something sacred in that idea of love. She would regard her daughter almost as a castaway if she ing him-loving him as Lily loved her lover, with all her heart and all her strength.

With such a conviction as this strong upon her she felt that she could not say much to Bell that would be of any service.

CHAPTER XX.

DR. CROFTS.

Ir there was any thing in the world as to which Isabella Dale was quite certain, it was this-that she was not in love with Dr. Crofts. As to being in love with her cousin Bernard, she had never had occasion to ask herself any question on that head. She liked him very well, but she had never thought of marrying him; and now, when he made his proposal, she could not bring herself to think of it. But as regards Dr. Crofts, she had thought of it, and had made up her mind-in the manner above described.

It may be said that she could not have been justified in discussing the matter even within her own bosom, unless authorized to do so by Dr. Crofts himself. Let it then be considered that Dr. Crofts had given her some such authority. This may be done in more ways than one; and Miss Dale could not have found herself asking herself questions about him unless there had been fitting occasion for her to do so.

The profession of a medical man in a small provincial town is not often one which gives to its owner in early life a large income. Perhaps in no career has a man to work harder for what he earns, or to do more work without earning any thing. It has sometimes seemed to me as though the young doctors and the old doctors had agreed to divide between them the different results of their profession—the young doctors doing all the work and the old doctors taking all the money. If this be so, it may account for that appearance of premature gravity which is borne by so many of the medical profession. Under such an arrangement a man may be excused for a desire to put away childish things very early in life.

Dr. Crofts had now been practicing in Guestwick nearly seven years, having settled himself in that town when he was twenty-three years old, and being at this period about thirty. During those seven years his skill and industry had been so fully admitted that he had succeeded in obtaining the medical care of all the paupers in the union, for which work he was paid at the rate of one hundred pounds a year. He was also assistant-surgeon at a small hospital which was maintained in that town, and held two or three other similar public positions, all of which attested his respectability and general proficien-They, moreover, thoroughly saved him from any of the dangers of idleness; but, unfortunately, they did not enable him to regard himself as a successful professional man. Whereas

well, had made a fortune in Guestwick, and even still drew from the ailments of the town a considerable and hardly yet decreasing income. Now this was hard upon Dr. Crofts-unless there was existing some such well-understood arrangement as that above named.

He had been known to the family of the Dales long previous to his settlement at Guestwick, and had been very intimate with them from that time to the present day. Of all the men, young or old, whom Mrs. Dale counted among her intimate friends, he was the one whom she most trusted and admired. And he was a man to be trusted by those who knew him well. He was not bright and always ready, as was Crosbie, nor had he all the practical worldly good sense of Bernard Dale. In mental power I doubt whether he was superior to John Eames; to John Eames, such as he might become when the period of his hobbledehoyhood should have altogether passed away. But Crofts, compared with the other three, as they all were at present, was a man more to be trusted than any of them. And there was, moreover, about him an occasional dash of humor, without which Mrs. Dale would hardly have regarded him with that thorough liking which she had for him. But it was a quiet humor, apt to show itself when he had but one friend with him, rather than in general society. Crosbie, on the other hand, would be much more bright among a dozen than he could with a single companion. Bernard Dale was never bright; and as for Johnny Eames-; but in this matter of brightness, Johnny Eames had not yet shown to the world what his character might be.

It was now two years since Crofts had been called upon for medical advice on behalf of his friend Mrs. Dale. She had then been ill for a long period—some two or three months, and Dr. Crofts had been frequent in his visits at Allington. At that time he became very intimate with Mrs. Dale's daughters, and especially so Young unmarried doctors with the eldest. ought perhaps to be excluded from houses in which there are young ladies. I know, at any rate, that many sage matrons hold very strongly to that opinion, thinking, no doubt, that doctors ought to get themselves married before they venture to begin working for a living. Mrs. Dale, perhaps, regarded her own girls as still merely children, for Bell, the elder, was then hardly eighteen; or perhaps she held imprudent and heterodox opinions on this subject; or it may be that she selfishly preferred Dr. Crofts, with all the danger to her children, to Dr. Gruffen, with all the danger to herself. But the result was that the young doctor one day informed himself, as he was riding back to Guestwick, that much of his happiness in this world would depend on his being able to marry Mrs. Dale's eldest daughter. At that time his total income amounted to little more than two hundred a year, and he had resolved within his own mind that Dr. Gruffen was esteemed as much the betold Dr. Gruffen, of whom but few people spoke | ter doctor by the general public opinion of Guest-

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wick, and that Dr. Gruffen's sandy-haired assistant would even have a better chance of success in the town than himself should it ever come to pass that the doctor was esteemed too old for personal practice. Crofts had no fortune of his own, and he was aware that Miss Dale had none. Then, under those circumstances, what was he to do?

It is not necessary that we should inquire at any great length into those love passages of the doctor's life which took place three years before the commencement of this narrative. He made no declaration to Bell; but Bell, young as she was, understood well that he would fain have done so had not his courage failed him, or rather, had not his prudence prevented him. Mrs. Dale he did speak, not openly avowing his love even to her, but hinting at it, and then talking to her of his unsatisfied hopes and professional disappointments. "It is not that I complain of being poor as I am," said he; "or, at any rate, not so poor that my poverty must be any source of discomfort to me; but I could hardly marry with such an income as I have at present."

"But it will increase, will it not?" said Mrs.

"It may some day, when I am becoming an I man," he said. "But of what use will it old man," he said. be to me then?"

Mrs. Dale could not tell him that, as far as her voice in the matter went, he was welcome to woo her daughter and marry her, poor as he was, and doubly poor as they would both be together on such a pittance. He had not even mentioned Bell's name, and had he done so she could only have bade him wait and hope. After that he said nothing further to her upon the subject. To Bell he spoke no word of overt love; but on an autumn day, when Mrs. Dale was already convalescent, and the repetition of his professional visits had become unnecessary, he got her to walk with him through the half-hidden shrubbery paths, and then told her things which he should never have told her if he really wished to bind her heart to his. He repeated that story of his income, and explained to her that his poverty was only grievous to him in that it prevented him from thinking of marriage. "I suppose it must," said Bell. "I should think it wrong to ask any lady to share such an income as mine," said he. Wherenpon Bell had suggested to him that some ladies had incomes of their own, and that he might in that way get over the difficulty. "I should be afraid of myself in marrying a girl with money," said he; "besides, that is altogether out of the question now." Of course Bell did not ask him why it was out of the question, and for a time they went on walking in silence. "It is a hard thing to do," he then said-not looking at her, but looking at the gravel on which he stood. "It is a hard thing to do, but I will determine to think of it no further. I believe a man may be as happy single as he may married—almost." "Perhaps more so," said Bell. Then the doc- the earl stopped himself.

tor left her; and Bell, as I have said before, made up her mind with great firmness that she was not in love with him. I may certainly say that there was nothing in the world as to which she was so certain as she was of this.

And now, in these days, Dr. Crofts did not come over to Allington very often. Had any of the family in the Small House been ill, he would have been there of course. The squire himself employed the apothecary in the village, or if higher aid was needed would send for Dr. Gruffen. On the occasion of Mrs. Dale's party Crofts was there, having been specially invited; but Mrs. Dale's special invitations to her friends were very few, and the doctor was well aware that he must himself make occasion for going there if he desired to see the inmates of the house. But he very rarely made such occasion, perhaps feeling that he was more in his element at the work-house and the hospital.

Just at this time, however, he made one very great and unexpected step toward success in his profession. He was greatly surprised one morning by being summoned to the Manor House to attend upon Lord De Guest. The family at the Manor had employed Dr. Gruffen for the last thirty years, and Crofts, when he received the earl's message, could hardly believe the words. "The earl ain't very bad," said the servant, "but he would be glad to see you, if possible, a little before dinner."

"You're sure he wants to see me?" said Crofts.

"Oh yes; I'm sure enough of that, Sir."

"It wasn't Dr. Gruffen?"

"No, Sir; it wasn't Dr. Gruffen. I believe his lordship's had about enough of Dr. Gruffen. The doctor took to chaffing his lordship one day."

"Chaffed his lordship—his hands and feet, and that sort of thing?" suggested the doctor.

"Hands and feet!" said the man. "Lord bless you, Sir, he poked his fun at him, just as though he was nobody! I didn't hear, but Mrs. Connor says that my lord's back was up terribly high." And so Dr. Crofts got on his horse and rode up to Guestwick Manor.

The earl was alone, Lady Julia having already gone to Courcy Castle. "How d'ye do, how d'ye do?" said the earl. "I'm not very ill, but I want to get a little advice from you. It's quite a trifle, but I thought it well to see somebody." Whereupon Dr. Crofts of course declared that he was happy to wait upon his lordship.

"I know all about you, you know," said the earl. "Your grandmother Stoddard was a very old friend of my aunt's. You don't remember Lady Jemima?"

"No," said Crofts. "I never had that honor."

"An excellent old woman, and knew your grandmother Stoddard well. You see, Gruffen has been attending us for I don't know how many years; but upon my word-" And then



"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," said Crofts, with a slight laugh.

"Perhaps it'll blow me some good, for Gruffen never did me any. The fact is this: I'm very well, you know—as strong as a horse."

"You look pretty well."

- "No man could be better-not of my age. I'm sixty, you know."
 - "You don't look as though you were ailing."
- "I'm always out in the open air, and that, I take it, is the best thing for a man."

"There's nothing like plenty of exercise, certainly."

"And I'm always taking exercise," said the earl. "There isn't a man about the place works much harder than I do. And, let me tell you, Sir, when you undertake to keep six or seven hundred acres of land in your own hand, you must look after it unless you mean to lose money by it."

"I've always heard that your lordship is a good farmer."

"Well, yes; wherever the grass may grow about my place, it doesn't grow under my feet. You won't often find me in bed at six o'clock, I can tell you."

After this Dr. Crofts ventured to ask his lordship as to what special physical deficiency his own aid was invoked at the present time.

"Ah, I was just coming to that," said the earl. "They tell me it's a very dangerous practice to go to sleep after dinner."

"It's not very uncommon at any rate," said the doctor.

"I suppose not; but Lady Julia is always at me about it. And, to tell the truth, I think I sleep almost too sound when I get to my armchair in the drawing-room. Sometimes my sister really can't wake me-so, at least, she says."

"And how's your appetite at dinner?"

"Oh, I'm quite right there. I never eat any luncheon, you know, and enjoy my dinner thoroughly. Then I drink three or four glasses of port wine-"

"And feel sleepy afterward?"

"That's just it," said the earl.

It is not perhaps necessary that we should inquire what was the exact nature of the doctor's advice; but it was, at any rate, given in such a way that the earl said he would be glad to see him again.

"And look here, Doctor Crofts, I'm all alone just at present. Suppose you come over and dine with me to-morrow; then, if I should go to sleep, you know, you'll be able to let me know whether Lady Julia doesn't exaggerate. Just between ourselves, I don't quite believe all she says about my-my snoring, you know."

Whether it was that the earl restrained his appetite when at dinner under the doctor's eyes, or whether the mid-day mutton chop which had been ordered for him had the desired effect, or whether the doctor's conversation was more lively than that of the Lady Julia, we will not say; but the earl, on the evening in question, was

dinner he hardly winked above once or twice; and when he had taken the large bowl of tea, which he usually swallowed in a semi-somnolent condition, he was quite lively.

"Ah yes," he said, jumping up and rubbing his eyes; "I think I do feel lighter. I enjoy a snooze after dinner; I do indeed; I like it; but then, when one comes to go to bed, one does it in such a sneaking sort of way, as though one were in disgrace! And my sister, she thinks it a crime-literally a sin, to go to sleep in a chair. Nobody ever caught her napping! By-the-by, Dr. Crofts, did you know that Mr Crosbie whom Bernard Dale brought down to Allington? Lady Julia and he are staying at the same house

"I met him once at Mrs. Dale's."

"Going to marry one of the girls, isn't he?" Whereupon Dr. Crofts explained that Mr. Crosbie was engaged to Lilian Dale.

"Ah yes; a nice girl, I'm told. You know all those Dales are connections of ours. My sister Fanny married their uncle Orlando. brother-in-law doesn't like traveling, and so I don't see very much of him; but of course I'm interested about the family."

"They're very old friends of mine," said

"Yes, I dare say. There are two girls, are there not?"

"Yes, two."

"And Miss Lily is the youngest. There's nothing about the elder one getting married, is there?

"I've not heard any thing of it."

"A very pretty girl she is, too. I remember seeing her at her uncle's last year. I shouldn't wonder if she were to marry her cousin Bernard. He is to have the property, you know; and he's my nephew."

"I'm not quite sure that it's a good thing for cousins to marry," said Crofts.

"They do, you know, very often; and it suits some family arrangements. I suppose Dale must provide for them, and that would take one off his hands without any trouble."

Dr. Crofts didn't exactly see the matter in this light, but he was not anxious to argue it very closely with the earl. "The younger one," he said, "has provided for herself."

"What, by getting a husband? But I suppose Dale must give her something. They're not married yet, you know, and, from what I hear, that fellow may prove a slippery customer. He'll not marry her unless old Dale gives her something. You'll see if he does. I'm told that he has got another string to his bow at Courcy Castle."

Soon after this Crofts took his horse and rode home, having promised the earl that he would dine with him again before long.

"It'll be a great convenience to me if you'd come about that time," said the earl, "and as you're a bachelor perhaps you won't mind it. You'll come on Thursday at seven, will you? triumphant. As he sat in his easy-chair after Take care of yourself. It's as dark as pitch.

John, go and open the first gates for Dr. Crofts." And then the earl took himself off to bed.

Crofts, as he rode home, could not keep his mind from thinking of the two girls at Allington. "He'll not marry her unless old Dale gives her something." Had it come to that with the world, that a man must be bribed into keeping his engagement with a lady? Was there no romance left among mankind, no feeling of chivalry? "He's got another string to his bow at Courcy Castle," said the earl; and his lordship seemed to be in no degree shocked as he said it. It was in this tone that men spoke of women nowadays, and yet he himself had felt such awe of the girl he loved, and such a fear lest he might injure her in her worldly position, that he had not dared to tell her that he loved her.

CHAPTER XXI.

JOHN EAMES ENCOUNTERS TWO ADVENTURES, AND DISPLAYS GREAT COURAGE IN BOTH.

LILY thought that her lover's letter was all that it should be. She was not quite aware what might be the course of post between Courcy and Allington, and had not, therefore, felt very grievously disappointed when the letter did not come on the very first day. She had, however, in the course of the morning walked down to the post-office, in order that she might be sure that it was not remaining there.

"Why, miss, they be all delivered; you know that," said Mrs. Crump, the post-mistress.

"But one might be left behind, I thought."

"John Postman went up to the house this very day, with a newspaper for your mamma. I can't make letters for people if folks don't

"But they are left behind sometimes, Mrs. Crump. He wouldn't come up with one letter if he'd got nothing else for any body in the street."

"Indeed but he would then. I wouldn't let him leave a letter here no how, nor yet a paper. It's no good your coming down here for letters, Miss Lily. If he don't write to you, I can't make him do it." And so poor Lily went home discomforted.

But the letter came on the next morning, and all was right. According to her judgment it lacked nothing, either in fullness or in affection. When he told her how he had planned his early departure in order that he might avoid the pain of parting with her on the last moment, she smiled and pressed the paper, and rejoiced inwardly that she had got the better of him as to that manœuvre. And then she kissed the words which told her that he had been glad to have her with him at the last moment. When he declared that he had been happier at Allington than he was at Courcy, she believed him thoroughly, and rejoiced that it should be so. And when he accused himself of being worldly, she worked with her, sitting sternly to their long

nearly perfect in this respect as in others. course a man living in London, and having to earn his bread out in the world, must be more worldly than a country girl; but the fact of his being able to love such a girl, to choose such a one for his wife-was not that alone sufficient proof that the world had not enslaved him? "My heart is on the Allington lawns," he said; and then, as she read the words, she kissed the paper again.

In her eyes, and to her ears, and to her heart, the letter was a beautiful letter. I believe there is no bliss greater than that which a thorough love-letter gives to a girl who knows that in receiving it she commits no fault, who can open it before her father and mother with nothing more than the slight blush which the consciousness of her position gives her. And of all love-letters the first must be the sweetest! What a value there is in every word! How each expression is scanned and turned to the best account! With what importance are all those little phrases invested, which too soon become mere phrases, used as a matter of course. Crosbie had finished his letter by bidding God bless her; "and you too," said Lily, pressing the letter to her

"Does he say any thing particular?" asked Mrs. Dale.

"Yes, mamma; it's all very particular."

"But there's nothing for the public ear."

"He sends his love to you and Bell."

"We are very much obliged to him."

"So you ought to be. And he says that he went to church going through Barchester, and that the clergyman was the grandfather of that Lady Dumbello. When he got to Courcy Castle Lady Dumbello was there."

"What a singular coincidence!" said Mrs.

"I won't tell you a word more about his letter," said Lily. So she folded it up, and put it in her pocket. But as soon as she found herself alone in her own room she had it out again, and read it over some half a dozen times.

That was the occupation of her morning: that, and the manufacture of some very intricate piece of work which was intended for the adornment of Mr. Crosbie's person. Her hands, however, were very full of work; or, rather, she intended that they should be full. She would take with her to her new home, when she was married, all manner of household gear, the produce of her own industry and economy. She had declared that she wanted to do something for her future husband, and she would begin that something at once. And in this matter she did not belie her promises to herself, or allow her good intentions to evaporate unaccomplished. She soon surrounded herself with harder tasks than those embroidered slippers with which she indulged herself immediately after his departure. And Mrs. Dale and Bell-though in their gentle way they laughed at her-nevertheless they excused him, persuading herself that he was tasks, in order that Crosbie's house might not be empty when their darling should go to take | promise that she would be happy and contented her place there as his wife.

But it was absolutely necessary that the letter should be answered. It would in her eyes have been a great sin to have let that day's post go without carrying a letter from her to Courcy Castle—a sin of which she felt no temptation to be guilty. It was an exquisite pleasure to her to seat herself at her little table, with her neat desk and small appurtenances for epistle-craft, and to feel that she had a letter to write in which she had truly much to say. Hitherto her correspondence had been uninteresting and almost weak in its nature. From her mother and sister she had hardly yet been parted; and though she had other friends, she had seldom found herself with very much to tell them by post. What could she communicate to Mary . Eames at Guestwick which should be in itself exciting as she wrote it? When she wrote to John Eames, and told "Dear John" that mamma hoped to have the pleasure of seeing him to tea at such an hour, the work of writing was of little moment to her, though the note when written became one of the choicest treasures of him to whom it was addressed.

But now the matter was very different. When she saw the words "Dearest Adolphus" on the paper before her she was startled with their significance. "And four months ago I had never even heard of him," she said to herself, almost with awe. And now he was more to her, and nearer to her, than even was her sister or her mother! She recollected how she had laughed at him behind his back, and called him a swell on the first day of his coming to the Small House, and how, also, she had striven, in her innocent way, to look her best when called upon to go out and walk with the stranger from London. He was no longer a stranger now, but her own dearest friend.

She had put down her pen that she might think of all this-by no means for the first time -and then resumed it with a sudden start as though fearing that the postman might be in the village before her letter was finished. "Dearest Adolphus—I need not tell you how delighted I was when your letter was brought to me this morning." But I will not repeat the whole of her letter here. She had no incident to relate, none even so interesting as that of Mr. Crosbie's encounter with Mr. Harding at Barchester. She had met no Lady Dumbello, and had no counterpart to Lady Alexandrina, of whom, as a friend, she could say a word in praise. John Eames's name she did not mention, knowing that John Eames was not a favorite with Mr. Crosbie, nor had she any thing to say of John Eames that had not been already said. had, indeed, promised to come over to Allington; but this visit had not been made when Lily wrote her first letter to Crosbie. It was a sweet, good, honest love-letter, full of assurances of unalterable affection and unlimited confidence, indulging in a little quiet fun as to the

if she might receive his letters constantly, and live with the hope of seeing him at Christmas.

"I am in time, Mrs. Crump, am I not?" she said, as she walked into the post-office.

"Of course you be-for the next half hour. T' postman—he bain't stirred from t' ale'us yet. Just put it into t' box, wull ye?"

"But you won't leave it there?"

"Leave it there! Did you ever hear the like of that? If you're afeared to put it in, you can take it away; that's all about it, Miss Lily." And then Mrs. Crump turned away to her avocations at the washing-tub. Mrs. Crump had a bad temper, but perhaps she had some excuse. A separate call was made upon her time with reference to almost every letter brought to her office, and for all this, as she often told her friends in profound disgust, she received as salary no more than "tuppence farden a day. It don't find me in shoe-leather; no more it don't." As Mrs. Crump was never seen out of her own house, unless it was in church once a month, this latter assertion about her shoe-leather could hardly have been true.

Lily had received another letter, and had answered it before Eames made his promised visit to Allington. He, as will be remembered, had also had a correspondence. He had answered Miss Roper's letter, and had since that been living in fear of two things; in a lesser fear of some terrible rejoinder from Amelia, and in a greater fear of a more terrible visit from his lady-love. Were she to swoop down in very truth upon his Guestwick home, and declare herself to his mother and sister as his affianced bride, what mode of escape would then be left for him? But this she had not yet done, nor had she even answered his cruel missive.

"What an ass I am to be afraid of her?" he said to himself, as he walked along under the elms of Guestwick manor, which overspread the road to Allington. When he first went over to Allington after his return home, he had mounted himself on horseback, and had gone forth brilliant with spurs, and trusting somewhat to the glories of his dress and gloves. But he had then known nothing of Lily's engagement. Now he was contented to walk; and as he had taken up his slouched hat and stick in the passage of his mother's house he had been very indifferent as to his appearance. He walked quickly along the road, taking for the first three miles the shade of the Guestwick elms, and keeping his feet on the broad green-sward which skirts the outside of the earl's palings. "What an ass I am to be afraid of her!" And as he swung his big stick in his hand, striking a tree here and there, and knocking the stones from his path, he began to question himself in earnest, and to be ashamed of his position in the world. "Nothing on earth shall make me marry her," he said; "not if they bring a dozen actions against me. She knows as well as I do that I have never intended to marry her. It's a cheat from grandees of Courcy Castle, and ending with a beginning to end. If she comes down here I'll

tell her so before my mother." vision of her sudden arrival came before his eyes he acknowledged to himself that he still held her in great fear. He had told her that he loved her. He had written as much as that. If taxed with so much he must confess his sin.

Then, by degrees, his mind turned away from Amelia Roper to Lily Dale, not giving him a prospect much more replete with enjoyment than that other one. He had said that he would call at Allington before he returned to town, and he was now redeeming his promise. But he did not know why he should go there. He felt that he should sit silent and abashed in Mrs. Dale's drawing-room, confessing by his demeanor that secret which it behooved him now to hide from every one. He could not talk easily before Lily, nor could he speak to her of the only subject which would occupy his thoughts when in her presence. If indeed he might find her alone-But perhaps that might be worse for him than any other condition.

When he was shown into the drawing-room there was nobody there. "They were here a minute ago, all three," said the servant girl. "If you'll walk down the garden, Mr. John, you'll be sure to find some of 'em." So John Eames, with a little hesitation, walked down the garden.

First of all he went the whole way round the walks, meeting nobody. Then he crossed the lawn, returning again to the farther end; and there, emerging from the little path which led from the Great House, he encountered Lily alone. "Oh John," she said, "how d'ye do? I'm afraid you did not find any body in the house. Mamma and Bell are with Hopkins, away in the large kitchen-garden."

"I've just come over," said Eames, "because I promised. I said I'd come before I went back to London.'

"And they'll be very glad to see you, and so am I. Shall we go after them into the other grounds? But perhaps you walked over and are tired."

"I did walk," said Eames; "not that I am very tired." But in truth he did not wish to go after Mrs. Dale, though he was altogether at a loss as to what he would say to Lily while remaining with her. He had fancied that he would like to have some opportunity of speaking to her alone before he went away-of making some special use of the last interview which he should have with her before she became a married woman. But now the opportunity was there, and he hardly dared to avail himself of it.

"You'll stay and dine with us," said Lily.

"No, I'll not do that, for I especially told my mother that I would be back."

"I'm sure it was very good of you to walk so far to see us. If you really are not tired, I think we will go to mamma, as she would be very sorry to miss you."

This she said remembering at the moment what had been Crosbie's injunctions to her about

But as the | would say those words which he had come to speak, and that, as Lily was there with him, he would avail himself of the chance which fortune had given him.

> "I don't think I'll go into the squire's garden," he said.

> "Uncle Christopher is not there. He is about the farm somewhere.'

> "If you don't mind, Lily, I think I'll stay here. I suppose they'll be back soon. Of course I should like to see them before I go away to London. But, Lily, I came over now chiefly to see you. It was you who asked me to promise."

> Had Crosbie been right in those remarks of his? Had she been imprudent in her little endeavor to be cordially kind to her old friend? "Shall we go into the drawing-room?" she said, feeling that she would be in some degree safer there than out among the shrubs and paths of the garden. And I think she was right in this. A man will talk of love out among the lilacs and roses, who would be stricken dumb by the demure propriety of the four walls of a drawing-room. John Eames also had some feeling of this kind, for he determined to remain out in the garden, if he could so manage it.

"I don't want to go in unless you wish it," he said. "Indeed, I'd rather stay here. So, Lily, you're going to be married?" And thus he rushed at once into the middle of his discourse.

"Yes," said she, "I believe I am."

"I have not told you yet that I congratulated you."

"I have known very well that you did so in your heart. I have always been sure that you wished me well."

"Indeed I have. And if congratulating a person is hoping that she may always be happy, I do congratulate you. But, Lily-" And then he paused, abashed by the beauty, purity, and woman's grace which had forced him to love

"I think I understand all that you would say. I do not want ordinary words to tell me that I am to count you among my best friends."

"No, Lily; you don't understand all that I would say. You have never known how often and how much I have thought of you; how dearly I have loved you."

"John, you must not talk of that now."

"I can not go without telling you. When I came over here, and Mrs. Dale told me that you were to be married to that man-"

"You must not speak of Mr. Crosbie in that way," she said, turning upon him almost fiercely.

"I did not mean to say any thing disrespectful of him to you. I should hate myself if I were to do so. Of course you like him better than any body else."

"I love him better than all the world besides."

"And so do I love you better than all the world besides." And as he spoke he got up from his seat and stood before her. "I know how poor I am, and unworthy of you; and only John Eames. But John had resolved that he that you are engaged to him I don't suppose that



I should now tell you. Of course you couldn't accept such a one as me. But I have loved you ever since you remember; and now that you are going to be his wife I can not but tell you that it is so. You will go and live in London; but as to my seeing you there, it will be impossible. I could not go into that man's house."

"Oh, John!"

"No, never; not if you became his wife. have loved you as well as he does. When Mrs. Dale told me of it I thought I should have fallen. I went away without seeing you because I was unable to speak to you. I made a fool of myself, and have been a fool all along. I am foolish now to tell you this, but I can not help it."

"You will forget it all when you meet some girl that you can really love."

"And have I not really loved you? Well, never mind. I have said what I came to say, and I will now go. If it ever happens that we are down in the country together perhaps I may see you again; but never in London. Good-by, Lily!" And he put out his hand to her.

"And won't you stay for mamma?" she said. "No. Give her my love, and to Bell. They understand all about it. They will know why I have gone. If ever you should want any body to do any thing for you, remember that I will do it, whatever it is." And as he paced away from her across the lawn, the special deed in her favor to which his mind was turned—that one thing which he most longed to do on her behalf-was an act of corporal chastisement upon Crosbie. If Crosbie would but ill-treat herill-treat her with some antinuptial barbarityand if only he could be called in to avenge her wrongs! And as he made his way back along the road toward Guestwick he built up within his own bosom a castle in the air, for her part in which Lily Dale would by no means have thanked him.

Lily when she was left alone burst into tears. She had certainly said very little to encourage her forlorn suitor, and had so borne herself during the interview that even Crosbie could hardly have been dissatisfied; but now that Eames was gone her heart became very tender toward him. She felt that she did love him also—not at all as she loved Crosbie, but still with a love that was tender, soft, and true. If Crosbie could have known all her thoughts at that moment I doubt whether he would have liked them. She burst into tears, and then hurried away into some nook where she could not be seen by her mother and Bell on their return.

Eames went on his way, walking very quietly, swinging his stick and kicking through the dust, with his heart full of the scene which had just passed. He was angry with himself, thinking that he had played his part badly, accusing himself in that he had been rough to her, and selfish in the expression of his love; and he was angry with her because she had declared to him that she loved Crosbie better than all the world be great danger lest the bull should succeed in

so; that at any rate it was to be expected that such was the case. Yet, he thought, she might have refrained from saying so to him. "She chooses to scorn me now," he said to himself; "but the time may come when she will wish that she had scorned him." That Crosbie was wicked, bad, and selfish, he believed most fully. He felt sure that the man would ill-use her and make her wretched. He had some slight doubt whether he would marry her, and from this doubt he endeavored to draw a scrap of comfort. If Crosbie would desert her, and if to him might be accorded the privilege of beating the man to death with his fists because of this desertion, then the world would not be quite blank for him. In all this he was no doubt very cruel to Lily; but then had not Lily been very cruel to him?

He was still thinking of these things when he came to the first of the Guestwick pastures. The boundary of the earl's property was very plainly marked, for with it commenced also the shady elms along the road-side, and the broad green margin of turf, grateful equally to those who walked and to those who rode. Eames had got himself on to the grass, but in the fullness of his thoughts was unconscious of the change in his path, when he was startled by a voice in the next field and the loud bellowing of a bull. Lord De Guest's choice cattle he knew were there; and there was one special bull which was esteemed by his lordship as of great value, and regarded as a high favorite. The people about the place declared that the beast was vicious; but Lord De Guest had often been heard to boast that it was never vicious with him. "The boys tease him, and the men are almost worse than the boys," said the earl; "but he'll never hurt any one that has not hurt him." Guided by faith in his own teaching, the earl had taught himself to look upon his bull as a large, horned, innocent lamb of the flock.

As Eames paused on the road he fancied that he recognized the earl's voice, and it was the voice of one in distress. Then the bull's roar sounded very plain in his ear, and almost close, upon hearing which he rushed on to the gate, and, without much thinking what he was doing, vaulted over it, and advanced a few steps into the field.

"There's a "Halloo!" shouted the earl. man. Come on!" And then his continued shoutings hardly formed themselves into intelligible words; but Eames plainly understood that he was invoking assistance under great pressure and stress of circumstances. The bull was making short runs at his owner, as though determined in each run to have a toss at his lordship; and at each run the earl would retreat quickly for a few paces; but he retreated always facing his enemy, and as the animal got near to him would make digs at his face with the long spud which he carried in his hand. But in thus making good his retreat he had been unable to keep in a direct line to the gate, and there seemed to besides. He knew that of course she must do pressing him up against the hedge. "Come



on!" shouted the earl, who was fighting his battle manfully, but was by no means anxious to carry off all the laurels of the victory himself. "Come on, I say!" Then he stopped in his path, shouted into the bull's face, brandished his spud, and threw about his arms, thinking that he might best dismay the beast by the display of these warlike gestures.

Johnny Eames ran on gallantly to the peer's assistance, as he would have run to that of any peasant in the land. He was one to whom I should be perhaps wrong to attribute at this period of his life the gift of very high courage. He feared many things which no man should fear; but he did not fear personal mishap or injury to his own skin and bones. When Cradell escaped out of the house in Burton Crescent. making his way through the passage into the outer air, he did so because he feared that Lupex would beat him, or kick him, or otherwise ill-use him. John Eames would also have desired to escape under similar circumstances; but he would have so desired because he could not endure to be looked upon in his difficulties by the people of the house, and because his imagination would have painted the horrors of a policeman dragging him off with a black eye and a torn coat. There was no one to see him now, and no policeman to take offense. Therefore he rushed to the earl's assistance, brandishing his stick, and roaring in emulation of the bull.

When the animal saw with what unfairness he was treated, and that the number of his foes was doubled, while no assistance had lent itself on his side, he stood for a while, disgusted by the injustice of humanity. He stopped, and, throwing his head up to the heavens, bellowed out his complaint. "Don't come close!" said the earl, who was almost out of breath. "Keep a little apart. Ugh! ugh! whoop, whoop!" And he threw up his arms manfully, jobbing about with his spud, ever and anon rubbing the perspiration from off his eyebrows with the back of his hand.

As the hull stood pausing, meditating whether, under such circumstances, flight would not be preferable to gratified passion, Eames made a rush in at him, attempting to hit him on the head. The earl, seeing this, advanced a step also, and got his spud almost up to the animal's eye. But these indignities the beast could not stand. He made a charge, bending his head first toward John Eames, and then, with that weak vacillation which is as disgraceful in a bull as in a general, he changed his purpose, and turned his horns upon his other enemy. The consequence was that his steps carried him in between the two, and that the earl and Eames found themselves for a while behind his tail.

"Now for the gate," said the earl.

"Slowly does it; slowly does it; don't run!" said Johnny, assuming, in the heat of the moment, a tone of counsel which would have been very foreign to him under other circumstances.

The earl was not a whit offended. "All his cheeks from the scratches. One of the legs right," said he, taking with a backward motion of his trowsers had been caught by a stake, and

the direction of the gate. Then, as the bull again faced toward him, he jumped from the ground, laboring painfully with arms and legs, and ever keeping his spud well advanced against the foe. Eames, holding his position a little apart from his friend, stooped low and beat the ground with his stick, and as though defying the creature. The bull felt himself defied, stood still and roared, and then made another vacillating attack.

"Hold on till we reach the gate," said Eames.
"Ugh! ugh! whoop! whoop!" shouted the earl. And so gradually they made good their

"Now get over," said Eames, when they had both reached the corner of the field in which the gate stood.

"And what'll you do?" said the earl.

"I'll go at the hedge to the right." Johnny, as he spoke, dashed his stick about, so as to monopolize for a moment the attention of the brute. The earl made a spring at the gate, and got well on to the upper rung. The bull, seeing that his prey was going, made a final rush upon the earl, and struck the timber furiously with his head, knocking his lordship down on the other side. Lord De Guest was already over, but not off the rail; and thus, though he fell, he fell in safety on the sward beyond the gate. He fell in safety, but utterly exhausted. Eames, as he had purposed, made a leap almost sideways at a thick hedge, which divided the field from one of the Guestwick copses. There was a fairly broad ditch, and on the other side a quickset hedge, which had, however, been weakened and injured by trespassers at this corner, close to the gate. Eames was young and active, and jumped well. He jumped so well that he carried his body full into the middle of the quickset, and then scrambled through to the other side, not without much injury to his clothes, and some damage also to his hands and face.

The beast, recovering from his shock against the wooden bars, looked wistfully at his last retreating enemy, as he still struggled amidst the bushes. He looked at the ditch and at the broken hedge, but he did not understand how weak were the impediments in his way. He had knocked his head against the stout timber. which was strong enough to oppose him, but was dismayed by the brambles which he might have trodden under foot without an effort. How many of us are like the bull, turning away conquered by opposition which should be as nothing to us, and breaking our feet, and worse still, our hearts, against rocks of adamant! The bull at last made up his mind that he did not dare to face the hedge; so he gave one final roar, and then, turning himself round, walked placidly back amidst the herd.

Johnny made his way on to the road by a stile that led out of the copse, and was soon standing over the earl, while the blood ran down his cheeks from the scratches. One of the legs of his trowsers had been caught by a stake, and

was torn from the hip downward, and his hat was left in the field, the only trophy for the bull. "I hope you're not hurt, my lord," he said.

"Oh dear, no; but I'm terribly out of breath. Why, you're bleeding all over. He didn't get at you, did he?"

"It's only the thorns in the hedge," said Johnny, passing his hand over his face. "But I've lost my hat."

"There are plenty more hats," said the earl.

"I think I'll have a try for it," said Johnny, with whom the means of getting hats had not been so plentiful as with the earl. "He looks quiet now." And he moved toward the gate.

But Lord De Guest jumped upon his feet and seized the young man by the collar of his coat. "Go after your hat!" said he. "You must be a fool to think of it! If you're afraid of catching cold you shall have mine."

"I'm not the least afraid of catching cold," said Johnny. "Is he often like that, my lord?" And he made a motion with his head toward the bull.

"The gentlest creature alive; he's like a lamb generally—just like a lamb. Perhaps he saw my red pocket-handkerchief." And Lord De Guest showed his friend that he carried such an article. "But where should I have been if you hadn't come up?"

"You'd have got to the gate, my lord."

"Yes, with my feet foremost, and four men carrying me. I'm very thirsty. You don't happen to carry a flask, do you?"

"No, my lord, I don't."

"Then we'll make the best of our way home, and have a glass of wine there." And on this occasion his lordship intended that his offer should be accepted.

HOUSELESS.

IT is not without sore apprehension and misgiving that I see the annual day of tribulation and trial approaching—I refer to "Moving Day." So much of my time has been spent in hunting after a suitable domicile, wherein to shelter my lares and penates, that I am conscious of a diminution in my income by reason of jolting to and fro in stages, or rumbling in cars, or crossing over ferries to visit dwellings that prove uninhabitable when critically examined.

My income is limited. We will assume that it is \$1000 per annum; and that out of this sum there are three little Gummidges (my name is Gummidge) who expect me to provide bread, and a great deal of butter to put on it, for their subsistence, and furnish them besides with shelter and changes of apparel. Of the bread and butter I do not here propose to speak, nor of the apparel, but merely of the shelter. How am I to provide it?

It is the misfortune of Mrs. Gummidge and myself to have moved in societies that had a wholesome regard for the externals of life: as, for instance, cleanliness, good behavior, and gen-

eral rectitude of demeanor. Departures from these cardinal virtues pain us; exposure to the contrary practices weakens our own observance of them; and yet—I say it with pain—there is no help for us; and we must, for all I see, associate with those who are not only untidy as to their persons, but who permit filth of all hinds to collect on the stairs, balusters, on the doors, and in the halls of the houses wherein they abide.

If I were asked why this is necessarily the case, I should answer, Because there are no dwellings convenient to the business part of the city, known to me, where a person of small means can live quietly. I know that this assertion will be contradicted by many; but I can substantiate it, if I may be allowed to construct those qualifications as I understand them—what significance I attach to them will presently appear.

Let us consider the amount of our incomes; I say our, because there are many persons in situations similar to my own. Upon an average they may be stated as ranging from \$750 to \$1250 a year-my own income I have already put down confidentially at the medium of \$1000, all told. Now how much, or how great a proportion of this can one afford to pay for his rooms? Whole houses are out of the question. Clearly not more that one-sixth of the whole amount; and this portion will be a sore tax if we have any considerable number of little mouths at home to be filled. Let us take \$166-66 in our hand and set out to visit the apartments which are to be had for that sum. If one is inexperienced in such journeys as these the first cover that he will seek is likely to be those streets on the eastern side of the city, about Grand Street, such as Columbia, Willet, Pitt, etc. The aspect of these streets is not by any means inviting; but that is not to be hoped for. Garbage is there, and piles of ashes, and odorous swill-boxes; gangs of boys swear and curse, and play hide-and-seek about your person as you pass along. But these features are not repulsive; one becomes indifferent to them after years of association. Here is a house with a bill up-"Rooms to rent." Let us see how they look. Directly opposite the house is a long row of slaughter-houses; and on one side is a graveyard, thickly tenanted. Still, the dwelling is outwardly respectable, and we enter, hoping that we shall be lucky enough to obtain a good bargain.

First Act.—A ring at the door. If we wait patiently, and ring twice more, we shall hear footsteps slowly and deliberately approaching. The door opens about six inches, and a woman's dirty face and unkempt head appears in the crevice. She says, "Whodyerwant?" We reply, mildly, that we desire to know what rooms are to rent, and are gruffly answered, "Third floor." "Can we see them?" The door handle is relinquished, and the landlady marches off toward the uncarpeted front stairs. This is a sufficient answer, and we are expected to avail

ourselves of the invitation and follow. We pass on the several landings the staring inmates of the various apartments, who have come out to view our garments and make remarks upon our appearance; and we finally reach the third floor, and wherein all the foul and stale odors of the regions below have ascended and become condensed. There are strips of paper here and there left on the wall; the remainder of the pattern has been playfully removed by the former occupants.

We ask, "How many rooms are there, and what is the rent?"

"Five rooms, and \$14 a month."

By the calendar month just \$168 per year: a little beyond the sum to which we have mentally limited ourselves; but we won't stand upon that if the rooms will answer at all to our wants.

"Is the water up?"

"The water's in the yard."

"Where can we put our coal?"

"There ain't no place for coal; folks here buy it by the bushel, and don't want no place to keep it. You'll have to do as the rest do."

"Will you repair the rooms and re-paper the walls?"

"No. You must take the rooms as they are." Clearly these apartments will not answer, and we leave the place, glad if we escape insult on the way. One hundred and sixty-eight dollars a year for the rent of such a place, not fit for the habitation of human beings. This is a sample of what a man of moderate means in search of a home will find. Ransack the city from side to side, and this is about the net result; some will be a little better and some much worse. But you will be fortunate if you find any thing that comes within the limits of your means, if, like mine, they are "moderate."

Now what is the remedy for all these evils and troubles? Obviously the erection of such dwellings as shall accommodate the vast and continually increasing population of the city who have "moderate" incomes: we will say, for example, book-keepers, artists, editors, clerks, lawyers, copyists, mechanics, and members of other professions and trades who desire privacy and retirement?

Let no person sneer, "This writer doesn't know what he's talking about," and straightway bore the Editor of this Magazine with a long letter telling all about the houses in 999th Street and 40th Avenue, or about one or two others of socialistic tendencies and principles; the writer of this article is familiar with all of these structures, and does not consider that they at all answer the demand. In the various suburbs of the city there are cheap dwellings, in clean streets, with healthy surroundings generally, so it is not of them that I would speak, but of homes in the parts of city easily reached in half an hour from the great centres of business and trade. Why are there no dwellings of the kind under discussion? Because capitalists do not know, or are averse to considering, how easily and profitably such dwellings may be erected.

Let us examine briefly the practical bearings of the subject. There was a plan of a building which would answer all the requirements one could reasonably expect; and although the utmost limits of the scheme may not be realized. it is safe to assume that such a dwelling would be a much more desirable residence than those now to let at immoderate prices. This plan was one projected by some parties whose names are not made public: it was never carried out, because the scheme was not planned upon a proper basis. Depending, as it did, upon the co-operation of the people generally it naturally fell "The New York Palace Home," as it was magniloquently called, was intended to be a large structure inwardly and outwardly-a huge hotel having every convenience on its several stories for a quiet and luxurious home. Strict privacy was insured to every dweller within its walls, and every possible convenience was provided. The locality was to be near the Central Park, and the whole affair was to cost in the neighborhood of a million of dollars. The idea was good, but the fatal defect was the method by which it was to be built and operated. This practically defeated the whole thing. The association purported to be one designed to afford a home for those persons having moderate incomes, and the projectors of the scheme immediately requested the class in question to come forward and take from one to five thousand dollars' worth of stock-a very probable piece of enterprise on the part of the lean-pursed.

Such projects as the above will always fail for the reasons stated. I have before me a plan far more modest, yet quite as comfortable and original in its conception, for dwellings affording quiet retreats after the labors of the day. It is by an architect formerly of this city, but now doing his country service at the seat of war. Here is the author's verbal description of this plan:

"The great and fundamental difference between this plan and that of any houses hitherto erected in New York for accommodating more than one family is the complete separation which is obtained, and which—with the exception of using one grand general staircase for egress and ingress—enables the families to be as private and distinct from each other as if each possessed a separate street entrance on the same block. In this respect the design bears no resemblance whatever to what is usually understood here as 'tenement houses.'

"On arriving at either landing the visitor comes to the front door of a first-class residence, where he has to ring a bell for admission, precisely as he would in the street; and on passing the door to enter the vestibule he finds himself in a house completely detached from all the others, and possessing, on a single floor, every convenience of a wellbuilt modern house. Each house has a fine front parlor, 16 feet square, four bedrooms, bath-room, water-closet, china-closet, and other closets in abundance; dining-room, kitchen and all appurtenances; facilities for raising coal (from a separate cellar in the basement) and getting rid of refuse, without the necessity of ascending and descending any stairs; a piazza in the rear, and a brick-inclosed fire-proof staircase, to prevent the possibility of any danger from fire. Arrangements are also made for washing and the use of a drying yard for each house, without any admixture whatever of the families.

"Upon two lots of 25 feet by 100 feet, and in the centre of any block, I can, in a four-story structure, afford to



eight separate families the accommodations above mentioned, and with all modern improvements. I have made this design expressly to meet the requirements of that large and respectable portion of the community whose means are not sufficient for occupying separate houses in the central and convenient portions of the city. Such families are to be counted by thousands; and it is an astonishing fact that while there are abundant accommodations for the wealthiest and the poorest classes in the community, so little attention should have been paid to providing decent and comfortable homesteads in town for the families of gentlemen with moderate incomes.

"I believe that my scheme is fully able to meet the necossities of the case, and I am confident that if only one such edifice were erected in New York, capitalists would have enough to do to keep pace with the demand upon them for

Here are suggestions worthy of attention. The price of such a house, or houses, depends wholly upon the finish of them; and it is not an illogical conclusion to assume that people would prefer the comforts which are here attainable to stifling among the unwholesome and crowded

quarters of the town. In the upper part of the city-near the Central Park, for instance-land is comparatively cheap, and if it be necessary to go as high up as that line, a row of houses could be erected at a price that will pay from 10 to 15 per cent. on the investment if properly managed. The writer has consulted with builders and architects in reference to this matter; and they, while acknowledging the want of such buildings, think the scheme a feasible one.

It is not the intention to burden this article with plans and specifications for tenements which can be furnished by the proper persons. The writer leaves the subject here with those whose interests lie in this direction, confident that, with due attention to the business details, the scheme can be made a profitable one, and that a large proportion of the people of this city will be no longer houseless.

Who will take this matter in hand?

IN LOUISIANA.

ITHOUT a hillock stretched the plain; The color-guard was at my side; For months we had not seen a hill; The endless, flat savannas still Wearied our eyes with waving cane.

One tangled cane-field lay before The ambush of the cautious foe; Behind, a black bayou with low, Reed-hidden, miry, treacherous shore;

A sullen swamp along the right, Where alligators slept and crawled, And moss-robed cypress giants sprawled Athwart the noontide's blistering light.

Quick, angry spits of musketry Proclaimed our skirmishers at work: We saw their crouching figures lurk Through thickets, firing from the knee.

Our Parrotts felt the distant wood With humming, shricking, growling shell; When suddenly the mouth of hell Gaped fiercely for its human food.

A long and low blue roll of smoke Curled up a hundred yards ahead, And deadly storms of driving lead From rifle-pits and cane-fields broke.

Then while the bullets whistled thick, And hidden batteries boomed and shelled, "Charge bayonets!" the colonel yelled; "Battalion forward—double-quick!"

With even slopes of bayonets Advanced—a dazzling, threatening crest— Right toward the rebels' hidden nest, The dark-blue, living billow sets. THIBODRAUX, LA., March, 1863.

I heard the color-sergeant groan; I heard the bullet crush the bone; I might have touched him as he died.

The life-blood spouted from his mouth And sanctified the wicked land: Of martyred saviours what a band Has suffered to redeem the South!

I had no malice in my mind; I only cried, "Close up! Guide right!" My single purpose in the fight Was steady march with ranks aligned.

I glanced along the martial rows. And marked the soldiers' eyeballs burn; Their eager faces, hot and stern-The wrathful triumph on their brows.

The traitors saw; they reeled, they fled: Fear-stricken, gray-clad multitudes Streamed wildly toward the covering woods, And left us victory and their dead.

Once more the march, the tiresome plain, The Father River fringed with dykes, Gray cypresses, palmetto spikes, Bayous and swamps and yellowing cane;

With here and there plantations rolled In flowers, bananas, orange groves, Where laugh the sauntering negro droves, Reposing from the task of old;

And, rarer, half-deserted towns, Devoid of men, where women scowl, Avoiding us as lepers foul With sidling gait and flouting gowns. J. W. DE FOREST, U. S. A.

A TRIP TO THE CAUCASUS.

WELL, Sir, you will never get there. The Russian Government is excessively jealous of foreigners, especially of Americans."

My interlocutor was the British consul at Odessa. He had been in the country many years, and was supposed to know something about it. As, however, I had received every encouragement from the Russian embassy at Constantinople, my friend's words did not trouble me. But the next day I met a more serious difficulty. Inquiring of the captain of the steamer about my proposed tour, he asked me if I had a "padarozhna;" and told me that without one I would not be able to travel at all.

A padarozhna! It was the first time I had ever heard the word, which any one who has ever been off the main lines of travel in Russia can never forget. A padarozhna is a Government order for post-horses. With one you can travel, at fixed and very low rates, from one end of the empire to the other—from St. Petersburg to Kamtchatka, from Archangel to Tiflis. This invaluable document will procure you your three horses at every post; and if you browbeat and swear a great deal at the postmaster, you may procure them without much delay.

"But, Monsieur le Capitaine, can I not procure one at Poti? I have letters there."

The Captain shook his head.

"At Poti you take the boat; you will hardly be able to get the padarozhna before you reach Maran; and I doubt if there is a single man there who can speak any language that you can. But perhaps something will turn up."

Well, something did turn up. There was a tall, geutlemanly young officer promenading the deck, and now and then looking our way while I was talking with the Captain. Half an hour

afterward he approached me.

"Ah, Monsieur"—[I may as well state, once for all, that all through this journey I was every where taken for a Frenchman]—"Ah, Monsieur," said he, "I am delighted to hear that you are going to Tiflis. I am on my way there myself, and it will be very agreeable to have your company."

"I should be delighted also, Monsieur, to go with you; but unfortunately I am in a difficulty. I have no padarozhna, and the Captain doubts

my being able to procure one at Poti."

"Well, Sir, that makes no difference. I have one, and it is for two persons. You can go with me. I shall have the pleasure of your society, and you will pay one half the expense."

So I was at once handsomely clear of my troubles. The young Captain produced the document, which read—according to his translation—as an Imperial command to all postmasters in the empire to furnish for Captain Dragatte and his friend three post-horses and a britchka on presentation of this order.

We at once formed a friendship. "Travelers' friendships" are proverbially facile, but they are not the less lasting. The Captain told me Atlantic, having been on board the Agamemnon.

his history. He was born in Volhynia, and, of course, was a Pole, though a subject of Russia. The old generation of Russian haters have gradually disappeared from the scene, and the young men have no sphere of advancement whatever open to them except in the Russian service. He had been educated at a military academy near St. Petersburg, and had graduated with honor. He had received an appointment on the General Staff, and the honor of a presentation to the Emperor; and was now bound to report himself for duty to the Prince commanding at Tiflis.

"And how long, Captain, do you expect to remain in Circassia?"

"God knows; perhaps my whole life. I shall probably be stationed at some little post in the mountains—perhaps in Daghestan; and if I escape being murdered by the *Chirkess* (Circassians), I may grow old before I again see civilization."

"And do you like the prospect?"

"Mon Dieu! what shall I do? I am twenty-five years old. Something may happen some of these days. Who knows?"

We steamed along the sides of the beautiful green hill which was once Fort Alexander, and into the magnificent harbor of Sebastopol, halting our boat at the site of the celebrated bridge that saved the honor of Russia in the great war. Then we sailed along the iron-bound coast of Kertch, where we had to await the arrival of the Circassian steamer.

It arrived during our second day, and in the evening we stood out to sea, and the next morning we reached the little port of Nova Rossisk, in Circassia. This is a beautiful bay, closely locked in by high mountains, except on one side, where it is open to the sea. Here, as every where on this coast in Circassia, the Russian authority scarcely extends more than a gun-shot from the forts. There was some excitement about military matters, and we were not allowed to land. We stood down the coast, which now became of singular beauty. The hills come down to the water's edge, ending in a steep bluff, so smooth and sheer that not even mosses of any kind are seen on its bare, clean surface. For miles it seems as if some mighty power, with trenchant arm, had thus laid bare their masses. Behind these, other ranges, sometimes as many as four in view at once; and behind them all, lifting aloft their snowy masses in the glow of the afternoon light, were the giant Caucasus, now gazed on for the first time with wondering eyes by every one of our party.

But I forgot—you have not been introduced. Here comes Herr Consul L——, consul of His Bavarian Majesty at the port of Odessa. He sings a capital song, tells a world of good stories, speaks well in English, French, Spanish, Italian, German, Russian, etc., etc., and is on a visit to Tiflis on some Government business. Also Mr. S——, a telegraph engineer of high repute, who helped to lay the cable across the Atlantic, having been on board the Agamemnon.



He has a salary, although a German, from an English company, of £1000, and has been lent to the Russian Government to assist in engineering the line about to be laid from Poti to Tiflis, and perhaps to Baku. He is an enthusiast, and insists that he is coming some of these days to visit me in America, with the end of the new Atlantic cable in his hand!

Our captain, in true Russian style, had been a colonel in the army during the Crimean war, and was now a captain in the navy. The boat was very comfortable, with handsome cabin and good state-rooms. Herr Lieb, a German consul, and the captain of the ship, played and sung the whole afternoon. Oh, Signor Verdi, think of "Traviata" and "Trovatore" echoing over these lonely waters! Truly this was fame!

Toward evening a high promontory became visible, which caused much consternation among the officers, as they feared they had lost their reckoning. Finally they pronounced it a mirage; but the passengers were incredulous, and bets were made upon the subject. The ship kept on her course, and in about an hour the cape had dissolved into thin air. Both captain and officers affirmed that the cape, as we saw it, did exist, but was thirty miles away from its apparent position.

But dinner is announced. It is Russia, and you must take the zakoosca. This consists of a glass of vodki—the whisky of Russia—which is served to every one at table in very small glasses. Then come sardines, perhaps pickles of some kind, and almost always caviar. This is the green-colored salted roe of the sturgeon, and is excellent when one is a little accustomed to it. The zakoosca is served as a separate course, as an appetizer, before the soup. The sturgeon here is white-fleshed.

The Russians are guilty of that barbarism, "phonetic spelling," and one is amused at finding one's old acquaintances figuring on the wine cards as "Ho Soturn," "Shato Margo," etc. I picked up a Russian volume in the book-case, and found it was a life of Marshal Turen. I, however, follow their example, and in all the Russian words introduced write them as we would spell them to produce the same sound.

We arrived at Sookoom Kalé-Castle of Sookoom-at seven the next morning. This is a small village of one-story houses or huts, with a few better buildings for the officers, as it is an important military post. The country around is very lovely—the scenery almost unequaled, and the vegetation most luxuriant. Wild roses, as full and double as our garden ones, rhododendrons, hawthorn, and wild honey-suckle made , the woods fragrant. The whole country was a forest, and in all the glow and beauty of spring. Going along a most beautiful glade, two ladies rode suddenly out of the wood, followed by a Circassian in his round sheep-skin hat, with his carabine slung across his back, his kindshall—a knife eighteen inches long, silver mounted—in his girdle, and half a dozen little cylindrical boxes for cartridges sewn on each breast. The ing his.

ladies were singularly beautiful—brunettes, with rather oval faces and transparent color. Circassian and half barbarous as they were, they knew they were beautiful, and that we thought so. The youngest struck her horse as we passed, and showed her little hand gloved and jeweled, just as any other belle in the world would have done.

We climbed up a hill and visited a "Prince" living in a long, rambling, one-story house. Our object was to see his sisters, who had the reputation of being very lovely; but our laudable purpose failed. We then walked toward a beautiful valley, an opening in the mountains, showing several ranges beyond, and closed in by the towering forms of one of the higher Caucasus. But our host stopped us.

- "Don't go there!"
- "Why not?"
- "You'll be shot!"

This was unpleasant. Nevertheless, the valley was really very tempting, perfectly Alpine in its character, with a luxuriance of vegetation unknown in Switzerland. Between us and its entrance was a quarter of a mile of upland level, fringed round with flower-bearing bushes. There was not a particle of danger visible, at least, if there were any at all. So the Consul and myself stole away from the party, and were soon enveloped in the shady thickets. Presently we heard a great noise behind us, and there were the "Prince" and a dozen followers of all degrees and conditions, calling on us to stop, and apparently frantic lest we should be killed. Mein Herr Consul turned round to me:

"The 'Prince' says if we go any further the Circassians will kill us for our boots! Mein Gott! if they would kill him for his boots they would hang and quarter us for ours!"

So, as we really knew nothing of the condition of the country, we turned back.

That afternoon, with a party of Russian officers, we mounted Tartar horses; and now, confident in our numbers and arms, rode away in search again of our happy valley. It was our second experience in Tartar saddles. These are merely a square cushion of leather strapped firmly on the horse's back on a little frame, from the front of which sticks up a sharp-pointed piece of wood about four inches high and one thick. What this is for, except to give one a lively idea of impalement, does not appear.

We scampered over the hills—the Tartar horse knows no gait save a run and a walk—and were soon lost in the deep shades of the valley. We followed it for a long time, but there was no break to the woods, and were about to return when we heard a noise ahead. Our party rushed rapidly forward, and there was one of our officers in confab with a good-natured looking Circassian, who was holding up his arms in admiration of the Russian's revolver.

- "Mein Freund," cried the engineer, riding up and drawing his, "sehen Sie hier!"
 - "Regardez moi, donc," said the Consul, draw-

"Look here, old fellow," shouted I, "look lection of one-story frame huts. at mine." coast is villainously fever-smitten

What the Pole said I have no idea, but we surrounded the Circassian, who appeared lost in amazement at the number and beauty of our weapons.

It was all very well, but most probably if any one of us had been in that lonely glade, armed with a rusty old carabine, and had met a party of Circassians mounted and armed as we were, he would hardly have taken the affair so coolly.

The people in the town are Mingrelians; a very fair race—almost as fair as the Irish; they are peaceful and timid, but called us Giaours. There are about 2000 people living here besides the soldiers. The Circassians, spite of our sympathy for their struggles, are perfect savages; bound by no oaths, respecting no obligations, and robbing and murdering all Franks who fall in their power. Those from this point to Anapa are under the dominion of Mehmet Ameen, who it is said has 150,000 men under arms. At the time of my visit to Sookoom, he had lately made a treaty with the Russians; yet the very day of my departure from Tiflis he fell upon a corps d'armée and killed and wounded 2000 men. Schamyl said he was betrayed by his brotherin-law. His chiefs retired, each one to his own fastness, in Daghestan, and declined to acknowledge the treaty made by him.

We passed some hours the next day at Redout Kalé, amidst an amphitheatre of distant mountains such as is rarely seen. One hundred miles distant, Elbrous was conspicuous, rising 18,000 feet high—the snowy monarch of the Caucasus with many a grand compeer. All along on the left these snowy giants extend; and all along on the right, for many and many a league, stretches another chain, the mountains of Armenia, alike in grandeur. It is the most wondrous point of view on the sea level that can be conceived of, and it is worth the voyage to lie here one hour. The shores are low, but the hills rise very soon, one range after another; the high mountains forming the greater part of the back-ground, looming up grandly in the distance, till the eye meets the line of the snow, sparkling and gleaming in the morning sun.

From Redout Kalé to Poti one hour. Here we bade good-by to the captain, surgeon, and engineer, who are always educated, and almost always gentlemanly fellows. On all the Russian steamers on which I sailed the engineer was an Englishman. There is always a young doctor, generally with a young wife; the latter, when able to speak French, a very desirable addition to the party. The service is excellent on these boats, and the cheloweks, or waiters, generally speak French and German. We wandered for some hours around Poti, which, though an ancient place, presents the appearance of an American clearing; the deep forests all round giving way to the rapidly increasing village. Huge trunks of trees encumbered the streets, and the sound of the axe and the saw was heard all round.

lection of one-story frame huts. This whole coast is villainously fever-smitten: perhaps the case all over the world where the vegetation is excessively luxuriant and climate warm. Poti is the worst spot on the Black Sea, and the people generally looked yellow and sickly. No "European" can live here, except at his peril, during the warm season; and the few who are compelled to remain look miserable enough. In regard to travel inland this fever is the great drawback. For a stranger to remain at this spot two weeks to await a steamer it is almost as dangerous as to do the same at Chagres. This fever ceases after you enter the hills.

Fortunately we were not compelled to test the hospitalities of this place: the little English-built steamer Akerman was lying here, ready to transport us up the river Rion, in whose estuary we were now lying; so taking our luggage with us, we went on board and succeeded in getting something to eat, as well as a place, on the benches that surrounded the cabin, to sleep on.

The next day we started up the river. We were in Colchis; and wondering whether Jason had ever done the same, and how it was possible, in so very early an age, for accounts of this remote country ever to have reached Greece, we proceeded up the magnificent stream. scenery, as far as the stream and forest were concerned, was not unlike certain portions of the Mississippi. A very full, flowing, turbid stream, dashing through a thick forest, bearing trees upon its surface, and planting "snags" and "sawyers" in its muddy bed, passed through a perfectly level and low-lying country. Houses along its banks stood upon poles to avoid inundation. Soon we approached a more peopled region: village after village appeared of low, wooden houses, all built within the wondrous magnificence of these eternal woods. The Mingrelians thronged the shores as we passed—it was a fête day-clad in brilliant contrast of red, blue, green, and yellow—the latter apparently the favorite color, whose hues contrasted pleasingly with the dark foliage. These people in religion are Armenians. Taking a branch of the Rion we arrived at Maran, a large village of wooden houses, where we were told there was a gentleman living who "could speak French," but he-accomplished man-was not to be found. But as the Captain and the Consul spoke Russian perfectly, it made no difference to us; so we proceeded to the post-house and demanded a britchka.

As it was a "regular steamer's day" there was no delay. The Captain's padarozhna was examined, and the horses were promptly forthcoming. Our friends, the Consul and the engineer, were alike fortunate. Besides ourselves, there were three young Germans, traveling together, who managed to crowd into another britchka.

Just as we were about setting out another young German came up and addressed us:

sound of the axe and the saw was heard all round.

"I am a poor man in search of employment
the older part of the town is a miserable colas a watchmaker at Tiflis. I can not afford to

take a britchka to myself. Will you allow me | bosom; a long face; nose straight, and a thought to go with you? I will pay my share, and will be of service in attending to your luggage."

Not knowing any thing of the country I stood mute, but my amiable Captain at once proposed granting the desired permission. As the britchka, as well as the horses, must be changed at every stanca, or post-station, he proved so useful to us in transferring the trunks that we did not allow him to pay any thing. In fact, except that he was ignorant of Russian, he proved as good a servant as could have been desired. The britchka is built much like a small country skeleton haywagon, the body semi-cylindrical, without seats, except your luggage, which in our case it was too small to hold. A rope is passed frequently from one side to the other, which will make a seat; it is not so bad if you own a cushion, but at first setting out you are not apt to know enough to buy one. You are always in danger of being spilled if the road is hilly, but we met no accident except that once we lost our German overboard. The shafts, fastened as usual, have also in the Russian style "outriggers," running from the ends of the fore axles. The horse, generally a good trotter, is geared to a high bow in front, while two other horses are geared loosely, one on each side, and generally manage to keep in a full run. The Izvoshchick sits in front in a Bob Logic hat, with a bright sash round his waist, a long coat coming nearly to his ankles, and boots outside of what would be his nether garment in any other part of the world. He flourishes his whip and reasons with his horses: "Ah now, my good friends, go forward; go on quickly! Hurry along, and the good gentlemen will give us some drink-money!" The body of the britchka is supported on two long poles resting on each axle-a dim approach of the Russian mind to the idea of a spring. In this way you can travel throughout the Russian dominions. Each stanca or post-station—they are 15 to 18 miles apart—is furnished with two or more rooms, in which are found two or three wooden boxes, sometimes bare, often spread with a kind of coverlet, never thick and always dirty, on which you may sleep if you are not over-nice, and so prefer the floor.

But Izvoshchick cracks his whip, our friends have already started, the trunks are strapped on, and we mount upon them. No-no-no-o-o!" cries Izvoshchick to encourage his horses, and

Dashing out of Maran we met numbers of people in beautiful costumes and found it was a holiday. To the fête we went, and found thousands assembled on the green, and in the groves outside the town. The costumes were really very striking-a wondrous profusion of yellow, unquestionably the favorite color.

We were, as distinguished strangers, taken up to see the Princess, who "could speak French"a very great accomplishment here; but it proved a false alarm, her yellow robed Highness speaking naught but her native tongue. Tall, slentoo long for strict beauty; fine color, not exactly fair but a clear brunette, where the light seems to linger about the outline, as if it thought to enter and be a part of the beauty it exhibited; with her long yellow robe closely fitted to throat and wrists, a broad ribbon, of gold embroidered velvet, worn like a crown around her head, and long veils falling on each side; mounted, with short stirrups, astride, the only way ladies ride in the East, a graceful iron-gray Tartar, with a pretty foot peeping out coquettishly from her voluminous drapery, she was a fair type of the Mingrelian.

Nobody ever learned to ride on horseback—it comes by nature, like reading and writing. Gentlemen were dashing around, sitting on any part of their steeds, grasping and poising their lances, charging and racing each other, an exceedingly animated scene. On foot men and women were singing abominable ballads to intolerable tunes, and dancing in rude measures, altogether a strange exhibition of semi-barbarous life.

Off we went, leaving the river and crossing a pleasant hilly country. At the first stanca we found our first trouble with the postmaster. Horses there were in abundance, but none for us. Our Captain and Consul swore, jumped, and stamped about, but the postmaster is a "born thrall," and used to it. Every body swears at him, threatens him, and perhaps beats him; it is what he expects, and woe betide you if you undertake a journey into the heart of Russia alone, and without enough of the language to swear by!

While awaiting the pleasure of his highness, the master of the stanca, some one called for wine: about a gallon was served us in an earthen jug, and drank from the same glass; the price was 30 kopecks—a kopeck is iths of a cent—and the quality surprisingly good. Some of these days, now that the steamer has fairly made its way here, there will be a great trade in this article all through this country.

Off we were at last, and pushed on through a very pleasant country, striking the Rion again, and keeping on its banks till at 1 A.M., absolutely worn out with the unaccustomed fatigue of the britchka, hungry and supperless, we arrived at Kutais, the capital of Imeritia.

In traveling one thousand versts (a verst is two-thirds of our statute mile, 105 to a degree) in the britchka one becomes used to it, but at first the fatigue is almost overpowering. It is much better, if you meditate a prolonged journey, to purchase a kind of carriage they have here, with an unpronounceable name, which is mounted on decent springs, protects you from the weather, and in which you can sleep.

We hammered and thundered at the door of the "hotel," and at length obtained entrance; but there was "nothing to eat." Finally we procured some bread and cheese, and that was all. But the great institution of Russia was der, but well made; with handsome chest and there to comfort us—the "samovar," or tea-urn.

Every traveler in Russia, no matter what he | the Captain had told them I was an American blames, praises the tea. I forbear to add any word of commendation beyond this: "I say ditto to Mr. Ross Browne."

We slept reasonably well upon sofas that probably had once been new, and the next day examined the town. Kutais is on the Rion, which has here diminished to a sturdy and roaring mountain torrent. A bridge, destroyed many years ago, forms a picturesque ruin, with its three piers remaining. The views are very fine, all round, of the mountains. The costumes are Georgian; gentlemen wear close cloaks with open sleeves, pendent from the shoulders, and silk tight ones. The universal kindshall, or poniard of Circassia, often two fect long, and double edged, is carried in a belt richly studded with silver. The bazar was the dirtiest and most filthy I had ever seen, which was saving a good deal. There is a very handsome public garden here. Next to Tiflis it is the largest city in the A universal peculiarity of the costume of the married women all through this country now began to show itself. The bosom is carried in two-not little-sacks, which are invariably in striking contrast of color, such as red on yellow, or yellow on blue, with the dress itself. At first the effect is exceedingly ludicrous, but one soon gets used to it.

Leaving Kutais at noon, we took an affluent of the Rion, the Quirita, and followed it up and up among the mountains amidst a scenery really charming. The hills, mostly conical, were not large in themselves, but were piled one upon the other, with numberless lateral valleys, giving to every turn of the road a lovely prospect. Every few miles an old castle was perched high up on the rocks, which grew more savage as we advanced. The road narrowed; huge cliffs bent over our heads; all that can be imagined of grandeur encompassed us as night closed in. Soon the moon arose, the same wondrous variety of scene lit up by another and softer lightthe blackened shadows lending additional depth and sublimity to the narrow valleys.

At last, fatigued enough—for the second day of a britchka journey is like the same period in one on horseback, the most wearying of all-we arrived at a stanca, and found there was nothing at all to eat, a party of Russian officers having engaged every thing there was in the house. With travelers' philosophy we were half satisfied with our bread and tea; but the Captain went into the house, and came running out, his face a-glow with pleasure.

"Ah, mon ami, the officers offer us their hospitality!"

I had been looking through the window, and was working myself into a bad humor at the prospect of eight or ten officers sitting round a table enjoying themselves, while I stood supperless outside.

"Ach, mein Herr! come in, come in," said a gray-headed colonel; and the others all thronggreeting. It was partly on my own account, as very large bazar, which is regularly roofed in

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traveler, and it was a long time since they had met a traveler in that land of war.

We sat down to table, and Prince Vsevolojisky helped us to soup from a wooden keg with copper hoops. Being strangers, we had plates, while the officers had platters. Wine was most plentifully served from a skin they carried with them. Of course the quality was good. officers, nearly all of whom could speak French or German, were on an expedition against the "Cherkesse," and pressed me earnestly to join. The colonel offered to guarantee me a lieutenant's commission, and the Prince a medal; but I was afraid of being detained in the mountains till the fever had set in on the coast. Finally our symposium, as all symposiums will even in the Souram Mountains, came to an end. Mein Herr Consul and the engineer, who had arrived late, but had made up for lost time, took one room, the Captain and I another. The Prince made his adieu in true Russian style, embracing me as I never was embraced before, and the old colonel wished me happiness and prosperity. I wrapped myself up in my shawl; but before falling asleep heard somebody fall very heavily in the eating-room. This is a wonderful country for drinking, and has been so for all ages. A gentleman native will often take ten or twelve bottles at a sitting.

I believe I went on dreaming of our soirée à la militaire, but at three roused myself and hunted up the Consul. "Ach Gott! let me sleep; it is too soon;" but, all pretty well drilled to travel, we were soon off. The moon was still bright, the scenery not quite so stern, and day dawned as we were still ascending the Pass of Souram.

Soon the scenery underwent a change: our little friend we had so long followed seemed to lose his character and become dissipated in the plashy meadows. The nightingales, whose day or night unceasing song had accompanied us every step of our journey, were heard no longer; the hawthorn-trees were scarcely in bud. Still we tracked his way by the greener grass, and heard, not his voice, but the bellowing frogs from his tranquil pools. At last he was lost altogether; and at half past eight a perceptible round of the road told us that we had left the far-reaching basin of the Atlantic, whose buttresses here are the giant Caucasus, and had fairly entered the Valley of the Caspian.

Souram we found a thriving town with a picturesque old castle; and shortly after we struck the Koor, a turbid river rolling from the mountains of Armenia through valley and steppe, to fall into the Caspian near Baku. This river has not changed its name within the memory of man -its ancient name, Cyrus, having been prononnced the same as its modern one.

Crossing the rapid stream by a splendid rope ferry, we went on by an admirable road to Gori, where we ordered—and really obtained it—a ed round us and received us with the warmest capital dinner. Gori is a fine town, with a

with board-roofing—in fact, a civilized bazar. We here found, what in Georgia is never lost sight of, the regular Georgian house. A one-story square or oblong of stone, with little windows, and a roof of heavy timbers. On these are placed three or four feet of earth, on which grasses and plants grow, and frequently the sheep and goats are seen browsing. There are here a fine castle and ruined bridge, said to have been built by Queen Thamar, one of the greatest Georgian sovereigns, who has been styled "the Elizabeth, the Catharine II., and the Semiramis of her country." The tradition that this lady was in the habit of inviting handsome strangers to her palace, treating them with excessive hospitality all night, and then killing them and throwing their bodies into the Koor. still survives; but, as we have the same story of another lady and another river, some two or three thousand miles farther west, I can not vouch for its authenticity. Both traditions are more improbable than they are impossible. What is really interesting is that the person who told me the Georgian tradition had never heard of the French one.

Promenading after dinner about the streets. the Georgian ladies, in picturesque costumes, gathered together on the house-tops, would often address us; but as no human being not a Georgian can speak the Georgian or Grusian language, we could not reply to them.

The next day the valley had widened into an immense steppe, the high mountains were at a distance. Peasants were at work driving the plow, to which thirteen, fourteen, and, in one instance, sixteen oxen were attached. The soil is hard and tough, and the plow a miserable affair. In Illinois one sees thirteen or fourteen oxen at work "breaking prairie," but it is a different

At last the hills reapproached the Koor, and the scenery again became interesting. Immense bodies of soldiers met us, on the march against the Circassians; line troops in their long coats, and Cossacks numberless. Great trains of wagons, drawn by oxen and buffaloes; the latter, the stronger animal, being invariably geared to the wagon and the oxen in front. At length, winding down the side of a mountain, with church, theatre, and castles surmounting an immense throng of low, grass-roofed houses, Tiflis was in sight, and we soon were at the "Hôtel du Cau-

But gentlemen who have once become accustomed to the luxury of sleeping on a bare board in a stanca are little likely to be satisfied, at least in summer time, with the sleeping accommodations of the "Kavkass," or, in fact, any other hotel in the dominions of his Imperial Majesty; so we all went the next day to private lodgings. Dragatte and I took the first floor of a new brick house, which received its first, and unquestionably its last washing, before we took possession. Our landlord and landlady were " noble."

"C'est tres drôle," said mon Capitaine, "that "Grusians." I use the words interchangeably. Vol. XXVI No. 156.—3 E Digitized by

you, a plain Republican without any title, should have your boots blacked by a Russian nobleman, and your clothing washed by his lady!"

But so it was; all Russia is noble or mujik Had this man, who cleaned our room and brushed our clothes, struck another of ten times his wealth but not noble, he would simply have been fined a few rubles; on the other hand, had the other one struck him, nothing could have saved the offender from imprisonment. There are intermediate grades, as the "first" or "second guild," of the merchants, who also have the privilege of purchasing, at a round price, "nobility" either for themselves alone or all their families. Our "Herr Consul" was a merchant of the first guild, "Mon Capitaine" was noble.

But it rained every day, and there was no chance for mountain excursions. The streets of Tiflis-called by the native Georgians* "Tifil-is"-were a sea of mud. Mounted in droskies we drove all about the town and its neighborhood. Buffaloes are continually in use and always have the post of honor, although the cattle are fine and powerful animals. It is a wonder that this hardy worker, the buffalo, has never crossed the Atlantic. He is more hardy, much stronger, and less liable to disease in any way than the ox, and is of immense use all over this

Tiflis is a pleasant little city of 60,000 people, lying on both sides of the Koor, in a narrow valley, closely invested by ranges of hills, that are overlooked by high mountains, springing up at once from their bases. At the lower part of the town is a large castle on the river, and opposite is a botanical garden, which stretches to the top of a huge bluff, the last spring of the mountains, whose face toward the city is a precipice. This garden is beautifully arranged, with a pretty cascade and walks most tastefully laid out on its various levels.

Stepping out from the topmost wall of the garden the sheer bluff under you springs right from the streets of the city. As in all Georgian towns you see so many verdure-covered roofs, with here and there a kid or goat browsing upon them, you half forget you are looking at a city. But the life in the streets, the great progress of improvement, and the many really fine buildings in the Russian style soon correct this.

On your right, around the bluff, the Koor enters the scene from a large suburb below; the current of the river, however, flowing toward your point of departure. Then, winding round to your front, it is spanned by two bridges right under the walls of another castle, crowning a little eminence, and extends almost in a straight line before you till lost in the distant hills. All around, below you, and on both sides, stretches the city, connected again by a massive bridge of brick and iron, some distance up, and lying in patches, as it were, on both sides of the river. The country around is very sparsely wooded.

With our party, reinforced with a Count B-

[&]quot; Those whom we call "Georgiaus" style themselves

who was a colonel in the army, we made an | excursion, riding some fifteen miles over the mountains to a little Douchan. This word-pronounced with a guttural, like the word Khan-in all this region and in Greece, represents a country inn, where bad vodki, or sometimes real New England rum, with Boston names on one end of the barrel, and the great Pera house of "Azarian" on the other, is sold, and people sleep on the ground, or at best a platform a few inches above it. "Beds" are not to be looked for-and it is a great mercy. We had a glorious view of the steep and snow-crowned fronts of the Caucasus, and had a capital lunch on the banks of a lovely cascade. A village was near by, of little huts in Georgian style, half buried in the sides of a hill; the inhabitants, poor wretches! scarcely above the condition of savages. scampered along toward the village, having a fancy for some eggs to help out our lunch.

"Halte là! halte là!" cried all the party; and I found I was actually riding on the roof of a gentleman's mansion, and within an ace of galloping down his chimney. But how on earth were we to get the eggs, as not a soul could speak Grusian? The Colonel crowed, the Captain spurred with his elbows, I clucked, the engineer drew an egg on paper, and Mein Herr Consul flapped his arms! We obtained the eggs.

"Ventre à terre!" shouted the Colonel; " Ventre à terre!" shouted the Consul; and off we flew over the green steppe. Our horses were very good—and "ought to be," said the Colonel, "for they cost from 80 to 100 rubles a-piece"-60 to 75 dollars.

Another ride was over the first and second ranges of the hills, on Ascension-day of the Greek and Armenian churches, to visit a little church in a narrow valley. It was a great shrine, dedicated to St. George, who was represented all round the house as killing snakes in every possible way. It was a very great holiday, and at least three or four thousand people had thronged to this pilgrimage. They were mostly married women, with their breasts hung in their droll sacks in front; and the particular object of this pilgrimage was the same for which Lucina was worshiped of old, St. George nowadays apparently having the same attributes. They—the women—went round the church, kissing the jutting angles of the walls, as Catholics do. Two large three-storied buildings near answered for hotels, where the Grusians were The coup d'ail of this lodged on the floors. large gathering was brilliant. Every girl, or woman not old, was pretty, and the costumes were very striking indeed and becoming, and the immense variety of color in a crowd very effective. A band of dark velvet - say 21 inches wide-stands up from the brow and incloses the hair. It is embroidered in bright colors—gold, green, or blue. On top of the head lies a rich folded satin handkerchief, with the corner in front. From each side falls pendent a long veil reaching to the hips. A corsage of pink satin, fitting to the throat, lies easily, as it were, on plant one for the stranger: it is the law of the

the most charming chest and bosom in the world. and unites, in a point above the waist, with a rich jacket or bodice of blue. A long robe of white satin falls to the feet; no crinoline—it is not needed; a bright ribbon round the waist; narrow sleeves, lace-trimmed at the wrist; bright buttons along the edge of the corsage, running up to the shoulders; and itself studded with silver stars or small points, and you have the costume of a young Georgian lady.

So much for Art. Perfectly round, but rather small eyes, jet black; black, round, well-defined eyebrows; a good forehead; nose perhaps a thought too short, for the Georgians are very amiable, and have hardly the character of the Circassian or Mingrelian; a small mouth and chin, beautifully rounded; with a clear, translucent color; and you have an idea of Nature. Nevertheless, when you look into the eyes of these beauteous barbarians, you feel at once that something is wanting. Like a bright boy in conversation with men, they open wide their eyes and you see the mind lies dormant; the vital spark that should kindle and illumine the whole is inactive; the intellect lies unawakened; and you feel that, handsome and pretty though they be, they are not strictly beautiful. But then there are so few beautiful women in the world!-I have seen one or two. The hair is frequently brought down in plats in front, and you sometimes see three or four tails-real "Kenwigs"—pendent behind, possibly a far-off re-echo of the fashion immortalized by Dickens.

The men wear the high conical sheep-skin cap of the kind we call Astracan; a jacket, generally with pendent sleeves; a leathern belt, richly studded with silver-often an heir-loomsupporting the kindshall, or long poniard.

Riding back over the steep hills, the road was literally alive with the Georgians. From the top of one of the ridges we had a view of a long range of steppe, in which lay two lakes, each of some miles extent, whose borders were for some distance round thickly incrusted with salt, gleaming like snow in the sunshine. Tiflis we found in a whirl of excitement; stores all closed, and every one gone to the fête in the outskirts of the town, where gentle and simple, Russian officers resplendent in gold lace and uniform-"all Russia is in uniform"-and Georgians and Circassians of all ranks and conditions were riding round and chasing each other, with thousands of fair spectators. Being well mounted, we of course joined the throng. Our Captain was perfectly resplendent in his new uniform. He had presented himself to Prince Baratinsky, and received an appointment on his staff, and was delighted with his prospects.

While riding round, a Georgian gentleman, an acquaintance of our Count-Colonel, saw him, and invited us all to his house. Entering by a side gateway, we passed through a garden set out with fruit trees. The Grusian spoke Russian. "The Grusians are always hospitable. Whenever they plant a tree for themselves they

Passing round by the back of the house which was of stone, of one story, and with a grass roof, as usual—we were received by an old gentleman with a magnificent beard: he was the father of our friend. His mother and two fair sisters, dressed as before described, but "all in white," comprised the family. Two divans, one on each side, extended the length of the room. The floor was of earth, partially covered with mats. Beyond this room was another, apparently similarly furnished. The old man produced a skin of good wine of the country; but as conversation through an interpreter is rarely interesting, our visit was short.

The great glory of Tiflis is a Botanical Garden, or rather Park, kept by one Herr Fertsinga broken-down basso, who, after figuring on the various European boards, was finally offered this position rent-free by his friends in St. Petersburg. It contains a very good cafe, besides pavilions, etc. Here we met all the rank and fashion of Tiflis, who came out every fair day, and to whom we had many introductions. had numerous suppers here—in fact, every day. Game of various kinds, truffles, mushrooms, and other delicacies were very abundant, and the cuisine excellent. In consequence of the weather I had made no arrangements for a visit to the Caucasus, except to search ineffectually for a valet. One evening the Captain came in in great excitement. He had been ordered to Temir-han-shoora, a military post in Daghestan. As our friend the Consul at once offered to lend me his servant, I agreed to go along as far as Vladi Kavkass, relying on finding a papooshick there. A papooshick is a traveling companion, going the same way, who gives you a seat in his britchka and divides the expense. In case of emergency I also put in my pocket the padarozhna of our engineer friend, as he expected to remain at Tiflis.

At six the next morning the izvoshchick promptly drove round, "Michiel" packed in the Captain's trunks, and off we started, seated on top of them, and holding on to a rope for dear life to avoid being thrown overboard. Over our white linen Tiflis caps—much affected by the gentlemen of the city—we wore the bashowick or Circassian turban, a conical hood of heavy white cloth, with sides some four inches wide reaching to the hips. We wore them simply to keep off the rain; but the native winds the ends round his head, and it becomes a heavy and efficient defense against the heat of the sun. Our arms, which had been laid aside during our stay in the city, were now resumed.

Reascending the Koor some twenty miles we crossed an affluent, the Aragua, and ascended its valley through a beautiful country. We soon passed the confines and entered Circassia-a fact at once evident to us, as the old round ruined Georgian watch-towers we had so often seen on the hill-tops now gave place to equally | ing under the snow which filled up the bottom old and ruined Circassian ones which were of the pass. Here a squadron of Russian horse,

country that you may always, when you are square. At night we arrived at the town of hungry, go into the orchard and eat of the fruit." Dusher, having traveled 80 versts. Dushet is a large village, with an old Circassian fort, now laid out by the Russians as a pleasure-garden. Of course there is no inn here; but a nice little woman at the stanca, who spoke worse German than I did, though more of it, asked me if I were French or German? "I come from America." "America!" responded she, "what is that?" She had never even heard the name before. In return I asked what countrywoman she was. She replied, "I am a Jewess." She was from Wilna. Michiel also, when I asked him the same question, replied, "I am a Jew." Do the Jews, then, own no country? Michiel was an Esthonian, and spoke "plat deutsch."

The next morning we were off at dawn and commenced a rapid ascent. The views were most charming-Dushet soon lay below us, it and its pretty lake embosomed in green hills; while before us stretched a long line of the snowy peaks of Caucasus, many and many a giant lifting up his head, his sides clothed with eternal whiteness. Descending again into the valley we soon struck another river, still pouring from the north, and commenced another ascent. The road was one mass of mud, through which the horses were unable to draw us, and we were compelled to pick our way on foot. A lovely little village, a thousand feet below us, in a parterre of the most living verdure, reminded me of Tyrol. Soon we left the region of trees altogether; and excepting mosses, and here and there, where the ground had a southern slope, a little grass, all verdure. Up and up, hour after hour, ever and anon a square tower, half in ruins from the cannon-balls of Roosky, as the Russ calls himself, marking the way. Then a dreary ascent, the snows coming down to our feet and extending in unbroken fields to the heights around, and at last we arrived at "Holy Cross." a little church with a cross marking the summit of the pass. This was about 8000 feet above the sea-7474 French feet-about the same height as the Gemmi in the Swiss Oberland, but about four degrees further south, and there were still a few traces of vegetation clinging to the sunny side of the rocks. The view of the snowy wastes and sharp peaks around was appalling. I thought of "Prometheus in chains"-supposed to have lived hereabout; but there was no "sounding sea" to waft him words of comfort and sympathy from the daughters of ocean.

Descending we soon struck the Terek-a wild and roaring torrent, cradled thus among the snowy Caucasus, and tearing its way between them till, after many a winding maze among mountain and steppe, it pours its flood of disintegrated rock into the northern part of the Caspian. Our road now led us through immense masses of hard snow, through which it was cut, and which formed a solid wall some fifteen feet high on each side, into a narrow defile, in which for some miles the Terek was wholly lost, flow-

31 men, were buried by an avalanche of snow in 1858, and the road was now obstructed by an avalanche of stones that had fallen three days before.

It came on to rain heavily, all but the near mountains disappearing from view; the road descended very rapidly, and at four we arrived at the little town of Kasbek, right under the mountain of that name. But of all capricious beauties in the world none are more so than these mountain ones, and Kasbek obstinately refused to be seen, though we had traveled such a weary way to pay our call. We strained our eyes against the dull sky, where we were told the peak ought to be visible, and finally decided to pass the night here. A very pretty little church, perched on a terrace a little below the road, from which the mountain rapidly sloped down to the Terek, was here, and service was going on though it was Saturday. A crowd of hardy Circassians, in their round sheep-skin caps with the woollen crowns projecting above, and more portentous kindshalls hanging by their sides, gathered round, and the boys-rapidly learning to be Swiss-offered us almost unequaled specimens of crystallized sulphuret of copper.

Procuring a vile mixture of what was called "cotelet" and onions, which we managed to consume by the aid of good tea and a portion of the contents of our skin of wine, we buttoned our coats to our chins, put on gloves, laid down on a leather cushion, an inch thick and really not harder than the boards, and slept till morning; the Captain and myself on benches, and Michiel on the floor alongside. come first served" is the law of the stanca. A Russian lady, who came in after us, had to take

a worse room than we had.

The next morning Michiel, who had gone out to rouse the izvoshchick, came running in in the wildest excitement.

"Ach mein Herr, Sie kannen Kasbek gut sehen!" And there it stood superb, rising a thousand feet above Mont Blanc, and the highest mountain in the Old World after the Himalaya, Elbrous, and Ararat. A splendid cone, with a circlet near its top of the flimsiest frozen vapor, rose white and dazzling in the first rays of the morning sun, over two miles above us. Between us, a high mountain crowned with a ruined Greek chapel and green with mosses. Beyond Kasbek stretched his fellows, only less high, but with little snow, their steep and sheer precipices not allowing it to rest. It is said that the Caspian can be seen from the summit of Kasbek—the distance is 150 miles. But the sky was by no means "settled fair," and the ground very wet, so we determined to go on.

"No-no-no-o-o!" said Izvoshchick, and away we went through the wildest of all gorges; huge snowy summits on each side, and the track of the frequent avalanche ever recurring. At length the pass narrowed, huge beetling cliffs encompassed us; a stone from a rock 500 feet high neight have been dropped into the britchka. Soon

we entered and passed through, a succession of small basins with cliffs rising 1000 feet all round us; stern, bare, and jagged, their sharp and broken outlines rested against the blue sky, with no exit visible from their close approach, and the similarity of each savage wall of rock. The Terek, already a river, roared and dashed with deafening noise at our feet. Here were the "Gates of the Caucasus," the object of awe and dread to the ancient world, who believed they were closed with bars of iron. Through this wild pass the Sarmatians of old poured down on and overwhelmed the softer civilization of the world below.

The Captain, with the national pride of a Slavonian, had been ever and anon, as we passed a scene of grandeur, asking me whether it was not superior to any thing I had ever seen. At last I gratified him, and acknowledged that this "Pass of Dariel" was superior to any thing in Switzerland or Tyrol.

After a while the pass widened, more of the sky was visible, a few firs appeared. Presently a pretty fortress, garrisoned, in a gorge that seemed beautiful after the savage scenes we had passed. A soldier stopped us and examined our padarozhna; then came two or three little villages, and the pass softened down into what might be called a valley of the Terek. Then suddenly it shut in close again, and passing through lofty mountain buttresses, leaving scarcely room for road and river, we emerged at once upon the plain. The Caucasus was entirely behind us, and, save one or two outlying ridges of the Caucasus, of no great elevation, and a few rolls of the land in the heart of Russia, the steppe we now looked on may be said to extend, in one unbroken level, over two thousand miles to the Polar Sea. Taking all things into consideration—its great length, its variety, the awful and savage character of some of its scenes, and the height of its mountains—this Pass of Dariel is certainly one of the grandest in the world.

It was Sunday morning; before us lay the plain rich in vegetation, and the pretty Russian village of Vladi Kavkass, with its green painted roofs and houses of one and even two stories. The bells were ringing as we drove up to the best inn and secured its best room.

We called on some officers who were slowly passing away the heavy-footed years, waiting for promotion in this little village. In the evening there was to have been a charity concert, but a torrent of rain postponed it. There were some twenty or thirty gentlemen and six ladies present. Excepting myself, the gentlemen were all in uniform. Our Captain was particularly fine, all ablaze with gold. Two of the ladies were of high degree, but the whole six were precisely the same six young ladies you meet all over the world in a remote village at a charity ball.

At Vladi Kavkass-" Beset-by-the Caucasus" Dragatte and I parted. His route now took him through the savage defiles of Daghestan to within forty miles of the Caspian. I should gladly have accompanied him, and worked my

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way down the Caspian to Baku, but the difficulty of travel with only a servant speaking the language, and the dread of detention in the desert steppe between Tiflis and Baku, as well as the fear of sickness in the lower country, deterred me.

At Baku the "Eternal Fires"—the object of the oldest of existing faiths—are still burning from the four towers of a temple, and for some two miles round the country is represented as forever illuminated by them. I had not then heard of the oil springs, now so celebrated in Pennsylvania; perhaps the time will come when their surplus will be burned, causing eternal fires at home.

At the Captain's suggestion I took off my coat and boots on retiring. In all our journeying it had been our custom to make the necessary change of clothing before going out in the morning, but we had always slept in full dress. Making a bed on eight chairs, although there was a good-looking bed in this good-looking room, I fondly hoped to sleep. Miserable delusion! I thought the fleas would lift me up bodily and carry me off! It is impossible to conceive the filth of these Russians. Allowing sixty-one millions as the population of Russia, and allowing only one thousand fleas apiece for every Russian from the Emperor down, there is a population of exactly sixty-one thousand millions of fleas who are to get their living from the dirt, carelessness, indolence, and nastiness of Roosky, and then possibly you may form an opinion as to how great the dirt, carelessness, indolence, and nastiness of Roosky are.

I was gravely advised by an officer not to wash my face in the morning, as the sun would burn me still more if I did. Water from a jug is poured by a servant upon your hands, and this is the extent of Roosky's ablution. Basins are used to catch the falling water, but you put your lands into them at your peril. At Kasbek, asking for a drink of water, they gave me that which had fallen in rain the night before, while there were a dozen mountain rills in sight. Tiflis has no fountains except its remarkable warm spring, and water is hauled round in buffalo-skins, while the Koor pours its volumes at your feet, and a cascade, with a hundred feet of "head," leaps away in the Botanical Garden.

"But, my dear Sir, you are talking of 'Circassia, Georgia, and the Caucasus;' it is not thus in Russia proper?"

"Isn't it? Go to the Hôtel Abadie, handsome as it is, in Moscow. Go to the best hotel in St. Petersburg—visit any hamlet near—and say then that I am wrong."

For my part, I was so dreadfully impressed by the *Tartarism** into which my little attrition against Roosky had scratched him, that, a year after, on forming an acquaintance with the family of one of the most princely and renowned of the nation, at a German watering-place, I now and then found myself wondering whether they ever did, really and truly, wash themselves when they were not at the Baths!

Here I procured a burka—a felt cloak made without a seam, which the Circassian wears constantly; as from its stiffness it will not fold close, he keeps the open side to leeward, and shifts it as the wind or his direction changes—it is impervious to water. Also a kindshall, or poniard, 15 to 18 inches long, double-edged, made by the Circassians, and though of soft metal, very sharp. It is carried in a scabbard mounted in silver, so treated by some process of the Armenians that, when held in the sun, it refracts the colors and gleams like burnished jewels. Arms are necessary, as the Government holds little except the highways, which are ever guarded by the forts. On the one side the wild Circassians of the Black Sea, and on the other those in Daghestan, are ever apt to make incursions. All those I had met were Christian and civil enough.

Thus equipped, with cap and bashowick also, able to defy all enemies, I bade adieu, with Russian ambraces, to my good friend. There was no "papooshick" to be had, and I did not care to wait for one. I sent Michiel to the stanca to order horses for the "Telegraph Engineer," as my borrowed padarozhna declared my quality—and the horses came; Michiel in great glee saluting me as "Mein Herr Siemens."

Off at noon; rapidly driving over the plain, we soon approached the entrance of the pass. The clouds hung so low, concealing the tops of the rocks, it gave one the idea of entering a cave. On and on, the cliffs of Dariel had the same appearance as though the world were covered by a cloak. At Kasbek no mountain was visible; so we pushed on to Korbek, 58 versts.

All through this country there is a very fine breed of dogs, somewhat smaller than the Newfoundland, but with shaggy, cream-colored hair, and very powerful and graceful animals. These are doubtless the same mentioned over five centuries ago by Sir John Mandeville, most credulous of travelers, but who, somehow, on this occasion must have obtained tolerably correct information: "And after is Albania, a full great realm—so called because the people are whiter there than in other countries thereabout. And in that country are so great and strong dogs that they assail lions and slay them."

Off early in the pouring rain—britchka, burka, and bashowick all spattered with the mud.

"No-no-no-o-o!" says Izvoshchick. "Patter, patter, patter, patter," says the rain. Up, and up, and up the long ascent. Soon the rain gathered in big drops—in flaky masses—in heavy snow falling in right lines—up and up, in curved lines, in a whirl. The mud was whitened—disappeared; a waste of snow, all but the sharp volcanic escarpments, whirling and whirling, beating the face, blinding the eyes, piling itself up on the britchka. So on the rocks disappeared altogether—nothing but a waste of snow below us, nothing but a whirl of snow

^{* &}quot;Scratch a Russian, and you will find a Tartar beneath."—Naroleow.



around. Michiel, untraveled wight, was frightened. "Est ist lauter Winter, mein Herr!" But I had seen such things before, and knew where it must end. It was an Alpine tourmente in the Caucasus. After a while we passed the summit, our fingers aching with the cold. We then rapidly descended, and the snow ceased to whirl so fiercely, then began to come down in right lines again, in flakes, in heavy drops, and at last patter, patter, patter came the rain. At the stanca we met a party of Circassian gentlemen, one of whom could say "Bonjour," and "Votre santé, Monsieur;" which last we pledged from a skin of wondrous wine they carried with them. They were extremely interested in the Telegraph, and asked many questions, which Michiel translated and I answered. Passing Dushet, the lovely valley of the Aragua opened to us, and we slept at Souhan, 93 versts for the day.

The next morning we passed an officer and his lady who had been compelled to pass the night in their carriage, in a pouring rain, because Michiel and I had the only room in the stanca. Poor lady! she tried to look angry, but only looked sleepy. At the states at the mouth of the Aragua we met the only difficulty in regard to horses we had encountered. Michiel stormed and implored by turns. An officer was then waiting who had arrived before us. He had been five days making the journey from Vladi Kavkass, which we had just made in two and a half. So much is it a matter of luck in getting your horses. After a long delay, three horses were procured which properly belonged to the officer. With incomparable politeness to a foreigner, he turned round and offered to take me and my servant to Tiflis with him, and leave his own to follow on foot, 17 versts, and in this way we arrived.

Remaining a few days longer, we passed our time admiring the crowds at the bazar. Tartars with red-dyed beards; Circassians with round cap, and cartridge-cases on each breast: the conical-capped Georgian, with his pendent sleeves; and hosts of women who had only to be young to be beautiful, forming animated pictures. Out to Fertsing's we went every day. The old fellow's voice was a magnificent ruin, but a great attraction undoubtedly. Sometimes he would grow melancholy and want to go to America. Then he would sing

"Denk ich an Deutschland in der Nacht"

until tears rolled down his cheeks. But this was generally late in the evening, when the Gardens had been very full, and a great many gentlemen had asked him to take a tumbler of wine with them.

Through the assistance of my friend the Consul I made a contract with a Tartar, for fifty rubles, to convey me in his covered fourgon to Maran in four days-no pay in case of non-arrival in time. This was to secure passage by the steamer, as I feared detention on the road the ground carpeted, the thicket studded with from the postmasters. The distance was 290 flowers; babbling rills tumbling across our way;

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versts, and we had three good horses, making an average of more than 48 miles per day.

The Tartar, from some inscrutable reason, kept in by-roads and stopped at little Douchans. He was very obedient-but then my stock of Russian was so small—and so attentive that he would not let me sleep on a pile of boards one night without tucking them in. On Sunday we stopped at Souram. The young ladies were all out in full feather, and beautiful to see. The men-a surly-looking throng-were gathered apart; the girls dancing by themselves very prettily. A beautiful creature, after a long dance, picked up a cloak that was hanging on a fence and put it on. It was of the finest green velvet, trimmed with what I took to be ermine, six inches deep; and yet this pretty creature had probably never slept, except on the bare ground, or within a couple of inches of it, in her life, and lived in a one-story hut with two feet of clay on the roof.

A Georgian gentleman came up to me and did the honors of the town. We went round the ruins of the old castle, of which, however, little remains but fragments of the walls. As our only medium for exchange of thought was the Russian language, our conversation was not the most animated. Pointing to a group of the young women, he told me that one hundred to one hundred and fifty rubles would buy any one of them. As this was the precise sum that had been named to me by two previous and different parties, I have no reason to doubt its truth. At the next stanca I had the pleasure of meeting our engineer friend on his return to Tiflis, in company with General Mclikoff. The General scolded me for going away so soon: "When I come to your country I shall give you at least a year. Ah," added he, "you see us now after fifty years of war; come back again and see us after ten years of peace."

It is true, there is an immense deal of movement in this country; already the telegraph poles had been set up half way to Tiflis. Some day there will be a railway to Baku: there is but one difficulty—the pass of Souram, which is but little over 3000 feet high—and then the trade of Persia and "Farthest Ind" will pass And notwithstanding the sympathy it is the fashion to feel for the Circassians as a nation struggling for "independence," it is impossible for one who visits the country not to wish success to the Russians. Wherever they go they carry law, regular government, absolute security to life and property; the arts of civilization, and the Christian religion. The wild Circassians are simply bigoted savages: the same who were almost at that moment deluging the streets of Damascus with Christian blood.

With various comical adventures, arising from an inquiring turn of mind and ignorance of Russian, we reached the lower country and rode all the day long, by a by-road, through that superb forest, with the most glorious trees and the richest undergrowth; the air a mass of sweet odors;

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nightingales singing from every thicket; doves cooing from every tree; the cuckoo's deep note heard ever from afar. The gay Mingrelians and Imeritians in their brilliant colors, true human birds of the green-wood, going along their way. Even my "princess" I thought to recognize from the dim depths of the old fourgon. Tramp, tramp; splash, splash; ting-a-ling, till at eve we struck the branch of the Rion, and arrived safely at Maran in the time named.

But there was no steamer; so the next morning, in company with the Germans I found at Maran, we procured an open boat 30 feet long, and were rowed down the Rion. It was clear and intensely hot, and at ten A.M. the air shimmered over the green pastures as you have seen it at home over a burning lime-kiln. At last we arrived at Poti, and I found refuge at the comfortable Hotel of Madame Jacot, a nice little French woman, whose face, from fever, was the color of a guinea. Here procuring the unwonted luxury of plenty of water and towels, I laid aside revolver and kindshall, burka and bashowick, and resumed the ordinary habiliments of civilization; and the day after, in company with a pleasant party of ladies and gentlemen, made my way, by the gallant steamer Constantine, under the command of Prince Maxsoutoff, toward Batoom and many-fountained Trebizond.

ROSEMARY.

IN THREE PARTS.-PART I.

PROPHETIC OF THE ROSE.

"Were not mortal sorrow An immortal shade."

A GARDEN green with June, and into it, descending from the second floor of the old house, a flight of wooden stairs without balusters, and already nearly buried by branches of scented starry honey-suckles. Half-way down a young girl overlooking the maze below, and suffering the mystery of morning to permeate all her spirit.

Roses, roses—every where roses. Roses in thorny thickets that lined the wall, and climbed with sprays of bud and blossom to toss them across, and give the wayfarer a clew to Eden; roses that towered in masses of creamy cloud, and aspired to lay the topmost point upon the mossy roof; roses that slept, crimson-hearted and drunk with sweetness, tangled in great plots upon the grass; roses over which the atmosphere forever dissolved in fresh fragrance: around, above, below, every where roses. They were warm in the sunshine, that fell through them stained to ruddy richness; they were drenched with the dew, that absorbed their ravishing odor, and lingered languishingly, loth to seek the sky; they were hundred-leaved, and spotless white as sweet snow-flakes are; they were deep-dyed in all sovereign suffusion; royal-red with flushes, heavy with perfect bloom. Roses, June morning, youth. What more could the maiden dePlainly nothing. She was at that sole point of experience when life replies to itself. Happiness rippled serenely in her heart from brim to brim—an idle lake, where no diver had ever plunged for the pearl of price. As she ran down the stairs her gown broke off the persistent bunches of honey-suckle that had begged her glance; as she brushed along the old walks the rose-boughs put out their blushing tips, and caught her and delayed her; as she reached the end great wreaths of buds were clinging all about her, and so lending her their nectareous breath that it seemed to distill from her presence as from the lovely ancient deities.

She stood on tip-toe and stretched her hands across the wall, then inserted a daring foot on a scaffolding of cobweb and brier, and mounted to the grassy top.

- "Good-morning, Mr. Ambrose," said she. "Are you coming in to see grandpa?"
- "Yes, Miss Melicent, and to bid him goodby."

"Good-by! Where are you going?"

- "Not into a garden of roses," said he, looking over this wilderness of petaled perfume, that took the morning as easily as if there were an eternity of June before it.
- "Won't you come into one? There's the little gate round there, you know. It's much the shortest way, and the pleasantest, to the house—though, to be sure, the wet will take the shine off your boots."

The young man laughed, and, placing a hand beside her, had cleared the hedge and was within

- "Capital!" said she, touching a pair of noiseless palms. "You would be just the one, Mr. Ambrose, to cross the ice-fields, scale the bergs, and leap the gaps."
 - "What made you think of that?"
- "Grandpa was reading Parry yesterday—Grandpa Aubichon."
- "Ah, indeed! And you haven't any little secret lien on my thoughts, then?"

"Any little what?"

- "Going? Where? Oh, I forgot. Mr.
- 'Going? Where? Oh, I forgot. Mr. Ambrose, you're not quite in earnest? Don't tease."
 - "My little friend, is it to the moon?"
 - "It might be just as well."
 - "As to the North Pole!"
- "Nobody that wasn't moon-struck would think of it."
- "You just said I was the very person to go."
 "Well, Sir, the two don't contradict each other."
 - "Thank you. So- Shall we proceed?"
 - "Yes—but—Mr. Ambrose, I'm thinking—"
 "Indeed! I should never forgive myself if
- "Indeed! I should nover forgive myself if I disturbed such a process—delicate, dangerous, and unusual."
 - "Unusual? Do you suppose I don't think?"
 - "Women never think."
- "Never think? Why, how do they get along?"



- "With fine senses, instincts, and intuitions."
- but creatures?"
- "They may thank Heaven they are that on such a morning as this."
- "I shouldn't. But then I'm not a woman yet; so I suppose you'll allow that I can think?"
 - "As well as the best—as much as the rest."
- "Mr. Ambrose, if that is the way you regard women you may as well stay at the North Pole, where you won't be troubled. I don't want ever to see you again!" And, rising on her perch, she went, daintily balancing herself, out of reach -the arms curving and swaying, as she tripped along, in all quaint gesture and pretty attitude.

"Come down! come down!" said the young man, laughing at the indignation of her adieu. "Come down and show me the way in." But he obtained no answer. She was approaching the corner, and her path was beset with thorns.

"Miss Melicent, are you going to make this morning a type of my travels? Am I to be a castaway in unknown and inhospitable regions?"

Here the corner was rounded, and, satisfied with the achievement, a slender trill of triumphant tune broke from her throat. Mr. Ambrose, turning after her much as the girasole is supposed to turn after the sun, walked below yet beside her.

- "So I am to go without a word?" he said.
- "I haven't any words for one who esteems me so slightly."
 - "I didn't say I esteemed you so."
- "I don't wish to be singled from my sex. I think all women are splendid. You'd think so too if you knew Flora. But you don't deserve to know her, Mr. Ambrose. And now you won't!" In making this affirmation Miss Melicent forgot her precarious footing. A little brier that had long been doing its best to catch one of the branches that trailed from her garments suddenly twisted about her foot; the dainty balance was lost, and rather than make effort for its recovery, and feeling intuitively that there was somebody whose duty it was to save her, whether he fulfilled the duty or not, Miss Melicent suffered herself to fall. Mr. Ambrose had but a step to take and set the little damsel on her feet again, walking along demurely on the ground this time, and clinging to his arm with some slight trembling.
- "Now perhaps you will inform me what weighty subject it was you revolved a moment since.1
- "I was thinking, Mr. Ambrose, that you won't be here at Grandpa Aubichon's birthday. You know it is his name-day too-St. John's Day—and I have a party: such a party!"
 - "Of course."

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- "But Flora will be--"
- "Will she, indeed? And shall an Arctic Expedition therefore be delayed? My little friend, this unknown goddess has scarcely the charm for me that-"
 - "That's because you don't know her."

"As you will. Only the loss of Miss Meli-"But, Mr. Ambrose, aren't they any thing cent herself is all I should have to regret on mid-summer eve."

> "I wish," said she, "that you had told me you were going. I should like to have done something for you-made you sweetmeats, knit something, caps or socks. Oh, I know! That's just the thing!" And seizing his hand with an imperious motion, and as suddenly dropping it, she caused her companion to move toward the house with a swiftness corresponding to her own. Opening a door beneath the flight of stairs, and beckoning Mr. Ambrose to follow. she conducted him through a labyrinth of passages, finally to deposit him in a little cabinet, where an old gentleman sat reading the newspaper of the preceding day.

> "Here's an early bird come to catch you, Grandpa Aubichon," she cried, putting her head

in the doorway.

"He hasn't caught me napping," responded that individual.

- "Now you must be very good to each other till I come back. And don't let me find you, Grandpa Aubichon, obeying your savage instincts and beating poor old Mr. Ambrose to pumice with your big clubs there, because he's going away. Maybe to return to Lochaber na mair," she sang, dancing off just in time to escape a pair of boxing-gloves that flew past her
- "So you're sorry that Mr. Ambrose is to be out in the cold?'" cried Grandpa Aubichon, in a great hearty voice that always filled the house, as she returned.
- "And I've brought my mite to keep him warm."
- "There never was an instance where you didn't add fuel to the fire!"
- "There, Mr. Ambrose. It's real lucky it's just this color. Now if it were crimson or scarlet it would worry you blind up there, and if it were blue or gray it would be of no manner of service; but just this warm, soft flush over white, you see, will always wrap me in your remembrance with couleur de rose!"
- "As if this were necessary for that, Miss Melicent!" he interpolated, while lifting both of her little hands she threw the scarf about his neck, and wound it again and again with foldings and doublings and great tender knots.

"But my dear little maid—if you will just remember your latitudes," sighed the stifling

"Why-to be sure. So it is! June here and January there."

"A little too much latitude for my taste!" exclaimed Grandpa Aubichon. "An old man is privileged to feel those arms round his neck; but Mr. Ambrose- Fie, Honey!" And he drew the owner of the arms to his own knee, where she sat in varying shades of color, and confusion pulling the scarf into fantastic shapes.

"And whose eyes are you going to pull the wool over next?" asked Grandpa Aubichon. But suddenly, without a word's announcement,

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capricious tears flooded all the face, and turning a moment to hide them on his shoulder, she as instantly rose and darted from the room.

- "Surprised?" said Grandpa Aubichon to the other gentleman. "June is the time for thunder-showers."
 - "But not April."
- "Oh well. It is just a little flaw that has blown down to ruffle her heart."

"And flaws do no damage?"

The other did not reply at once, but sat drumming on the arm of his chair some perplexed tune.

- "To quit metaphors," he said, abruptly, "I don't know what to do with the child."
 - "Do with her? Let her alone."
- "Little summery soul—I thought in such seclusion to secure her happiness; but I have only made an exotic of her. A breeze that the frailest rue would only quiver in exactly uproots her. I wonder into what kind of a columbine or clover I could transform her."
 - "You must wait till trouble shapes her."
- "Trouble! I've never let her know when the wind was east! But what's the use? There's no folly like tampering with identities. You prevent symmetry and create distortions. I'll turn her wild!"
 - "You can't do better."
- "Oh, Grandpa Aubichon! are you talking treason? And the little blushing face, with just a trace of its gust of tears, flashed round the half-open door again.
- "Oh silly April-Fool's Day!" cried he. "Are you ready for another rainbow?"
 - "Give me bread, and give me wine, So my wishes you divine. Do not ask me, ask me why.... If you vex me I shall cry!"

sang Melicent.

"Bread I have, but wine, you gipsy, Runs the reddest on your lips—ch? Get along, the roses miss you, If you vex me I shall kiss you!"

replied Grandpa Aubichon. Upon which they both at once burst into uproarious chorus:

"Kiss me? Kiss you! There's the issue!
Always snatch a juicy cherry!
Brush the bloom off, the perfume off—
Take and make a dull heart merry!"

After which osculatory bacchanal she rushed at him with open arms and shouts of laughter.

"There, there, there!" cried Grandpa Aubichon, in a smothering condition. "First to be maddened with kirsch-wasser, and then soothed with kissing-comfits and lip-salve—how long do you suppose a man can exist on such diet and doctrine? I want my breakfast. Run, Honey, and see that all's ready, with a fork for Mr. Ambrose."

When Melicent returned a half hour later the last-named gentleman had vanished.

"Where's Mr. Ambrose?" she said, looking about her, and throwing open the blind for a great freshet of morning wind.

"Gone, Honey."



"Gone to Greenland."

"Gone? And without—" But here an instinct from the advance-guard of years snatched up her words, and Melicent buried the bursting sob in her soul.

For a day or two there lingered the least suspicion of sadness about the child, sufficient to insure her quiet, to set her dreaming over a volume whose leaves never turned, to keep her needle long drawn upon a stitch. But then there dropped upon her from Flora's mail a book of German cuts, drawings whose strange beauty of outline and intention stirred up all her soul. excited her gladness, hushed her phantom of pain, and with a certain spark of emulation kindled again the animal spirits. Certainly this emulatory emotion manifested itself in a singular manner, keeping her perpetually dancing, bounding, springing, as if she wished to soar, and allowing her to be found only in a nest under the scuttle or among the stacked chimneys, or yet climbing the garden trees and swinging herself from bough to bough as lithely and blithely as some creature of a forest. Meanwhile Grandpa Aubichon fluttered distractedly on the ground, his soul torn by doubts of the conventional, his heart warm with the child's glee, not wishing to disturb her antics, but anxiously fearful of the neighbors' remarks and of a second deputation of solicitous Goodies worse than the first. Moreover, a terrible phantom loomed forever in the back-ground of Grandpa Aubichon's affections, one magnificent Grandpa Grey, for whose vague apparition he taught the child a certain sublime worship, and who might at any moment fall on her and rend her from his grasp. This, however, was a very unnecessary terror; for although Melicent was undoubtedly Grandpa Grey's property, he had never shown the slightest recognition of her existence.

The results of Miss Melicent's gymnastics appeared to Grandpa Aubichon one morning when she approached his bedside and rung him up by the tassel of his night-cap as if it had been a bell-rope. They consisted merely of the birth-day decorations; but yet were none the less the offspring of inventive genius because, instead of stones or pigments, they were to be fashioned of sugar crystals. The idea seemed to Grandpa Aubichon, as he turned it over in his mind, a stroke of astonishing brilliance, and he straight-way set about its accomplishment.

Profound silence fell upon the house. Their ancient haunts knew them no more. Old Sorrel rested in his stall; for his master abandoned patients, sought no post-office, and mingled with the gossip of no reading-rooms. The garden ran wild; and, buried in a subterranean laboratory, mysterious whispers and great chuckling, stirring of glass sticks, gentle fizzings, and now and then unmistakable saccharine odors in a state of scorch, alone gave evidence in their behalf. Various opinions prevailed in the little household meanwhile. The parlor-maid wondered that master would so spoil that girl; while

would like to be spoiled that same way, and bread could be too sour as well as cake too sweet. Thomas peeked, and peered, and haunted the cellar, chiefly, it must be confessed, in the region of the cider casks, and gave it as his decision that master was brewing mischief; at which the cook retorted, with sarcasm that scathed his single failing, that the brew wouldn't last so long as Thomas's pewter mug would, and then proceeded to throw every obstacle in the way of these godless rites till herself called into conference; after which she was ten times more grandiose and darkly bodeful than if the Holy Office had been established in the cellar, and she were an attaché of the Grand Inquisitor. Finally, whatever were the effects of all this labor, the little tomb-like ice-house at the foot of the garden swallowed them, and it was the eve of the summer solstice.

Melicent had taken care to christen her entertainment a festival of flowers, and to expect her guests all in some floral guise. So it was a pleasant sight for Grandpa Aubichon, as he wandered through the merry groups of the warm evening, each looking as if a bunch of blossoms had taken wings and new life for the hour. The air was heavy with the rare fragrances delicately dispensed from the tissues of these false flowers, all fanning forth the very breath of the bloom they wore; and among them their blackrobed chevaliers moved like their shadows. Here were flaxen-haired damsels, ruffled into the snowiest chrysanthemums that ever danced, thrown into relief by magnificently got-up dowager dahlias; here cunning draperies seemed to hang in tulips and campanulus; here white and golden beauties turned themselves into lilies and magnolias, and among them blazed a gladiolus or a carnation; here fluttered sweet-peas and larkspurs; here the begonia—that leaf of most intricate and wonderful beauty that, if the world should perish, would well deserve some fossil immortality as the crown of all foliage dead and gone; here the begonia leaves swept their long curves over a lightly-flushed cloud crowned atop with a little pink face; here superbly-clustered geraniums looked like the spirits of sunsets burst to blossom; and here busts, like statues, rose from spotless callas and lotus flowers; here, in the flare of the chandeliers and the glare of the mirrors, stood a camellia—that piece of floral sculpture—to receive her haughty homage; here, as the draught between the long and open casements fluttered her gauzes, the wild convolvulus seemed to shake in the wind; here, on the grassplot, a wreath of sweet-brier and an apple-blossom confided their secrets; here, in the moonlight, Arethusa flirted and Azalia sighed; and there, in the gloom of the garden walks, wandered another figure.

At first sight one could hardly discern in what inflorescence this solitary shade had chosen to mask herself. As she reached a vine, among which tiny crimson lights were bunched like clusters of berries, and your eye caught the vio- guests, the clusters buzzed more gayly, the mu-

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the cook informed her that a great many girls | let velvet trail of the cloak, some gleam of noxious night-shade in its luxuriant September appeared; but then she raised a white arm to bend away a bough, and one saw dripping thence heavy coils of beryl beads, and remembered a wild woodside growth, be it dogwood or some deadlier thing, that hangs its berries like drops of incrusted virus, half unripe and leprous white. half cold, pale, poison green, with a metallic lustre, vanquelinite, and venomously virid as serpents' heads-berries that Mithridates would have worn threaded for an amulet. Still was one puzzled to penetrate the array: it might have been the fleur de lis haughtily hooding such sweetness, with all its suggestion of poetry, and romance, and heroic chivalry; or yet it could have been the violet, double and midnight dark, in whose fresh, cool, dewy scent one feels forever the wide high heaven passionately purple and quivering with stars. Yet, after all, was it any thing but wolf's-bane? If it had been a ragged ribbon only that made the disguise, in it the sensitive appreciation would yet have found all these fancies.

Up to this creature of mystery and shadow danced a little, frank, free figure; for Melicent had taken no character, unless in the triple folds of reseate tissue one pictured the opening flower.

"All alone?" she cried. "And because you like the night air and the darkness? Let me see you. It's lovely! It's the best to-night! They're all too evident; they look like a painted scene-curtain from here. But you are perfect-mysterious, pensive, and capable of murder."

"Very perfect then," replied a low, thrilling tone, to which the leaves seemed to shiver responsively.

"It's the greatest luck that we found the old cloak. Any body'd take it for a court domino. Dear, sweet Flor, you are divine!" And she threw her arms round the other's throat, gave her a quick little hug of overflowing affection, and was off again.

Then approached another figure, stood leaning against the opposite tree in the gloom and watched a moonbeam touch all her outline, silver the lights, and embay the shadows. With no genial warmth it filled him; he did not feel that he looked on a human being; but when he had sufficiently seen the moon flood the violet velvet, strike up the jewel-points, and illumine the shapely hand, moved away as he would have done from any other picture. And she to all appearance stood there as placidly as if she were some adjunct of the garden's stately night-beauty, yet sending a penetrating glance from under the hooding helmet, a wild, keen glance, like that of some bewildered wakening soul, a glance that received the imprint of his whole nature as a single star-beam bathes disk and ray of a blossom. But he saw it not; and if he had, it would have reached him as coldly and sharply as the the gleam from an iceberg.

Meanwhile, as Melicent flitted among her

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sic breathed more sweetly, Grandpa Aubichon's jests resounded more lightly, the flowers themselves seemed to bloom with fresh tints; and so at length she passed to an inner room, where every thing was yet in darkness save for the faint moonlight that, as she waited, seemed to rise from a mock slumber and once more resume its floating play, finding the intruder was only Melicent. She struck a tiny taper, and then wandered about to see that every thing was according to her will. The tables were laid, laid in a dazzling profusion of the rarest, strangest exotics, freaks of efflorescence, in fruits that were bloom-bathed with tropical weather.

"Well," said a voice, coming from the long windows, as if the great moonbeam that poured through had there taken other shape. "And is this all? Do you think us Barmecides?"

Melicent set the taper down where it flung strange glints through a heap of grapes that seemed full of Spanish sunshine, took a step in the direction of the fountain that, playing in the place, cooled all the heated air, took another toward the window, then paused, listening and waiting, with head erect and flashing eye.

"So you look for me at first as if I were a water-wizard, and then you fancy me a lunar delusion. Make another guess, merry maid!"

Melicent started back in dismay; she did not dare to turn, but something impelled her toward the door. A cold terror struck her, for she fancied she had heard a voice from beyond this life.

- "Melicent! Little Honey! Don't you know me?" And here he stepped into the fuller light.
- "Mr. Ambrose!" She bounded forward, then paused half way, lifted her candle and approached him, offering her hand. He took it, and for a moment retained it, gently stroking it with the tips of his fingers as in an allowable caress.
 - "And you are glad to see me?"
 - "I thought you were in Labrador."
- "Really! I am not in the habit of giving my friends the cut direct. Besides, why should I be in Labrador?"
 - "I mean, have reached the coast."
 - "A mistake. Our expedition is overland."
- "Overland!" said Melicent, brightening. "And that must be quicker and less dangerous?"
 - "Neither."
 - "Then why don't you go by water?"
- "If I accomplish nothing so, it is possible that I may see what can be done with ships, provided I can join any undertaking. How? By going up from South seas through Behring Straits."
- "Oh, don't! Don't talk geography and science to me!"
 - "Very well, I won't."

Melicent stooped to arrange the rose-buds. "Mr. Ambrose," she said, rising, "what can induce you to go?"

- "Oh, I'm not going to talk science to you."
- "Please, Mr. Ambrose. You won't be unkind to your little Melinet—your honey-flower?"

sic breathed more sweetly, Grandpa Aubichon's she said, looking up under half a pout yet with jests resounded more lightly, the flowers them-

- "You little witch! you'd melt a stone. How long since you became my honey-flower?"
- "Oh, just while you tell me what makes you go."
 - " Various reasons."
 - "One, I suppose, is a humane reason?"
 - "One."
- "Then you wish to determine scientific questions?"
 - "Another."
- "And you are tempted by dreams of the demoniac ice-beauty, you said?"
 - "A third."
- "Desire of adventure; curiosity; what else?"
 "Miss Melicent, I am tired and sick of the report of the world. There, unless the equator change place with the ecliptic, I shall know nothing of it!"
 - "Poor Mr. Ambrose!"

Melicent went and dipped her fingers in the great basin that caught the falling spray.

- "Come and lave your hands, Mr. Ambrose," she said, after a little. "See, I made this basin. It is all pebbles; some from the Black Sea and some from the White. Some are the little Mediterranean mosaics that wash up the shore from sunken temples: and those belong to the feathery palm-islands of Australasian seas. Grandpa Aubichon brought them home before mamma was born, 'As he sailed, as he sailed!" she sang. "And down among the jaspers I've spelled his name—John Aubichon—with smooth white stones, because he has marked every day of my life with a white stone, you know."
 - "And many of mine, Miss Melicent."
- "Isn't it queer that my birthday's the same as his? And the girl born on St. John's Day, whenever it comes round, must keep more clear of the water than I'm doing, or the spirits of the vasty deep will rise and sweep her in and keep her forever, or only send her back transformed."
 - "But your pebbles?"
- "Oh, that's all. There are some from all the famous rivers, some that have come slipping down volcano sides, some that have bubbled up in the Geysers. And Grandpa Aubichon has set a great tank in the attic, and here's my fountain. So you don't think much of my banquet? That's because you didn't see us melting June in the laboratory and freezing it in the icehouse."
 - "A process like my own."
 - "Why? How?"
- "A year ago grilling in Africa, a year hence walled in behind the ramparts of winter."
- "Mr. Ambrose, must you go? There! Don't let's think about it! Wait till I light up and change your mind as to the refection. I can't trust the servants with this, of course. See!" she cried from her nook before half the work was done—"there's nothing but flowers and fruit—flowers to eat, and flowers to drink. Grandpa Aubichon's got a corner of his own beyond, with the heavy viands; but here—will you

of crisp celery, or of young rose-tree leaves, faintly red and faintly green, and you are well content."

"Spiced with imagination, I presume?"

- "No, indeed. They are nothing less than the identical object you demand."
- "Oh! Sealed into such shape. Happy Nebuchadnezzar!"
 - "If you make fun I shall turn you out."

"Go on, then, little expositor."

- "But if you wish so vulgar a thing as ham and bread sliced thin as petals, behold this red japonica, and turn your teeth to leaf-cutter bees."
- "That is absurd, Miss Melicent. And a little disgusting, too-to profane a flower so!'
- "I'd be sorry to disgust you. But if you should try one now? They're only the outskirts, though; and, to tell the truth, that was Grandpa Aubichon's affair, and he would turn the mustard into pistil and stamens."

"They're not so bad."

"You see this great white flower de luce, Mr. Ambrose? It's a delicious piece of pastry; and here's the cream-tart of pomegranates.

"You haven't forgotten the pepper?"

- "That you must find out for yourself. Now look at these jellies. All beautiful shapes—all deep, rich tints. Nobody ever saw such blossoms, to be sure; but they might grow in Abyssinian kings' gardens, in Xanadu--"
 - "We can imagine then Dryden's fairies, who

'Fall from above In a jelly of love."

"Horrid! Like a mildew! I'll leave the jellies. But there's a spire of foxgloves, white and amaranth; they ought to be inspissated with poison by the look."

"If you pass them, I shall expect you to put on the grace of an old régime and the air of a

certain marchioness."

"I like things so frail as a flower, and yet so full of such power over life and death as a poison-plant must be. Don't you, Mr. Ambrose?"

"You're not the first female addicted to the

pleasurable emotions of toxicology."

"For shame, Mr. Ambrose! It's plain I'm not the person to teach you to respect women. Yet these foxgloves—they are the rarest little ices! You prefer creams? There they are in those strawberries; in those grenadillas on the stem; the vanilla's in the nepenthes bunched there among the sugar heliotropes—purple and tan-colored smells. Here's a dish of the bloom of plums-just curdled air and perfume. Here's a tear, which is delicious; and a kiss-

"Yes, I should like that, Miss Melicent."

"A cloud-see if you don't taste crimson and gold; and starbeams—was ever any thing so frosty and sweet? Here's a tickle."

"A what?"

"A tickle. In reality there's a little drop of it. I shall see it set some false teeth on edge. sweet-voiced masker, and if he threw her a glance

have a salad or a mayonnaise?—take this spray | It will seem as if a torpedo were touched off by a flash of lightning inside the mouth."

"Naughty mischief! You'd better throw it

away.'

"No. I'll tell you. It's for that old Miss Jones. I had fun making it. She's always putting grandpa up to things; and she told him the day I climbed the chimneys to get the swallow's eggs; and she really boxed my ears once in church; and she made me take a pinch of snuff when my head ached, and it shook me all to pieces sneezing—and I hate her! She's a prim precisian, and never laughs; but she'll think she's laughing herself to death to-night!"

"You're all alike, Miss Melicent. Catch a

woman losing her revenge!"

"Well, Mr. Ambrose, I won't, if you don't want me to. I can get something else that will do just as well."

"Two reasons why you'd better keep this."

- "There! It's safe in the bottom of the sideboard. I'll forget about her. Here's a smileyou need it; it's like manna. I like to have you scold me, Sir; it puts me in mind of lemonade. And here's a sigh—that loses itself in your lips like a bitter-flavored snow-flake. And if by this time you are thirsty you shall have a bunch of grapes, each one a cup of the most exquisite liqueur; or, better yet, a handful of white-heart cherries - they are brimmed with maraschino. Barmecide?" And Melicent threw him a triumphant askance and went, before returning to her perch, to massing the antique silver and scattering the delicate china.
- "A feast fit for Titania!" exclaimed Mr. Ambrose.
- "And it's to be eaten by fairy light, tooglow-worms, phosphorescences, flashes from dew-drops. Just you wait. Look at the cornice, Mr. Ambrose; you see that wreath running all round the room and dropping its wandering vines? Presently the least glimmer of a rush shall steal out from the heart of all the gold-colored and deep blue blossoms, and shed the tenderest twilight, a little lambent, lustrelike fragrance. Oh, Mr. Ambrose, have you seen Flora?"
- "I have seen Astarte disguised as a nun under the shadow of the garden walks.

Onightingale! What doth she ail?
And is she sad or jolly?"

"Hush, hush, Mr. Ambrose!" murmured the low and thrilling tone of the garden an hour be-"Here she is."

"Oh, Mr. Ambrose, this is Flora!"

"Mr. Ambrose turned; the exquisite cool hand touched his own as he extended it; an answering laugh slipped from the wolf's-bane helmet, but the face remained shrouded in shadow. It seemed to him perhaps an affectation, for he immediately commenced doing what he had not dreamed of doing before-assisting Melicent with her artifice of light—so that it was then vitriol, or something, there. You mustn't touch impossible to exchange further syllables with the

at all, it was merely the haughty flash from a forgetful nature.

And while Melicent had exercised magic within, Grandpa Aubichon had used no less without, for the guests seemed now to take shape in the place like spirits, as if the wind bore them in at the casement, or they rose with Banquo through the floor. And no one seemed to be himself, but each found in the strange light and the novel scene a new identity, or rather was startled from his veils by the fancies of this child, so that no witch-revel could have been fuller of keenest surprises. The flower-draped beauties were also the sweet nature of flowers, their knights bent with the devotion of romance. The music still breathed, low pulsing tunes far withdrawn; broken scents floated all about the room; the gay murmurs fell to a soft voluptuous enjoyment of the hour. Melicent, now among the nymphs of the pasque-flowers, and now among the crape-myrtles, danced here and there like a little rosy flash of swamp fire. She had been waiting on Flora, who yet sat in the gloom near a window where the air murmured silverly on low Æolian wires, and had just carried to her a bunch of those sweet things in which the sunbeams long buried in earth bud forth again, and that now inclosed a luscious draught of such wine as blossoms ought to hive, humming the while she bent,

> "The cowslips tall her pensioners be, In their gold coats spots you see; These be rubles, fairy favors, In those freckles live their savors."

Just now she stood at the head of the table, somewhat isolated, and bathed in the azure lustre that fell from a great blue African lily, and in her wreath of rose-buds she had jauntily set her tiny blazing taper. Brown eyes translucent for the soul, brown lashed above a cheek of peach—as she stood crowned with the fairy flame she was an impersonation of piquant willful beauty. There came a low, smothered cry from beneath Flora's hood, as suddenly she fell headlong and fainting, and then all saw-turning by instinct to the other and not to Flora-saw the little taper recling and slipping down among the gauzes and leaving a coil of fire behind it. dozen vaporously-clothed creatures sprung forward for a flaming holocaust, but they were caught back as two other figures leaped through the confusion and outcry; and when Melicent's eyes closed in fiery forgetfulness behind the towering sheet of red and searing agony, the vision of Mr. Ambrose's face was sealed upon her brain. But it was not Mr. Ambrose that snatched her, that rushed with her, that plunged into the deep fountain-basin, drawing her under and under till the dashing coldness seemed to swathe her soultill torture, and terror, and flame went out together in the icy pool; not Mr. Ambrose, but Grandpa Aubichon's strong arms and leaping heart. And as hurriedly the guests dispersed and wrung the hand of the departing traveler, it was the same stout breast that hid from every glance the dreadful guise of his so lately beautiful darling.

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THE DRIFT OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

THE greatest changes we are little apt to note, . because they carry us and all things along together, and therefore do not leave to us the fixed landmarks that allow us to measure our rate of movement by their stability. Thus most of the human race have not yet found out that we are moving on in space, because the whole globe with its people moves on together; and even those of us who have studied our astronomy, and have a tolerably clear idea of the Copernican system, and honestly laugh at the old superstition that the whole heavens are pirouetting eternally about this dear little earth of ours, like Oriental dervishes about their idol or court dancers about their queen, have a very poor notion of the ctual rate at which we are driving on. It would startle our greatest astronomers, even an Airey or a Peirce, to be brought for an instant within hailing distance of some other planet, and have a single glimpse of the celestial voyager as it bears down upon us, and then flashes away upon its receding path with a speed compared with which a cannon-ball or chain lightning is slow. If we would take an humbler illustration of the same idea, watch two railway trains, first when running the same way on parallel tracks, and then when running in opposite directions. In the first case they who are riding do not seem to each other to be moving at all; and in the second case the two sets of travelers dash by each other too swiftly for recognition, looking more like a streak of light and shade than distinct objects. Perhaps as good an illustration of the effect of general movement in concealing itself is given by what the Arctic sailors call "drift." Writes Dr. Kane, in his journal of September 20, 1850, thus: "We are now, poor devils! drifting northward again. Creatures of habit, those who were anxious have forgotten anxiety; glued just here in a moving mass, we eat and drink and sleep unmindful of the morrow." Again, the day after Christmas, he writes: "Of our drift, save by analogy, we know nothing."

So, too, of our social and civil drift on the great sea of time we know little or nothing save by comparison, or as we look at some distant age or nation, as the Arctic navigator looks at some distant headland, and so by analogy infers that he is not fixed but in motion, and at a cer-The ice drift moves generally some five or six miles a day; but we have no such definite measure for the tide of public opinion, or the movings of the great waters of history. We need the help of the historian to show us whither we are tending, by showing us our distance and bearings from the harbor whence we started, and from the grounds where we have anchored. Sometimes a single glance at a bygone age, as presented by some master of history, throws a flood of light upon our position, and shows us what we have become in showing us what the people of that age were. In no re-

spect is our drift more imperceptible, and more in need of such illustrations by analogy than in our domestic and social life; and any man who will sit down at home, after a day spent in visits of pleasure or of business, and read a chapter out of the Hebrew Pentateuch or the Roman Pandects, in illustration of family life in the age of Abraham or Moses, or during the rule of the Tribunes or the Emperors, will be startled at the vast difference between the old and the new order of things. What should surprise us most in the comparison is not so much the theory, or what is systematically taught as essential to be believed, but the practice, or what is taken for granted as believed by every body. We propose to compare ancient and modern society from two or three commanding points of view, with the aid of such studies as most readily present themselves, yet with an eye rather to obviousefulness than to recondite learning.

Suppose we take our stand with the Oriental patriarch, the father of all the faithful, and listen to old Abraham as he sat at his tent door receiving guests with the largeness of that primitive hospitality, and giving orders to his family as to what was to be done to entertain them fitly, we find that the whole habit of speech and action differs from our current style. The great father himself is set before us, not as is our way now in speaking of marked men, as an extraordinary individual born with peculiar gifts, and sent out to seek his fortune for himself, and gain wealth by trade or honors by office. He is presented to us as born of a certain stock, and called to be the head of a certain family, and his family life is held up as having important bearings upon the destiny of mankind by being the source of the life of a Providential people. The whole narrative starts with the idea of the familv, and with the natural relation or status of the parents and children and kindred within the family, and looks toward the inheritance to be expected from that source, so as even to found the hope of future conquest, or the claim to the land of promise upon an old family title-a way of thinking in which Rome agrees essentially with Israel, and according to which even now the Pope claims dominion over the world as heir of Abraham and of the Cæsars, as father of the faithful and master of the world. These three ideas express the ruling characteristics of the old civilization as best embodied in Judea and Rome: first, the family; secondly, the status, or situation, or starting-point; thirdly, the inheritance. We have very nearly changed all this, and substituted a wholly different class of ideas. Instead of the family, we speak principally of the individual; instead of the status, we think most of the contract, or choice; and instead of inheritance, we put our trust most in acquisition, and rely upon making fortune for ourselves instead of taking it from our ancestors.

In these respects we Americans are somewhat peculiar in our ways; yet the Old World has been gradually easing the way for us in our path of innovation, and, in fact, so far as theory is con- and national loyalty, we were tending more and

cerned, far distancing us in radicalism. America, so far as theories of society are concerned, is comparatively conservative, and has not originated a single one of the socialist theories that assail the established ideas of the rights of property and the sacredness of the family. A thorough-going American Democrat would be scouted at as a sad old fogy in the radical circles of England, France, and Germany; and Jefferson himself never carried his enthusiasm for popular liberty to the extreme of his French masters, and, social aristocrat as he was, he put a wide margin between his abstractions and his practical policy. We allow that we as a nation are less bound by ancient conventionalism than the old monarchies of Europe; yet even the laws of conservative Europe have made slashing work with the Levitical, the civil, and the canonical codes; and are giving more and more proof that a judge's gown or a chancellor's wig can not frighten away the saucy spirit of progress, or make the new generation walk in the leading-strings of the

The time was when in France and England positive law of church, or state, or priestly, or royal prerogative had matters pretty much their own way, and personal will was in one form or another set aside by the authority that called itself patriarchal. But now even the old rule of the household has yielded to individual liberty, even when it seems most to affirm its right to be; and when, as in France, the heads of families virtually choose husbands and wives for their children with something of the ancient majesty, the parties thus disposed of become independent as never before by marriage, and a specific contract, not merely family status, is relied upon to decide their future relation to each other; so that the most devout little French wife would be apt to make faces at the jurist, and perhaps at the confessor, who would remind her of the patria potestas of old Rome, or the supreme authority of the ancient patriarchs. John Bull, we have reason to believe, has not kept all of his ancestral hold over his children; and young England, both masculine and feminine, has been giving the old gentleman a good deal of trouble, and not seldom calling him "Governor," because he thinks himself such and they do not. We must allow, however, that we Americans have wellnigh broken with the patriarchal system, have given a free rein to our young people, and sometimes made light of the very idea of family government, and have debated the question whether there can be any just authority that does not originate with or please the party governed. It is thought by some persons who would pass for good patriots and conservative citizens, that national life is but a compact that originated in mere choice, and in mere choice may be brought to an end, so as to give us back to our original condition as separate States or individuals—a condition, by-the-by, which we never held nor our fathers before us.

Until the recent awakening of public spirit



more to entire individualism, and it has been common to regard a man as lightly bound by few if any obligations that are not defined by a regular agreement if not a written contract. It has been thought the smart thing for a youth to quit his father's house in his teens, and set up not only his own business but his opinions and manners for himself; and gay Paris is a rigid Puritan school-house to the young in comparison with the free-and-easy generation that so does what is pleasing in its own eyes in this most democratic of all cities; this indulgent, and worldly, and self-willed, yet very charming and neighborly New York, which all strait-laced people condemn, and yet seem to love dearly-probably on the ground that we are bound to love our enemies. We have not, indeed, forgot our commandments, however much we may sometimes forget to keep them; and we are altogether too sound in the faith to agree for a moment with certain ultraists, who hold forth to us from time to time in defense of the doctrine of juvenile sovereignty, not squatter but creeper sovereignty, as if babies in the cradle were a sufficient law unto themselves, and all little folks should rule their own plays and studies, morals and religion, as if they came into the world without a parent's agency, and were self-existent facts, independent monads by themselves.

We are quite as little in danger of being led captive by those sticklers for ancient rule, who would have us go back to the ways of the Jewish patriarchs or the Roman fathers; and the best answer to such reactionists would be simply to take them at their own word, and ask them to conform to their boasted pattern. Thus some good friends of ours are great admirers of the patriarchal system, and think it a great mercy for an intelligent master to own, and feed, and direct his slaves, instead of leaving them to their own darkness, liberty, and imbecility. How would these friends like to have the whole system carried out? and what would a young sprig of Carolina chivalry say if his father, according to the Abrahamic method, should claim him as his own personal property, with authority to marry him, or hire him out, or to punish him at pleasure, even to the taking of his life for crime, or to the sacrifice of him as a victim to religion? The patriarchs owned their children very much as they owned their slaves, and while the system lasted, the son was little favored above the serf, except in his prospect, as a child of the blood, of one day becoming the head of the family himself. The father owned all the flocks and herds of his children, and the Mosaic code, which so far modified the rigor of his prerogative, proves by the necessity of such modification the severity of the original rule. The Roman father had, if possible, a sterner rule, and one in which rigid law was less softened by domestic love. The code of the Twelve Tables implies that he could chastise his children at will, even to the penalty of death; he could shape their personal condition as he chose, give a wife to a son, or a husband to his daughter, divorce either son or

daughter, transfer them to another family by adoption, or sell them outright. Even the public service which suspended the exercise of this law of the patria potestas did not annul it, and the son, who as a general or judge might command his own father in the field or sentence him in court, was obliged to submit meekly to the old gentleman as soon as the bands of office were laid aside and the yoke of domestic rule was restored. Even as late as the age of Justinian, whose Pandects bear the date of 533 A.D., the reforms in Roman law left to the father authority over all the goods of his children during his lifetime, and allowed them to own, in their own right, only such acquisitions as did not come from the parent's property.

It would be somewhat amusing to see an attempt made to carry out any of these laws in our day, even in the most conservative quarters. Imagine one of our judges or generals visiting the old homestead and ordered to hand over his salary or pay to his imperious papa; or one of our willful young gentlemen or spirited young ladies called into the parlor and told positively that a marriage had been decided upon, and instant submission or a severe flogging, or imprisonment, or worse, must be the alternative. What consternation would possess any of our clubs of young men, if it were announced at one of their charming réunions that a relentless father Abraham were at the door in search for young Isaac to sacrifice him on the altar! He might find it hard to get him to go to church at all, even to immolate his independence upon the altar of matrimony under circumstances of tolerable favor; but the idea of any thing like giving up his well-fed, well-clothed, and good-looking person to the sacrificial knife, even in the most ideal or symbolic sense of the term, would be too preposterous to conceive of: far more so than the opposite idea that the father's business it is to offer himself for his son, and to plan, and toil, and sweat, and groan, and spare, and spend that the precious youth may have every thing his own way, and be thoroughly spoiled instead of consecrated by the old man's sacrifice. Our daughters are more gentle and devoted, but our modern life does not presume to ask of them to submit to any Jephthah's rash vow, or take the part of Iphigenia to propitiate Diana's wrath. Our fair Iphigenias look for the sacrifice sometimes in the other quarter, and the plodding father or long-suffering mother is the victim to be sacrificed to the maiden's dainty ease or perverse will.

While we criticise the stern old rule of the family, and note its wide opposition to our modern life, we must not forget that it had many redeeming traits, and that stringent authority was in the main based upon the idea of exacting homage that it might give protection. The family was the governing power, and obedience was the price of its protection. Now that the governing power has changed its centre, and acts through social, civil, and religious laws, ideas, and institutions, we must not forget that it still exists, and that men are, on the whole, governed

property, and even life itself, subject to human will and jurisdiction. We freemen are taxed and drafted, whether we individually like it or not; and we are liable, and justly so, to be called to give our lives to the defense of our country. There surely can be no greater fallacy than to believe that authority is to die out because its form changes; and it is probably true of civil society, as it is true of the material universe, that throughout all transformations the same essential forces survive and act. As when the water in the lake evaporates and seems to be lost, it reappears in the clouds, the dew, and the rain, so the forces of society that seem to die are sure to reappear; and even the passions and self-will that so strongly mark barbaric tribes and yield to civilization are not wholly lost, but survive in a better temper and more healthful rule under the rightful enthusiasm and just order of lawful society. We must remember alike when we find ourselves ridiculing the arbitrary restraints of primitive ages, or chafing at existing restrictions upon our personal liberty, and believe that social force is as much a fact of mankind as physical force is a fact of nature, and we can not possibly get rid of it, except by duly acknowledging and regulating it. When patriarchal power was so softened as to lose its iron yoke, it reappeared in the law of the nation, and then in the authority of the king; and when the thrones of the world were shaken, and the reign of absolute love was proclaimed, the new empire did not destroy the old authority, and the new father of the faithful called on all nations to obey the throne of Heaven. Shall we expect our new liberalism to destroy the old loyalties, and in our passion for ever-varying liberty can we desire or hope to do away the constant elements of the true order? What is clearer than the fact that every revolt against rightful power instead of securing perfect liberty is sure to set up some new and objectionable force, and all license tends more or less swiftly to utter despotism? If we quit our old anchoring ground and drift out to sea, vainly thinking that we are wholly free, we soon find our mistake, and learn that the winds and tides will master us if we do not master them; and while seeming to drive on in sweet and undisputed liberty, we may drive into a quicksand or be dashed against a rock.

Precisely whither we have been drifting since the great break-up some three centuries and a half ago we can not say with entire certainty, yet we may be sure that the disintegrating process is not yet completed either in the Old World or the New, and there is no fixed substitute for the old priesthood and crown. When we outwardly conform, there is an inward questioning, or protest; and there is no unchallenged authority either in the household, the state, or the church. What is constant is not yet clearly distinguished from what is variable in our civilization; and first principles of social stability. Some of the absolutism, we give the bard of Avon a place

as much as they ever were, and obliged to hold | attempts to free us from the old fastenings have but riveted our chains, by sending men from the excesses of democratic license into the hands of the new despotism; and in France and America, the countries most impassioned for liberty, military despotism is the first and most pressing danger. Yet we can not be other than ourselves, nor deny that we are seekers for some relief from the ancient yoke, nor that we yearn for an individual liberty of thought and action such as the world has never seen. We can no more go back to the old thralldom than an eaglet can go back into the egg after having pierced its shell and spread wings to the air. We honestly confess to a deep sympathy with the liberal party all the world over, and invariably side with them rather than with the dynasties and alliances, however holy in name, that are trying to tread them under foot. From our respect for the liberals we are all the more earnest to see them judiciously led, and shall be glad to hear or speak any word that may tend to show that the true progress must start from true loyalty, and the movement that is variable must rest upon a ground that is constant.

Thus, take the first point of difference between the old and the new civilization—the distinction between the family, which was the old unit of history or society, and the individual, which is the modern unit. We confess to having taken our full part in the current protest in behalf of individual liberty against the cast-iron conventionalism that has so long striven to run the whole community in the clay moulds of hereditary prejudice and bigotry. We like unity, indeed; but it must be of the free and living kind, like that of the water that flows forth in one full tide, and not like the ice that is held together by deadly cold. Even when we condemn excessive individualism, and make merry at the virtual radicalism that so turns the tables against the Hebrew and Roman patriarchal rule as to set boys and girls to lording it over their fathers and mothers, we must check the mischief by understanding, not by hiding its source. For we shall make poor headway against the folly unless we appreciate the redeeming traits in its composition; and instead of restoring a grinding parental tyranny that ignores or despises all differences of gifts or dispositions, and is determined to put the same stamp upon all, we are to appreciate every trait of individual character, and rule each in such way as to do justice to all. We certainly see much to rejoice at in the free culture of our age, and never found too strong a champion of the faith that each soul is itself, and not another; and that rational creatures of God are not to be herded and driven together, like cattle, at the word and with the brand of a common owner. We ascribe that rich and dauntless modern literature, of which perhaps Shakspeare is the best representative, to the hearty emancipation of personal and social life from the old trammels; and so individuals and communities are adrift as to the far as protesting against the essence of papal

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above the monk of Wittenberg. Nor do we wholly condemn the excessive freedom of modern thought and speech and manners, that have brought such rich varieties of character and genius from the same families, communities, and churches. We are glad that there are many men of many minds, and many women too; and our hope for the true unity rests not in suppressing but recognizing the just rights of the individual. The many can be really one only when freely, rationally, and healthfully so, as the flock is one, not by being chained together, but by following the one shepherd to the pleasant pastures or the secure fold.

Here the great question presents itself, how this is to be accomplished; and, without entering into particulars, we may affirm entire conviction that it will be accomplished, and that the dawn of the better day of the reconciliation of domestic and civil and religious authority with wholesome individualism already appears. We are learning that if we as branches would grow fully and freely, we must grow from the root, instead of expecting the root to grow from The families that develop the sweetest graces and fairest faculties in the members are generally such as are brought up under reverential discipline; and a dozen girls and boys are all the more able to think and feel heartily their own way from belonging to a hearty and united household, that cherishes all their gifts in one spirit of love and duty. We rejoice very much to note so many signs of the alliance between youthful enthusiasm and parental and pastoral discipline; and while not inclined to scoff at any thing that serious people regard as a revival of religion, to us the most hopeful of all revivals is the recent awakening of reverence in children and youth by deepening their faith without deadening their affections, and by making parents and pastors their friends and companions without ceasing to make them their guides. Arnold and his Broad Church school on both sides of the water have done wonders by this union of genial young life with devout faith and obedience; and we are delighted that Arnold's pupil and biographer, Arthur Stanley, is chief chaplain and adviser of the Prince of Wales, and has just published a volume of sermons that were delivered upon his late tour with the son of Victoria and the heir of England. The spirit that mingles such freedom and reverence cheers us every where, and is no stranger to our sometimes wayward Young America. Much of our fresh young life is accepting with enthusiasm all the great loyalties. It is not common to find any generous and thoughtful man who makes the miserable mistake of confounding reverence with fear, or discipline with servility. Our freest and heartiest type of religion is loyal and selfcontrolled, and the ally of all good order in the family and the nation; while it is very clear that the great uprising of our people for the Country and the Constitution can not end without legitimating all forms of just authority, and making us all feel that liberty is the handmaid Digitized by Vol. XXVI. No. 156.—3 F

of obedience. The many are free and strong by the union that makes them one, and true subjection is perfect freedom. We can not say that all is yet well in our domestic manners, and that the unit of individualism is always willing to defer to the higher unity of the household or the nation. But that the principle of reconciliation has been set forth is beyond all doubt, and we ask no fairer form of social liberty and subordination than what our American life in its best examples is now exhibiting. Nowhere on earth have there been families that have been more free to develop their individual gifts, and combine the true variety with the essentials of unity than with us. Some of them are part of the history of our literature, art, and enterprise, morals and religion; while the greater host of them move in more quiet, yet not less important and useful spheres. May their shadows never be less! and may we learn from them anew how to read our national motto, and in every good way be one from many, without sacrifice of the unity of the spirit or the diversity of the gifts.

We trust that the national life itself is working from both directions toward the true order, and while individual liberty is bringing our people to the necessity of public authority, the public authority is also bravely coming to the support of individual liberty; and under the sacred guidance of the great father of our country, who still lives in the hearts of the people, we are rising up in our unity as a family, and our variety as a multitude, and calling the name of Washington blessed.

The same comprehensive thinking that reconciles family unity with individual liberty will show itself in a second act of reconciliation quite as important, and will teach us to harmonize our status with our contract, or the fixed facts of our lot with freedom of personal choice. It is useless to deny that many persons seem to ignore the very idea of a status, and to speak and act as if we were all afloat upon the sea of opinion, and every thing in the world depended upon our choice. In rejecting this folly we are, of course, to shun the equal absurdity of denying that men have any rights of opinion, and affirming that all they have to do is to settle down heavily upon their antecedents, and live as if the past were all and the present and future were nothing. We must give fair play to the new age, even if we would deal justly by the old time, just as we must give a boy fair chance to grow and show what is in him, if we would do justice to his old father, and prove that he is born of a living man, and means to be alive and kicking. We rejoice that opinion is so watchful, and that modern thought is so determined to examine into ancient usages, ideas, and institutions, and so many monstrous abuses have been set aside, and so many noble movements have been started. We are not alarmed at the spirit of free inquiry upon the most sacred subjects, and are glad to have young people ask, not only why they ought to believe, but also

why they ought to obey. Yet thinking will not | be free, but fettered, if it is not allowed to start from its own rightful antecedents, and to grow from its own root. True choice begins with the fixed facts of our own position and being, and contract, unless it is afloat in the air, must found itself upon the solid ground of reality.

Take the simplest bargain as an illustration of what we mean. You wish to buy a piece of land of your neighbor, and in approaching him you use your full liberty of choice, and act upon the supposition that this is a free country, and land, instead of being settled upon the few by primogeniture and entail, is open to the many by free contract and consequent occupation. You make your contract, but you can do so only by recognizing the status of the facts and the parties. You investigate the title to the land, and procure a deed based upon the prior owner's right and the laws of the country, so that you commit yourself wholly by that transaction to the stability of the public order, and in your choice you move upon a solid ground of conservatism. Moreover, in meeting the other party, you carry your character to the interview, and he carries his, and in all that passes between you you are obliged to recognize your mutual status or antecedents. When you give your word, it is your word, not another man's; and the first principle of all honorable trade is that men mean what they say, and their language is to be interpreted according to its equitable meaning, and not twisted from it by verbal chicanery. All fair business is done on the supposition that the parties are honest men, and mean what they say; and thus all fair contract proceeds upon a certain status of character, so that immense transactions are made every day in a great city like ours upon the simple word of the parties, to be taken in its equitable sense, without the need of the interminable distinctions of technical law to guard against mistake or fraud, and a man would be at once read out or kicked out of the market-place who should go on the principle of lying and cheating except when he gave a written obligation or a public promise to speak the truth and be honest.

Nothing can be clearer than this instance, and it is sufficient to establish the principle that all choice implies an antecedent, and liberty of contract is based upon some fixed fact or status. Thus in family relations, we can not deny that children have a certain liberty of choice, and that from the very dawn of intelligence they should be left to decide some things for themselves, if it be only to say when they are hungry, or cold, or weary. But this choice is the choice of children, and such is the status upon which they obtain and enjoy their liberty. Even when at play and indulging to the full the freedom of their animal spirits, they are enjoying themselves as children under their parents' protection, and owe their very liberty to this protection. When the age of pupilage ceases, and the child goes forth to seek his fortune for himself, he carries the family name with him, and is his father's fruit as they can of that divinely planted tree.

son still, although he may go into a far country, like the Prodigal, and waste his substance in riotous living. God's providence and his own heart have committed him to his own blood and kindred, and however wretched he may be, however negligent of the lessons of his early days. he will never renounce his birth-right, and deny his parentage and his home, unless he becomes a heartless wretch, an inhuman monster. If he comes back in rags, and asks to be a hired servant, he may say that he is not worthy to be called a son, but he will never say that he is not his own father's son, nor will his father ever disown him so long as there is a single drop of the old blood beating between the two. Still more memorable is the fact of the status, if the son is true to a worthy father's name, and follows his antecedents throughout an honorable life. He keeps firm foothold upon the ground upon which he started, and builds his fortune and name upon the estate, character, and reputation of his father. However modest may be his claims and moderate his successes, he feels that he is carrying out his antecedents lovally. and that his good repute is as much his birthright as his acquisition.

When he has children of his own, he is bound to give them the same status that he enjoys, and encourage them to enlarge it by their wisdom and energy. He brings them up to regard themselves as committed to the great loyalties of good civilization, and expects them to be good children, and in time good parents, patriots, and Christians. The household, the nation, the church, are not strange regions that they are to discover for themselves, but facts fixed, and as such to be used and loved, essential goods of their birth-right, and as such never to be lost. To deny the fact of such status on the ground that a man is not bound by any thing but by his own free act or contract, is as absurd as to deny that he had a nature when he came into the world, or to affirm that he made himself by choice or contract, instead of being made by the Creator, and born into the world through his parents with a certain body and soul.

The application of this principle to education is most important and interesting, and an enlarged view will show us the need of insisting more upon certain fixed facts or starting principles in the training of our children. We ought to give them very decided notions of what they ought to be and obey, as a matter of course, and without trying to revive any exploded notions of family pride or aristocratic prerogative, we may bring them up to regard themselves as wellborn and well-bred, as having a certain birthright of genuine republican respectability, which they can not renounce without disgracing their blood, and, in fact, without denying their own good name. They surely start with a happy status who begin life with the conviction that they are to grow up loyally from the good old stock of our common American intelligence, energy, sobriety, and reverence, and bear as much



The application of the principle to national matters at present is most important, and may help us much in this time of agitation and perplexity. As a people we are everlastingly bargaining and voting, and so incessantly are we called to say what or whom we choose to have over us, that the feeling is not an uncommon one that nothing is fixed among us, or that all depends upon contract and nothing upon status. We are at least once a year voting in the village and city, and as often as once in four years we choose our chief magistrate in the nation, and there is something in this constant choice that keeps the public mind awake, and in spite of its dangers may be turned to great good. But what does our choice imply? Does it imply that our vote does every thing and implies nothing antecedent to itself, so that we may make or unmake the government or the nation at pleasure? Surely not. When we vote, we vote not as an inorganic mob, but as an organized nation; and in our freest act we most loyally acknowledge our national status. We find ourselves one nation as we find ourselves a family; and we can no more unmake our civil than our domestic antecedents-no more repudiate our country than repudiate our father and mo-

It may be said, indeed, that our fathers made our country, and we have as good a right to undo the work as they had to do it. How would the same principle look if carried into household matters, and we were to say that our parents made us a family, and we have a right to break up or destroy the family and undo their work? Let our ready execration upon all disturbers of household peace and fosterers of family quarrels be the sufficient answer. But without urging this point, we deny that our fathers did, by their own mere choice or contract, make this nation into which we are born. They acted according to the antecedent status. They found thirteen colonies already united by a certain historical bond, first, by the mother country, then by mutual alliance against the Indians and the French, and, lastly, by the War of Revolution, and the common life growing out of this war. The articles of Confederation acknowledged the status of union, but very inadequately, and the Constitution of the United States acknowledged it effectively, and confirmed the vital principle of the old Union that had been growing from the first colonial times, so as to fix and deepen the old status by the new contract. Call the Constitution if you please a compact, was it not a compact between the people of States that had a previous existence, rights, duties, and union? The Constitutional Republic was the legitimate child of the Confederacy, and we are legitimate children of the Constitutional Republic; and by the grace of God and our own stout right arm we mean to keep our birthright. We are not made, but born a nation; not facti but nati, not a faction but a nation-and a nation we will be. It is as a nation that we

and entered into our prosperity and joy. nation we have our status, and not as sections, or what are usually called States. The nation is the State, while the sections are, in an inferior sense, States. No State, not even this Empire State, is the State, but the nation is the State, and this imperial New York has its honorable history and prestige, not in itself but as constituent part of the nation, and loses status in losing nationality. In fact the sections never were severally the States, nor of themselves were they independent States. They owe their standing even as States to their position in the Union, and apart from this they never could have had being as commonwealths, nor held out against foreign invaders or civil dissensions. Secession is not only death to the nation but suicide to the separate States, and they lose caste the moment they break away from the system to which they belong, alike by the providence of God and the free act of the whole people.

This doctrine is sound in every part of the country-sound South and West, as well as North and East. It gives status and strength to Kentucky as well as to Massachusetts, and may yet save mad little South Carolina from the isolation and infamy that rebellion is bringing upon her. The Constitution secures the States in securing the status of the nation; and every returning Prodigal shall find a home, and a law, and a defense in the father's house. The word may not be "Wayward Sisters, go in peace," but it should be "Wayward Sisters, no peace for you but husks and swine until you come in Such is our standard of loyalty; and peace." we ought to glory in it as combining the strength of a fixed status with such freedom of personal

We can barely allude to the last distinction that we named at the outset, and must leave it to our readers to expatiate for themselves upon the importance of our remembering what we inherit in our greediness for what we hope to earn. We will not quarrel with the enterprise and fortune-making of our people, and we like any sort of decent activity better than stagnation. But what folly it is for us to forget the affluence of which we are made heirs by the providence of God and the sacrifices and labors of our fathers? Are we not sometimes virtually outcasts from our own rightful heritage in our passion for new domain and new gains? We slight our best lands and our best prospects and associations in the rage for speedy riches; and many persons act as if fortune were to be wholly made by personal force instead of being accepted by personal docility and obedience. How sadly we slight the magnificent scenery, the noble institutions, and excellent society of our old settlements, and sacrifice culture and health, either in our false methods of living or our vain and feverish wanderings! We shall not be wise until we calm our pulse, and open our minds and hearts, and take the riches ready for us, and check our haste to make the riches that are so very uncertain. have done our great work, and won our honors. We are heirs of the whole country, nay, of the

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whole earth and of all ages; and we do not begin to know what education is until we know our wealth and enjoy it, and train our children to enjoy it.

We are to accept as a sacred inheritance all that comes to us in the line of our antecedents. whether outward or inward, or having the worth of circumstance or of character. It is well for each family to make the most of its own heritage-to use well its patrimony, whether large or small, and treasure up all the lessons and examples of its ancestry. All the more are we to keep faithfully the great heritage of our magnificent civilization, and use our new earnings so as best to bring out, interpret, and diffuse the old wealth of the race. We are all rich by this standard, while apart from it gold and silver are but dust, and property is but a pompous name for poverty. Out of the line of culture and civilization millions of money are of no high account; but in the true line of humanity and God a modest competence is priceless riches, and unlocks and inherits the treasures of all time. We as a people are sadly negligent of this truth, and our wealth is crude and coarse, and has hardly begun to know the true wisdom and to master the true art. If the next ten years every man of means would spend his money with an eye to this truth, and would ask not how he may follow the reigning mode, but how he may best take the highest wisdom and art of mankind, and leave the most precious heritage to those that come after him, a great revolution would be inaugurated, and a new day dawn upon our manners and entertainments, our houses, schools, museums, galleries, and churches. Heirs of the ages, we might also be their benefactors, and make the whole nation as well as our children rich with the fleasures that do not perish but increase with years.

But we must not, in our somewhat sombre moralizing, fail to see the bright side of our American society, nor forget what immense temptations we have had to struggle against in this new country, with its restless temper and ever-fevered career. If we have drifted away from some of the old landmarks, it has not been because we were idle, but too much engrossed; and now that we are in pressing danger, seriously reckoning our course, and observing our bearings, we find much to encourage the hope that we are to respect the good old loyalties with all the freshness of our young life, and to affirm the family, the status, and the heritage in the home, the nation, and the church all the more freely and heartily because we have floated a little too far on the tide of individualism, choice, and acquisition. Shakspeare was in many things a prophet for both hemispheres: and his picture of Prince Harry, when sobered by his accession to the throne, does well as a portrait of our Young America as we wish to see him, now that his majority has come, and he is to rise to the empire of his father or to come to naught, cumber the ground, and be

Americans who are worthy of the picture among the living and the dead:

"I survive, To mock the expectation of the world; To frustrate prophecies; and to raze out Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down After my seeming. The tide of blood in me Hath proudly flowed in vanity, till now: Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea; Where it shall mingle with the state of floods, And flow henceforth in formal majesty. Now call we forth our high court of parliament: And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel. That the great body of our state may go In equal rank with the best-governed nation; That war, or peace, or both at once, may be As things acquainted and familiar to us. And (God consigning to my good intents) No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say, Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day.

THROUGH SUFFERING.

THEY were sitting about the library fire, Margaret, Dr. Moorefield, and Philip Dupleix, in silence, and with only the light of a single jet burning low in its globe. The stir in the halls without had died away; flowers were trailing from cornice and casement, crowded in tall vases, and drooping from baskets; drawing-rooms and staircases glowed like the Pavilion of Haroun, flaming out on the night, through the dank intervening shrubbery to the sodden roads beyond, and staid old Rocky Crest, all day in delirium over its young mistress's whim of a winter reception at her country seat rather than in town, had settled at last into that current stillness and expectancy peculiar to houses in time of fête.

It was getting late. Mrs. Raynor, whom Margaret had constituted hostess for the evening, was dressed already and waiting in stiff splendor, and yet Margaret sat playing with Fauna's silky ears, and frowning over the thought of the justended discussion, or rather dialogue; for Dr. Moorefield sat apart putting the subject coldly by, till urged by Dupleix's sneers, she had herself dragged the evil spirit over her threshold like Christabel, and insisted upon an answer. It came then, curt, decisive, unanswerable:

"Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

And Dupleix had turned to her with a meaning smile, saying, "Senza maccola!" and she flushing redly, dropped the subject into a silence stormier than words; for this was no jest but conviction. The man's whole earnest nature was in his eyes as he spoke. Fair looks and true obedience would he exact rigorously of the woman that he loved. He would cherish her indeed tenderly, generously. He would be very patient with her, doubtless. He had been so with her, but he would not bate an iota of his prerogative. She must be always in his thought inferior, at best the pale reflection of himself, treated tenderly out of very scorn of hurting any thing so weak, but yielding to him in return will and thought, as "too little payment of so great unfit to fill a decent grave. We know young a debt." Perhaps this was what he wished of



her! Why, this was what she had already done, his armor, that her blow had failed; lost presand back rushed stinging memories of hownot once, but over and again-she had been turned from her most steadfast purpose by a touch, a low-spoken word, a look. At the very thought she burst out, angrily:

"Sooner than that-" then stopped short.

"Sooner than what?" asked Dr. Moorefield, softly.

Margaret rose as if she had not heard him.

"It is nine o'clock. Why did not some one send me up stairs an hour ago?"

"You have time enough," answered Philip. at whom she looked. "Do you mean to wear that colorless, filmy, floating thing, that I saw as I passed your door? Why, you will be a veritable snow maiden—a thing of the mist or sea-foam. Have a dash of color somewhere, to assure us that you are of earth; something purple or scarlet-fuschias, for instance."

"No, wear lilies. I have a horror of fuschias." Margaret looked from one to the other, but the time for discussion was gone; wheels were at the door. The bell rang out sharply. At the sound she vanished.

In her dressing-room stood Victorine, her maid, blank before the "colorless, filmy, floating thing," and two baskets on the table, asking with meek reproach,

"Which flowers did Mademoiselle prefer?"

Flowers! Margaret stood amazed and undecided before broad, grandly curved lilies lying cool among their leaves, and fuschias burning in purple and scarlet. She had not ordered them, but she hesitated not between white whorls and trailing splendors, but Dr. Moorefield and his displeasure. She had never yet braved him. She was hardly sure of brself. By way of suggestion Victorine held up a lily against her hair. The law of contraries decided her.

"Take the fuschias," she said, sharply.

The music went on below. The drawingrooms were crowded, the gayety at fever-heat, the whirl at its maddest, but Philip Dupleix looked vainly for Margaret. He had seen her once—a floating airy vision, without sparkle or gleam of color except the flush of fuschias, half hidden in folds of tulle, and drooping low on her white shoulders from the golden knot into which her lovely hair was gathered at the back-and lost her again in the fluttering perfumed maelstrom. Meanwhile the languid air was pulsing and thrilling with wailing chords, warning, hurrying notes of the weird Lava Strome, the waltz that Margaret had once promised James Moorefield always to hold sacred for him. She was sitting now in a recessed window looking up at him with a hateful smile, a thing of the lips, in which her angry eyes had no part. He had but just found her out-with a woman's quickness saw on the instant the flare of the fuschias, guessed their meaning, and why his lilies lay cool and untouched on her table; guessed, but kept silence of word and look, and, as a consequence, Margaret blundered, as most girls do in such matters—fencied, because he bled beneath

ence of mind, and did what she had not intended-offered him a seat beside her.

Meanwhile the restless music was throbbing and groaning about them like something living and in pain. Golden memories of the past golden time came back with every wailing chord. The sense of his power was strong upon her—the old subtle thrill of his look tingling in every vein. I think then and there she must have repented, only now it was his turn to blunder.

"You would not wear my flowers?" he said, touching the fusehias.

On the instant she was triumphant. He was not strong after all. She had hurt him.

"The stems are so thick!" she answered, carelessly; "and though lilies do vastly well in romance, in real life they have such a painful tendency to break short in one's hair!"

"That was your reason-your real reason?"

"How you look!—as if you were grand inquisitor at least. I shall take advantage of the law, however. I am not required to convict myself."

"This is trifling."

"On a grave subject-Lilies vs. Fuschias."

"Will you be serious for a moment?"

"To-morrow. Lent commences then, and I shall lay aside all my follies together."

"Oh, this is intolerable!"

"It is indeed. The air is positively stifling; but they are so obstinate about the fires! and Mr. Dupleix has my fan. Won't you ask him for it?"

He rose as if to obey; went toward the curtains; came back, resolutely:

"I will not go. There is some meaning in all this folly. What is it?"

"Really you exact too much," she returned, scornfully. "Authors seldom furnish commentaries on their own works."

"I will not receive that as an answer."

"You will not."

"I will not. A fair hearing and the truth are only my right, and I claim them, and will have them, even from Margaret Brederode. Is there no sense of honor among you women that you will pledge look, manner, action-all but words-and then call it a jest? That I love you honestly and dearly you know; and you-let it sound as it will, if you are worth thought or mention, if you are any thing but a fair deceit-you love me. You can not deny it. Your very face convicts you."

He caught her hands as he spoke, thinking her involuntary shrinking a movement to escape, and holding her fast, looked steadily into the face bending lower and lower before him, hot with blushes of shame and indignation. Remonstrance, or fierce anger-something warmer or cooler-she had expected, but not this. She was positively tingling with self-contempt; all the blood of the outspoken Brederodes roused and burning to punish the lie, even though it were her own.

Her silence and trembling deceived him. He

thought her grieved (whereas she was obstinate), and drew her toward him, murmuring, passion-

"Oh! why will you make me speak like this when I love you so well? Why not give me the right to love you always?"

"Polite parlance, meaning 'Make yourself my serf; my bond-slave for life."

- "I see I was mistaken. You do not love me." "I do" (head erect and eyes flashing); "but
- I love freedom more!"
- "You have no trust in me." "Oh yes! I know that the despotism would be sweet, and you are so dear" (crimsoning violently, but bringing out the word resolutely) "that I should doubtless prove a contented slave. But I will not sell my birth-right even for you!"
- "Your birth-right! Should it not be a meek and quiet spirit?'
 - "I am no divine."
- "You are a woman, however, the dearest one in the world to me, and should be amenable to reason. Listen, Margaret! I am no tyrant. I should have no wish to exercise this authority of which you are so jealous, except where you yourself would approve. Can you not believe that? You say you love me. What kind of love is that that will put no faith in its object?" Margaret rose with a wearied air.
- "Spare me the discussion. It is quite useless. Besides, here is Mr. Dupleix. Where have you been? I have wanted my fan."

"It has done duty, I assure you; but won't you dance? You promised me a waltz, and this is your favorite, the Lava Strome."

A touch on her arm, felt principally by intuition, and "Remember your promise to me!" sounded close in her ear.

Without turning, she took a spray of heliotrope from the Indian vase.

- "Will you fasten that, Mr. Dupleix, in my hair-to the right?-thank you."
 - "Now, will you come?"
- "If you go with that man I shall know how to understand it," pursued the low, steady voice. Margaret pulled off her gloves.
- "They are soiled with these flowers. Keep them for me, James. Now, Mr. Dupleix, I am ready."

And with the waltz-beat beginning now to sound out of the wailing chaos, they whirled

Dr. Moorefield stood quietly looking after them, pale and sad, but with no wavering about the compressed lips, no relenting in his burning eyes. Margaret saw and read aright; felt that henceforth a great gulf was fixed between them, and she must have done with him forever. It was only what she had wished, and she was glad, of course, only a little startled and solitary in feeling, habit is so strong, and this foolish habit of trust and dependence on him was the growth of two years. Heart and brain were in a whirl. She could neither dance nor talk; she must think,

the room of Mrs. Wilson the housekeeper. Up the stairs she fled like a spirit, found it empty, locked and bolted the door, sat down, and drew a long breath.

As it chanced she had taken Mrs. Wilson's easy-chair, evidently but just vacated; and standing before a little table, on which lay an open book and the good woman's spectacles. Mechanically she glanced down at the middle of the page, and read: "God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it. Thou art weighed in the balances, and found wanting."

Had the hand that terrified the Babylonish king traced the words on the wall before her. she could have scarcely felt a thrill of stronger terror. In her disturbed and heated state the menace and the reproach seemed specially addressed to her, and with something like a shudder she took up a package of letters, the mail that Mrs. Wilson had not found opportunity to give her in the stir of the evening, and opened the topmost one.

It was from Fairchild and Littlejohn, her law-yers. She read a paragraph, stopped short, went on again with a sort of dull incredulity, skimming the dry legal details and reserving their examination for a cooler time. Their sum a child might understand. The great lawsuit that she had inherited with her estate had been decided against her. Lands, moneys, all were gone. There was left her the Brederode name and pride, frail reeds, apt to pierce those who lean on them. Putting the letter in her bosom she went down stairs with a somewhat enigmatical but certainly calm enough face. Philip Dupleix looked at her earnestly, but she only smiled and remained impenetrable. As for Dr. Moorefield he was gome, and without bidding her good-night. He must have been bitterly angered so to have forgotten his usual calm courtesy, and I verily believe that she thought more of that as she lay awake that night than of the crash of her fortunes.

Her arrangements were simple and easily made. Every one was dismissed, every thing sold. She had no relatives, and no friendships. Dr. Moorefield came to see her, but she would not receive him. The gulf between them was wider now than ever. Philip Dupleix came also, and was denied like the rest, though she was not a little astonished at his coming. had not expected it. Over Rocky Crest, so dear to Brederode pride, she shed some tears, but she had not found so much pleasure in her life of eating, drinking, and dancing that she must needs lament it with a very bitter outcry; indeed there was little time for demonstrations of that sort; she was down now; on foot among everyday strugglers for life, and people who go wiping their eyes are sadly apt to be trampled on. There was a niche for her somewhere in the world, and she set herself to find it; discovered it of all places on the globe in a Connecticut village, where an aristocracy compelled so far to follow vulgar usages as to send their but refuge there was none, unless it should be children to school, were determined to concede



no more to an encroaching common humanity. Parnassus should have a picket-fence, and Helicon a special drinking-cup, or ignorance forever! In short, there was required as teacher a lady by birth and education, who would receive no other pupils than those assigned her. The terms were fair, Margaret easily satisfied, so behold her installed as teacher of the S- Select School, doing well with it-thanks to her old habit of authority—and leading a life outwardly monotonous, yet not altogether displeasing.

She liked her abiding-place-an old stone cottage standing on a low rise of ground, and showing her from its windows a rocky beach on which the sea lapped and crunched hungrily all day, as though still mindful of the time when it held those very barriers in its ravenous abyss; then she approved, though she still kept at some small distance, Mrs. Ransom, its owner and a widow, a good creature like Mademoiselle Baptistine, possessing a body principally as an excuse for a soul. Moreover, she had on hand a first friendship, only with a little, clear-eyed, cooing yearold baby, Ida Ransom; yet it kept her heart warm, and with it nestling on her lap, its soft hands tangled in the long golden hair that it delighted to pull from her comb down about her shoulders, talking to it in that curious language that a true woman has by instinct; making a wonder of its solemn looks and low murmurings, kissing its fragrant mouth, its dimpled shoulders, its white eyelids, even its little pink feet. I question if the mistress of Rocky Crest were ever so happy; and time went on at least quietly till on one of these golden times Philip Dupleix surprised her, as with hair down and blowing freshly back from her sparkling face she whirled with baby through the hall almost into his arms as he was coming in at the open door. As usual he was self-possessed.

"You have improved, Miss Brederode. I see they treat you well here;" and then he put out his arms for the baby quite as a matter of course, giving Margaret time to fasten up her hair; and taking in the little parlor, its peace, purity, and refinement, Mrs. Ransom, all at one glance, was as much at home there as if he had been the scarlet cactus in full glory on the table behind him.

It was late when he arrived, and soon the day closed stormily in burning flame close along the horizon, with here and there an upward golden gleam or flare of angry light into the pall of threatening clouds, dropping heavily down to the sea. With the twilight began to pelt a bitter storm, growing in fury with the darkness. Long dashes of rain and sleet beat against the windows, rattling and shaking crazily in the gale, and the vibration of the room, the high shricking of the wind, and the surge of the waves on the beach, gave the old house a curious effect of having drifted off to sea like a cozy Noah's ark, though if it had in reality, Philip would scarcely have stirred. The din without only heightened the comfort of the little sittingroom. The bright hearth, the shaded lamp on | can learn that after."

the table, Margaret herself sitting by it with her work-basket and sewing, were marvelously home-like, and Philip liked it all, specially the quiet seamstress so near him. She had gained flesh and color, and a better expression, not altogether peaceful but quiet. Besides, the mistress of Rocky Crest had been a mutinous, untamed thing, to be approached with doubt and caution; but the figure near him had lost something of its air of proud self-reliance, and had sometimes a little tired droop of head and evelids that pleased him best of all, perhaps because he thought the handsome, willful head might be ready now to rest on his shoulder from very weariness.

He took up her work-basket-a sort of pinecone nest with blue silk pockets; a dainty thing, as were all her belongings.

"You have a curious way of setting your mark on all that you touch. I should know this even if it were dangling from the North Pole; and, by-the-by, I think that your power extends also to individuals. Do you remember the look that Dr. Moorefield christened my Brederode expression?

Margaret answered by an upward glance, only one of attention that told him nothing, and went on with her sewing.

"Poor James!" continued Philip. "He was truly desolate at first. I used to pity him. They say now, however, that he is consoling himself with a certain Chicago belle. He has been spending the winter there.'

Here Margaret took a short, sharp lesson on moral somnambulism. She had kept her soul on the dry bread of reality, forced it to a Lenten fast from expectation, and here had it outwitted her after all; positively gone sleep-walking into Spain, and built a castle of whose existence she first learned from the crash with which Philip's words sent it to the ground. Oh, fool and blind! she had refused herself the very thought of his name, and built after all on his faith. Philip drew his chair closer.

"How could you refuse to see me?" he said, reproachfully. "You owed me friendship, at least a good-by."

"I was not in the humor."

"But you left no trace behind you. You can hardly guess what trouble I had to find you."

"I am sorry."

"Is that all you can say after six months of separation? I have never fully lived since then till now, and you tell me you are sorry—have you no—bah!" checking himself, "I am a fool! what do you care for my regrets or torment? It is enough that, cold as you are, I can not do without you. Can not! Will not!"

Margaret laid down her work and looked up with a quiet more formidable than any flutterings of indignation.

"There is one objection, Mr. Dupleix: I do not love you."

"Have I asked you if you did? I did not expect it. I am no believer in romance. You



- "Impossible!"
- "You have not tried."
- "Tried! You know nothing of loving."
- "You do."
- "That is my affair."

Philip took off the velvet glove.

- "Oh, I understand you. I know that you loved James Moorefield even when you drove him from you. Shall I tell you how far I helped you on in that sensible and noble resolve, by an occasional taunt or sneer, at the very time that you most vaunted to yourself your strength of will? If I moulded you then like wax, what chance have you now?'
- "It is possible that you may have influenced me then: it is certain you will not now."
- "Ah! then you- But why discuss the matter? Surely there is nothing so attractive about this serfdom that you should refuse such a position as I can offer?"
- "There are serfdoms worse than that of poverty," retorted Margaret.
- "You are still dreaming of Moorefield; but he will not forgive you: do not think it."
 - "I do not.
 - "Why are you so obstinate, then?"
- "Simply because I am quite unable to imagine the possibility of saying yes."
 - "But you must."
 - "Must!"
- "Your destiny, your very means of livelihood, are in my hands.
- "You mistake: that is not the Bosphorus yonder, and we are in the nineteenth century."
- "True-in a village as suspicious, scandalous, and ignorant as ever graced any century, where it needs only a few well-directed hints to open wide the eyes of your lady-patronesses to your exceeding impropriety in being young, beautiful, poor, haughty, and alone. me, I forgot nothing, but considered the game well before I moved.
- "Still I have a protector-'noblesse oblige;" and I will appeal to the honor of Philip Dupleix against himself."
- "I do not wish to injure you: only to do you good spite of yourself; to take you from a life of care and toil, even perforce. As for honorwhat is that but a toy of civilization? We are all savages at heart."

And savage indeed he looked; but Margaret still confronted him with cool disdain-even smiled slightly at the close, saying,

"So be it, then; and God help the right!" and till his departure she kept up a stately and impenetrable serenity not a little galling.

She was sorely shaken, however; wounded almost beyond endurance. The loneliness and friendlessness on which he had presumed were on her in full force; and she knew him too well to doubt either his purpose or his power to harm her. Instinctively her thoughts turned to Dr. Moorefield, only to be met by the bitter remembrance that he neither knew nor cared to know she looked up to heaven, and found that dark to stop living.

- also. For some months she had called herself Christian, and walked straitly, and somewhat sternly and sourly, in the way of her new faith. She had it in theory that God was merciful and full of compassion, and now in her need she looked up to him as to one a great way off, and found only space. In her distress she went to Mrs. Ransom:
- "I am forsaken both of heaven and earth," she cried; "God will not answer me."
- "Because you are looking too far off," said the widow, simply. "God is not far from every one of us; not shut out from us by clouds and everlasting burnings. Neither is it, as you have said, an angry Lord scourging you for your sins; but Christ, who died for you, gently putting away the excuses one by one with which you try to bar him out. He is not punishing. but teaching. He took from you your fortune, and then you came to him, because you must lean on something, but coldly, unlovingly, only when you could not rely on yourself. Now he is trying to win you from your self-reliance. He has darkened your eyes, and made your way hard, and now he says, 'Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass. Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him.' Put your hand in his, and he will guide you from your foolish ways into his blessed peace. Oh, believe that he is close by you, and that he is very pitiful. You know he does not willingly afflict or grieve. With every temptation comes the way to escape from it; and he will not suffer that bad man to hurt you. Even if, in his blindness, he closes one way against you, it is only that another and a better way may be opened. Mark-a better way!"
- "If I only had faith!" sighs poor Margaret. And indeed there was need. Those who had disliked her beauty, or held themselves affronted by her hauteur, took up eagerly enough Philip's dark hints, mysterious silences, and outspoken calumnies. It is easy to find causes of discontent, and they sprang up now like the dragon's teeth. Finally, after the proper amount of buzzing, whispering, and debating, Miss Brederode was requested to resign; and the world was before her again-a magnificent prospect, but indefinite. Niche No. 2 was hard to find, and she expended money in advertisements and profitless journeys in vain. The winter proved a hard one. Mrs. Ransom and Margaret, now regarded as one of the little family, sewed night and day; yet, with all their toil and care, hardly kept the wolf from the door. Misfortunes are sociable. Mrs. Ransom fell ill. For weeks the daily struggle for bread and all the household toil devolved on Margaret. Her strength was not of that pitiful kind that faints in the day of adversity, but the little house was now like a besieged garrison with the enemy already in the citadel: cold and hunger were within, all manner of unfavorable circumstances pressing from without; and though the garrison would have any thing of her. Utterly desolate on earth, had the option of surrender, it was not so easy



At this juncture came two letters: one from Philip, which Margaret passed over unread; the other from Mrs. Sefton, a former patroness of the select school. Some one of taste was required at Sefton Hall to trim ball-dresses, arrange tableaux, and devise costumes. Mrs. Ransom was known to be still in bed, and Mrs. Sefton had exhibited special spite toward Margaret; but unfortunately Taste is not in market, like Spaulding's glue, and no other way offering itself out of the dilemma, an indefinite order was sent to Mrs. Ransom, to be filled by the person whom it most concerned. Margaret would infinitely have preferred scrubbing far-off and unknown floors at three shillings per day; but in their desperate need she had gone to God, pleading his promises, and he had sent her, not floors in answer, but Mrs. Sefton's order; and, pangs of pride excepted, the ordeal proved not so trying as she had thought. There was singing, chattering, and bustling not a little, and steps sounding continually near her door, but only once in a week's stay was her sanctum invaded. A notable exception, as it chanced, however, surprising Margaret, as Destiny seems fond of doing; silent when invoked, eluding expectation, to stand before us, face to face, when most forgotten. Hours had Margaret spent in burning thought of what yet might be; and on this dull, sad-colored morning, when busy with nothing but a headache and tulle flounces- But we are ahead of events.

There came a rapid silken rush and rustle along the hall, a dropping fire of giggles and exclamations, and a vision of eyes, Oriental in depth and blackness, roused into fire and sparkle, cheeks flushed into the scarlet of pomegranates, teeth showing dazzlingly through pouting lips, abundant hair loose from sparkling side-combs, and white arms, trim waist, and rounded bust, brought into loveliest outline, as Nannie Sefton, closely followed by a gentleman, took breathless refuge in a corner, holding something crushed in rosy fingers high above her head, and crying,

"You shall not have it! I will not give it up!"

"But I must have it," returned a voice that made Margaret start.

"No, a thousand times, unless you promise to tell me why you can so—ah! oh! for shame! you are a wretch! you have hurt my fingers!" as, catching her suddenly, her persecutor wrested the prize from her grasp, and safely bestowed it in his pocket. Miss Sefton looked at her fingers, pouted, and, for the first time, chose to see Margaret, who had risen, and was looking very pale.

"Oh, Miss Brederode!"

At that name the gentleman turned with the quickness of thought, looked, exclaimed, and, with one stride across the room, had her hands and was holding them fast. And Margaret, flushing and paling by turns, stood, absolutely unable to bring out a word; for this was James Moorefield, radiant, triumphant; and he had found her thin, hollow-eved, shabby, the blonds

loveliness gone that he had admired, the very fingers that he held hardened with toil, a servant in the house of his friends. She had neither strength nor courage to speak. She was only anxious to get away.

Miss Sefton stepped back a pace or two, raised her eye-glass, and carefully surveyed the tableau. "Why do you not speak?" asked James, very low. "Are you still unrelenting? Have you been here all the time?"

Margaret bent her head in answer to this last. "Dr. Moorefield, the horses are ready," here observed Miss Sefton, in a remarkably clear voice.

And looking up, there was the groom enframed in the doorway, eyes and mouth in extremity for an adequate expression of astonishment. The Doctor colored to the very temples, and dropped the thin, passive hands, red with the pressure of his. Gathering up her flowing skirts, Miss Sefton brushed past Margaret with looks of angry scorn; and after a moment's silent hesitation he followed. Five minutes' work, all this that has taken so long to tell, and then Margaret was alone with her dizzy thoughts. She took up her sewing-threw it down again. Work that day she neither could nor would; and putting on her bonnet, she went home to indulge in her pleasant meditations in the security of her own room. Her subjects for contemplation were many and cheering. He had not forgiven her. Triumph had shone clearly in his eyes, not pity or tenderness. He had left her without even a good-by, lest he should offend Miss Sefton. Clearly he was fond of her. She had seen his fingers linger on Miss Sefton's, his hair brush her cheek; and, having seen it, had met him with paleness and blushes, downcast looks, and a ridiculous sentimentality—had lacked even the self-respect to keep her own secret. It was not sufficiently intolerable that she should love this man, to whom her love was valueless, but she must needs advertise it in her looks; lest he should not be sufficiently sure of his triumph, she must point it out to him. This was worse than all the rest. Poverty, injustice, desolation dwindled beside this burning, unbearable shame, that made her cheeks glow and tingle even there in the twilight of her room. She grew so restless under the torture that she could no longer abide the shelter she had sought, and went down to the parlor. There the blinds were already closed, but lights were not yet in, and the firelight made but little headway against the shadows. Groping her way to the piano she began to sing, but stopped, with a cry of terror, as a deep voice near her joined in the refrain.

"I have been waiting here an hour," said the voice. "I would not let them call you. I wished to surprise you."

James Moorefield again—his voice, at least. She put out a cold and trembling hand.

flushing and paling by turns, stood, absolutely unable to bring out a word; for this was James are a ghost." But her eyes sunk before his Moorefield, radiant, triumphant; and he had even as she spoke; for she read there triumph found her thin, hollow-eyed, shabby, the blonde indeed, but loving triumph, not the mean ex-

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ultation of which she had so ungenerously accused him.

"I have seen you several times before," he said, softly. "I have met you twice on the road, and last Sunday, at church, I stood close beside you; but one would think you had made a covenant with your eyes never to look to the right or the left."

"I can hardly think how you knew me, I am so changed."

"No, only you are thinner, and wear a caretaking, anxious look that cuts me to the heart. I fancy, too, you are not quite so mutinous, at least in look, though you have not gained in civility. You have not said once that you were glad to see me."

"How do you know that I am?"

"I do not. You are past finding out. am, though," suddenly drawing her close to him, "happy, more than happy. All winter I have been searching for you in Chicago. Dupleix told me you were there."

Margaret started, but checked the words on

her lips.

"To think," he went on, "that I should find you here-"

"And Miss Sefton?" she interrupted, somewhat irrelevantly.

He smiled, and drew a crumpled ball from his pocket.

"These were what I rescued this morning." The gloves that she had given him on the night of her last fête. She knew them on the in-

"You kept those?"

"I had no other souvenir of you."

The golden head dropped lightly on his shoul-

"I was wrong then," she said, softly. have longed often to ask your forgiveness. don't care about equality and making conditions now. I am very glad to rest."

"Poor little thing!" quoth the Doctor, caressing the soft cheek and sunny hair. "I need to ask your pardon too. I should have seen that you were combating a wind-mill, not a principle, and had more patience."

So they sat contentedly in the shadow, the silence unbroken except by the crackling of the fire, and once by an arch voice.

"You have not asked me yet if I will obey."

"There is no need."

A THEORY WORKED OUT.

Y refusal of Asher Alleyne was the legitimate result of much romance reading and considerable nursing of ideals-two exercises whose ultimate issue had been the establishment of my theory of love, as applying to my own destined experience in the matter. Out from the nebulæ of men I felt that one must come whose face and figure should wear an instant pleasingness in my eyes beyond those of any hitherto seen or to be seen forever thereaft- when the full realization of these dainty dreams

er. Behind them would lie surely a soul to the extremest limit of fallible mortal capacity, strong and earnest—a soul so high that through all the years I should feel its hand stretched out above me, perpetually leading me on to altitudes I should never else have reached. What a scope for fancy lay in delineation of the externals of this coming man! I never saw a handsome feature, an air graceful or noble, but I appropriated it to him minus the drawbacks accompanying its actual possessor.

But I was not an empty-headed nonentity by any means. The very fact of Asher Alleyne's having been satisfied at my side in so many leisure hours of the past two years was proof enough of this. I could keep pace with him, if not in the man's deep stride, yet with the woman's nervous multiplied step, in all themes of which men and women talk. I had gone with him abreast in threading the subtleties of Locke and Bacon's explanation of the how, and why, and wherefore of the soul for the body, and the body for the soul. And there were lighter hours for crowning with flowers of poesy, whose nooks, in their best and most eternal freshness, none knew better where to seek than he. I, sitting at his side free of heart, would listen as he rhymed the passionate cadences of the love and longing the strongest hearts had so felt and told of.

If in his heart there sprung up the assertion, "And thus I feel for thee," the response, "And I for thee," never echoed in the faintest out of mine. Asher Allevne was not a man to catch and hold the fancy of fair women by their will as much as his; he was in every outward particular a plain man. One whom none are surprised to find single at any age, and he was getting past his first youth a little. He was not a fascinating homely man, or a surfacely brilliant one in conversation; though whatever seemed visibly to want saying he said always and well.

He was in nowise demonstrative, not even in that oftenmost effective particular the eyes. He never "made eyes" on any occasion; indeed I scarcely knew the color of those organs, though I remember once seeing his eyes—not turned on me, however-with an expression I had never beheld or thought of in them before, as I made an end of the story of some man alone who "saw the light in happy homes," and felt such radiance not for him. I had always lived in the fullest of that kind of radiance, and thought there must be a great difference in his life and mine to make such a lonesome, empty look in his eyes possible; thinking also that he must find his year after year of boarding-house life even less heartsome than most men. Yet, further than friendship and its degree of sympathy went, it was not my affair. And so I sat in his presence, unthinking of him, my heart mail-clad in far-off dreams of a man to come and blessed things to be.

And I too thrilled and glowed as he read words that stir up women's hearts, and wished, with a yearning that was almost a prayer, for the time



should come to me in the voice that read of them
—should glow upon me out of the eyes which
held the answering soul of my beloved.

And like unto what similitude was this chosen one to be?

So far different from the plain, grave man, who one day, after his voice had rung for me the last exquisite chime of "The Lady Geraldine's Courtship," turned to me with the quiet of a cool nature, or the still molten glow of an exceeding great desire (I never thought which), asked me to make his life crowned and radiant, as the generous woman of the rhyme had done that other man's. So far different was he from the man in my dreams-elect to make me at heart queen and regnant, that I, with no thought for him but nature's selfish cry, "Thyself first of all!" strong and instant in me, replied, surprised, but unhesitating and calmly,

"Oh no, Mr. Alleyne, that never can be."
He saw with evident unpreparedness and pain how new and unthought-of his proposition was.
We had tallied so well in so many thoughts and pursuits, that he forgot to take account of how much of a girl's heart might be left given over to dreams of which he could have no knowledge. He rose up from his chair, and laid the book down quietly, and stood for a minute before me, and said.

"I suppose pride ought to prompt me to go out from before you at once and forever, even though I can not tell you, if I would, how great a gift God has denied me through your words. Some better man may win you; but be sure of this—there never will be a man who through every circumstance of his life could need you more sorely; to whom your life would have been a richer endowment; to whom your love would have been a more sufficient possession; whose heart would have folded you in more closely, or have been more entirely satisfied in you."

And so he went, and as concerned being worthily touched by them, or feeling a true estimate of their value, I heard his words as if I had not heard them; though they woke in me a sympathy which made me regret that he had felt a necessity through me which I could never fill, and brought the best gift of his humanity to one by whom it was unneeded and unasked.

II.

A man's position in society—what people say of him, his appearance and doings—has a nearer connection with most young-lady likings than they are aware or would confess. True, there are women who have grown into loving men whom the world know not, or knowing, fail to favor; but they are somewhat the exception. For a young lady to hear of a man possessing, in full degree allotted to separate mortals, the gifts of intellect and feature desirable in man, does not inspire in her commonly the desire to avoid him strictly. We all have an impression, and doubtless in the main correct, that the verdict general society passes upon a member is usually just.

I had found no occasion to gainsay it, and Ralph Hasseltine came to me bringing in his face and figure, not only those fair outlines which one need but see to read and approve, but general society's verdict of what I prized finfinitely more—a true and genial soul. Others had appeared thus furnished forth—but Ralph Hasseltine! I suppose few girls who have nursed ideals have ever met any thing specially like them; but I do not think any man alive could have come nearer mine externally than Ralph Hasseltine.

As I had fore-dreamed, the great Aurora of passion flushed up into the waiting sky of my life simultaneous with his first appearing. So speedily that I think I began to love him before he consciously knew me at all. His voice had attracted me first. A little wearied by a rather slow evening out I had left the played-out faces, and going into the book-room began a search for somewhat with a fresher flavor, albeit it had lain a hundred years or more.

Somebody played at the piano, and he carelessly caught up the tag-end of the tune and added words. It was a voice a young girl likes to hear, telling her, however little she may analyze the fact, of great store of life and freshness and readiness for passion. I turned from the books and took position where I could see him in the parlor. The figure, carried with the subtle ease of gentlemanhood, seemed perfect. The soft light from the chandelier fell on his graceful head and gave his locks the true hero's purple black. I knew him, having heard his name and social fame before. I did not find the latter belied when I met him in parlor-talk and presence that night and thereafter.

I began to wonder if it was at all thus Asher Alleyne had felt in our first acquaintance; for long before Ralph Hasseltine gave me vow for vow I loved him. I loved him-the fact declared itself in me with still persistence when away from him. It sprang up to my face in glowing assertion when I met him, even in the street. Around him centred the gathered halo of all the truth and tenderness, the depth and loftiness of soul which I had ever seen or read as man's possession. I loved him as only they love who have read wise books, have planned high labors and great joys for their lives, and feel some innate breadth of soul which only needs right kinship to gain full expansion. I felt the fulfillment of my utmost dream the night I felt his arm around me, and his lips seal the "I love you" they had just uttered upon mine.

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It was a most fair fabric I began straightway to weave. New thoughts and wishes revealed themselves full-grown in the light of this new Aurora. A wife—ah, word most subtly sweet! The light of one more happy home to shine forth in the land. That happy home—there was one special picture of it I had at heart which I was continually stealing in to contemplate. It was a scene of long evenings after daylights and



their duties overpast and well fulfilled. only beside me, who should be to me as I to him, my sufficient possession; having whom my heart should acknowledge no other want in the world outside, however active my work there its objects, the most efficient feel now and then. might be, and however pleasant a welcome I might there have. For this one should walk with me into all realms of thought and feeling -should join me in all study and research common to man-should penetrate with me the utmost limits of those spiritual glories whereon a man can look and live. Together we would enter upon life-together smile in its serene joys-and together meet and comfort one another under its inevitable and thick-coming woes. Ever minding to help each other, keep in view that it is not to live care-free and at ease, but to show all souls within our utmost reach that life is worthy the noblest and holiest living-since Christ died for it-that shall gain for us at last the ineffable sentence, "Servants of God, well done!"

Such union were indeed of love. We could not be married at once, and the tender flowers of courtship had a whole year to blossom in. What a blessed, prosperous season I felt this would be! We had taken one another, each instinctively conscious of the other's merits; doubtless, yet for all, as it were, upon trust.

Well, Ralph came to me almost daily. The warmest maid could not have desired a more impassioned and demonstrative lover; but I had an instinct that we could not wisely spend a year in caresses, even if their zest and freshness did not fail us. So for the most part I kept him seated reasonably distant. And for me it was joy enough to watch, and catch in mine now and then, the various expression of a pair of the most matchless eyes which ever opened on the world; getting by heart the while every turn of his face and figure. But we can look our fill upon the fairest picture, and this was the beholding it was not the deepest human enjoyment, pleasant as it was.

Two months of constant intercourse wore off the dazzling novelty of our new relation; and I began to feel the old everyday spiritual and literary wants coming back. Wants not to be filled by the most sparkling talk about the weather, acquaintances, society in general, and one's self in particular; and most curiously it seemed to me, it was difficult to lead Ralph off these topics, though I had not at first noticed his habitual adherence to them.

I put into the hands of my handsome loverthrough college long ago—one of the essays Mr. Alleyne and I used to read together, begging him to adorn the learned sentences with the beauty of his voice. Flattered, he read a page or two, when I, fallen into full enjoyment of the ample thoughts it held, was startled by his throwing the book carelessly down, with the simple explanation of "Bosh!"

It was from this evening, I think, that I be-

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One rising over the serene atmosphere in the sky of my love. It was not the occasional, and so pardonably freakish, disinclination to consider weighty topics, and take sober views of life and The little gayeties, courtesies, and successes of surface-life, street and drawing-room butterflylife, seemed sufficient for him. He reigned a prince in these, and it was for such supremacy society had given him his diploma. Under an exterior which, in its winning grace and perfection, seemed the fitting outward type of noble actualities, behind there lay a mind which, though not bad, was light and shallow.

But I had built my castle, "en Espagne" though it were, quite too firmly to admit of its toppling about my ears at once. Did I not love as I had so long planned to love? Had not the divine afflatus entered in and possessed my soul as thoroughly as that soul was capable of being filled? Then let that be sufficient for me. But it was not. I felt it plainer and plainer every day. For the physical and earthly kind of love Ralph Hasseltine answered abundantly, and was capable of inspiring no higher save to the mind of fancy solely. It had seemed to me that it would be so blessed to draw nearer and nearer to him mentally and spiritually in those quiet hours when common talk was done. But common talk done, with Ralph, all was done.

He little thought how he startled my heart by a quiet, careless speech of his about "how deucedly humdrum some folks made their married lives;" laughingly declaring, "we would show society that people need not necessarily mope in duet for the rest of their lives in the back-parlor because they had answered affirmatively, in the presence of witnesses, some polite inquiries in the Prayer-Book. His little wife need not think he was going to make her bury her beauty just because she had given him its guardianship. No; it would be his first ambi-Ralph Hasseltine's pictorial phase simply; and tion to display his treasure—and himself besides, I know you are thinking," he added, gayly. "Well, it will be but an old trick of an old dog, who enjoys it too well to wish to be taught anew."

> His first ambition! What sort of realization, then, was my heart-picture and life-programme like to meet? I would not believe-I absolutely would not believe—that there was no more in Ralph Hasseltine than he showed out in those hours. Silently, anxiously, as if the one hope of my life depended on the happy issue, I tried him test by test.

He was a pretty good Christian, he thought: neither lied nor stole, and liked church-going first-rate. It was delightfully soothing and comfortable there at first; and when the dominic began to make a fellow quake on the crimson velvet cushion, it carried out the rule of contrasts capitally. It was not difficult to imagine the angelic element of religion in the ladies' faces there, unless the sun threw the shade of a green or yellow window across them. It was a gan to feel the shade of the hand-breadth cloud self-evident fact, he thought, that if a fellow

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could be would be saved; and it was only dyspeptic fools who bothered their heads with controversy and theological metaphysics.

And, according to my lover's standard, he was doing "the best he could." Perhaps it was scarcely the province of his lady-love to ask him what worthy share he was taking in the world's great, hard, necessary Christian work, which lay out for his doing plain before him - in what particular his life differed from that of those of old Greece and Rome, whose bitter condemnation was in being "lovers of ease more than lovers of God."

If she did not ask him, she asked herself, with reluctant half question, willing to admit but one answer. That answer did not at all come. Putting aside, as I was enabled to do in this strait of life, mere physical passion, I saw that there was not that in Ralph Hasseltine which would warrant me, as a Christian and true to God, nor even as a woman and true to him, in carrying out the promise I had made him to join my life to his and make it even as his.

My life like his! Why, he was the contented epitome of the trifling, unresulting, to-day-living existence I was trying to prune away in myself to give room for a worthier growth.

And yet how could I give him up, this handsome, winsome, sunshine-loving mortal? I let many weeks glide by, not seeing or willing to see just how.

IV.

We had a long winter evening before us, and having begun it by a lengthened tilt of light talk and gossip, I began to feel as they who, desiring wine, have tasted froth.

"We have rattled long enough, have we not? Ralph, suppose you give me and yourself a deep glimpse into a loving woman's heart through these 'Sonnets from the Portuguese?'"

He took up the book I offered him. "Oh, Mrs. Browning!" said he, yawning. "Bother take her and all the nonsensical crew who affect her and her kin-reservation of present company always understood."

And, replacing the book on the stand, he selected instead the finest apple in the dish, and, leaning indolently back in his chair, began paring it. A silence fell between us; he looked into the fire, and I into his eyes. They were the ideal eyes of the man I had so looked and longed for. Did the soul of the man I had awaited lie behind them?

I thought of a passage I had culled for remembrance out of "Adam Bede," of eyes whose expression have no warrant or explanation in the soul beneath them. Eyes that seem to express the joys and sorrows of foregone generations—great thoughts and tendernesses—paired perhaps with pale eyes which can say nothing: eyes full of meanings not their own, just as a national language may be instinct with poetry unfelt by the lips that use it. Were these Ralph if it had been true, and of substantial and logic-

minded his own business and did the best he | could not perhaps find the substance, the reality of their expression in the world, and should I take the semblance of it, and teach myself content?

> No! not if I walked emptily to my last day on earth.

> As I thought these things my lover finished the apple and threw the core upon the grate. We both watched it crisp and char away in the blaze. So my dream had burned into blackness-all the soul and freshness gone out of it.

> I took off my thimble and rolled up my sewing, putting all in the work-box and shutting down the lid; then rising from my chair and going around the table I stood before my lover. He reached out his arm with a caressing motion wishing to draw me close, and I refusing, the thought struck me sorely, that it was the arm which had clasped the sweetest hopes of my life into my heart, and must fail now forever from its office.

> "Ralph," I began at once, "I told you I loved you, and as far as flesh and sense is concerned I love you still. But the true Ralph Hasseltine-he who after this visible one has fallen into dust-after the fair earth itself has waxed old like a garment, and been folded away as a vesture, I do not love. And so you will absolve me from my promise as freely as I feel I can ask it of you, since the seeing with which I made it was as if I had not seen.'

> He sprang to his feet amazed, remonstrating, protesting, and soon, with hurt pride and disappointment working high in him, angry.

> Was this, then, the legitimate work of such great souledness as I had always professed? If I had been a thoughtless highflown, and more like common folks, perhaps I might have kept my faith a little better.

> He could not understand me, even in this; and loth as I was to let him go forth in anger, I felt it impossible to prevent it by any thing short of retraction. And so the graceful figure which had brought such great joys in to me, which I had loved with almost "inordinate affection," went out over my threshold to return no more forever.

> If I had known him less well my heart would have been sorer for him than for myself. But though he loved me as such men may love, I felt he did not need me. His soul was not enough in capacity to feel a lack of which a true woman alone could be the complement. I was to him but one of the many pleasant things of life, and losing me enough remained for his full desert.

What thousands of women have sat before slowly dying fires far into nights, as I sat on the one where I, by my own will but not wish, had laid the dear dream of my theory upon the altar of holocaust, and watched its fair proportions drop into annihilation. And it was gone with no whit less bitter a sense of loss and failure than Hasseltine's eyes? What else were they? I al base. As it was, I had staked my happiness



and satisfaction so thoroughly upon my experi- | not do) aside, I felt it would be perfectly safe ence of its success, that when, after beginning to be wrought out so nobly, it had failed and fallen, I felt as if all the rest went with it.

At least I felt so in the lonesome hours before the waning fire. But other days dawned, and the great strong march of life went on-neither had beauty and joy failed out of it for such as were willing to take it without too fastidious selection. It was not in my nature, as in many women's, to fail or suffer, and by smothering and ignoring the matter get over it. My relief was to argue it out before I could forget it. So I took my old theory of love in hand, and held it up to my tests of religion and logic.

I found that, though applying the former gauge to all things else, I had hitherto neglected to do it here. I believe I had unconsciously considered love-being "in love"-the romantic passion I had sought, as the one thing out of Scripture province. Now looking in the Bible for warrant for my theory of love, I found none whatsoever: this choosing one fallible mortal from among the rest, and investing him-nay, the very trifles his hand touched-with a sort of sacredness above all else.

This willingness to bring all the heart's passion, and kindliness, and effort, and lavish them on one man to the exclusion of others. What else can be that "inordinate affection" against which we are warned? And yet in this province of marriage we find there a degree of affection allowed, nay, demanded, second only in its degree to that we give to God. And yet parallel with this is the requisite and problem of the Christian life on earth, how to impart the largest share of happiness and progress to the greatest number without thought for self, assured that when one puts the question of private happiness out of their hands, God takes it into his and gives most blessed answer.

In the matter of love and marriage I had considered my own pleasure solely, without thought of furthering the cause to which I had pledged all my life's issues and efforts. And now I came to see that the selection and marrying of a husband, while not to be undertaken without great personal preference and pleasure, involves a greater privilege and duty, and is guided by a higher and surer rule than that of being blindly "in love."

This certainly was a great help to recovery, and together with my thoroughly healthy nature, soon restored me to a very enjoyable atmosphere of being, though the rainbow colors had faded or lay very far back in it now.

Yet I was all woman, and being such had heart and hope. I do not care what women say. I know there never has been one yet, not dwarfed away from the likeness of that wonderful first one, whose "nature in her so wrought" in her days of pureness, that she, and they after her, have recognized a life shared with a good man not only their own wish but his right and desert. And so, even putting the question of

upon the basis of thorough liking to join my life to that one which of all others I could most

And now for the first time, in their true interpretation, I understood Asher Alleyne's parting words. He had spoken from a stand-point and with a knowledge I had not gained. Able now, in the light of my new experience, to see men with a truer vision, I began to bring Asher Alleyne to the test, as I had done Ralph Hasseltine.

I analyzed the hours we had spent in the old time. Was not here a man whose purpose in life-more firmly held and truly wrought-was identical with my own? For sharing and furthering every worthy aspiration-for all quiet hours, no less than bitter straits of life-could not a woman put her hand in his and say "Sufficient?"

Yet could it be possible that in this plain man lay the true world of realization, which, overlooking him wholly, "I had located so far beyond him." Did the best proof I could give to God of my devotion to him, in giving joy to his creatures, come to me through Asher Alleyne?

I sat alone in my room with these thoughts in mind and the Bible in my hand. As I looked down upon its open page I remembered, curiously enough, the good man who all his life refrained from marriage because declaring the book should guide him in the matter through the text he, closing the book and placing his finger upon, should open at, found it tell of him who fell at the threshold of his bridal chamber dead. I did not believe in that sort of thing at all; yet the impulse came upon me strongly all at once, to decide this question of Christian service in the selection of a husband if possible in the same way, and to take the text I opened upon, if it had any bearing at all upon the subject, as conclusive. And it was in no spirit of trifling or irreverence that I placed my finger between the leaves of the New Testament, and holding it firmly opened upon the words:

"Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye do it unto me."

I was most astonished! "One of the least of these." As mortal could judge of mortal, Asher Alleyne stood in God's sight as one of his first and best approved, and as such must not recompense for joy bestowed on him be doubly great? But I could not believe it, this emphatic, uncompulsionary sharply to the point text. Such things, of course, must commonly be mere coincidence; and if such, are not like to happen twice: so I will try again, and if I find another passage which tallies with this text I shall deem it sufficient.

I made the trial farther back in the book this time, and opened upon the words of God's holy apostle, Paul, commending to another the brother of his affliction.

"Which in time past was to thee unprofitable, but now profitable to thee and to me: whom I have sent again: thou therefore receive him. personal happiness in the matter (which I did But without thy mind would I do nothing; that



thy benefit should not be as it were of necessity, but willingly. For perhaps he therefore departed for a season, that thou shouldest receive him forever. Not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved, specially to me, but how much more unto thee, both in the flesh, and in the Lord?"

I had my answer. I took it as from the Lord. "Not of necessity, but willingly." Oh, most willingly! I felt at my very soul the strong true spirit that, through no desert of mine, and in spite of my blindness, had been given to me of God. Over my life I felt the soft clasping of a great content. For though this man had gone from me finally, I never doubted for a moment now that he had been my appointed and chosen from the first, withheld from me till I had learned to hold him at his worth, as I could not do under those fantastic lights of fancy; but the silver day had come, and in it I wrote to him simply:

"Colors seen by candlelight do not look the same by day."

And he came back to me and took his old place at my side, and a new one in my heart, not given till reason-religion even-dictated, but once given passing beyond the province of reason and will, into that of love.

By my former theory, and that of many people, I am not "in love;" yet it will be the sweetest, no less than the proudest day of my life, when I come to stand beside this plain man, and call him "my husband."

INSECTS INJURIOUS TO FRUIT.

"There are two principal avenues to knowledge—the study of words, and the study of things."

HAT a vast difference it would make in our lives if we could be persuaded that the study of things would really reduce one half the evils and annoyances we complain of so unremittingly! Allowing this, we must feel that, next to His holy words, should stand in our comprehensions the works of His hands-the things He has made — has endowed with life, decked in gorgeous hues, and sown broadcast over the earth, to glorify and magnify his name through the Beautiful. Says Paley: "The production of beauty was as much in the Creator's mind in painting a butterfly or in studding a beetle, as in giving symmetry to the human frame or graceful curves to its muscular covering." No matter where we cast our eyes-over the hills, down in the valleys, beside the rivers, on the loud-sounding sea-shore, in the forests, the garden, the orchard, around us, above us, below us, every where, in the very space through which your eyes are now peering and yet can not see, are His works-the things He has made. To analyze these, to watch the agents, to endeavor to trace the laws by which Nature performs her duties; to consider the productions around us-the things that are living and working beside us-is to study His word practically.

there any which can compare with its fruits? How many senses are gratified through their medium!—Taste, smell, sight, touch, magnify their beauty and value. The first reflection on a thing the child has, is of the fruit of which he reads that grew so wondrously in the Garden of Eden; and the last grasp the aged hold of earth is the fruit which cooled and refreshed the exhausted frame. These luxuries of Nature are dear to all—those of the hot-house to the rich man, and those of the fields and woods to the poor. Any deterioration or evil befalling them must be most seriously felt by both. Yet if we look abroad over various lands, we must see great apprehensions looming on all sides—the disappearance of one kind here, and the total destruction of another in an opposite quarter; owing, we may presume, to the changes of climate and the clearing away of other food upon which many injurious insects previously existed. Here now before us may be brought the question, "What has become of those once renowned and luscious peaches of Long Island which many of us can remember-huge trees which youngsters had to climb to procure the finest fruit?" Did they belong to the Indians, and have they followed them to the Spirit-land? Long Island has a few ghosts of peach-trees left, as many parts of the Italian shore have remembrances of the famous but long-departed olive. What sorrowful murmurs reach us from sunny France about their fast-declining grapes! Tropical fruits too, are,

"Like angels' visits, few and far between."

Some seasons scarcely any; at others, brighter hopes for the lovers of fruit arise. Here, in the midst of once an apple country—the far-famed Eastern States—apples are becoming scarce, and good apples resemble those for which the fleetfooted Atlanta lost the race.

As for the delicious drink with which every jolly farmer could, once on a time, toast his own hospitality with the stranger, "New England cider," we are too temperate even to think of it; and what puzzles a thinker the more is, what has been gained? O spirits of the once glorious cider-mill! speak out; tell us are your beams mouldering away, and your presses dry and decayed, and morality not a whit more advanced than when your life-blood foamed in tankards on the festive board? What has been gained? High prices for those of moderate views, and who cultivate that which is left of their orchards. Indifference, carelessness, neglect have all lent their aid to destroy this beautiful gift of the "Bounteous Mother."

Let us turn to some other causes which have assisted to increase this sad reduction of fruit: and if by placing a few things before your eyes I can induce you to study them, I feel assured the host of evils may in time be reduced. Close beside the evil is always found the good; and in many instances the shadow of the last entirely overcomes the former.

The first I shall present to you is an evil Among all the delightful things of earth are | which every man who possesses an apple-tree,



from one extremity of the country to another, can examine at this time of writing under full operation. A friend drops in with a parcel carefully rolled up, opens it, and displays a huge nest crawling alive with a frightful caterpillar, devouring and destroying the apple-trees. Messages come from others to ask, "What shall be done?" Letters by every mail repeat the story, and yet this insect has been described, written about, by a score or more of authors for the last century; and the remedy is so very simple—the free use of a penknife or a pruning-hook.

The Clisiocampa Americana - "American Lackey Moth." This insect has been supposed by some authors to be the same as the C. neustria of Europe; but this is not so. The various moths belonging to this genus in this country are very distinct. First, the manner in which the mother insect places the eggs on the branch. The neustrice has not a third as many; the larvæ have red stripes, ours have none; the head of the same is pointed, ours square; and other minute points which prove to a practical eye a distinction. Again, the mother moth has the white lines to bend in the middle, nearly touching; ours has them almost straight. The newstria, on her lined wings, has the white lines once continued, which I have never met with in any specimen of ours. The name "Lackey Moth" has been supposed to have arisen from the stripes on the caterpillar resembling the motley dress of a serving man or lackey; but it is presumed from the act of being led-to follow in a line-like a procession of waiters.

On leaving the nest early in the morning to feed, the largest and strongest worm moves out first; the rest follow very carefully in its trail wherever it leads, and return when sufficiently supplied with food in the same manner. The mother insect glues her eggs on twigs near the young wood, soliciting your pruning-hook; they are sloping in position at both ends, bulging out sometimes in the centre, then again quite straight. The mass contains an immense number of eggs. I never counted them; but I have tried to count the caterpillars, and got weary when I reached two hundred, and found the mass very slightly diminished. As the eggs are being deposited a thin glue exudes with them, keeping them in position; and over the whole is passed and repassed a varnish quite transparent with small air pits, which are punctures for the young worms to press open when ready to emerge. It is quite soft when wet, and tastes precisely like the gum which exudes from old apple-trees, and no doubt is imbibed by the mother moth from the buds, and digested for this purpose. She can be seen feeding three or four weeks before she deposits her eggs, and has the longest life of any moth I know. The eggs are hatched only during rains or very dewy mornings, when the varnish is soft; this likewise serves as food for them for several days, until they are stronger. They then follow a leader to a fork of a branch, where the nest is

the notch. Every day finds the nest increasing; sheet over sheet is spread, leaving a round opening for egress. Into and between these layers of fine web they bestow themselves during the night and wet weather. This process continues until they eat sufficiently, when they separate, each to seek a place for transformation-some in the bark on the tree, others in old palings. Often they wander a great distance from the tree on which they were hatched, dozens of cocoons having been found on an old shutter of a cellar. The worms must have traveled across two fields, in the last of which stood the only apple-tree for miles around. Every one exclaims about "the hideousness of the worm;" but here people err.

"I have been crushing them all day," said a friend; "they are too ugly to live."

"Look at this one crawling on the glass of the magnifier, and tell me what you see," I replied.

"Bless me, is it so? Why those spots must be real pearls laid on patches of black velvet. The line down its back is a pearly blue. And what rich, waving, golden lines on every side, all wrought into black velvet! The collar round the neck is likewise of gold; and those long hairs coming in tufts from a little yellow spot on the golden line which surrounds the pearls and velvet. There are tufts of pearly white hairs on both sides of the mouth; the dainty little black legs tipped with yellow. Why it is positively beautiful, and I see more to admire the longer I look. If beauty was catching, I have crushed out enough to-day to have rendered me an Adonis."

"This is nothing new. The eye is ever misleading the judgment, if it is not educated for its mission. Those pearly spots will be blue after the next moulting—they moult four times. The lines of gold will be deeper, the black velvety spots richer, and the hairs fewer. word, it is a very handsome caterpillar."

They are said to eat any of the natural order of Rosacea trees and plants. This they may do if starved, but you can not bring one to perfection or obtain a fine specimen of the moth from caterpillars thus fed. Some before me now demonstrate it fully. Those fed on the apple have nearly attained their growth. Those fed on the cherry are sickly and meagre; and those fed on plum are dying, half a dozen a day. The cocoon is woven of a pale yellow or nearly white silk, covered with a thin paste. It is placed any where, if secure: it is so transparent you can see the chrysalis through it. I am sure it does not require much stretch of fancy for you to discover much humility in its attitudes; exhibiting the habit of obedience, the conforming to the leadership of a superior, you might suppose it a representation of an Oriental making his salaam, or that of a well-bred "lackey." The lower part is covered with short bristles standing crect. The moth, if a fine specimen, will be of a red-fox color, with the white bands clear and distinct; begun, all huddling together, at first close in the hind wings the same color, with dashes of a



darker shade over them. ated in blocks of white and red. The thorax and abdomen are gravish, mixed with red. The males are always darker than the females. The antennæ and feet are white with reddish hairs. The moths are generally seen the first week in July. The time varies when the belt of eggs is deposited. These remain over all winter, and are hatched early in the spring. They have eat their supply, and gone into cocoon about the second week in June. The time of feeding and transformation depends on the weather. In dry and warm seasons there are scarcely any of these worms to be seen.

How easy it is to have none at any season, simply by examining your apple-trees, clipping the twigs off on which you discover the ring of eggs and burning them. A small amount of observation and care are all the remedies you require in this instance.

The Carpocapsa, or, Carpocampa pomonella -- Apple-fruit Moth," commonly called the "Codling Moth." This insect belongs to the division of Tineites genus Pyralis of Fabricius. Some authors have placed it in the Tortrix order; which I consider an error: first, on account of the manner in which it folds its wings; and, secondly, from its way of transforming. The Tortrices are strictly leaf rollers. The mother moth deposits her eggs in the eye or blossom end of the fruit, where it is most tender, dropping one at a time, going from branch to branch. It hatches in a few days, and begins to burrow its way directly to the core, where it commences to eat. At this period it is white with small black dots over it. It moults four times. After the last it becomes flesh-colored. The head, first and last segments, are brown now; the dots have all disappeared. By the time it is full-grown the apple in the interim is entirely destroyed, showing no mark exteriorly except an opening which it has gnawed to allow the air to enter to hasten its decay.

It now falls to the ground, when, if you are looking after your orchard, you will hasten to gather all such apples, throwing them immediately into scalding water as food for your stock. Many content themselves with throwing the apples as they are picked up to their stock; but if they will take the trouble to examine the wood around old palings, etc., they will discover hidden away many cocoons, the caterpillars having escaped before the apples were consumed! By making this small exertion I have known an orchard deprived of this visitor in two seasons; at the third there was not a "worm-eaten" apple on a tree. When the caterpillar makes its cocoon on the bark, which it often does, you may discover it by the flossy silk spun over it. It resembles a small piece of tissue paper pasted on the tree. The chrysalis is of a dark brown color, covered with hairs or prickles.

The moth, though small, is exceedingly pretty. The wings appear as if made of watered silk, crossed, like the plumage of some birds, portations of the Azore Islands, and blasted the with minute gray and brown lines. On the front lives of whole families, perhaps for generations Digitized by Co. XXVI.—No. 156.—8 G

The fringe is altern- | wings are two oval spots of very dark brown, edged by a bright copper-color. The hind wings and body are of a bright yellow-brown; the head and thorax gray, mingled with brown. The oval spot is the distinguishing mark of this moth. Both this and the first-mentioned moth are seen in numbers flying around lights in the summer evenings. .

The Molobrus tremulus—"Vibrating Apple Midge"-belongs to the Diptera order, Tipulida family, Latreille's genus Molobrus. This insect is very small, resembling a gnat. Often you may see it vibrating and quivering over spotted fruit, where other insects have been rendering them sufficiently soft for her short ovipositor to puncture and deposit her eggs. These small round punctures, sometimes brown, red, or yellow, may often be seen on otherwise sound apples, as this midge does not penetrate deep in the larva state. The worm is slim and footless; very translucent, tapering at one end, the other blunt. It eats generally in a semicircle, which after a while decays, spreading gradually. It transforms into a brown chrysalis on the very edge of the decayed part, a few coarse white hairs wrapped round it. The wings and other joints are very badly protected by this covering. But if, toward the fall, you place an apple on some earth, the worm descends and forms the oblong case usually made by this family of Tipulidæ. I conclude from this there are two broods a year, the last descending to the earth for the winter.

This midge is banded with yellow, has darkhued legs and thorax. The wings are very transparent; in the middle of them is a cell extending from the base to the hind margin. The antennæ have sixteen joints. They are evidently on the increase; scarcely an apple I saw last year but had punctures on it. Many varieties of these midges could be found in the fruitstores in Broadway. I was astonished at their numbers last season. I was happy to find the remains of an ichneumon in many of the punctures. We may therefore feel assured this small depredator can go so far, and no farther. They assist in disfiguring the fruit, if not in injuring it eventually.

The Aspidiotus conchiformis—" Apple Coccus"-is a scale insect, commonly called "Applebark Louse." This insect has a number of synonyms, but I assume that of Gmelin, the first describer of it. It is as common in Europe as in this country, and is now becoming to fruitgrowers appalling in its depredations. No one, unless he has noticed the evil, can conceive the irredeemable injuries they entail upon every tree in an orchard where they have become located; and it is impossible to convince most persons that so minute and insignificant an atom can inflict such fatal injuries.

A variety of this insect, contemptible as it appears, has ruined the prospects and the commerce of a whole people. They have changed the im-

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The Island of Fayal alone used to export 12,000 chests of oranges yearly, and now none at all. On St. Michaels the inhabitants have given up their orange groves in despair, and turned their attention to other resources. These results show us how insignificant some of Nature's agents are, but how potent in their operations.

It belongs to a family highly necessary and useful to man. It is a congener of the Coccus cacti, the Cochineal insect, the C. polonicus, the "Scarlet grain" of Poland, the C. ilicis, still used in medicine, and another small species in the East Indies which produces gum-lac. From analogy and experiment I am convinced that this coccus of the apple-tree can be used in some way, or they would not be allowed to increase to such an unusual extent. I will here state that I made a partial trial by scraping the shells carefully from an apple-tree and placing them under a steaming process in a laboratory. A fine dead green dye gave a very promising result, but a severe accident prevented a prosecution of the matter. I could not tell what changes alkaline or alcoholic mixtures would have given. I mention this to call the attention of those who have it in their power to make these experiments.

Let us take a nearer view of this probable scourge. It appears on the bark of the appletree like a minute muscle shell, which gives it its name-conchiformis. They are brown, dotted with black. Unless you are a close observer you will think them simply enlarged grains of the wood or bark.

The mother insect inserts her beak, which is at the small end, and becomes stationary, never moving again. Her only occupation is to imbibe the sap of the doomed tree, and wait patiently the arrival of her future mate. He has wings, and a strong stylus between the two bristles at the end of the abdomen. With this he punctures the shell of the female, often perishing in the attempt, if not dying immediately after. In twelve or fifteen days, according to the weather, she has deposited her eggs-sometimes few, often hundreds, if the tree is young and healthy. A fine cottony substance exudes from her body, which protects the eggs. The shell, closely glued to the bark, shelters them entirely from heat or cold. The eggs are oval, smooth, and opaque-some white, which are females; others yellow, which are males. If you turn up a shell sideways you can see the whole process. When ready to emerge they burst the hind portion of the shell and come forth-small white dots, with six legs, two pair near the head, the last pair near the end of the body. They move very actively over the bark, puncturing as they go, until they become stationary—the female to have her eggs impregnated, the male to undergo shell, and receive his wings. When ready to emerge he performs the operation in a strange way, coming from his shell backward—wings, legs, and bristles all turned over the head. But long joints of which reach two small punctures

he accomplishes it; and when arrived at maturity, although a mere point, scarcely perceltible to the eye, he is perfect—a gay, pretty fellow, very bright red at first, becoming brown with age, but always clear, with bright white wings, which carry him busily about during his brief career. A pretty little ichneumon fly follows him like a Nemesis, often rendering all his efforts abortive. You can see where the ichneumon pierces near the neck of the shell. The male coccus penetrates the centre.

If these insects can ever be used as a dye, many will find them as profitable as an apple crop; otherwise they are easily destroyed by washing the trees—using a large paint brush with the refuse brine of mackerel. This is excessively offensive to many insects, and is highly beneficial to the tree, the salt keeping the pores of the bark moist, and the greasy particles rendering it very obnoxious to the cocci.

There is a great variety of these insects throughout the country. Doubtless every tree has its own cocci, if examined closely. I have seen them on the oak, hickory, walnut, pine, poplar, willow, and many others. We may conclude that they are as ubiquitous as the Aphides, belonging to the same order—the Hemiptera, the third family of Hemopterous Hemiptera.

The Rhynchanus nenuphar-"Plum Weevil." This is the renowned "Curculio," of which so much has been said, surmised, and written; whose fame is as illy deserved as that of many heroes or heroines embalmed in history. It belongs to the Coleoptera order—the large family of weevils—the second division, Rhynchanus. This family is divided into three great divisions - Curculio, Rhynchienus, and Callandra, by Linnæus, with innumerable genera and sub-genera. This insect belongs to the genus Conotrachelus. It is a native of this country, and was first described by Herbert, in 1797. It has a number of synonyms. It is a small dark, rough beetle, resembling a withered bud. When you touch it it draws up its legs, presses its long antennæ and snout close against its breast, and feigns death for any length of time.

When the mother beetle is prepared to deposit her eggs she places herself on the plum, and with her strong proboscis cuts across the lower end, which is always softer than toward the stem. It has been for me many years an investigation whether she could do this. I argued thus: It was impossible, for the brittle muzzle must inevitably snap off at the head in the effort of cutting the skin of a fruit which I could with difficulty indent with the strong nail of my thumb. I could not relinquish my supposition that it was performed with some sharp instrument at the end of the abdomen. But time and perseverance convinced me of my error, and I was both delighted and amazed when I realized his transformation in the pupa-case, which is his how beautifully her means are adapted to the end she has in view. At the extremity of the proboscis are two small sharp teeth of horn. You perceive how elbowed the antennæ are, the

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near the eyes at the very top of the proboscis. When she is preparing to cut the skin the joints of the antennæ are placed in these sockets, which strengthen and guide the proboscis as its teeth force up the skin, giving it the needful purchase. This accomplished, she turns round and widens it with two small plates at the end of the abdomen, and with their aid deposits a single egg, drawing the skin back over it, and the wound in a day or so is healed. A hole is made at the bend of the cut to allow evaporation to take place around the egg, or the young worm would, when so very tender, be drowned or suffocated. This proboscis, when the insect is just dead, placed under a magnifier, shows one of the most marvelous complications of nerves, turning, twisting, and communicating with each other all the way up, until they are lost in three large main arteries which go through the whole body. As soon as the egg is hatched the worm works into the fruit destroying it completely in time. It is a small white, footless grub, with a strong brown horny head. When ready to transform, the plum generally falls to the ground, and the worm issues from the same path it made and enters the earth, where it rolls itself into an oval, making a loose pupa-case, a few grains of sand adhering to the coarse thread or paste it places around the limbs. It is a singular chrysalis, embedded in sand, on one side, resembling grains of mouldy rice on the upper, and can easily be detected reposing as close as possible to the main roots of the plum-tree. If you turn up the soil carefully a few inches, you can relieve the tree of hundreds of this fruit-destroyer.

Often the plum does not fall, and the worm comes from it on the tree. In wandering along it must assuredly meet with some of those black, grainy warts made on this tree by insects belonging to the Hymenoptera order, Gallicola family (gall insects). Here it often remains over the winter, curled up, not transforming to a chrysalis until the spring, if at all. I have often found these worms in these warts-a dozen and more in some; but never had them come to any thing unless I shook them upon the earth, when they would burrow immediately, and in a day or so would be discovered in a chrysalis state. But to conclude, as some authors have done, that the weevil makes these warts is simply absurd. She has no saw, no instrument which can perforate the bark. Then if she accomplished this her larva would starve, as its jaws are feeble, scarcely able to consume the soft pulp of the plum. If it were not for detaching the stone, and allowing the air to enter and penetrate the interior, the worm itself would do very little harm to the plum. It is the air admitted, causing the decay, and not that the worm consumes so much, which destroys the fruit. Many suppose this insect can not fly; but this is an error. Because they can perceive no joining of the wing-cases they conclude thefe is none. But they fly well; the under wings are full and strong. Like those of other beetles, brown, while the wing-covers are a light horny vellow on the lower portions. This is really all that can be said or written about this insect; and you can easily convince yourself that it is all that is needed.

If you will examine the roots of a plum-tree which has been infested, at the end of the season, you will see how utterly useless are washes. nets, etc., etc. Scrape the roots free of soil in the fall, before frost, throwing around them lime or ashes, and this insect will gradually disap-

The Buprestis femorata of Fabricius-"Thicklegged Apple-Boring Beetle." This insect belongs to the Coleoptera order, the genus Chrysobothris. They are called by the French "Richards," on account of their usually brilliant coloring. Why they have obtained the silly name of "snapping beetles" in this country is beyond solving: not from any exhibition made by the insects themselves. Their jaws are less imposing than those of many other varieties. This beetle is of a blackish-green color, with a brassy polish. The head is hidden in the thorax up to the eyes, and is covered with fine white hairs. The thorax and head are deeply punctured. The elytra, or wing-cases, have three lines running down them; they are rough and uneven, with a vast number of lines crossing every way over them. There are generally three deeplyimpressed copperish spots on both wing-covers. They are round at their tips, but very irregular in the outline, being jagged and cut up, like small teeth; they are seldom entirely closed over the body. Their legs are thick and short, and the solidity of the thighs of the hindmost pair has determined the name of the beetle. The antenna of this beetle is toothed like a saw.

The mother insect deposits her eggs on the bark during the months of June and July-here and there, only one at a time, very near the roots. It is hatched about the latter part of August, and commences boring directly under the bark, devouring only the sap-wood at first. As it gains strength it works deeper, and at last enters the solid wood. Its journey is now upward; and if the winter is mild it will continue boring its way, having stopped up the orifice behind it with saw-dust-the product of its own industry. Thus it works until the sap begins to ascend, when it gnaws out toward the bark again, and cutting as thin an oval as it dares do between daylight and security, it weaves a loose covering of silk, and transforms into a brown chrysalis, with black lines and dots on it in some specimens; in others they are wanting. The chrysalis is entirely white for some weeks, and always has its head turned to the thin covering of bark. The grub is a most singularlooking creature: very broad across the third segment, which causes it to bore a wider channel and flatter than its confrères. This segment is covered with hard brown warts or elevation. with two deep lines intersecting it. Before the last moult these lines and elevations are red, these are beautifully marked on the edges with but turn almost black when the grub is about

transforming; otherwise it is soft and fleshy, and of a dull yellow color. The jaws are strong, and highly polished. The head is almost sunk under the second segment. The teeth and other parts of the mouth are hidden, unless you pinch and tease the grub, and make it protrude them. The antenne—two yellow, bead-like protuberances—are found on the outside of the outer portion of the head.

These beetles are hard at work all over the country, not confining themselves to the appletree, but the peach and the cherry are equally liked. Twenty-two runs of this beetle have been counted in an apple-tree, at different heights, before it was five years old, and the owner was quite at a loss "what made it so sickly; it cost enough to be good," he said to me.

"Shake it hard," said I. Snap went the tree. "Now I will take out some fine specimens of beetles, and the sooner you use the rest for fire-wood the better."

The owner looked astonished. But there was another and another, all going the same path.

"What can be done?"

"The grub of the beetle," I replied, "acts fairly by you. It leaves a pile of fresh sawdust just where it has entered; and that sawdust will continue increasing for five or six days. If you take a piece of wire and run it up the orifice it is killed, and your tree is safe. If you feel that you have not touched it, cut into the bark until you reach it."

A quick, observing eye should be the portion of every one who owns an orchard. It can be rendered very profitable to cultivate an observing faculty.

Saperda candida of Fabricius; S. bivittata of Say-the "Capricorn Boring Beetle" of the Quince. This belongs to the family of Cerambycida-"Long-Horned Beetles." When newly emerged it is a very pretty insect, having two white stripes down the thorax and wing-covers, between three of soft, amber-brown color. The body, face, legs, and antennæ are white. It has been doubted by some entomologists whether Fabricius had a right of priority to the naming of this beetle. This may appear of small importance to readers. What is play to you, is hard work to us. To have to identify an insect, with at least half a dozen synonyms, renders the question, "What's in a name?" of vast significance. But the doubt that Fabricius knew the insect well, and has a right to his name being retained, is removed from my mind entirely.

This saperda "painted" creature no longer resembles an insect two years old. The amber hue becomes dark-brown, and the white a sickly, dingy yellow; in fact, no one who does not paint these insects when in life can conceive how very much they fade in brilliancy after death.

This beetle comes forth only at night during the month of June. It belongs strictly to the quince; but they are now so abundant that they are found on the peach and cherry trees. If its

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depredations continue a few years longer, the quince-tree will disappear from many parts of the country. The mother beetle deposits her eggs in the grooves of the bark, very close to the earth line. The grub comes forth in six days. and commences operations by boring directly into the bark until it reaches the sap-wood, taking particular care to shove all the saw-dust out of the orifice-inviting your attention to that which it proposes doing. It here makes a smooth, flat, round cavity, where it remains the first year, always cleaning its abode, and casting the debris out through the hole it makes for the purpose. The second year its operations are deeper, working upward into the solid wood; but now closing the orifice, and packing the sawdust close behind it as it proceeds. It has grown now quite a large grub, and casts its skin for the third time. In the centre of its run it forms a nice warm chamber, by packing saw-dust and shreds of wood very compactly, where it passes the second winter, curled up in a circle.

When the sap ascends it wakes up; clears away the top of its burrow, and bores on expeditiously, until it reaches the bark, where it hollows out a cavity, lining it nicely with coarse silk; and there turns into a brown chrysalis, with very minute prickles on the rings and back, and several stout ones at the tip of the last segment. Here it remains until June, when it gnaws the thin covering of bark, and comes out in the night a perfect beetle. The grub is white and fleshy, with a brown horny head, powerful rasping jaws. The wide segment is much narrower than in the larva of the former-beetle. It is longer, and marked with white fleshy warts above and below, and covered with very short, minute hairs. It has no feet.

What renders its depredations peculiarly destructive is its long life in the grub state, and the length of its burrow, being in some instances a foot long. When there are several on a tree you may conclude its fertility must soon pass The woodpecker family of birds is invaluable in an orchard; and that pretty creature the Downy Woodpecker (Picus pubescens) is indefatigable. But when the grub gets over the second year there is small help for the doomed tree. But this is your fault for not examining the roots and trunks for the appearing of sawdust. Often, when the trunk is occupied by other grubs, the beetle selects the joints of the lowest branches, where the saw-dust is easily seen. Observation and care constantly exerted will remove this pest in a few seasons. It is time, if any quince-trees are to be saved, that the owners of orchards make some effort of this

Buprestis acuminata of Fabricius; the B. divaricata of Say—"Divaricated Wing-Beetle of the Cherry-Tree." This beetle belongs to the genus Dicerca. It is coppery-colored, very blassy in hue, and thickly punctured. The thorax has a slight furrow in the centre. The wing-covers taper very much, and appear as if the tips had been cut off. They are covered

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with impressed lines, and small oblong squares of black are raised over them. The antennæ are saw-toothed. The leg of the male is toothed on the shanks. The grub is footless, yellowish, and fleshy, with a small brown head, very much sunken; powerful jaws, with three teeth. The grub resembles other borers very closely, but the mother beetle deposits her eggs higher up on the bark, and the grub cuts straight across from one side of the trunk to the other, entering one side of the trunk and coming out nearly opposite. When it arrives here it hollows out a cavity under the bark and reposes. They live in the grub state three seasons. The first run is shorter and more direct. The second winter the channel becomes crooked, having a centre chamber arranged for winter-quarters. I have never found this beetle but on the cherry-tree. It devours the leaves and flower-buds most voraciously. They are increasing rapidly. The saw-dust is visible at the orifice of the burrow for weeks.

Saperda tripunctata of Fabricius-"Three-Spotted Borer of the Raspberry." It belongs to the Cerambycian family; genus Oberea. This beetle is deep black, except the thorax, which is a rusty yellow, with three black spots on it. The wing-covers are roughly punctured; the ends are notched, terminating in two points. She makes her appearance in August, and deposits her eggs over the raspberry bushes, near the twigs and leaves. The grubs burrow directly in as soon as hatched, and consume as they go all the pith, so that in a short time the bush withers and the leaves turn yellow before the fall. They remain over winter in a middle chamber; and work down, toward the spring, to the root of the bush, where a small cavity is made in the stem; and turns into a light-brown chrysalis, covered with spines, and comes out a perfect beetle in August. The grub differs from other borers by being narrow and rounded at the last segments. The head is larger, and the first three rings have very imperfect legs, or pointed tubercles; the other segments have none.

You can easily find out where they are by the sickly appearance of the bush. To take it up by the roots and burn it is the surest way of proceeding. But to prevent the harm, examine the roots carefully; covering them with ashes, and cutting away every superfluous twig, will secure your bushes. They are said to be very ruinous in many places throughout the country where this very delightful fruit can be cultivated, and I have found them frequently, of late years, on the wild and cultivated blackberry.

But my space is exhausted, and how few from among the hosts have been placed before you! The theme is as inexhaustible as the supply. The untiring industry, the instinct, the brilliancy, the beauty of these little things can not fail to attract the observation of every reflecting mind; and the lesson of truth and wisdom is garnered around them likewise, but many shake their heads and will only allow,

"While this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close us in, we can not hear it."

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A TALK WITH JEFFERSON.

DURING a sojourn in the Old Dominion in the summer of 1822, wishing to visit the buildings of the University of Virginia, then in the process of erection at Charlottesville, and also to visit their illustrious projector, Mr. Jefferson, at his noted residence on the overlooking elevation of Monticello, I procured a letter of introduction to the superintendent of the works, and, repairing to that village, at once delivered my letter to the gentleman to whom it was directed.

"That is Mr. Jefferson," he said, glancing over the letter, and seeing it included the request of an introduction to that personage—"That is Mr. Jefferson whom you see yonder, taking the chisel from the hand of an Italian sculptor and showing him how to turn a volute of the capital on which he is engaged."

"Why, does Mr. Jefferson go into sculpture in so practical a manner as that?" I asked, in some surprise.

"Yes," was the reply; "yes, often, when he detects faulty work. Indeed we consider him the best workman on the ground. But here he comes. I will introduce you; and when he leaves the place, as he probably is about to do, I will go the rounds of the works with you."

Mr. Jefferson—a tall, straight, sandy-complexioned man, wearing a coat of Virginia cloth, surmounting a buff vest and broadcloth pants—advanced with an elastic step and serene countenance, when I was introduced, and greeted with the sweet, winning smile which so peculiarly distinguished him, and which, doubtless, was one of the secrets of his great personal popularity and magnetic power over all whom he would conciliate.

"You will dine with me at Monticello today, I trust," he said. "I must ride down the river a couple of miles, to see to the repairing of the foundation of my mills there, which the rascally workmen slighted when laid in my absence while in office. But I shall return to meet you at the dinner-table."

So saying, he, though then about eighty years of age, mounted the young blooded horse that was now led up for him with the agility of a boy, and galloped away to his destination.

We will pass over our delightful ride along up the spiral road to the top of the broad, dome-shaped Monticello, the unique mansion that surmounted it, the museum, picture-gallery, and library; and, lastly, the plain Virginia dinner, presided over by the distinguished head of the household, and graced by the presence of his interesting grand-children, Master and Misses Randolph. We will pass over all these as foreign to the object of this article, which is to report some of the most remarkable of the utterances with which we were about to be favored.

As we rose from the dinner-table, Mr. Jefferson led me at once to the eastern portico of the house, which was then just beginning to be thrown into the shade, and bade me be seated, with the remark that he had "finished his labors

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and studies for the day, and had now nothing to do but talk."

"In examining the plan of our University, with its buildings finished and in progress, you noticed, doubtless, that of the different structures designed for professors' houses, no two are of the same order of architecture; and that these houses are to be at least numerous enough to represent the whole of the five orders. The object of this is to furnish correct models for public buildings and private residences, so that students educated here, or their friends visiting here, may carry away with them, and thus be the means of spreading, a true architectural taste among the people of Virginia."

"You contemplate, I am told, Sir, the establishment of some professorships which are rarely, if ever, to be found in our American col-

leges."

"Yes, especially one of the Saxon language, a knowledge of which, as the foundation of the English, I deem no less indispensable than that of Greek and Latin. I have put myself in correspondence with several gentlemen in England on the subject, and they have recommended two or three different individuals for this professorship. But so difficult is it, even in England, to find any one a proper judge of the competency of another in this language, and so anxious am I that this post should be well filled, that I resolved I would know something of the language myself before finally engaging any one, that, by a personal examination, I may be enabled to form a pretty safe general judgment of the competency of applicants. And for this purpose I, last spring, procured from England a full set of Saxon elementary books, and have ever since devoted two hours each day to the study of the language; and in a few months more I hope to feel myself prepared to meet such applicants in conference. I design, also, that all the professorships should be filled by the most eminent men; and with this object I have invited Mr. Bowdich, of Salem, Massachusetts, to come and occupy the chair of Mathematics, since I consider Mr. Bowditch to be the second mathematician in the world, Laplace being doubtless the first."

"Do you design a Medical Department in the university?"

"I think not. Anatomy, to be sure, is a science; but I have no confidence in Materia Medica, which I have long since banished from my family, choosing rather to rely on nursing and nature for a cure. My attention was first called to this subject when I was Minister to France. During my residence in Paris my daughter was seized with a typhus fever, and I sent for a physician, who was called the most eminent and successful one in the city. He came, examined the patient, gave some directions about nursing, and departed, giving no medicine and leaving none to be given. The same course was taken the next day, and the next, when, growing uneasy, I said to him,

"'Doctor, you don't appear to be doing any thing for my daughter. What is the reason?"

"'The reason is, I wish her to get well. I had supposed you knew what my system of practice was, or you would not have sent for me.'

"'No; what is it?'

"'To have the most careful nursing, leave the disease to wear itself out, and let nature do the rest, but give no medicine.'

"Well, Sir, though still uneasy, I acquiesced in the course, and the result was, my daughter recovered with a constitution uninjured by mineral medicine. Since then—a period of nearly thirty years—I have been my own doctor, and scrupulously following the system of this French physician, have practiced not only in my own family, but among the colored people on my plantation, taking them all through the worst of fevers, and never losing a single patient.

"You see," said Mr. Jefferson, after a pause, indicating that he had no more to say on the subject that had been under consideration—"you see that ancient looking building down yonder in front of us, a little removed from the foot of this eminence? That should be an object of interest to strangers. That was the old home of the noted Patrick Henry."

"It is indeed an object of interest to me, Sir. It would be so at any time; and it is especially so at this, as I have just been reading Wirt's Life of Henry; and I shall have the opportunity of ascertaining from one, who is so competent to judge, how far my impression that the biography was overcolored is well grounded."

"In some respects it doubtless is overcolored, but in others scarcely colored up to what was the reality. Mr. Wirt makes Henry a statesman and a lawyer: neither of these was true. Henry was a bold and sincere patriot, but no statesman. And his opinion on a law point was absolutely not worth one single brass farthing. But as to the effect of his oratory, Mr. Wirt has hardly done him justice. His power over an audience was wonderful, and to myself, I confess, almost incomprehensible. Men were frenzied under his appeals, and seemed to become the mere machines of his will. I have never witnessed any thing like it either in Europe or America. And I doubt whether there ever was in America any such exhibition of the power of a speaker over an audience, with the exception, perhaps, of Whitfield, the greatest pulpit orator, doubtless, of all modern times. And Henry, like Whitfield, should have been a preacher. Had he been one, he would have been a prodigy. But what, you will ask, was the secret of this singular power? That is a question which, among thinking men, has before been often asked, but never to my mind satisfactorily answered. It certainly was not from any peculiar richness of thought or force of his ideas; for his speeches when analyzed by the thinking hearer, as soon as he could divest himself of the peculiar effect of their delivery, were seen to amount to but very little. I have myself sat and listened to one of his speeches with a strange thrill of pleasure, yielded myself involuntarily to the influence, shut up my eyes,



and sat it out to the end like one in a trance, and then, as I aroused myself from the thrall, I have asked myself, Now what has the man said to produce such an effect, even on myself, guarded as I was? But I never could tell. No, that effect was not produced by the force of intellect, but the faculty of completely scizing the sympathies of the hearers, or rather perhaps some magnetic power over them, which was the peculiar gift of the man, and which has been rarely or never possessed by any individual, to the same extent, in this country before. Henry was no scholar, and read scarcely any thing. I recollect he, one fall, came up here, and saying he had been thinking he would read some during the approaching winter, asked me to lend him a book. lent him a volume of Hume's Essays. brought it back the next spring, when I asked him if he had read it? 'No,' he replied. tried to read it two or three times, but I never could get through more than a page or so before I fell asleep.' And yet for all his indolence, and his aversion to acquiring what he called book knowledge, Henry had a great soul and a comprehensive intellect, which, on all occasions sufficiently important to arouse his highest faculties, he brought into action with the strength of a giant. Indeed I hardly know what Virginia would have done without the powerful impetus he imparted to the great political revolution of 1776."

"Yes," I here remarked, "Patrick Henry's services in our great political revolution are every where acknowledged; and in reading Wirt's glowing account of those services and of his intense love of freedom, I could not forbear asking an opponent in argument the question I would also like to ask you, and that is, where would Henry, if now alive, with his old keen appreciation of human rights, where would Henry be found in the social revolution, or rather the revolution in the domestic institutions of his native State, which, with somewhat divided opinions, you are now inaugurating?—I allude to the institution of slavery, in connection with the State Convention called in part to provide for its gradual abolishment."

"Where would Henry be found, if alive, at this crisis, would you ask? It would require no gift of prophecy in me to answer that question. He would be found with those with whom, side by side, he once labored in the matter so strenuously-Mr. Madison, myself, and many others of Virginia's most enlightened statesmen. Henry was, at that time, even more determined in his opposition to slavery than the rest of us. The Legislature of Virginia, the first of all the States to take any definite anti-slavery action, as early as 1778, through the influence of Patrick Henry and the few leading men who felt like him, and like him had the moral courage to take a bold of the Declaration of Independence.

and decided stand on the subject, abolished the slave traffic in this State by law. And besides the all-important aid Henry contributed to this measure, he caused his opinions and influence to be heeded and felt by the framers of the Constitution of the United States, an influential portion of whom, under the lead of Mr. Madison, thought that they had so guarded that instrument that it should never afford the remotest sanction to slavery, but rather invite the after prohibitory action of Congress. And when Congress, in response to our known sentiments, subsequently prohibited the further introduction of slaves after a certain time, Mr. Madison thought, and we all thought, we had effectually accomplished the great desideratum of giving slavery its death-blow, or the blow at least under which the institution could only linger a few years to perish from the land, which it had already begun to blight with its malific influence. But we soon found ourselves sadly mistaken. When the time arrived on which all had counted for its rapid decline, we saw it taking deeper root than ever. The cupidity of an influential class, taking advantage of the thoughtlessness of other classes, had prevailed. And so it has gone on, till this terrible incubus on the prosperity and true welfare of the South is swelling up to mountain proportions. This, of late years, has constituted the burden of my anxieties; and last spring I had several conversations with Mr. Madison on the subject, when, finding ourselves perfectly agreed in views and sentiments, we both resolved we would make one more effort before we died to rid our State of this unspeakable evil before forever too late. And the result of our movement was the proposition for the gradual emancipation of all the slaves of Virginia, which is soon to be presented for the action of the approaching State Convention for making all expedient alterations in our Constitution, and which, with the strong backing promised us, we have fondly hoped might be adopted. And yet we should not be too sanguine of such an auspicious result. The same causes that have hitherto led to the defeat of every such movement may again conspire to bring this to the same fate, and we shall be compelled to leave the stage of life with our vistas of the earthly future darkened by the presages of the doom, which, if not averted by emancipation, must sooner or later fall, not only on our own beloved State, but the whole South, in the ruin of their people or in the overthrow of their republican liberties, in consequence of the inevitable workings of that most unfortunate institution."

The measure was not destined to prevail, and we are now in a position to estimate the deep foresight embodied in the prophecy of the author



REST.

A CRIMSON cloud, all fringed with sunset fire, Hung like a curtain in the burning west, And seemed to yearn with languor and desire Toward the earth's cold breast.

The purple mountain reared his giant head,
Flush'd at the summit with the roseate glow;
The valley at his feet, like something dead,
Lay silent far below.

A bird, whose weary pinions droop'd with flight, Sailed on, a shadow in illumin'd air; And over all the solemn, dark-browed Night Let fall her raven hair.

A wind from out the portals of the sun
Blew cool o'er scented fields and groves of pine;
And in the blue empyrean, one by one,
The stars began to shine.

Weary with toil, oppress'd with grief and care, I longed for rest: near to her highest noon, By vapory isles, through purple seas of air, Floated the harvest moon.

The hours went by: soft strains of music, made

More sweet with distance, o'er the landscape wide

Stole like faint odors on by copse and glade;

Then swooned, and swooning died.

I slept. Next morn, refresh'd and calm, I woke
From pleasant dreams that held me thro' the night,
And saw where in the east the young dawn broke
The dusk with shafts of light.

WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

Is it my turn to tell a tale? You have all been so kind in telling yours, and what you have said has been so interesting that I do not like to refuse to do my share. But I am afraid that I shall not entertain you very much, because my little history is quiet and sad, not at all like the exciting adventures that some of you have described.

Sitting here by Murray's side, and seeing your kind faces in this pleasant fire-light glow, knowing how you all honor and love him, and how for his sake you even love me already, I can hardly realize that I am just the same person whose story I am about to tell you. You do not know-for Murray has left me to tell every thing about myself—that he is not my first husband. I was a wife once before, but not the proud and happy one I am now. My mother was French, and you know how marriages are conducted in France. She herself, at fifteen, was given to a man whom she had seen but once before her wedding-day. Yet her marriage was happy, for my father was a good man, and he left nothing undone to make his young wife contented. She had then no misgivings, you will understand, in disposing of me exactly as her parents had disposed of her, although I was born in America where such things are not so common.

When my father died—which happened six the misery that was to come upon me. Her months before my birth—my mother was forced death was peaceful and glad, because she beto leave her own country to seek support for her lieved that my happiness was secure; and she

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She came to America, and found emchildren. ployment in teaching the French language. But it was a bitter life for one who had been accustomed to elegance and ease always; and to add to her troubles, my two little brothers, for whose sake chiefly she had left France, sickened and died one after the other, before I was three years old. From that time my mother's whole nature was changed. She had been the merriest creature once, Marguerite said, singing like a bird for pure happiness, always with some playful word on her lips and a laugh in her eyes. But all that was gone by the time I can remember. Marguerite has a little picture in a gold frame which is like that, but the only picture of her in my memory is a stern, sad woman, with the dress of a nun and a face that never smiled.

Mine was not a bright childhood, you see, for the shadow of my mother's sorrow darkened all my youth. She loved me, however, with all the love that was not buried in my brothers' grave, and the one object that she lived for was to provide for my future. Year by year she toiled in the schools, and Marguerite saved at home, for my sake; to lay up a dower that should buy me a husband, such a one as she would approve. The right one came at last, or she thought so, poor maman! in the shape of a countryman of her own; and at seventeen I was married to Monsieur Lamarque, who was thirtysix. Up to that time I had lived a silent, shadowy life; without gayety or excitement, but equally without sorrow or bitterness; and filled with the sweetness of girlish dreams and romances that I nursed in secret, or whispered sometimes to Marguerite-never to my mother. When Monsieur Lamarque asked for my hand, it seemed like the realization of some of my dreams. I was dazzled by his beautiful eyes and shining hair, bewildered by his courtly manner and graceful words. He professed to adore me, and I imagined that I adored him. So when my mother said, "You consent, then, Pauline; you are satisfied?" I had no thought of objecting to any thing.

The marriage took place, and I found out soon—oh, how soon! what a bitter mistake I had made My husband was fond of me for a little while: he gave me beautiful dresses and ornaments, and carried me about with him to many delightful places, where every one petted and admired me. My foolish little head was turned with praise and flattery. I fancied myself in heaven already, and forgot to think about any heaven out of this world.

But it did not last long, this sort of wickedness. My mother died when I had been three months married, and that was the beginning of my wretchedness. Her death was very sudden, and a great shock to me. Naturally, I grieved bitterly on account of it, but I lived to be thankful for her sake. She had suffered enough, and God was merciful to spare her all knowledge of the misery that was to come upon me. Her death was peaceful and glad, because she believed that my happiness was secure: and she

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never knew, thank God, that my brief happiness came to its close on the day that she died.

Perhaps it was my own fault, partly. My nature was passionate and demonstrative, and I suffered myself to be absorbed in a grief with which my husband had no sympathy. He grew impatient because I no longer entertained him, and refused to be amused with the pleasures he offered me. Then I was indignant at his heartlessness, and showed that I was; too plainly you may say. I do not want to blame him more than he descrees, I do not want to shield myself from blame; but, oh me! it is hard to understand why he became so unkind all at once, why he deserted me so entirely, leaving me for days and nights together, and giving me only cold looks and colder words whenever he came back to me. I could not submit patiently to such treatment: I was too young and proud, and the change was too great from his old caressing fondness. I resented it, and demanded to know the reason of his conduct.

"What have I done to be neglected so?" I asked, at last. "Why do you treat me this way?"

"Because it amuses me, Madame," was the careless answer.

"It amuses you to make me miserable!" I cried, in a rage. "You dare to say that to me, after you have pretended to love me?"

"What would you have?" he asked, with a shrug of his shoulders "I am heart-broken to behold vou miserable, but as for love-bah! Are we infants then, that we still believe in that fable?"

"We are worse than infants, we are fools!" I said, passionately. "I should have seen that you were only selfish, and cold, and cruel. But why did you marry me, then? Why were you kind to me at first to insult me so now?"

"Do you wish to be answered, Madame, seriously?" he asked, looking at me with his scornful smile. "If you must know, then, if you will compel me to be impolite to a lady, I have to confess that I am sick of you-tired-what you call bored. It was new at first, it was exciting. You were my pretty little Pauline, my romantic little Madame, my very fascinating and delightful spouse. Without doubt you are charming still, but I have discovered that yours are not the style of charms that continue to please short, you do not amuse me. What then? I seek my little amusement elsewhere, and you are at liberty to do the same."

"I will do nothing of the kind," I answered. "It is not amusement I shall seek, but separation. I will not submit to your contempt. I will not stay to be your despised wife. You shall see, Monsieur, that I have too much pride to let you trample on my heart with such words as these for more than once."

I was white with rage and pain, but I spoke to him very calmly. His scornful indifference had stung me into self-possession, and I saw the look of surprise that came upon his face when I fronted him with determination instead of pas-

sion. But he only lifted his eyebrows for a moment, and then said, with a haughty carelessness.

"Be pleased to understand, Madame, that I object to your little arrangement. There is no separation possible. Make your mind easy, therefore; forget it; be contented. I am your husband, that is to say, your master. You will stay -to be any thing I please."

So he walked lazily out of the room by one door, and I, resolutely, by another. "We shall see," I said to myself—"we shall see." In my bedroom Marguerite was sewing. I said to

"I am going to leave my husband, Marguerite. I shall go away this very night, and I want you to help me and go with me.'

"What is it now, Madame?" she asked, without testifying any surprise. To do her justice, she had never believed in Monsieur Lamarque, and though her devotion to my mother would never allow her to oppose any of her plans, yet she had shown in various ways that the marriage was not to her liking. It seemed caprice at first,

but it proved to be penetration.

I am reminded here that I have not yet told you who or what Marguerite was. It would take too many hours to tell you all she was to my mother and myself, in faithful service and friendship. But briefly, she was a servant who had lived with my mother in her prosperity, and when poverty and exile came upon her, chose to follow her fortunes still. To me she was never a servant, however, but a familiar and dear companion, for whom I felt hardly less love, though a great deal less awe, than for my own mother. In my trouble now she was the one only creature in all the world to whom I could go; and all that she could do for me she did.

I was fully determined to leave my husband, and though she did not approve, seeing more clearly than I the rashness of such a step, she did not refuse to help me. She only endeavored to restrain my impatience until some plan for the future could be arranged, and advised me to waite until Monsieur Lamarque should be absent from home again, instead of escaping that very night as I had determined. But this was impossible, when my heart was on fire with the memory of his insulting words. I could not endure to stay another night under his roof; and so against Marguerite's better judgment she consented to go with me at once.

We were living then in a country house, some miles out of town; but there was a railroad station at a village not very far from us, and it was our plan to steal away after dark, and take the late train down to the city. Once there, we could stop at a hotel, and make arrangements afterward to find a better home. I had some money for the present, and Marguerite had her own little savings in bank. We could manage until I got a situation to teach, like my mother, I said; and my heart beat high with the thought of revenging myself in this way upon the man who had scorned and ill-treated me.

We put up one little bag of clothes to take

with us, and when it was quite dark we slipped out of the house, dressed in long dark mantles, and close bonnets with thick veils. It was not far to the station, and no one met us on the way or hindered us when we got there, so that we found ourselves at last seated in the railway-car, and the train fairly in motion, without any interruption whatever. Nothing happened on the journey either, and no one took notice of us, as we thought, until we reached the city. Then, as we descended from the car, in the midst of the bustle and confusion, and shouting of porters and carriage-drivers, a hand touched me suddenly on the shoulder, and a voice that I knew said,

"Allow me, Madame, to offer you my arm. For a lady like yourself this noise and this crowd must be unpleasant. Is it not so?"

It was Monsieur Lamarque, with his glistening eyes and his white teeth smiling togethera cruel, malicious smile-who stood beside me. Marguerite gave one little scream, as she, too, recognized him; but I answered not a word, made not a motion. I do not know how it was, but I seemed all at once to be fascinated, subdued by some indescribable terror-all the resistance, all the passion chilled out of me. I took his arm like an automaton, and suffered him to put me into a carriage. We were driven to a hotel, and Marguerite and I were left in a long, brilliant parlor, quite empty of people, to wait while Monsieur Lamarque went to engage rooms for the night. She came close to me, with an eager whisper, when we were left alone; but started back suddenly, crying, "Oh, my God!" What she saw in my face I do not know. I only felt stunned.

That night, for the first time in many weeks, I shared the same apartment with my husband. That night, when I had thought myself free from him forever! A curious dread came over me when I found myself locked into that strange room with him. He was certainly my husband, and the time was not so far in the past when to be alone with him was, instead of a dread, a delight; but now I felt at his approach just as one might feel if an assassin drew near, the deathly weapon in his hands and murder in his eyes. I shrank away from him into the farthest corner of the room, but he followed me and fixed me with his glance.

"I have one little question to ask you, Madame," he said: "it will be enough to answer yes or no. This affair of to-night: will you try it again."

"No," I trembled forth; for I felt, indeed, that I never should.

"For your own sake, Madame, I rejoice to hear you say so," he answered. "Once more might be too often-you understand? We will say no more of this: but remember!"

That was the only threat; in fact, he did not speak to me again all night; but I read something in his eyes that frightened me more than any threats could have done. From that moment I know that he was my master, body and illness—something that sent the first thrill of in-Digitized by GOOS

soul; that I should never dare to rebel again, whatever he might do.

And I never did, though he gave me cause enough-be sure of that! For what I had done was a thing not to be pardoned; and every day that I lived-every hour almost-he made me feel the cruel force of his revenge. Marguerite was sent away, of course; I was not allowed the most distant communication with her; and from morning till night, from week to week, from month to month, I lived like a prisoner in my dreary home; never seeing a friendly face, never hearing a pitying voice, continually overshadowed by a presence which had come to be the dread and horror of my life. There were times when I thought I should go mad; when every open window, every sharp-edged tool, every glimpse of the river rippling in the sunshine, was a temptation to suicide.

But I will not tell you any more about that. I have tried to forget that awful time: it is over

He died, at last, and I was free. One night when I sat alone in the darkness, crying for my mother, and wishing, oh! so drearily, that I had died with her, they brought him in, dead. He had been out on the river with some of his companions; an accident upset the boat, and three of the six were drowned. He had left me with hatred in his eyes and bitter words on his tongue -curses that struck like blows, and evil glances that pierced me like poisoned arrows. He came back white and quiet, with shut lips and sealed eyelids, that would never open again for ban or blessing.

I was ill after that for a long time, and knew nothing that happened until I waked one day and found Marguerite sitting beside me, myself in bed in a room that I knew was not any room in my husband's house. I did not ask her many questions, for I remembered what had happened: indeed that terrible white face, with its dripping hair, had haunted my brain through all my fever. She told me how she had been sent for, and how she had brought me away from that place to the house we were now in. We were to live together always now, she said—she and She would take care of me, love me, make me happy again: there was no one to separate or disturb us any more.

All the tenderness and pity that the most loving mother could have felt she poured out upon me-poor Marguerite!-but I could not care for it then. I was like some one stunned, and I felt nothing but a dreary apathy, which made me indifferent to every thing in the world -pain or pleasure, love or hatred. I did not care to live or to die; but I recovered slowly under Marguerite's tender, deep-loving care of me, and day after day she devised new plans to arouse me from my dull wretchedness-plans that were all failures, for my weariness of spirit was too utter to let me make a single effort in unison. At last she told me something that the physician had told her about me during my terest to my heart, the first tingle of new life on either side of us. into my veins. I had not known it myself, or grass-plot with its border of box, and a strip of even thought of it, but it was, nevertheless, true: flower-bed running round; but it was nothing, I was to have a child.

Marguerite had hesitated to speak of it, not knowing surely that I was ignorant myself, and looking upon it, for her part, as a great misfortune. That, being so young and so desolate, I should have a child at all was, she thought, an unhappy thing; but to be the mother of that man's child was dreadful! It did not seem so to me, for I never thought of the two together. The child that was to come—the delicious mystery, the unimagined delight—was mine, a part of my own soul; a creature that should satisfy all the passionate yearnings of my youth, annihilate the misery of the past, and forever make glad the future. So I felt in the first rush of my new joy-so new to me, who had almost forgotten the meaning of joy! All that day I was in a dream of happiness—happiness to which I yielded myself with the more abandon, because I had so utterly resigned even hope before.

Marguerite was amazed, but that did not matter. Nothing was to be considered a misfortune that had such effect upon me, and she was at once more than reconciled to the prospect. She began immediately to institute preparations for the event, and with a wise tact provided that my own heart and hands should be kept busy in the same. So by degrees, as the sense of having something to live for and something to do deepened within me, I recovered health of mind and body. My miserable married life I tried to put out of my memory as past and dead, and for my baby's sake I strove to be good and happy. I had given up trying or caring about being good at one time. Because I was so wretched and ill-treated I chose to be wicked also, and said and thought horrible things. But now I repented of all this, and prayed humbly that God would accept of my repentance for my little child's sake.

I believe He did, and that the peace and quietness which settled down upon my heart were sent from Him. All through that strange, dream-like summer before the baby's birth, Marguerite and I were contented and happy, and never lonely, though we seldom spoke to a soul but ourselves. We were quite comfortable as to means, for a sufficient provision had been made for me in the settlement of my husband's estate, and Marguerite found out a queer little house, just fitted for our uses, into which we moved as soon as I was quite well.

This little house was a sort of accident in the great city. Some whimsical builder had niched it between two great dwellings that stretched out broadly on either side, and towered high above it, leaving our little nest in the perpetual shadow of their greatness. We did not like it the less for that through those warm summer days: it was pleasant to feel the cool shadow of the high stone-walls, and pleasanter still to look from our lowly windows over the broad gardens, filled with flowers and shrubbery, that extended

We, too, had a garden—a of course, to those of our neighbors.

The one on the left was my favorite of the two, though it was not so much ornamented as the other. It had no summer-house, and no fountain, and no tall iron vases filled with trailing creepers, as the other had; but it was very lovely nevertheless, and the more so to me for the reason that every thing about it had a quaint, old-fashioned air, even to the flowers. There was a sun-dial of the fashion of fifty years ago, and much of the shrubbery, which was very abundant, was clipped into the fanciful shapes that were so popular in old times. There was a shady bank where violets seemed to bloom all summer; and among the rich geraniums and fuschias, roses and jasmines, there grew in profusion, and as if they were just as highly prized. all manner of simple cottage flowers-hollyhock, and larkspur, and pride of London, four o'clocks, and prince's feathers, and sweet-williams.

I don't know why these homely flowers touched me as they did: I had few enough childish associations with flowers of any kind, and I had certainly never seen my mother wear one. Yet in some strange way these old-fashioned plantsthe marigold with its spicy scent, and the long stalks of the larkspur with its blue and pink bells-recalled my childhood, and gave me back my mother's face. I used to cry quietly many a time sitting by my chamber-window, and looking down into my neighbor's garden.

As the summer passed, the flowers changed and brightened into autumn colors, and a border of chrysanthemums became my special attraction. I had always had an odd fancy for this flower: its odor, not at all sweet, as you know, but pungent and refreshing, was pleasanter to me than the breath of violets or the fragrance of heliotrope; and I liked the mass of brilliant color that their full bushes presented, especially in contrast with the snowy clusters of the white ones. Our neighbor liked them too, it would seem, for his garden had every sort of chrysanthemum that was ever grown; every possible shade of color, and every variety of species. But the white ones were most abundant: they grew large and small, single and double-some expanding like sunflowers, and many more as delicate and tiny as an English daisy. There was one large bush of these so near my window that I knew every flower on it by heart; and out of some queer fancy—it was in the last days before my illness, and my brain was full of queer fancies-I associated these pretty white blossoms with my baby that was coming.

One day Marguerite came in with a pile of beautifully-ironed linen, little shirts, and slips, and soft white night-robes, which she laid away carefully in a drawer. "Every thing is ready now but the mother and the doctor," she said. "Does Madame know that our next-door neighbor-the one on the left-is a doctor?"

"How should I know?" I asked.



"It is true; Madame had no need to consider," she answered. "But I, when I saw the doctor's gig so often in waiting, made inquiries if it were not a doctor who lived in that house. And I was told that it was so. I thought, then, if Madame had no objection, it would be well to engage him, being so near and so very convenient. If Madame has any other choice, however-

"As if I cared!" I said, laughing, for Marguerite was always so punctiliously afraid of seeming to dictate to me. "What is one doctor to me more than another? You manage it all, Marguerite, as you please."

So that same evening she went into our neighbor's grand house, and informed him that his services would be soon desired in the little dwelling adjoining; and he promised to come promptly at my need, speaking far more gently to her, Marguerite said, than to some proud-looking patients who sat in his waiting-room. A very few days after this came the time when he was needed, and then his promise was fulfilled to the letter. I was very ill, and for days both my life and the baby's seemed a doubtful thing. Marguerite said if it had not been for his wonderful skill, and still more wonderful care, we should certainly have died. However, I knew nothing about it, for I was delirious all the time, and when I recovered my reason the danger was past. The first that I remember is waking up one day, and seeing, as in a dream, a little, exquisite child asleep on a pillow beside me. Its face was quite white, and it had rings of silksoft hair parted on its forehead, and faint, shadowy eve-lashes lying on the cheek. In its tiny, tiny hand, shut tight, was a white chrysanthemum—gathered, as I knew very well, from the bush that I had watched so often. Marguerite told me afterward that I had raved about those flowers, and that the doctor had brought them to me every day; and that it was his direction that the child should be laid beside me with the white blossom in its hand to await my waking.

It was out of all this that I came to give her -my baby-my little daughter-that odd, unchildlike name, Chrysanthemum. Marguerite was amazed and indignant: "As if the child were a heathen," she said, "and there were no Christian names in all the French language, or, for that matter, the English either! Any thing would be better than to give it the name of a miserable weed."

"But it is not a weed," I answered. "It is a beautiful snow-white flower, the very image of the child. And you do not object to Rose, and Violet, and Lily for names? ails Chrysanthemum, then? She is, and shall be, my little white Chrysanthemum."

So I persisted in my whim, and the little one was christened by her quaint name; but Marguerite stoutly refused ever to call her by it. She vowed she would call her Marie-Jeannette, which was my mother's name; and I, for my part, because the flower-name was really too What a treat for the little darling, so fond of

long, shortened it to "Chryssie" for daily usethough, after all, it was seldom that she was called by either the one or the other. She was too tiny, too lovely, too inexpressibly dear to us to be named except by the tenderest, most caressing epithets. So we called her "petite." "mignonne," "cherie," "little lamb," "little angel"-whatever we could think of that was tenderest and sweetest; and as with our words, so with all our hearts and lives, we idolized the little creature.

That was not strange when you think of all she was to us; and if you had known her-if you had only seen her-you would have felt that it was impossible to do otherwise. She had such wonderful eyes-it was as if a heavenly angel looked out through them-and such a loving heart, such wise, winsome ways! Before she was six months old she could kiss with her soft little lips, and soon after she began to call "mamma! mamma!" It was like music from Paradise.

By-and-by she crept about the floor, and we shortened her white slips, and put red morocco shoes on her little feet. Then she began to climb up by the chairs, and push them before her; and soon, very soon, she pushed them quite away from her, and balanced herself bravely alone. How proud we were, Marguerite and I-how we screamed with delight when she first came tottering across the carpet to us, her hands outstretched, her eyes dancing with glee! She was not a year old: the chrysanthemums were not yet in blossom. By the time they came she could run alone fearlessly, and Marguerite let her walk in our little garden and pull the flowers in the border.

Watching them one day from the window above, I saw that the doctor was in his garden, and that he was listening to the sweet little voice on the other side of the ferrce. It was a low fence, and he came to it presently and looked over, having his hands filled with brightcolored blossoms, which he dropped down suddenly upon the child's head. Marguerite gave a cry, and the doctor laughed at her; but Chryssie gathered up the flowers eagerly.

"Will you give me a kiss for them, little white Chrysanthemum?" the doctor asked; and she answered, gravely, "Yes." So Marguerite lifted her up, and he took her into his arms, quite over the fence, and kissed her three or four times. She laid her little cheek against his, and was not at all afraid. He carried ber all over the garden, and gathered the loveliest flowers, and pulled the largest clusters of ripe grapes for her; and when he gave her back to Marguerite he said:

"I want you to bring the child into my garden every day. There is a gate in the wall which I will have unlocked, and you can come in whenever you will. It will please the little thing, and no one shall disturb you."

Marguerite thanked him, greatly pleased, and I, who had heard it all, was still more pleased.



flowers as she was! and how very, very kind! in the doctor! For the first time I felt an interest in him, and examined his face with curiosity for the few minutes longer that he remained in the garden. It was a beautiful, noble face, but clouded with an expression of deep sadness, now that it was in repose. I wondered why he was sad, and wished involuntarily that I could do something to comfort him. When Marguerite came in I told her that I had been looking at him, and that I knew he was unhappy.

"I am told that Monsieur the Doctor has seen a great deal of trouble," she answered. "He married a young wife, and she was very beautiful, but not good. Although he did every thing to make her happy, she did not love him, but went away with a bad man, leaving her husband and her little child behind. That was dreadful enough, but something more followed. The baby died, and when the mother heard of it she went mad through remorse and grief. The bad man deserted her when this happened. and then Monsieur the Doctor found her out in her misery, and forgave her, and took care of her. But she never recovered her mind; she was very mad, and he had to shut her up in one of those houses for mad people at last. There she died, only a few days ago, I am told. That is, perhaps, why he looks so melancholy just now; though for my part, I consider that he has more reason to look glad."

"Marguerite, why do people ever marry?" I exclaimed, passionately. "Every body who marries is miserable; all the trouble in the world comes from that."

"Madame has had an unhappy experience," Marguerite answered, gravely.

"And the doctor had an unhappy experience. And so, I think, has every body. If it is not a wicked husband, it is a wicked wife. There is nothing in marriage but misery.'

"Madame has forgotten, it appears, that it is to her marriage she owes the little angel here," Marguerite said, quietly.

"And it may die!" I answered. "The doctor's child died, and I do not wonder that the mother went mad. Marguerite, if any thing were to happen to Chryssie, I think I should go mad too."

I hugged and kissed the child, as I said this, with a wild feeling in my heart that I could not, would not bear it indeed. She was all I had, and she was so perfect! I would never live without her. I believed all this then; but you see me now. I live, I am here, and my baby is gone; I am even happy-and my darling, my darling! she is happier than ever I made her, though I loved her so!

She was ill that winter with some childish fever. Not a dangerous one, but in our anxiety we would have the doctor come in every day to see her. From the first he assured me that she would recover, and so being set at ease, I was I was smitten with shame in the sudden con-

which were not at all the formal, professional calls of most physicians. We had become better acquainted through Chryssie's walks in his garden. If he was at home and at leisure when he saw her there, he would always come out, and take her up in his arms; and he was so tender with her that her little loving heart was quite won, and she clung to him almost as she did to Marguerite and myself. I was not jealous of him, though I could not have borne to see her sweet caresses given to any one else. But I remembered his little dead child and his lonely life; and I was glad from my heart to see the tender love that grew up between those two.

Of course, he never came into our house except when he was needed as a physician; and the beautiful gifts of fruit and flowers that came often, were sent "for the little white Chrysanthemum" always. Still even in those days I think he thought of me kindly, and I felt in my heart that he was my friend, although we so seldom spoke to one another. It was very pleasant, therefore, to see him, and hear him talk, and grow to know him better day after day, during this slight illness of Chryssie's. She was always on the watch for him when the hour for his visit came, and her little languid face would brighten at the first sound of his voice. Often she would put out her hands with a pretty pleading to go to him, and then when he had her upon his knee, her soft cheek nestled against his breast, the minutes would slip away unconsciously; it was hard, you know, to put her awaythe little loving angel!-when it made her happy to be there.

So his visits were long, as I said, and we talked. I am afraid I talked too much, and was not so reserved as I should have been, perhaps; but it was his blame if it were so. He had so kind and sympathetic a manner, full of earnestness and gentleness, and one felt so convinced of his truth and goodness, that it was impossible to be reserved with him. By degrees he learned all the sad story of my life; and without ever putting it into words, or implying any thing that the proudest person could have resented, he made me feel that if in my loneliness I ever needed friendship or protection I should find it in him. By degrees also he gave me confidence in return for mine, and let me understand that my silent sympathy was not without value to him.

It gave a new interest to my life, a feeling of strength and repose to my heart, this sense of union, even in so remote a way, with this good, strong man. It made me a better woman, I think; less selfish and absorbed in my own narrow range of feeling. I knew the life he led; its self-denial, its self-sacrifice, its single-minded devotion to his profession in its noblest aspect. Marguerite collected story after story of his goodnes to the poor, among whom he was verily "the beloved physician;" and I listened to them all with greedy ears-listened till at last not hindered from taking pleasure in his visits, sciousness of my own useless, self-indulgent life,

than I deserved, for some trifling things that I' did, which by accident came to his knowledge; but it was praising himself to do so, for I only followed in his footsteps, I only gleaned after his handa.

· When the next summer came our darling (I say ours, for she seemed to belong to Marguerite | while I plunged and struggled madly after her, almost as much as to me) grew delicate and pale; and Marguerite, from taking her around the doctor's garden, began to take her daily into the doctor's office. She came out sometimes with such a clouded brow that I grew anxious and frightened, imagining that something more than "the late teething" they talked of | dreamed that she was dead: laid out white and was the matter. But when I questioned them | cold as snow in a little coffin, which was circled eagerly both she and the doctor evaded me. It all around with a wreath of white chrysanthewas the child's second summer, they said, and nothing was more natural than that she should be delicate; especially with her sensitive organization, and the long time that she had been in had seen it so plainly—the little clasped hands getting teeth. She must have change of air, a month or two at the sea-side.

So we shut up our little house, and took her away to some quiet country lodgings close to the sea-shore. Every day we carried her down upon the beach, and she played with the shells and pebbles, and seemed to grow stronger in the bracing air. At least I thought so for a while, but the old languor came back again before long. She would not play any more; and instead of tumbling about in the clean white gravel, and letting Marguerite bury her in it up to the chin -a frolic she had delighted in at first-she liked now to lie still in our arms hour after hour, and watch the waves breaking against the sand.

About this time I began to notice that when she walked she halted a little, and one foot dragged after the other, rather than kept pace with it. I called Marguerite's attention to it, and showed her how one of her little shoes was all worn and rubbed at the side, while the other were weak, Marguerite said; it was nothing to alarm one. And she was almost impatient at the anxiety I expressed; but after that, she carried Chryssie in her arms every where, and would not let her walk at all; and once, when she did not know that I saw her, she picked up the little worn shoe and wrung her hands, saying under her breath, "Oh, my God! oh, my God!"

I never asked why she acted so, for I was sure she would not tell me. But from that time the vague fears that had troubled me about my darling grew into a miserable dread that haunted me night and day. I did not know what I was afraid of, but I was sure that some evil was hanging over her, and that Marguerite and the doctor were trying to keep me in ignorance. I longed to be at home again, to exestion him, and find out truly-for I knew he would not trifle with me when he saw me in such unhappiness-what cause I had for fear. But it was his

and stirred up to some distant emulation of his to get all the benefit of the sea-breezes; so I noble deeds. He has praised me since, far more kept my impatience and my wretchedness in my own heart, and did not speak to Marguerite, who was sad enough without me, I could see.

But I had strange, wild dreams about my darling night after night. Sometimes I thought that she was floating out upon the sea, drifting with the waves farther and farther away from me, but forever failed to reach her. Sometimes I fancied her lying on the beach with the pebbles heaped up over her, as she had liked to play; only now she was quite buried from my sight, smothered and stifled under the weight of stones, yet crying to me from below. And once I

I woke up from this dream cold to my fingerends, and feeling as if I were dead myself. I holding one pale blossom, just as they held it when I first saw her alive-the waxen face with the snowy wreath around it-the rigid limbs still and straight in the narrow coffin. Ah me! I knew it was true; I knew I should see it all again; though my baby was in my arms, and her warm, living breath upon my check.

We went home at last, and I was glad to go. It was pleasant to sleep once more in the little quiet room where my darling had been born, where the touch of her sweet lips had first blessed me, and the tender weight of her head upon my breast had made glad so many nights. My rest was calm and deep; no ill dreams disturbed me, and I almost felt hopeful again when I waked in the morning and kissed the little face that was a dream of heaven to me.

The doctor came in early to welcome us home, and see after his little patient. As usual he brought an offering for her, a pretty basket with a few large, bloomy peaches, half hidden in a was quite fresh. It was because her ankles snow of white chrysanthemums. They were the first of the season, he said, and had hurried out on purpose to greet their little namesake. I felt sick when I saw them, for they brought back my dream. But they gave me courage, also, to ask him the question that had been on my heart so long.

> "Tell me what ails her," I said. "You and Marguerite know something about her that you are keeping from me. I must be told, too."

> "We know that she is a very fragile little creature," he said, gravely; and every care must be taken of her. She does not look so well as I had hoped to see her by this time. I will tell you that, plainly.'

- "And is that all?" I asked.
- "Is not that enough?" he returned.
- "Not if there is more to tell." I was very quiet, but all my heart was in my eyes as I said this, waiting for his answer. He understood me, and looked at me, silently, but oh! so tenorder that Chryssie should remain until October | derly and pitifully, for a little while before he



spoke. Then he said, with the same pitiful tenderness in his voice,

"I have to go to a patient now, who is expecting me; but I shall see you again to-day. When I come back I will tell you all I know."

He kissed the child and set her on my lap: one moment his hand rested on my hair, as if he would express by a touch what words could not say, and then he left the house. I went up stairs as soon as he was gone, taking Chryssie with me. Marguerite had made my room fresh and tidy, and we sat down together by the open window that overlooked the doctor's garden. It was lovely in the mellow autumn sunshine: purple grapes hung ripening over the trellis, and the morning dew sparkled still upon masses of vivid blossoms. The gate that communicated with our garden stood wide open, as if inviting us to enter; but Chryssie, looking at it, said, suddenly,

"My little white cazansemin isn't going in again, mamma."

"Why not, darling?" I asked.

"Oh, betause—I don't know," she answered, wearily, and I could not persuade her to say any more. It was the name she gave herself whenever she spoke of the doctor, because he always said, "my little white Chrysanthemum."

Presently she asked for her flowers—"I want my pitty little white cazansemins;" and for half an hour she played with them, tying them into bunches, twisting them into her flossy curls, sticking the short stems into her sash and her sleeve-ribbons. She looked so fair, so spiritual, as her fragile fingers trembled among the flowers, and her serene, unsmiling face bent over them, that I watched her with a sort of awe unfelt before. It seemed as if some unseen angel were beside her.

"Holding a lily in his hand For Death's annunciation."

By-and-by her head drooped upon my arm. Her little hands let the last blossom fall, wearily, and sleep crept softly over her languid frame. When I laid her down upon the bed, with the white chrysanthemums tangled in her hair, clustered on her bosom, strewn all about her, I thought of my dream again.

Marguerite came up presently, and because I could not bear to speak to any one, with this weight of dread and anticipation on my heart, I left her with the child and went down stairs. to wait alone till the doctor should come and put my formless woe into its true and bitter shape. What I expected I did not know; I did not even try to think. I only waited passively, and held my heart suspended in a sort of dumb patience until the blow should fall. Waiting so, I did not see how the hours crept by, and the day advanced to its noon. He had not come, and the one idea so absorbed and surrounded me that I received no outward impressions. I did not even remember that I had left my child asleep, and had not seen her for two hours; my direct apprehension of her was so merged into my dreary anxiety about her.

This consciousness came back sharply as a sudden shriek from Marguerite rang through the silent house. "Madame! Pauline! oh, my God!" And whether it was she who came flying down with the child in her arms, or I who sprang up the stairs and seized her, I never knew. Only I was in the hall of the house, clasping my darling all cold and pale, praying to her frantically, "Speak to me! look at me!" when the doctor came at last.

He led me, almost lifted me into the parlor, made me sit down, and took the child from me. As he raised her her little hands dropped heavily; her face was white, her eyes stared open, expressionless; she saw nothing. He passed his hand softly over those open eyes, and closed them without saying a word. Marguerite screamed aloud; she thought it was death already. But he quieted her with a look of authority.

"Bring warm water at once. Go!" he said to her. And to me: "Be calm; do not fear; she is not dead!" and all the while his strong man's hands were loosening her garments, slipping them away from her little wasted limbs with the touch of a woman.

Soon Marguerite flew back with the warm bath, and it was his hands, strong and tender, that supported her in it, while I bathed her brow and temples with cold water, and Marguerite brought soft blankets to wrap about her. But it was useless effort all, fruitless and vain. No warmth came back to her stiffened limbs, no throb to the lifeless pulse. A faint, tiny fluttering at her heart, a flicker of breath, almost imperceptible, at her lips, that was all to prove that she was not dead. And hours wore by—oh, the gasping, breathless hours! when I held her and dared not stir, while he spent all his skill, all his knowledge, all his longing desire, in one effort after another—all in vain! all in vain!

At last he gave up. His eyes met mine in despairing sympathy. "You know it, Madame, she is dying," he said. "I have done all I can." And then the tears filled his eyes, and his voice was choked: this doctor who had stood by so many death-beds! I had no answer for him: what could I say? In mute agony we watched the lingering death, and the only sound in the room was Marguerite's low, stifled sobbing. As for me, I could not weep.

Suddenly there came a quiver over the little marble face. The eyelashes trembled, and the lids flashed open, showing eyes full of wild and eager light. A whisper that was only a breath reached my ear, and I bent my face close down to hers. "Mamma! your little darling is going to leave you now. Kiss your little darling goodby!" The words were like sighs, but I heard them all. I kissed her with a last, longing kiss; I clasped her once more to my desolate heart: in that last embrace the sighing breath ceased forever.

You know the rest, I think. There is not much more that I can put into words. "The doctor," whose tender hands closed my baby's eyes—whose strong arms supported me when I



frinted over my dead child—was, as you have guessed before this, no other than Murray, your friend and brother—my husband now. I could never have told you all this if his hand clasping mine, and his dear eyes looking the love that turned my night into day, had not given me courage.

He saved my life when my darling was born: he saved my reason when she died, for I know I should have gone mad without him. You see I had not inherited a strong nature, and then I had been brought up strangely; and the trouble of my first marriage had shaken my mind. I lost my balance at a shock that others could have resisted.

For many days after the little coffin, with its wreath of white chrysanthemum, was hidden from my sight, I was in a frenzy, during which no one but Murray could influence me at all—out of which I was brought at last only by his power over me. How he watched and ministered to me—how he soothed, and strengthened, and saved me—I am here to prove; but I can not tell you in words. When the devil had been cast out, however—not before—he revealed to me the dark shadow that had been creeping over my child for months past, the dreadful suffering from which God had mercifully delivered her.

You remember that I spoke of her halting step and her little worn shoe. These were the signs (and there were others to his experienced eye) of a malady which would have filled all her childhood with unspeakable pain, and left her crippled for life.

When I knew this my tears rained down from eyes that had never wept since she died. I cried till it seemed as if I could never cease crying. To think of her, my beautiful darling! tortured with this slow pain, wasted and worn through years of anguish, her lovely face faded, her perfect limbs deformed! And I had so rebelled against her being taken from all this! Out of the depths of my sorrow and penitence I thanked God that He had been kinder to me than I deserved, blessed Him that He had

And given her all the sweetness;
To me the empty room and cot—
To her His heaven's completeness.

And then came "sweetness" for me that I had not thought of, that I should never have dared to hope for. How could I dream that Murray would love me, when he knew so well—better than any one in the world—how ignorant and untrained I was, how childish and passionate, how utterly unworthy to be a wife for him? The proudest lady in the land might be prouder

for being called his wife; and yet he loved me, insignificant as I was.

He told me-when I found it hard to believe that which seemed so improbable, and yet which made me tremble with such new happinessthat he had loved me from the very first. That my sweet, sad face (those are his foolish, fond words!) had touched him with such a tender pity that he never could forget it; that he thought of me day after day, though he did not see me for months together; and at night he dreamed what his life might become if I could only share it. All this he told me and more: but the rest is too sacred, too precious to be spoken. It is hidden away in my heart, and must not be exposed, even to such gentle eyes as yours. Only, I believed it all at last, you see; and now I am his wife, loving and loved as few wives are happy enough to be in this world.

A year ago there was a little grave in Greenwood, over which a marble angel stood, with a lily in his hand, and white chrysanthemums broken at his feet. It is not there now. This wintry night the snow drifts over it in a quaint old garden in the city; and from our chamberwindow Murray and I look out upon it night after night, loving to talk of the little life that was so lovely and perfect to its close: whose beginning brought us first face to face, whose ending was the link that made our two lives one.

OUTWARD BOUND.

FAR upon the unknown deep,
Where the unheard oceans sound,
Where the unseen islands sleep,
Outward bound.

Following toward the silent west
O'er the horizon's curving rim,
To those Islands of the Blest—
He with me, and I with him—
Outward bound.

Nothing but a speck we seem

In the waste of waters round;
Floating, floating like a dream,

Outward bound:

Yet within that tiny speck

Two brave hearts, with one accord,

Past all tumult, grief, and wreck,

Look up calm and praise the Lord—

Outward bound.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.



Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 6th of April. The most important events of the month have taken place on the Mississippi, in the vicinity of Port Hudson and Vicksburg. On the night of the 14th of March a partially successful attempt to pass the batteries at Port Hudson was made by the fleet under command of Admiral Farragut, while the land forces under General Banks made a diversion in the rear, but without actually coming into action. The enemy's batteries were found to extend for almost four miles in an almost continuous line above and below Port Hudson. The passage was attempted by seven vessels, the Hartford, Albatross, Richmond, Kineo, Monongahela, Genesee, and Mississippi; a number of mortar-boats kept up a bombardment in the rear. Two of the vessels, the Hartford and Albatross, succeeded in passing, with little damage; the Richmond, after reaching the last battery, was temporarily disabled, and obliged to put back. The Mississippi ran aground in the darkness directly under the guns of the main batteries, where she was exposed for an hour to their full fire. Finding it impossible to get her off, her commander, Captain Smith, gave orders to set her on fire to prevent her from capture. She finally swung off, and floated down the river a number of miles, when her magazine exploded, and she was totally destroyed; about 60 of her crew appear to be missing, many of whom are reported to have been made prisoners; the loss on the other vessels is unofficially reported to amount to about twenty killed. At Grand Gulf, some distance above Port Hudson, the Hartford and Albatross encountered formidable batteries, which they engaged, and passed, suffering, however, considerable damage, the Hartford being struck fourteen times, and had three men killed. There seems to be little room to doubt that the Indianola, recently captured below Vicksburg by the enemy, was destroyed by them. Several successful passages of the batteries at Vicksburg have been made; but on the 25th two rams, the Lancaster and Switzerland, attempted to run the batteries and join Admiral Farragut. The former vessel was struck thirty times, her bow was shot away, and she sunk at once, the crew, with the exception of two, escaping. The Switzerland was disabled by a shot passing through her steam-drum; she floated down the river, but was finally taken in tow by the Albatross. There is no definite tidings from the Yazoo Pass expedition, beyond the fact that it was stopped by a Confederate battery at the junction of the Tallahatchie and Yallabusha rivers. Several other expeditions toward the rear of Vicksburg are reported to have been made, but without any decisive results.

Several sharp actions in various quarters have occurred during the month, but nothing which amounts to a general engagement.—On the 13th and 14th of March the enemy, learning that our forces in North Carolina had been considerably weakened by reinforcements sent to General Hunter near Charleston, made a vigorous attempt to repossess themselves of Newbern. They first drove in our pickets between the Neuse and Trent rivers, but were held in check by our cavalry until reinforcements came up, when they fell back. They then attacked Fort Anderson, an unfinished earthwork, unprovided with guns, and after an ineffectual bombardment advanced to the assault but our bring \$2 per yard.

gun-boats were by this time in position to take part in the action, and after a vigorous contest of three hours the enemy fell back, having suffered severely, while our loss amounted to but one man killed and two wounded.—On the 20th of March a detachment sent out from Murfreesboro was attacked near Milton by a force of 2500 men, commanded by the famous guerrilla leader Morgan; the attack was repulsed, the loss of the guerrillas being given by the prisoners at 28 killed and some 200 wounded.—A dispatch from General Burnside, now in command of the department of the Ohio, dated April 1, gives an account of a brilliant action at Somerset, Kentucky, between our forces under General Gilmore and a body of the enemy under General Pegram, who had attempted a raid into Kentucky. General Gilmore reports that the enemy had 2600 men, outnumbering us two to one. Notwithstanding this disparity of force he attacked them on the 30th of March, in a strong position, defended by cannon, dislodged him, and drove him over the Cumberland River. The pursuit was stopped by the night; but his loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners amounts to 500; our own, in killed, wounded, and missing, not exceeding 30. A considerable amount of plunder, which the enemy had secured, was recaptured.

During the month several destructions or captures of vessels attempting to run the blockade have been made. The most important of these is perhaps that of the steamer Georgiana, built in England, which was run ashore near Charleston and destroyed, with all her cargo, consisting of arms, munitions, and medicines. It was intended to fit her out at Charleston as a cruiser. She is represented to have been in every way a more formidable vessel than the Alabama, whose depredations upon our commerce have been so extensive. This famous cruiser continues her career of destruction unchecked. On the 20th of March the American ship Washington, bound from Callao to Antwerp, put into the port of Southampton, England, having on board the crews of four other vessels, which had been captured by the Alabama and burned at sea. The Washington was captured on the 20th of February, but was released upon giving a bond for the payment of \$50,000, for the purpose of taking off the crews from the other vessels. The officers of the Alabama asserted that this vessel had already destroyed about forty American traders.

Accounts from almost every portion of the South, given in their own papers, show a fearful amount of distress from want of provisions and other supplies. They indicate also a prevailing apprehension of still more severe privations. Thus, Governor Brown of Georgia, on the 25th of March, sent a Message to the Legislature, recommending the restriction of cotton planting to a quarter of an acre to each hand, under a heavy penalty, upon the ground of a probable scarcity of provisions. He also recommends the prohibition of using potatoes, pease, and peaches for distillation; and that the State cars carry corn to the destitute portions of the State. By the latest reports gold in Richmond commanded 400 per cent. premium, and almost every article of use or consumption bore corresponding prices throughout the Confederacy. Thus, at Charleston flour was held at \$60 per barrel, coffee at \$2 75 a pound; ordinary calicoes, which were formerly sold at 15 cents, now

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and House upon the "Conduct of the War" has at last been published. The whole bearing of the report is adverse to the conduct of the campaign as conducted by General M Clellan. They say that if the Army of the Potomac had fulfilled the expectations warranted by its numbers and character, the war would have long since been closed. They state that when General M'Clellan assumed the command the Army of the Potomac numbered 185,000 men, well armed, and fully equipped; the force of the enemy was variously estimated from 70,000 to 210,000; but the Committee think the lowest number was too high. When at length an advance upon Richmond was determined upon, General M'Clellan proposed that it should be made by way of Fortress Monroe or the Rappahannock, in opposition to the opinion of the President that it should be by way of Manassas. At a council of war eight generals were in favor of M'Clellan's plan, and four against it. Subsequently the commanding general proposed to abandon the Rappahanneck route, and advance by way of the York and James rivers. The whole conduct of the campaign from the siege of Yorktown is criticised and condemned. The Committee give it as the opinion of several generals that if the enemy had been promptly followed up after the battle of Williamsburg, they might, with little or no opposition, have been pursued straight into Richmond. The distance from Williamsburg to the Chickahominy was forty or fifty miles; the army was two weeks in passing over it. The battles of Seven Pines and Fair Oaks were fought on the 31st of May and the 1st of June. In summing up the results of these the Committee say that "the officers engaged, who have been examined, testify that the army could have pushed right on to the city of Richmond with little resistance; that the enemy were very much broken and demoralized, throwing away arms, clothing, etc., that might impede their flight." At this time, according to the documents referred to by the Committee, General M'Clellan proposed an immediate advance. On the 2d of June he wrote to the Secretary of War, "The enemy attacked in force and with great spirit yesterday, but are every where repulsed with great loss. Our troops charged frequently on both days, and uniformly broke the enemy. The result is that our left is within four miles of Richmond. I only wait for the river to fall to cross with the rest of the force and make a general attack. Should I find them holding firm in a very strong position, I may wait for what troops I can bring up from Fort Monroe; but the morale of my troops is such that I can venture much. I do not fear for odds against me. The victory is complete, and all credit is due to the gallantry of our officers and men." The proposed movement, however, was not made, because of the high state of the water and the bad roads. On the 18th of June the General telegraphed to the President that "after to-morrow we shall fight the rebel army as soon as Providence will permit; we shall await only a favorable condition of the earth and sky, and the completion of some necessary preliminaries." Two days after, June 20, the strength of the army is given as follows: "Present for duty, 115,202; special duty, sick, and in arrest, 12,225; absent, 29,511: total, 156,838." On the 25th of June General M'Clellan writes that the rebel force is stated to be 200,000; that he shall have to contend against great odds, and that if any disaster occurs he is not responsible for it; it was too late to ask for more reinforcements. Then follows

The Report of the Joint Committee of the Senate | an analysis of the seven days' battles and the retreat to James River, of which the Committee say, in summation: "It would appear, from all the information your Committee can obtain, that the battles were fought, the troops handled, new dispositions made, and old ones changed, entirely by the Corps Commanders, without directions from the Commanding General. He would place the troops in the morning, then leave the field, and seek the position for the next day, giving no directions until the close of the day's fighting, when the troops would be ordered to fall back during the night to the new position assigned by him. In that manner the army reached the James River." After the battle of Malvern Hill, July 1, the Committee say that many officers who were examined by them "are of the opirion that the enemy were so severely punished that they could have been followed into Richmond had our army followed them up vigorously." On the 3d of July, after the army had reached Harrison's Bar, General M'Clellan writes to the Secretary of War that he hopes that the enemy are as severely worn out as we are. He can not estimate our losses, but doubts whether there are 50,000 men under their colors. To capture Richmond there would require reinforcements of at least 100,000 men. The army remained at Harrison's Bar during July and a part of August. Halleck and Burnside visited the army, whose strength was then estimated at from 85,000 to 90,000. At a council of war, a majority were in favor of withdrawing the army. General M'Clellan was opposed to this, and asked for a reinforcement of 50,000 men to renew the advance upon Richmond. He was told that only 20,000 could be given, and consented to advance with this number; subsequently he demanded 15,000 or 20,000 more; when it was determined to withdraw the army. The Report of the Committee goes on to narrate the events of the campaign following the withdrawal of the army from the Peninsula, including the battles in Maryland, and the subsequent proceedings of General M'Clellan up to the time when he was "relieved" from the command. The whole tone of the Report is condemnatory of the course of General M'Clellan. It is signed by Messrs. Wade and Chandler of the Senate, and Messrs. Gooch, Covode, Julian, and Odell of the House. We have endeavored to present briefly its most important features, without attempting to pass judgment on the correctness of the views presented in it.-The general conclusions of the Committee may be thus summed up: During the autumn of 1861, and the winter and spring of 1862, we were almost uniformly successful, as at Hatteras, Port Royal, Fort Henry, Mill Spring, Fort Donelson, Roanoke Island, in Missouri and Arkansas, and on the Mississippi, especially at the city of New Orleans. Had the success of the Army of the Potomac during this period corresponded with that of the other branches of our forces, the termination of the campaign of 1862 would have seen the rebellion well-nigh if not entirely overthrown. These chances having been lost, what now remains to be done is clear. In the words of the Report: "We must obtain uninterrupted control of the Mississippi. We must reach those great railroad arteries—the one bordering on the Atlantic sea-board, the other stretching through the Virginia and Tennessee Valleys to the West and South. We must, as soon as possible, take the few fortified sea-ports remaining in possession of the rebels, and then we shall have virtually disarmed the rebellion, cut it off from all external sources of food and arms, and have surrounded it by



forces which can press upon it from any quarter, at the same time severing their means of intercommunication." The Report continues: "It is not our true policy to attempt an actual military occupation of the rebel territory, except at a few and important controlling points. We must destroy their armies, and to do this we must concentrate not scatter our forces. It is better to operate successfully against one stronghold or one army than to attempt three and fail."

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

As far as we can now judge, the French invasion of Mexico will require for success a large reinforcement. Our latest reliable accounts leave the French forces this side of Puebla, wasting away under the climate, and wholly unfit for active operations, while the whole spirit of the Mexican people is aroused against the invaders. Still any day may put a wholly different aspect upon the affairs of any Southern American State.

Hostilities have broken out between the States of Salvador and Guatemala. On the 24th of February Carrera, the President of Guatemala, attacked the forces of Salvador, who were strongly intrenched at Coatepeque. He was repulsed, losing in killed, wounded, and missing fully one-fourth of his army of 6000 men. In an address to his army, dated on the 5th of March, Carrera acknowledges his defeat, but promises a renewed invasion of Salvador. In the mean while General Barrios, the President of Salvador, has undertaken to aid the malcontents in Nicaragua, who are dissatisfied with the Government of Martinez, the new President. He gives to Jerez, the unsuccessful competitor of Martinez. a force of 600 men to aid him in the invasion of the territory of Nicaragua. Martinez, in a proclamation dated March 13, calls upon the Nicaraguans to repel this threatened invasion.

EUROPE.

The marriage of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra of Denmark took place at Windsor on Tuesday, March 10. The Princess left Copenhagen on the 26th of February, and reached Gravesend, England, on the 7th of March, where she was met by the Prince of Wales. The party then proceeded by railway to London. The capital was illuminated on the evening of the wedding, and scenes of great disorder occurred. Ten or a dozen lives were lost in the pressure of the crowd, and more than a hundred persons were more or less severely injured. In Dublin and Cork serious riots occurred during the celebration of the day. The actual marriage, however, was accompanied by all due pomp; and the leading incidents will be found noted in another place in this magazine. ——A series of diplomatic correspondence has been submitted to Parliament relating mainly to the American war. Mr. Mason, the Confederate Commissioner in England, asks the British Government to treat the blockade of the Southern ports as inefficient, and therefore to disregard it; to which Earl Russell replies that it does not appear that in any of the numerous cases brought before the prize courts in America the question of the inadequacy of the force has been urged by those who would have been most interested in urging it against the legality of the seizure. The conclusion is, that the British Government must consider the blockade as effectual under the law of nations; and that those who attempt to violate it will do so at their own risk and peril.— In respect to the fitting out in English ports of armed vessels for the Confederate service, Earl are able to decide, dates the serious attempt to ex-

Russell says that some overt act in violation of the Queen's proclamation of neutrality must be shown before the Home Government can interfere.

The insurrection in Poland has assumed an aspect which threatens to disturb the peace of Europe. The immediate occasion was the attempt to enforce the conscription law of March, 1861. By this law the conscripts from the towns, instead of being taken by lot, were specially designated by the Government, and this designation was based upon information furnished by the secret police. Government was thus enabled to get rid of all persons obnoxious to it. But even before the promulgation of this plan there had been indications of discontent. The meeting of the sovereigns of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, held at Warsaw in the autumn of 1860, was seized upon as a pretext to excite disaffection. The first movements took the shape of religious celebrations to the memory of the national poets. On the 25th of February, 1831, was fought the battle of Grochow, when for three days the Poles fought with the Russians: the thirtieth anniversary of that day was celebrated in 1861 at Warsaw. The whole population assembled in the churches to pray for the souls of those who fell in that disastrous conflict. Then a large procession paraded through the streets, singing the National Song. This procession was attacked by Colonel Trepow, the Chief of Police, at the head of two squadrons of soldiers, and about fifty were killed and wounded. A similar commemoration took place two days later, and another conflict occurred in which ten were killed and seventy wounded. The Russian Government disapproved of the conduct of Trepow, dismissed him from office, confided the police of the city to the students, and allowed the solemn interment of the victims. A hundred thousand people were present, and the whole population put on mourning. The Emperor on the 1st of April put forth a ukase granting some reforms; but on the 6th this was followed by another suppressing the Agricultural Society, which seems to have assumed somewhat of a political character. The next day, April 7, a great crowd assembled before the palace of Prince Gortchakoff, the Imperial Lieutenant, demanding the withdrawal of the edict; they were dispersed without special violence. The next evening the throng, men, women, and children, assembled in still greater numbers, and in reply to the Prince, who asked them what they wanted, they answered, "We want a country." The Russian soldiery were drawn up in battle order before the palace. Just then the postillion of a carriage which happened to be passing played the favorite air of Dembrowski's legions, "No, Poland shall not die!" The whole throng fell upon their knees and joined in the song. Whether any overt act was committed is disputed; but the troops opened fire upon the unarmed crowd, and the cavalry charged upon the throng. Fifty were killed and an immense number wounded. Six weeks after Gortchakoff died; but in the mean while the edict of conscription was issued—at the instigation, it is said, of the Marquis of Wielopolskie, who had not long before become Prime Minister under the Grand Duke Constantine. The Prime Minister was a Pole, who had taken an active part in the rising of 1830. He had, however, subsequently embraced the Russian cause, having apparently made up his mind that the annexation of Poland to Russia was an inevitable fact of which the best was to be made, and that all attempts at revolution must be suppressed. From about this time, as far as we

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cite a new rising in Poland. The organization of a Central National Committee at Warsaw was carried on so secretly that though a revolutionary sheet was issued by them and widely circulated, the Russian Government were wholly unable to identify the members. Early in the present year it was determined to put the conscription law into thorough execution. On the 22d of January the walls of Warsaw were covered with a proclamation from the Committee, of which the following are the most important paragraphs:

The vile usurping government, maddened by the opposition of the victims of its oppression, has resolved to give them a final blow—to seize many thousands of their bravest and most ardent defenders, to clothe them in the hated Muscovite uniform, and to send them thousands of miles away to lasting misery and destruction. Poland is neither able nor willing to submit unresistingly to this crushing outrage, and an energetic opposition to it is alone consonant with her duty to posterity. Bands of brave and self-sacrificing youths, penetrated with an ardent love for their country, an unbending faith in the justice and aid of Heaven, have sworn to cast off the accursed yoke or die. Let the whole Polish nation follow them.

After the fearful shame of slavery, after the incredible tortures of oppression, the Central National Committee, now your only legal government, summons you, Poles, to the field of the last of your struggles, to the field of glory and victory, which, with God's help, it will give you; for it knows that you, who were but yesterday sufferers and victims, must now become heroes and glants.

On the first day of our openly coming forward, at the moment when the holy struggle begins, the committee declares all the sons of Poland, without any distinction of faith or race, descent or station, to be free and equal citizens of the country. From this moment the land which the agricultural population possessed on condition of paying rent or giving task work to their masters is unconditionally their property and that of their heirs. The landholders who will be injured by this arrangement shall be compensated from the general funds of the State. The families of all laborers who join the ranks of the defenders of the country, or die in glorious death while so serving, shall receive a share of the land protected from the enemy out of the State property.

The proclamation also contains a paragraph addressed to the "Muscovite nation," threatening, in case they uphold the Czar, that they shall be "devoted to the shame of eternal subjection, and the torture of eternal slavery; shall be called to a dreadful war-the last war of European civilization with the savage barbarism of Asia." The Revolutionary Committee have also summoned all the Polish nobles now abroad to return at once under penalty of being declared traitors, and having all their property confiscated. The policy of the insurrectionary leaders appears to be to inaugurate a guerrilla warfare, acting mainly in small bodies, and destroying the great lines of communication. Several engagements of no great magnitude have taken place. From all accounts the present aspect of affairs seems to be that a wide-spread insurrectionary movement has been organized, and that the chief revolutionary leaders in Europe are engaged in it; but that, so far, nothing has occurred which can be supposed to have any decisive influence upon the issue of the contest. The names even of the revolutionary authorities are involved in doubt. The most definite information is that by a resolution of the Central National Committee, bearing date March 10, General Langiewicz was appointed Dictator, with General Wysozki as Military Coadjutor, while the civil administration was committed to Poentkowski. In a proclamation of the same date the Dictator says: "Notwithstanding the extremely unfavorable circumstances in which the enemy, by a great increase of oppression, hastened the armed conflict, the struggle commenced by an unarmed people has already lasted two months, gains strength, and develops itself with energy Poland feels painfully the absence of a visible central crushed.

power capable of directing the forces engaged in the struggle and of summoning new assistance to the field.....I have decided, after consultation with the Provisional Government, to assume the supreme power of Dictator, which I shall surrender to the representatives of the nation as soon as the yoke of the Muscovite is shaken off. While retaining the immediate direction of military affairs in my own hands, I recognize the necessity of establishing a civil government, whose functions will be regulated by a special ordinance. Continuing the work of the Provisional Government, I confirm the principles of liberty and equality to all citizens, granting land to the peasants, with indemnity to the proprietors .-Of General Langiewicz, the Dictator, we can learn little beyond the fact that he served with distinction under Garibaldi in his famous Italian campaign. Among the other military leaders we recognize the name of Microslawski, who was first placed in chief command of the national forces. He was born in France in 1814, and since 1844 has been prominently identified with nearly all the revolutionary movements in Europe. Dembinski is a veteran of more than seventy years. He served under Napoleon in the Russian campaign of 1812, and was made Captain on the field of Smolensk. He bore a prominent part in the Polish rising of 1830, and received the name of the "cannon provider" on account of several captures of artillery which he made from the Russians. Toward the close of the rising he was named Dictator. After the suppression of the Polish rising of 1830 he entered the service of Mehemet Ali of Egypt. When the Hungarian revolt of 1848 broke out he joined the insurgents, and at one time was in chief command of the Hungarian army. He accompanied Kossuth in his flight into Turkey. Another prominent leader is Klapka, who served with great distinction during the Hungarian war, and has written largely and well upon that contest. These names and many others show that the entire revolutionary element in Europe has thrown itself into this Polish rising. We can see no prospect of its success unless they somehow manage to embroil the European Powers in the contest. The Convention entered into between Russia and Prussia is thought to give the other Powers a legitimate pretext for interfering. The engagements entered into by the Prussian Government were as follows: "If Russian troops are forced by the insurgents to cross the frontier into Prussia, they shall not be obliged to lay down their arms. Should revolutionary bands be driven across the Prussian frontier, the Russian troops shall be at liberty to pursue them. On the demand of the St. Petersburg Government Prussian troops will act, either separately or in conjunction with the Russian forces, against the insurgents." The Liberal party in Prussia, which has the ascendency in the Chambers, strongly oppose this Convention, and insist that Government shall take no part in the contest, and that consequently Russians as well as Poles must be disarmed upon crossing the frontiers. Their journals do not hesitate to say that "the Prussian Chamber will not give a crown for this object." Austria is said to have refused to enter into a convention similar to that with Prussia; and Great Britain, acting, it is assumed, in concert with France, has undertaken to remonstrate with the Russian Sovereign in regard to the administration of Poland. Since writing the above we have intelligence that Langiewicz has been routed, driven across the Austrian frontier, and taken into custody by the authorities; and that the insurrection is virtually

Editor's Casy Chair.

THE other morning the Easy Chair rolled into bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I L the Editor's room, for you understand that the Easy Chair is not that autocrat, although it is sometimes assumed that he is. The Editor is a mysterious personage, absolutely anonymous, and doing a work of which the easy reader of the Magazine has no conception whatever. The Easy Chair states the fact remorsefully, for he has been the occasion of a mighty increase of that work by inviting every body to empty his port-folio into the Editor's lap. But every body will remember that the Easy Chair subsequently entreated that all manuscripts might be carefully laid aside for nine years before they were sent to the Magazine-a request which he here repeats. And he distinctly announces that nobody will in future have a right to complain if he receives no acknowledgment of the fate of any manuscript which he may confide to the post for the Magazine.

Do you think, then, that the mysterious and inaccessible personage, the Editor, is "an hard man," without sympathy, without consideration, just as Rhadamanthus and severe as Brutus? It is that very supposition which the Easy Chair proposes to destroy. As he has often enough said before, there is a general feeling among writers who offer their manuscripts to magazines that they are not fairly treated, that every other author has a chance except themselves. And every author whose paper is accepted and printed knows that all those who were not successful will read his essay or story or poem with the curled lip of wonder-"Why, in the name of English literature, if this thing is worthy to print is my manuscript refused?" Is the half-sneering question really inspired by a jealous regard for English literature, or does it spring from mortified vanity? That is the inevitable response to such querulousness.

Meanwhile those who have never tried their fate by sending a paper for publication have very little idea of the vast numbers of those who are constantly doing it. It is something usually done by stealth, and there is great blushing if it is found to be fame. The most famous authors begin so; and perhaps the pæan of the world's applause is not more exciting than the first glance of the tyro at the page upon which his first effusion stands transfigured in type. Dickens tells the story of this experience in a charming way in the pleasant preface to the "Pickwick Papers," written in 1847 for a cheap issue of his works. Messrs. Chapman and Hall, the London publishers, had seen some of Dickens's sketches in the Morning Chronicle, and one of them came to see him to propose a serial work, which ended in Pickwick. Dickens continues:

"When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the managing partner who represented the firm, I recognized in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the magazine in which my first effusion-dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street-appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion, by-the-by-how well I recollect it !- I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen; and so fell to business."

The story of authors has always a singular and universal interest. It is probably because they are the most familiar friends of all the world. They are such a power, such an influence, such a consolation, such an inspiration, that the least personal details of their career are delightful. Boswell's Johnson is an immortal book, although certainly Dr. Johnson was not one of the greatest of men, and Boswell was certainly one of the smallest. Lockhart's Scott is drawn out through many volumes, yet not so far as to fatigue the interest and desire of the world. Southey has not a large public, but as a representative literary laborer the story of his life has a higher charm than any of his works. And even the heavy two volumes of Wordsworth's uneventful life, to the construction of which his brother brought the most preternatural powers of amiable dullness, is agreeable reading for a rainy day. While to speak of Lamb's Life and Letters and of Goldsmith's is to mention two of the most permanently charming books in our literature. There are seldom any great events in literary lives. Byron's Greek episode is by no means the most fascinating page in his career to the public interest. But it is the fact of personal friendship that makes the story precious. It is the power of establishing that friendship with the world which is the glory of the literary life.

As usual, the Easy Chair is wandering from the immediate theme. We were speaking of the first ventures of authors, while we stood by the awful chair of the Editor, and contemplated the goodly piles of possible literature stored in his ample pigeonholes. But these are the very germs of all that friendly interest of which we were speaking. Precisely so lay Dickens's first unknown manuscript upon the editor's desk of that magazine to which he anonymously sent it. That manuscript was worthless paper and ink then. What would you give for it now? A few weeks since I saw one of his manuscripts. It was the "copy" of one of the charming sketches called the "Uncommercial Traveler" which were printed in Harper's Weekly a year or two ago. It was given by Dickens to a friend of his in Boston, who had it exquisitely bound. I think it was the one, which had interested me, luckily, as much as any in the series, upon the old churches of Londonbuildings upon which I used to look as upon tombs that had once been temples, and which were now sometimes sparsely peopled with shadowy forms that seemed the ghosts of vanished congregations. The library in which I saw this manuscript is peculiarly precious for its choice selection, its original editions, and the presentation autographs of the authors to their famous friends, with the autograph annotations of those friends upon fly-leaves and margins. But among all the literary treasures I lingered longest over the manuscript of Dickens. And here before us now are these rolls of writing. They are by unknown hands; but do they not gain a profound interest and value when we think that some one of those writers may yet be as famous as Dickens?

Now, of course, an intelligent editor remembers this all the time. He knows that if he does not so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not carefully examine the manuscripts sent to him, some

Dickens, some Shakespeare, some Scott may slip by and carry his glory to another shrine. Is he likely, then, to slight your paper because he does not know you, or because it is anonymous, or because he does not recognize the writing? No, believe me: an editor is the most forbearing and long-suffering of men. He knows that at least eight-tenths of his clients must be disappointed, and he knows, also, that eight-tenths of the disappointed will regard the return of their work as a personal grievance. Still he must do his work and his duty; and it is the very perfection of his office so to do it that at least some of the noble army of the unlucky may present arms to him rather than charge bayonets upon him. It is in this view that the following letter is significant and interesting. It is the spontaneous testimony of a disappointed contributor to the thoughtful sympathy with which her offering was returned, and it is one of many. Let every aspirant, then, understand that even editors have human hearts. But if those aspirants would prove their own humanity, let them remember his overwhelming labors and lay the fruit of their genius to ripen in the drawer of their experience for one hundred and eight months, as a wise old Latin poet advised; a poet who secured his immortality by one small volume, which, doubtless, was to all his writing what the one concentrated drop of attar of rose is to the acres of roses which were culled to furnish it. Don't send your roses here. Send only the drop of attar.

Here is the letter.

" To the Editor:

"I write to acknowledge a debt of gratitude. If you are pleased to listen I will explain as briefly as may be. It was three years ago. In entire ignorance of the proper way, I had sent you an unfinished manuscript. To give you some idea of the anxious, despairing feelings that prompted the presumptuous act, I will refer to my circumstances at the time. We were poor: had always been poor. From a child I had been trying to educate myself that I might, by teaching, render our situation more comfortable. But my loved mother was sick. I could not leave home much, and when I did was obliged to make my own way. Finally, she died. Another soon took her place, and I had a home no longer. My little brother and sister clung to me sadly, tearfully entreating me not to leave them, while she, who should have wiped their tears, harshly bade them stop crying and mind what they had to do. It was cold, desolate November. I could not stay with them long. I must get a school if possible, but it was with the sad feeling that I must do something more remunerative than teaching that the paper I referred to was written. My mother had committed the little ones to my care, and how could I leave them so unhappy without making a great effort to earn enough to keep them with me? My great necessity made me feel that I could endure a scornful denial if it came; and beside that possibility there glimmered a trembling hope, like the sweet light of a star amidst thick clouds—a hope that I might succeed. Words can never tell what a world of happiness revolved around that thought.

"At last the answer came. I held the letter in my hand, and saw without opening it that my own manuscript had come back to me. Alas for my sensitive heart! It scarcely throbbed while I rode slowly along in the rough lumberwagon through the wet, dreary, autumn landscape to the distant town. I held it unopened, for curious eyes were on me, and I would not have them guess my secret. I was going among strangers to seek employment, and with the painful proof in my hand that I was not equal to my own aspirations, I could have turned hopelessly back had it not been that I had no home to turn to. So I said mentally, 'I can endure, I can bear any thing, I must go on.' Arrived at my destination I had a few minutes to myself. I

shadows, and it will be to me a pleasure forever. It was so kind. Instead of the thoughtless, unfeeling refusal I had feared, my paper was declined with regrets that it could not be accepted, the more so, it said, 'as we infer from your note that the avails of your pen are of consequence to you.' It advised me to finish the story and send it elsewhere, as it might meet with better success. I can not repeat all, but it is all worthy to be repeated. The writer seemed to understand my sensitive heart as my own mother would have done.

"The words gave me new life and courage. There were those in the distant city who did not despise the efforts of the humble girl in the back country; who were sorry that they could not with justice to themselves aid her by accepting her simple productions. The consciousness of sympathy gave me strength to persevere, till I gained a situation as teacher in a family school.

"But enough. I only refer to my own affairs to show you how much your kindness was appreciated. I wished at the time to write you, as I have written now, but thought best to wait till another year, when I might perhaps be able to send something for your Magazine at the same time. But poverty has always pressed hard. I have been obliged to give it up year after year, and I know not how the future may be.

"I know this is not an isolated case. Many might tell of your kindness, but my heart is full whenever I think of it, and I wish that others might know of it too, though not in my name. If this unworthy testimony is worth giving to your numerous readers, please use it as you think best, only keeping to yourself my name and residence, which I give that you may know I am sincere."

The Easy Chair, at least, thinks best to publish the letter as an illustration of the pleasant relations that exist between the management of the Magazine and some of those who are unsuccessful aspirants for a place upon its pages.

In the midst of our terrible war it is impossible not to cast a glance of sympathy across the water upon the marriage festival of the Prince of Wales. Of course there are lights enough in which to look at it by which it seems even tragical. The mobs in Ireland, the imminent riots of the starving poor in Lancashire, the vast, seething mass of misery and poverty which comprises the bulk of the English population, make a very ghastly contrast to the glittering pageant of this princely wedding. Then that a people of good sense should support such an enormous and expensive fiction as a monarchical establishment is incredible. But the twentieth part of the population, who are really the governing class, prefer to do it. And they also prefer to tell us Americans that we are now in trouble for having dispensed with the same luxury. It is a saying to which we could listen with more respect if British history were not familiar to us. But John Bull undoubtedly prefers his King and Crown upon the condition that the King shall be but a ceremony and the Crown a bauble. He insists that it is better to pay half a million of dollars every year to an amiable youth of inoffensive qualities than to pay several millions to put down a revolt. The reasoning would be right, if the one expense necessarily prevented the other.

But to-day we will not argue the point. To-day we will think only of the undoubted happiness of the Queen and her son and of the new daughter, and of the profound satisfaction of John Bull as he looks on and congratulates himself at the fine show, in much the same way that a poulterer felicitates himself upon his well-conditioned yard. For the boy Albert Edward no Englishman can by any possibility have found in the envelope my own manuscript and an accompanying note. That note I have it now. The memory of its kind words is like a spot of sweet sunlight in a forest of has said nothing. He is by no action of his own



identified with the British nation. He is the son of a Queen, and in due order will be King of England. His importance and interest are in no sense individual. They are purely representative. John Bull agrees to regard him as the figure-head of the nation, as the symbol of British national majesty. So the whole thing is a pageant. Prince, Princess, Queen, and all, are but the puppets which typify John Bull. That worthy, therefore, looks on, and pays the bill with pride and complacency. And if he is satisfied, are we to quarrel? On the contrary, is there not something very respectable in his attitude and emotion? The lion would perhaps be rather more impressive if his claws were not pared and his teeth drawn, but still the mane is pretty, and the eye has a fine fierce fire. Royalty has practically ceased in England. The King died when Charles lost his head. George III. tried to be King again and was snubbed. But royalty had its sharpest trial of another kind in George IV. The marvel was how intelligent gentlemen could consent to acknowledge such a popinjay, who was only a popinjay, who had no real power whatever, as their typical head. Yet when George IV. went to Edinburgh, Walter Scott begged to preserve the glass out of which the sacred lips had drank the toddy. John Bull reveres the form, conscious that the spirit has long since exhaled. He calls his system a Government of King, Lords, and Commons. But he has practically eliminated the King. And the whole system is radically changed.

Therefore, gentle reader, if you and the Easy Chair had hired a window in the house of the Messrs. Dakin, in St. Paul's Church-yard (would that it might have been Mr. Johnny Newberry's window!), and had helped pay the four thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars which they received for their "window accommodations," we should have looked with a little philosophic pity upon the fair-haired and dull-looking young Englishman who is paid so handsomely for being one day king, upon condition that he will confine himself to stalking deer, patronizing Sunday-schools, and receiving complimentary addresses. Still we should have agreed that the spectacle was brilliant. The dingy, smoke-begrimed old London houses tried at least to They made their windows and balconies as smile. gay as they could with flags, and draperies, and garlands, and festoons of crimson cloth. There was a stately arch on London Bridge of "a mixed character of architecture," and producing "an indescribable effect," which is very probable. The "galaxies of female beauty," the "most elegant company," that filled the balconies of the Mansion House and the Fishmongers' Hall, waving their handkerchiefs "with an energy that could not fail to gratify the fair object, now the observed of all observers," are described in the London papers, as you see from these little extracts, with the unctuous commonplace of all such accounts. Then there was the wedding-cake, five feet and a half high, two feet and a half broad at the base, weighing one hundred pounds, and built in four stories. It was covered with devices of every kind: the arms of Denmark and England, the plumes of the Prince, the figures of the Muses, of Cupid and Hymen, of the Loves and Graces: and it was festooned with wreaths of orange flowers between the many columns. In some indescribable way the niches of the pediment of the cake were made to open like doors, so that the blooming bride might cut it; or, as the report-

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of Wales, will be enabled to draw the knife across

The bridal gifts were very pretty, but apparently of moderate cost for a royal wedding. The only device that seemed to be original was that of the guard for the wedding-ring. This was a ring set with six precious stones, so selected and arranged that the initial letters of their names formed the word "Bertie," an affectionate diminutive of Albert. The stones were a beryl, an emerald, a ruby, a turquoise, a jacinth, and another emerald. Nor should the gift of the city of London be forgotten. This was a necklace of thirty-two diamonds, with a pair of ear-rings, the cost of which was about fifty thousand dollars. The city of Copenhagen, on the other hand, is to present a copy of Thorwaldsen's Hebe and a pair of pictures of the city; while other pictures, other statues, albums, prayer-books, are to come from other sources.

But if we wish to see the consummation of all this preparation we must hasten from the window of the Messrs, Dakin in St. Paul's Church-vard, and betake ourselves to Windsor, where the ceremony itself is to take place. There is an immense bustle in the loyal town. Carriages are rolling rapidly along the streets. Eager crowds of foot-passengers are every where collected; and lo! at half an hour before noon, seven-the mystic seven-royal carriages, with an escort of horse-guards, come rumbling and glittering toward St. George's Chapel, where the Hope of England (no smiling!) is to be united to the Flower of Denmark. People have been jamming and staring about the doors since nine o'clock, and soon after ten the fine company began to arrive. But nobody is admitted until every thing is ready. When that fortunate moment arrives the happy holders of tickets pass in, and the ushers seat them all upon the ranges of seats covered with bright scarlet and yellow cloth. A part of the archway leading into the nave is separated into a temporary hall by heavy gold and purple silk hangings. Here the wedding guests and the great officers of state assemble, and as the curtains part occasionally we can catch glimpses of waving plumes, and fluttering clouds of gauzy dress, and the flash of jewels.

But meanwhile let us cast a glance into the chapel. The main aisle is covered with a red and black carpet with a broad cream-colored border, worked with the Prince's plume and motto, and his monogram, blended with that of the Princess, embossed between. In front of the altar is a raised dais, reached by three broad steps, covered with garter-blue velvet cloth worked with the old Tudor rose. At each side there are crimson and gold seats, with fringes and tassels of bullion, for the royal families of England and Denmark. The screen on the left of the altar is removed, and a box for the diplomatic body is introduced. The right screen has also been taken down, and there is another box for the special friends of the bride and bridegroom. In this box, the very best place of all in the chapel, is reserved a place for Mr. Frith, the artist, who is to paint a picture of the Marriage for the Queen. At the left of the altar and above it is the Queen's box, the floor of which is raised so that she may see and be seen. The golden communion-service is spread upon the altar. The stalls of the Knights of the Garter are covered with purple velvet. A group of extraordinary beings in heavy and unmanageable golden garer wrote, with a due sense of the weight of words: ments move stiffly about. They are heralds and "When opened, her Royal Highness, the Princess kings-at-arms, part of the inscrutable Gog and Maments move stiffly about. They are heralds and

gog of the British royal mythology-Lancaster and Windsor, Norroy and Clarencieux. But while these droll people stalk about, one of the famous women of this time, the most famous of all who will be in the chapel to-day, looks into the choir and goes up into the seats among the other ladies who are to sing the hymn of praise. It is Jenny Lind. Lesser people follow. Duchesses, Marchionesses, Countesses, Viscountesses, and the mere untitled, enter in gorgeous apparel, feathered, diamonded, and clad in violet velvet or mauve satin. The Lord and Lady Mayoress, the Speaker and his wife, come shining in; and at a quarter before twelve the illustrious company of the Knights of the Garter sweep their long velvet mantles of imperial blue, looped at the shoulders with white ribbon, up the aisle. A cloud of lawn announces the arrival of the Bishops. A gleam of jeweled orders, and the diplomatic body are settling themselves in their box.

It is at this point, when the Queen is about to appear, that the celebrated historian Jenkins is overwhelmed, and dissolves in a kind of ecstasy. "It is, in truth," says the celebrated Jenkins, "a scene of such stately pomp and royal circumstance as few have ever seen before, where the noblest by birth and intellect, the greatest and most revered in power, are all assembled within the narrow precincts of this grand old choir, like the treasures of the nation in their carved oak casket." And while Jenkins is thus a prey to the most astounding emotions, "just a perceptible movement, a kind of consciousness that something has occurred," apprises him that the Queen has entered. The noble lady is in deep widow's mourning. Not an eye that sees her but is moist with sympathy-not a heart that thinks of her but is warm with tender pity.

But hark! while our eyes are straining every where, and can not see enough, there comes the first, faint, far sound of music mingled with cheers.

"The wedding guest, he beats his breast, For he hears the loud bassoon."

It is the stately measure of the national anthem. It comes nearer and nearer. There is some slight delay; then the purple curtain is lifted, and the trumpets burst forth into a pæan, while the royal family move slowly and in superb costume toward the altar. They all make a low obeisance to the Queen, who rises and smiles upon her children. There is a louder blare of trumpets and rattle of kettle-drums, and the bridegroom, the Prince of Wales, walking between his brother-in-law, the Prince of Prussia, and his uncle, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, proceeds to the altar, while the Wedding March of Mendelssohn is played magnificently. There is another exquisitely breathless moment of delay. Jenkins, and you, and I are actually faint with emotion. Prince also keeps looking back at the purple curtain, "evidently keenly anxious," whispers Jenkins. Thank Heaven, at last! exclaims the historian, as with a great clangor of trumpets "muffled into a rich indistinctness behind the curtains," the bride's procession enters. She is pale as a white rose, and is clad in white and silver, and a perfume of orangeflowers follows her as she moves. Eight lovely virgins veiled in white- Jenkins gives up in despair. "Imagination," he faintly sighs, "must draw their pictures, for words would fail to paint them."

The moment has come. The bride surrounded by her companions stands beside the Prince. There is a solemn silence—a pause of expectation, which is broken by the slow and solemn strains of a hymn composed by the Prince's father:

"This day, with joyful heart and voice, To Heaven be raised a nation's prayer; Almighty Father, deign to grant Thy blessing to the wedded pair.

"So shall no clouds of sorrow dim The sunshine of their early days; But happiness in endless round Shall still encompass all their ways."

The Queen is entirely overcome, and withdraws into her pew, while, with hushed solemnity, the ceremony is performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Primate of all England.

Come, gentle reader, the show is ended. The two young folks are safely married. The procession has passed out. They stood in the saloon car and rolled away weeks ago. The draperies are down. The garlands withered. The Lady Georgiana Hamilton, daughter of the Marquis of Abercorn, is inconsolable; for she was to have been one of the bridemaids, and a slight illness prevented her from sharing in the most splendid pageant in which an English lady could take part. Let us shed a few tears, and offer her the homage of our respectful sympathy. And the other unhappy victims, the poor folks who were squeezed to death in the crowd in London during the procession of the reception and the illumination, and into the condition of whose families the Queen has kindly made inquiry that she may aid themhave we a tear or two left for them also? Grim, old, dingy London has resumed its hereditary gloom. The imperial blue mantles are laid away. The cake is cut and consumed. The bridal bells have rung. The bonfires have burned out. We can but wish the young people well. We can but hope that the young man will be wise-that like his mother he will restrain as far as he can the jealousy of an aristocracy toward a Republican Government; that like his father, he may be an honorable, prudent man. As for us Americans, let us hope that the future King of England will understand that the coldness, and jealousy, and bitterness of feeling which now exists between the two countries is due to no fault of ours. Let him remember his welcome here three years ago. It was not curiosity merely. It was good feeling.

And for the bride, let two most illustrious British poets sing her epithalamium. First, Edmund Spenser:

"Now all is done: bring home the bride again, Bring home the triumph of our victory: Bring home with you the glory of her gaine, With joyance bring her and with joility.

Pour out the wine without restraint or stay— Pour not by cups but by the belly-full— Pour out to all that will.

And let the Graces dance unto the rest,
For they can do it best;
The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,
To which the woods shall answer and their echo ring."

And second, Alfred Tennyson, whose nuptial ode rings out like a joyful burst of bells, cheers, and bugles:

"Sea-king's daughter from over the sea,

Saxon, and Norman, and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!

Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet! Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street! Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet, Scatter the blossom under her feet!

Break, happy land, into earlier flowers! Make music, O bird, in the new-budded bowers! Welcome her, welcome her, all that is ours! Warble, O bugle, and trumpet blare! Flags, flutter out upon turrets and towers! Flames, on the windy headland flare! Utter your Jubilee, steeple and spire! Clash, ye bells in the merry March air! Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire! Welcome her, welcome the land's desire,

Alexandra!

"Sea-king's daughter as happy as fair, Blissful bride of a blissful heir. Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea, O joy to the people, and joy to the throne, Come to us, love us, and make us your own; For Saxon, or Dane, or Norman we, Teuton, or Celt, or whatever we be, We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee, Alexandra!"

THE opera, which is a customary haunt of every well-ordered Easy Chair, has languished sadly during the war, but has revived under the best of our managers, Max Maretzek, and has flourished greatly. A manager must be a man of an incredibly sanguine temperament. For the experience of theatres and operas universally is that they are but faro tables or games of rouge et noir, at which, if you seem to win, you are sure to be lured on to play until every thing is lost. How long the indefatigable Maretzek has been flying like a shuttle between New York, Havana, and Mexico! How perpetually he has been bringing out new companies and wonderful singers! How incessantly the papers have appealed in his behalf to the pride, the taste, the duty of the public! How he has floated over all changes and convulsions, passing through civil wars and despotisms and republics unheeding, but solely bent upon changing the notes of certain singers into the notes of certain currencies! And yet, with all this devotion and unwearied patience and effort, if the manager were to die to-morrow, what sort of success would his estate indicate?

Yet once a manager always a manager. The fascination is such that he can not escape. A man embarks in that galley, and whether he discover that he has no business there or not, he still prosecutes the doubtful voyage. Meanwhile Easy Chairs and all the lounging fraternity are the gainers; while that remarkable part of mankind known as fashionable society, owes the opera manager, and especially Maretzek, a monument of silver. It is he who has secured to it the traditions of fine society, which require the opera. A fashionable society without an opera is a queen without a court.

The opera with us began properly in Chambers Street. There was the old National, indeed, where Miss Sherriff sung; and we do not forget that Malibran herself had sung in the old Park. But as an institution of our fine society it dates from Palmo's in Chambers Street. They used to sing Belisario there, and we all looked knowing, and said that it was really very well. They sang, too, the plaintive, pathetic Puritum; and then some people for the first time felt the character of Italian music. The theatre was very small. It was prodigiously uncomfortable. But, dear me! in white gloves and white waistcoats (they were actually worn then), who could be conscious of any thing but bliss?

Then came the flight up town to Astor Place. Palmo was submerged, and Patti and Sanquirico

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Truffi and Benedetti. No operatic success in this country was ever so entirely satisfactory, probably, to the audience as theirs. We all went mad with the loveliest of Lucias, and died in tuneful agony with the most delicious of tenors. Poor Benedetti lost his voice. The climate was too sharp, or he had his tonsils cut, or some sad mishap befell; in any case he lost his voice, and all we Easy Chairs of both sexes our joy. Truffi herself faded after Benedetti failed. She never seemed quite the same, and gradually she disappeared from the scene. A multitude of singers followed, chief of whom was Bosio, whom some of us-that is, we who made up the truly wise part of the opera-goers-knew to be as fine a singer as she was afterward declared to be in Europe. But the poor Astor Place house floundered along in its latter days, attempting to believe Parodi a tolerable prima donna, and flying white doves to her from the gallery on the night she appeared, with sonnets of adulation and ecstasy tied round their necks and showered about the house. But Steffanone came, took snuff, and carried the town by her ample self-possession and unctuous voice. She had the dowdy air and pure good-humor of Alboni, and she sang with a richness and fire that charmed and surprised.

At last the huge Academy opened its doors. is a truly splendid theatre; tier upon tier of white and gold balconies, and all so brilliant and so vast. And here in the midst of the war Maretzek has brought a troupe from Cuba or Mexico, unknown to all of us, and here they have sung to enormous crowds; while, as if to atone for the long absence of a really fine opera, the gay world attends in gorgeous array. The rural Easy Chair, who strayed into the Academy upon any evening during the last month, to enjoy a little music, was confounded by the magnificence of toilet which beamed upon him from ev-The superb chevelures, the elaborate adorning of heads and shoulders, the wreaths of flowers, large, round, full-blossomed, the hanging gardens upon the heads of beauty and fashion, were truly marvelous to behold. Nor were the baser sex wanting. They appeared in the whitest of cravats, and in gloves that were exquisitely stitched behind, superseding the modest lemon and straw kids of our prime, O Posthumus! There were also dress bonnets of glimmering silk and vaporous lace: lofty in front, and planted with piles and pyramids of roses between the forehead of the wearer and that of the bonnet. But it was a curious medley; for as there was no necessity of appearing in full dress, and as honest country people came to see a show, they did not prepare themselves to make part of it, and wore their honest clothes whatever they might be. However, the house was full, as the gratified eye of the manager perceived as he entered and seated himself, and waved his baton for the overture to be-

The opera that evening was Norma, and never was it so well played in New York. The four singers were most excellent. Medori, the prima donna, is a woman of great dramatic talent, and sung, moved, and stood with an intensity of passionate expression that was unprecedented except when Grisi sang the rôle. Indeed it is impossible for one who saw her as Norma at the Academy to see any one else in the part without constantly remembering the superb disdain with which she occasionally overwhelmed the audience, which was preternaturally cool and appeared as managers. The golden age of the Astor indifferent. And the house was cool, and the mag-Place Opera was the brief and beautiful epoch of nificent singer had often to wrap her ermine mantle

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around her; and altogether her remembrance of ; of the letter—the only white man near Eagle Lake America can not be refreshing.

It was delightful to see an unheralded prima donna of such a large and noble style as Medori, and to and devoted. If they could only learn it, spirit is half the battle of success. If that amiable tenor who seems carved in corned beef, and who has been tenor regnant so long, could infuse life and interest, and some show of fervor and passion into his acting and singing, he would not be easily supplanted in popular regard. As it is, Mazzoleni, the robust tenor, who actually makes a human part of Pollio, carries the most lively applause with his spirited singing and his capital acting.

But the elegiac Bellini pours only a thin rill of plaintive melody. Occasionally, indeed, as in the tinale of Norma, the thomes are truly beautiful and forcible; and in all his operas there is a characteristic touch of genius. But there are few joyous, truly masterly strokes. It is the wailing, hopeless Italy of 1830 that we hear in his works. And do all operas become a little wearisome after a time? There were the patriarchs of Palmo's in the house that evening. They seemed not a year older. They bowed and chatted; they smiled and stepped about. Was it all the same? Was the opera as fresh and expressive as ever? Or did they never care for the music, but only for the audience? Or, indeed, was the change only in some rustic Easy Chair, whose own taste may have been modified, and who has been to school at the German Opera during the winter?

Yet why should there be any quarrel? Is Don Giovanni not a delightful opera because Fidelio is grand? Is Der Freischütz not inspiring because Lucrezia is fine? Are there to be no more cakes and ales because virtue is so very virtuous? I know a man who has primroses and tulips, tuberoses and magnolias, violets and mignonnette, in his garden, and it is not less delightful than his neighbor's, who scorns all flowers but roses. The broader your taste, the more varied and constant your enjoyment. Titian and Raphael were great painters. But, kind Sir-who can not stand the tum, tum, tum of Bellini - Turner, and Murillo, and Giorgione are not contemptible.

Editor's Drawer.

NO more fearful tragedy has been enacted in modern times than that of the Indian massacres in Minnesota of last year. Our next Number will contain an account of this, written by one who passed through these terrible scenes. Yet there are comic incidents in the most awful tragedies. The following letter is sent to us by one of whom honorable mention will be made in the paper to which we have referred. Our correspondent writes from Mankato, Minnesota. By way of explanation of the letter which follows, he says:

"Last November the officer to whom this letter is addressed had charge of the removal from Camp Sibley, on the Upper Minnesota River, to Fort Snelling, the Sioux Indian prisoners (other than the condemned murderers), consisting of about fifteen hundred, mostly women and children. On the march from Fort Ridgely to Eagle Lake two squaws (scooses) fell out of the train, and did not come into camp

-was requested to take care of the squaws when they should regain the trail, and assist them to overtake the train, or to forward them to Fort Snelling. see an opera in which every singer was so interested. One squaw rejoined the camp next night. The other was never heard of until this letter of Wilson gave account of her. She was crazy-so reported by the Indians when lost. The 'ball' that Mr. Wilson mentions was the bill or voucher given him for forage used by the train."

> Januray the 25 1863 mr Curnal Marchal Sir I tak the opertunety of riting to you to let you know how I got along with those too scooses that you last here whan you whant past egal city one of tham came aloong too howrs after the tran laft. I give hir a pece and she want on after the tran the other came along a bout soon doon I give hir a pece and she want on after the tran I trid to gat to come in to the house I cood not gat hir in my wife tried hir bast to gat hir in but cood not gat hir in she sad she was afrad of me she want of and the nixt morning she came back on to the camp grown again and I want out and brot hir in and gave hir showmthing to eat but she wood not eat it from me my wife give hir some brad an meat and she wached and hide it in a letel boox that sat ander the table she stad round as long as I stad in the house I want of in the evning and was gone about too owrs while I was gone che roon of and I never hard of hir agan til the other day I found hir laying on the prarey the wolafes had hir prity much eat up

and about this ball that you gave me as paymant I wood be ablage to you if you wood instrack me how to manage a bowt gating it cashed I give it to a marchand in handerson on a ball that I owed him he sayes now that he can not dow anathing with it

if you will rit to me and derect me haw to manage a bowt gating it you will ablage me very much

your humbal frand JACOB WILSON.

Office-seekers are abundant enough; but officeresigners are not so plenty. "Few die and none resign," said Jefferson. But that now and then somebody does actually give up an office is clear from the following note received by the Postmaster-General at Washington on the 28th of February last -name and address being suppressed:

Postmaster-General, Washington City:

I hereby resign, release, and relinquish all my right, title, and interest in and to the important position of Postmaster of E-O-n, and to the profits and emoluments thereof, in favor of some one who wants a settlement for life. To me it has proved worse than the "seven years' itch;" and if one particle of Christian charity enters into the composition of your Department, I appeal to it to relieve me from the curse which I have so long endured with patience and humility.

I would suggest the name of L-i K-t, forty-fourth cousin to the New York Chancellor of that name. He is a good, reliable, straightforward, consistent, uncompromising, indefatigable, get-up-and-dust, Union Republican; likewise a gentleman and a scholar. Now if there be any other qualification required please advise me of its nature, and I will vouch that K-t possesses it.

Only relieve me, if the office should have to be discontinued.

Oh relieve! relieve!! relieve!!!

Yours in hopes of a speedy relief, W. W. W. P. M.

"M. K." WRITES as follows:

Mr Editor of Harper's Magazine

,I thought, I would Drop you a line in regerd to the editorial management of the magizine. But with a faint Hope you would giv it anny attentin whotevr I consider it as it is one of the Best publised But I certainly Do not that night. Scouts were sent back next morning, think it comes up to the standard of excellence of its earlier but failed to find them. Jacob Wilson, the writer years. You now publish no more standard Poems no more

sketches of adventure or travels no more Historical. In the March Number you have a story entitled (for Better or for worse) which seems to me in its selfe is verry incomplete it leaves every thing all in the Dark one long continued story at once in it would pleas the majority seems to me Yours Trucly from a constant Reader.

THE parties of which I speak (says a friend) were a jocular young fellow named Aleck S— and a jolly young Irishman named Nick H—. Nick -. Nick was a "mud boss" on the "ragin canawl;" and Aleck owned an alarm-watch, which he wished to dispose of to Nick. It was a watch which Aleck assured Nick would awaken him at any given hour he might wish to rise, and took great pains to show the modus operandi of putting the alarm works in motion. Nick listened with astonishment and delight to the music of the watch, and being convinced of its great utility at once purchased it at an exorbitant price, and departed highly pleased with his bargain. In the course of an hour or two Nick returned, watch in hand, and accosted his friend in the following

"Be jabbers, lookee here, Aleck. Take back your decaitful ould rattle-trap, and give me back me money immajiantly. Sure this botherin' thing is of no convainyance at all at all. Mightn't I just as well wake meself and git up at wanst as to git up and set this buggerin' thing to wake me?'

IRISH bulls are not all dead yet. Every now and then we see a first-rate one running at large, but rarely a bigger one than this, which was caught among the buffaloes lately. When the reader comes to the third resolution of the following, adopted at a meeting of our Catholic friends at Buffalo in February last, he will see the bull, horns and all:

1. Resolved, That a company be formed of stockholders for the erection of a Catholic Institute, in order to meet the different wants of this Catholic community, viz.: To have a suitable Hall, in which our Fairs. Social Meetings, Concerts, Gymnasia, etc., can be held; as also to give the Catholic youth of Buffalo and vicinity an opportunity of cultivating their spiritual and bodily faculties, and in which they may find a place for necessary recreation, without endangering their holy faith or their morals.

2. Resolved, That the stock or principal capital for the foundation of this Institute be fixed at fifty thousand dollars, divided in shares of twenty-five dollars each.

8. Resolved, That each shareholder, no matter how many shares he holds, shall have only one vote, with an additional vote for every five additional shares.

A FEW years ago there lived in a little town in Vermont an elderly man, a doctor and justice of the peace, who was extremely fond of a joke, and could get off some very good ones himself. As this town was not far from the Massachusetts line, and as the laws in that State respecting matrimony made requirements that many did not wish to comply with, it was no uncommon thing for persons near the line wishing to have the nuptial knot tied to cross over into Vermont, where the laws were less severe. As the Doctor was in the habit of tying such knots he was generally applied to by all for miles around. It was very common for these applications to be made in the night, and frequently at quite a late hour, by those that came from a distance. The Doctor was so used to being called up for that purpose that he felt quite sure of a job of the kind whenever he was waked.

It was on a very rainy night in the month of May that the old Doctor was waked from his very sound arose and inquired who was there. The answer was, "J— T— and lady." The Doctor said, "Do you want to be married?" "Yes," was the prompt reply. "Join hands," said the Doctor. This was immediately done, when the Doctor continued:

> "Under the window in stormy weather I join this man and woman together: Let none but Him who rules the thunder E'er put this man and woman asunder.'

The foregoing is sent to the Drawer by "J. T. B.," of Illinois, who says that it actually "occurred in the town of Vernon, Vermont." We can not prove that it did not happen then and there; but the same story, with the same verse, only a little more coarsely expressed, is told of Dean Swift. J. T. B. has tried to pass off an old story as a new one. He is not the first who has attempted it; and some of these days we propose to give a batch of these attempts, with the names and residences of the authors. Our materials are quite abundant.

In a town in Connecticut resides a man who made a fortune in the milk business by not giving full measure. As he grew rich he thought he would change his occupation to something more respectable, and accordingly bought a grist-mill. In conversation with his wife he said he did not feel right about the cheating which he had practiced in the milk business, and wished some way could be devised whereby he could repay in the grist-mill what he had cheated in the other. At last they settled on the following plan, which was to have the measures made which they took toll with as much too large as the milk-measures were too small.

An old lady, a resident of Providence, who had never ridden in the cars, was persuaded, by the combined efforts of her children James and Mary, to accompany them on an excursion, she all the time saying that she knew something would happen. She took her seat with fear and trembling, taking hold of the arm of the seat next the passage-way. The train was late, as excursion trains are usually, and in coming around a curve the Boston express train was on the same track, both nearing each other rather faster than was pleasant. The momentum of each train was nearly lost, and they only came together with a chuck, which pitched the old ladv on her face in the passage-way between the seats. She rose to her hands and knees, and looking back, asked, "Jeemes, do they allus stop like that?"

HERE follows an extract from the advertisement of a cabinet-maker of Cazenovia, New York:

COFFINS. FULL assortment of sizes of Coffins already on hand. A Particular attention paid to repairing old work. Prices for all to suit the times.

In Nelson (a village better known under the euphonious title of Skunk Hollow) there used to live s rough old genius named James Bumpus, and called—by his familiars at first, and at last by every body - Jim Bump. One day as he went rolling through the little village, half-seas over, he saw, thrown carelessly upon the ground, a bag, upon which stood out plainly the characters "G. B." Old Jim stopped, looked at it askant, and at last picked it up and carried it off in triumph, muttering,

"G. B.—Gim Bump. That bag's mine!" On another occasion old Jim came home pretty slumbers by a rapping on his bedroom window. He | tight again, having been to Cazenovia after a barrel

of flour. Meeting one of his cronies, he said to him, in his gruff voice,

"Jerry, been to town to-day—bought a bar'l o' flour—paid five dollars for't—'ll bet yo a quart o' beer yo can't guess how much I paid for't."

"Five dollars," said Jerry.

"Oh, now," said old Bump, "that ain't fair! Somebody's been tellin' yo!"

FROM the army of the Cumberland we have a couple of stories:

At the battle of Stone River, near Murfreesboro, Tennessee, the baggage of our regiment was destroyed by Wheeler's rebel cavalry, about 2500 strong. General Stanley, the commander of cavalry, collected about 2000 men, and set off in pursuit of Wheeler. Becoming separated from my company, I was riding along a by-road at a leisurely pace, when I saw coming toward me a man on horseback, and, notwithstanding his coal-black face was changed to a dishwater color, I recognized him to be "Hen," the company cook. He was coming on at a tremendous gallop, and evidently scared to within an inch of his life; his wool, if it did not "stand on end," became at least almost straight, fright having taken the kinks out.

"Hen," said I, "what on earth is the matter?"
Throwing his arms up wildly, utterly regardless
of his horse, he yelled, rather than cried, in a most

ludicrously absurd tone,

"Ise skedaddling, massa! Ise ske-dad-dling!"
The poor fellow had more to fear than one unacquainted with the fiendish spirit of Wheeler's cavalry may imagine, for, had he been caught, he would
have had his brains blown out.

DURING the advance from Nashville Rosecrans had given orders that no fires should be built. He had a habit of riding around the outposts of the army to observe how his orders were kept. So, on the 29th of December, 1862, while riding along the top of a hill, alone, on the very extremity of our right, just below him, he saw a fire, with a party of men gathered round it.

"Hallo, boys! what regiment do you belong to?"
"Second Michigan infantry," replied the soldiers,
not knowing who he was, as, owing to the darkness,
they could only see he was a mounted man, and no
more.

"Haven't you heard the orders about making fires, boys?"

"Yes; but we thought we would make a little coffee. Besides, the 'Butternuts' can't see us here."

Just as he said this a shell from one of the enemy's batteries, the gunners of which had observed the light, fell into the very centre of the little crowd, and bursting, killed and wounded four of them.

"That's right, boys!" cried the General; "make your coffee, break the orders, and catch the shells!"

Mr. NESDIT, of Northern Vermont, is not distinguished for liberality, either of purse or opinion. His ruling passion is a fear of being cheated. The less, whether real or fancied, of a few cents would give him more pain than the destruction of our entire navy. He one day bought a large cake of tallow at a country store at ten cents per pound. On breaking it to pieces at home it was found to contain a large cavity. This he considered a terrible disclosure of cupidity and fraud. He drove furiously back to the store, entered in great excitement, bearing the tallow, and exclaiming,

"Here, you rascal, you have cheated me! Do you call that an honest cake of tallow? It is hollow; and there ain't near so much of it as there appeared to be! I want you to make it right!"

"Certainly, certainly," replied the merchant.

"Certainly, certainly," replied the merchant.
"I'll make it right. I didn't know the cake was hollow. Let me see; you paid ten cents per pound. Now, Mr. N., how much do you suppose that that hole would weigh?"

Mr. N. returned home with the dishonest tallow, but was never quite satisfied that he had not been cheated by buying holes at ten cents per pound.

A FRIEND of mine (writes a friend), residing in Port Huron, Michigan, has a little son about nine years old. A neighbor of this friend has a lovely and interesting daughter of about the same age. These children have been playmates and fast friends for several years, and, as is frequently the case in like circumstances, are often bantered on this childish attachment. Lately Uncle Sam E—, the father of the boy, met little Jennie on the street.

"What profession do you want Alva to study for?" said he, with a merry twinkle in his eye, at the same time stroking affectionately the glossy curls of the little maiden.

Jennie?" said the old gentleman, smiling.

"Oh! cawth," replied she, blushing and looking down with unaffected modesty, "ministhers' children never have any fun."

An unknown correspondent, from whom we hope to hear again, sends to the Drawer:

Mollic's Hans, who didn't "whistle in Dutch," puts me in mind of a transaction, or rather series of transactions, that will be enjoined by such of your readers as are printers; others, generally, will not understand.

The Constitution of the State of —— requires the general laws and certain other public documents to be printed in Spanish as well as in English. As Spanish is a foreign language "double composition" is of course allowed. The other day, in looking over some old archives in the Controller's office, I found a lot of bills for the Spanish laws of 1851-52, in which double price was charged for press-work, because it was in a foreign language? Could impudence go further?

WE have an eccentric justice of the peace in this vicinity, a thoroughly honest man, always trying to do justice between his neighbors, but entertaining the utmost contempt for lawyers, and an inveterate hatred of the quirks and quibbles of the law. In a case before him recently justice was on the side of the plaintiff, but he had slept on his rights until he had legally lost them. The defendant called his Honor's attention to the fact, and alleged a decision of the Supreme Court to the point. His Honor didn't believe it. The case was brought and read, and authorities piled up, Ossa on Pelion. His Honor rubbed his spectacles, looked at the parties, scrutinized counsel, examined the books, drew a long breath, sighed heavily, and said, "Yes, Mr. Tit's so; but if the Supreme Court will make a fool of itself it is no reason why I should. In my opinion, Sir, the Supreme Court is a nuisance. I overrule its decision on the point, Sir, and give judgment



for the plaintiff." The appeal papers went up the deepott in solid phlanizes, giving an emolument of same day.

| deepott in solid phlanizes, giving an emolument of eclatt to the corpsee!" The General's eloquence ex-

A GENTLEMAN, and, notwithstanding the joke gotten off at his expense, a very clever one (using clever in both the English and American sense), who does the irritable and indignant tyrants of olden times, having the fear of certain lawsuits ahead, called early one morning on a gentleman of our bar with, "Mr. C-, I wish to retain you, during my stay in the city, to defend any actions that may be brought against me." Jim, who had probably been clawed by the tiger the night before, or accidentally got too much whisky in his punch, or met with some other mishap that rendered him like bruin with a bruised cranium, looked at the actor a minute, and growled out, "Sorry, Sir, but can't do it; engaged since your first night on t'other side; evidence perfect, oral and ocular; could convict an angel under it; Shakspeare's heirs, Sir-murderclear case; good-morning!" It is needless to add that the player-man looked elsewhere for counsel.

A CORRESPONDENT in the army of the Union now in Tennessee says that the Drawer is an institution, and around the camp-fires is the life of the circle. He writes:

During the pursuit that followed the battle of Shiloh the body-servant of General Bragg was captured. Being brought before General Buell, he was questioned as to incidents of the battle. Among other things, he said: "Dem gun-boats of yourn is mighty institutions. De night arter the battle, when the secess ware in your tents, s'posin' dey would have a fine time, de big guns on the boats would go boom. Den a big shell would come up through the woods, blazin' like a lamp-post, a-huntin' the secess and sayin', 'Whar is you! whar is you!' and wharever it would find a big crowd it would drop right down thar." The deep voice of the old negro so closely imitated the whirr of a large shell that the assembled generals burst into a hearty laugh.

When Colonel Daniel M'Cook's regiment was lying at Camp Dennison, a brawny recruit from one of the eastern counties, who stuttered badly, was put upon guard-duty for the first time. A citizen attempted to pass the line. Recruit yelled out, "H-h-h-alt!" The citizen, who either did not understand him or paid no attention, was going on, when the sentinel carefully laid his bright "Springfield" upon the ground, and knocked the intruder down, saying, in his stuttering way, "There, now, mind the next time. If I ain't much with the frogsticker yet I'm heavy with the fist." The recruit's fine behavior at Perryville afterward showed that he soon became "heavy" with the musket.

NEARLY every person who is old enough to remember the halcyon militia days can recall the interest which General S—, of —, took in the "general trainings." The General's early education was sorely neglected; but nothing daunted, he contended he could use big words as well as the lawvers who thought themselves so great. Once, when attempting to drill the nondescript crowd which muster-days invariably collected, he became very impatient at the awkwardness of his Falstaffians. Mounting a log near by, and after obtaining silence, he angrily said,

"It is a strange phrenomena you can't go through that revolution, so that you can march down to the horse of the gentleman."

deepott in solid phlanizes, giving an emolument of eclatt to the corpsee." The General's eloquence excited a laugh at least, and we are satisfied there are few passages in the English language its equal.

VERY much such a man was old Squire C—, one of the first clerks of Cass County, Missouri. The Grand Jury had come into court to report a lot of indictments which it had found, and upon which the foreman had properly indorsed "A true bill," signing his name. The clerk, not being satisfied with the simplicity with which Justice was clothing herself, wrote upon each indictment, under the foreman's name, the following: "We, the undersigned jurors, concur in the above effluvia." To which each juror signed his name, supposing it was some of the "lawyers' fixins."

"Burrel Betts," writing from Josephine County, Oregon, sends us some extracts from a poem which he has amused himself "with writing while living alone and mining in the mountains of Southern Oregon." The following is his picture of "The MINING LIFE OF THREE-QUARTERS OF THOSE WHO RUN APTER GOLD EXCITEMENTS.

"Back to his lonely camp at close of day The luckless miner wends his weary way, In pensive study where on earth to make Another raise, a small provision stake. Uncombed, unwashed, unshaven, and unshorn, His clothes in strips by chaparral are torn; Toes peeping from his boots, and battered hat, Tired, wet, and weary as a drowned rat:-How changed from him we in the city knew. In stove-pipe beaver, and a long-tailed blue, Cigar in mouth, and carpet sack in hand, By steamer bound to California land. His store of wood, collected for the night, To dry his clothes, and cook his little bite; A broken shovel fries his meat, and bakes A hasty mixture of unleavened cakes; An oyster-can for tea-pot will suffice, And pine or fir-leaves Hyson's place supplies. His supper over, he improves a chance To patch with flour-sack his demolished pants. In musing mood he listens to the sound Of night winds moaning in the woods around; The mountain wolf or cougar's long-drawn howl, The shrill coyoté and the hooting owl; While as he plied his busy task, thus ran The meditations of the lonely man."

Of which "meditations" we have only space to give the eight concluding lines, which certainly imply that there may be disadvantages connected even with gold-digging:

"Poor as the Prodigal who fed with swine, His dimes all spent in rioting and wine, Chased by misfortune over hill and dale Like a stray dog with tin-pail at his tail; Too poor to leave, and out of luck to stay, The chance is small to ever get away: Thus thousands live, exposed to all the fills That luckless miners suffer in the hills."

A DES MOINES contributor tells us what one of the little ones said:

Upon the day of the adjournment of the last extra session of the Iowa Legislature several members were in the Auditor's office, drawing their per diem and mileage, when "Maggie," a wee five-year-old, the adopted daughter of one of the State officers, who was in the office, asked one of the Honorable Members to "play horse" with her—he to be the horse.

"Why, Maggie," said I, "you shouldn't make a horse of the gentleman."



a Legislator-man!

A SMART little girl lives in Illinois, as the saying below will certainly show:

"A little three-year old, daughter of the Rev. Professor in our Academy, had been taught the need of a new heart, and encouraged to pray for it. One day she had made some great mistake, and developed a large degree of native depravity. When the storm of passion had passed and reason resumed he sway her father asked how it happened that she should be so very naughty. 'Well,' said she, after a moment, 'pa, I asked God to make me a new heart two or three days ago, and he hasn't got it done yet.'

"Another little girl gave us an explanation of a part of the Sabbath-breaking in community:

"Her father, who was a pastor in one of our churches, was fortunate enough to have the assistance of an accidental minister one Sabbath, and thought of inviting him to dinner between services. The little girl heard this arrangement, and said,

"'Ma, will the man come here to-day?"

"Being answered that he probably would, she cried out.

"'Why, it is Sabbath day!"

"'Yes,' said her mother; 'but he is a minister, and your father wishes to talk with him.'

"'Oh yes, ma; he is a minister, poor man, and doesn't know any better!""

Among some of the earlier records of justices' transcripts in Kansas is the following. A man had been arrested for stealing a yoke of oxen and a beehive, or, in the expressive language of the writ, "a bee gum." The justice, in sending the papers up to court, made this only indorsement, "He slipped me on the oxen, but I cotch him on the bee qum," We defy any Eastern record to exceed this in concise-

J. Pierson was a man of impulse and impatience, had been much in the habit of swearing, but tried to reform, and joined the "meeting." He was boarding, and one day after dinner had a violent fit of colic. In his agony he thrashed about in his room; and finally his landlady sent a servant-girl to see what was the matter. She got to the door of the room, and turned back and reported that the gentleman swore so terribly that she dared not go in. He heard the report. The landlady went in to inquire how he was.

"Madam," said he, "that poor Irish heathen you sent here can't distinguish praying from swearing!"

A CHAPLAIN in our army, whom we gravely suspect to be the hero of his own story, writes to the Drawer from the West, and tells this first-rate one:

A clergyman of the Episcopal Church in Illinois having heard that a portion of the country was without "the stated preaching of the Gospel"-in fact, had had no minister in those parts within the memory of the oldest inhabitant-resolved to give them a "service" on the Lord's day. Notice was stuck up at the cross-roads that preaching might be expected next Sunday in the school-house. Men came from all directions across the prairie; some on foot, some on horseback, some in wagons, but all with wuns in hand, in hopes of meeting game on the way, and thus killing two birds with one stone. Passing over the preliminaries of a meeting thus strange and with only the numbers on; and he, thinking he had

"Oh!" said Maggie, "he isn't a gentleman; he's | novel to most of the comers, we find the preacher "holding forth" on the duty of "observing the Sabbath," when all at once the dogs (outside) set up a terrible yell, as hounds do in sight of the deer; for a noble stag had thrust his antlers in sight through the opening wood. All at once, as the deer was seen through the windows, there was a rush made for the shot-guns and rifles, stacked up in the corner of the room, and in less than no time the room was cleared of all save an old man with crutches and the preacher. As long as the old man sat still the preacher went on with his discourse. But the fever of excitement extended even to the lame man, who suddenly gathered up his crutches and made for the door.

> "Well," said the parson, out of patience, "this is too much; it is all in vain!"

> "Oh no," said the lame man, as he jerked himself on to the door—"oh no; I think they'll catch

> And catch him they did. They were generous enough to offer the preacher the fore-quarter, as the Levites did; but as it was killed on the Sabbath he modestly declined.

> In the window of a store on Broad Street, Newark, New Jersey, may be seen the following:

"This Store has removed to 184 Market St."

A FRIEND in Baltimore says:

Not long ago, in the Eutaw Methodist Episcopal Church of this city, an amusing incident transpired, which we think worthy a place in the Drawer. The occasion was a Sabbath-school anniversary, and the capacious edifice was crowded with bright-eyed boys and girls and the friends of the cause generally. Among the speakers was the Rev. John Gof a sister church, who spoke earnestly and eloquently of the surpassing interest he felt in Sabbathschools, and the beneficent influence they exerted upon the rising generation, etc., and concluded with an exhortation to his hearers to contribute liberally to the collection, "which is now about to be lifted, for the benefit of the school whose anniversary we celebrate to-day;" then, turning to the stewards, he remarked, "The stewards will please wait upon the collection and take the congregation up!" To judge from the excessive tittering, the "little ones" relished the mistake hugely.

Here is another: One night, during a protracted meeting held not long since in one of our churches, the exercises were continued much beyond the usual time, when, in the midst of ejaculations, the pastor arose to close the meeting, and gravely announced to the "sisters and brethren" that "it is now about time to bring our close to the meeting!"

One of our Boston subscribers mentions an instance of nigger wit that is as bright as any thing that comes from the "Hub:"

In one of our large warehouses here the porter, an "intelligent contraband," had a great propensity of laughing at other people's mistakes, and always took the opportunity to tax the delinquent with his shortcomings before a crowd. The system of shipping goods at this establishment was this: To give a ticket to the porter with the number of packages and the name of the party from whom they were purchased, that they might be selected from among other goods of a similar nature, and no mistake made. Now it seems he had a ticket given him



a good joke on some one, wrote the name on himself and shipped the goods—treasuring up the ticket, however, until near the close of business, when he finds the delinquent talking over the transactions of the day with his fellow-clerks. He immediately presents the ticket to one of the number, and asks him what he should think of a man that would give him a ticket like that? The party replied "that the ticket is all right." "Ah! but," says the contraband, pointing to the name, "dat little epitaph wern't on dar when it first come to me!"

For the benefit of metropolitan book-keepers "and the rest of mankind" I send you a copy of a bill made out and presented to me by a neighbor. The whole thing is "as true as preachin". Let me premise, by way of explanation, that I was "improving" a piece of land—my present place of residence, in the great State of Missouri—and had employed Mr. Davis to board the hands—carpenters, plasterers, etc.—who were putting up the buildings for me. There are other miscellaneous items in the bill which will explain themselves.

This the 25th day of july. 1860. Mr Isack Snucks m.D.

Mr isrck shucks in.D.	
Acount withe joab D	avis
28 to four days Board a peas for Woods an Boy he	
Went home two Nites charge 2 dollars per	
Weak	\$22 00
Augest the 4 Woods an Boy 6 days a peas he Went	
home two Nites	3 00
Augest 2 an 3 an 4 an 7 for mr Hay Good Board	1 00
9 to 1 Lod of poles 22 2 Joists 6 sleapers thirty in all	100
	4 00
for cutting and timber and haling	4 00
9 an 10 an 11 an 12 for mr John Battel Board one	
Nite Gon	1 00
for hors three days at 50 pr day	1 50
for holing appels & on loding	1 00
to one loi of coal holing at 5 cents a bushel	4 00
	* 00
To a Bout one acre or mor of corn that Wood have	
maid 8 Barrels at 15) per Barrel	12 0 0
1 Gug at 15 cents	15
to holing one lod of hay	3 00
totel Dew	242 00
Joab davis	

Mr. J. Davis is an original at accounts. He has his own method, and an "illegunt" method it is too. I have settled several claims he has held against me. Here is one of his accounts now in my possession.

Doct I. Snucks

this acount Dew Joab Davis May 23th 1	862
For Sowing cats and for holing three Lods of Wood	
Wich Charly Jones a Greed to let me have a	
	\$2 00
24 for cutting & holing 1 lod of Green Wood	3 00
19 to littel over four half days plowing in corn	2 50
11th for hors	5)
for hors to hunt Yours By your Brother	50
for hors Workinge in Buggy	50
for hors Goen to Mill	50
for oxen raken Stalkes	60
To 4 plankes for Bares 24 feet to Plank When I Was	
at St Louis	2 00
for oxen too days a haling of fodder	1 50
totel Dew	12 60
Josh davis	310 00

Uncle Moses Bump was vastly weather-wise. One awfully dry summer, when the parched earth had not been blessed with a shower for six weeks, a neighbor sent his son on an errand to Uncle Moses, and strictly enjoined upon him that before he came away he must get the old man's opinion concerning the probable duration of the drouth. So before leaving he told him that his father wished to know what he thought of the weather. Uncle Moses went out, and, after a long and careful inspection of the brassy sky, said, oracularly,

"Well, Stephen, thee may tell thy father that if we don't get rain in the course of three or four weeks we shall have a remarkable dry time."

A very safe prediction.

From our gallant armies of the West the Drawer receives larger supplies of good things than it gets from the Potomac or the South. Here are samples:

One year ago this winter we were stationed at Bird's Point, Missouri. Secessionists were then supposed to have "rights that a soldier must respect," and there were stringent orders against javhawking. Colonel (now General) Oglesby was then in command of the Eighth Illinois. Well, one day his fife and drum majors went out into the woods to practice a new tune. Attracted no doubt by the melody, a fine fat shoat of musical proclivities came near-alas! for the safety of his bacon, too near-for our bass-drummer, "by a change of base," made a base attack on his front; while the fifer, by a bold and rapid flank movement, charged him in the rear. 'Twas soon over; a few well-directed volleys of clubs and other persuasives were applied, and piggy went dead again-a martyr to his love for music! But how to get the deceased pork into camp?-"That's what's the matter" now. After considerable discussion an idea strikes the drummer (not so as to hurt him): "We will put him in the drum."
"Just the thing, by hokey!" said the fifer. One head was taken out, and the hog stowed in, and our heroes started for their quarters, carrying the drum between them. In the mean time the regiment went out for a dress parade; and the Colonel, somewhat vexed at the absence of the principal musicians, no sooner saw the gents than, in a voice of reprintand, he ordered them to take their places with the music. The drum-bearers halted, looked at each other, then at the Colonel-but said never a word. The Colonel repeated his order in a style so emphatic that it couldn't be misunderstood. The dealers in pork felt a crisis had arrived, and that an explanation had become a "military necessity." So the drummer, going up close to the Colonel, in a low voice made him acquainted with the status of affairs, winding up with, "We low, Colonel, to bring the best quarter over to your mess." "Sick, eh?" thundered the Colonel. "Why didn't you say so at first? Go to your quarters?—of course! Bat-tal-ion, r-i-g-h-t f-a-c-e!" The Colonel had fresh pork for

Manifold are the expedients resorted to by the soldier-man to come it over the seceshers (a term that includes all citizens in these benighted regions), especially if there is an unusual tightness in the money market—and there generally is.

"Once upon a time," after a weary, dusty, forenoon's march, we halted for an hour or two's rest.
A snug-looking farm-house being invitingly near, a
couple of my comrades went over and called for dinner. Their names were Theodore and Levi (for
short, The and Leve), and their united finances a
three-cent stamp and a pewter dime. "But," said
The, in an encouraging whisper to Leve, "don't be
uneasy; I know a dodge that never fails. Why,
I've had a dozen dinners on it, and it's as good as
new yet." You see, The was raised in Philadelphia,
and so he just naturally took to 'cuteness as a baby
does to measles. Well, the dinner was in due season cooked, eaten, and pronounced good. "Now,
landlord," said The, pulling out his purse with the



air of a millionaire, "what's the bill?" "One dollar for both of yer," said the host. "Very reasonable—very," remarked The, in a patronizing way, examining his wallet the while, as though looking for something. "I say, Leve, have you any small bills?" "Nary a one," was the answer. "Well, now, that's bad," soliloquized The; "and I've nothing less than a twenty! I suppose, landlord, you couldn't change a twenty-dollar bill?" "Wa'al, yes; I reckon—let's see what bank it's on!" For an instant The stood as though death-struck; and then, without a word, both broke as though the whole Southern Confederacy were in hot pursuit. "Well," ejaculated The, as he bolted from the house, "who'd have supposed that any one round here could change a twenty-dollar bill?"

THE Twenty-seventh Ohio, which must be remembered by every body who read of the desperate defense of Battery Robinet, at Corinth, has in its ranks some chaps who love fun as well as a fight. When it came into the service, the old belts and plates which had been manufactured in peace times for the Ohio Volunteer Militia were not all disposed of, and the waists of the Twenty-seventh were consequently all labeled, O. V. M. Though the U. S. has displaced most of these initials, a few of the old ones are still in use. On the 4th of October a corporal, wearing one of the old belts, was in command of a squad who were bringing in some rebel prisoners. After our men had passed the compliments of the day with their prisoners, and the canteens were duly emptied, one of the rebels inquires, "Corporal, what the devil does O. V. M. stand for?" "Oh! my plate, you mean?" says the Corporal; "that stands for Ohio Visiting Mississippi. We had a few made on purpose for this campaign!"

ONE of the high privates, whose knapsack had been thrown away during the fight, and who had consequently "nary a change," found himself, three weeks after, in a situation demanding a reconnoissance. He had taken off his only shirt, and was minutely examining it, when his Captain, making a tour of inspection, come in and inquires, "What is the matter?" Rising and saluting, high private answers, "I didn't think it right, Sir, to have these fellows all on duty at once; so I was dividing them off into reliefs!"

From one of the hospitals we get this characteristic incident for the Drawer:

An Irish soldier had died, and left behind him at home an affectionate father and a faithful wife to weep over the news of his death and to mourn his loss. The usual letter was written by the nurse who had charge of the ward, he died in, stating the fact of his death, and asking their pleasure as to his effects and remains. In due time the answer came, and ran something like this: His dues from Government (about six dollars) were to be carefully forwarded; but, owing to the expense, they had concluded not to send for his body, but had "dacently waked his clothes!"

Up in the Green Mountain State they have their own fun, as a few letters from a friend in those parts will show:

Sutton's store, in Vergennes, used in old times to be one of the favorite resorts of the inhabitants of the country round about. There the farmers "most ting, as he did so, with energial congregate" to trade and gossip, and the old Hokey, I'm glad I've got out!"

topers to await the chances of a treat to a nip of Sutton's St. Croix, or "old Jamaica sperits." It so happened at one of these seasons of gossiping that Sutton had a New York merchant visiting him, to whom he introduced some of the solid men present, but gave Captain P——, an old hunter and trapper, the "go by." Now Captain P—— considered himself quite as good, at least, as any body clse, and could not "abear" such a slight, so he stalked up to the New Yorker and performed the ceremony for himself in this wise:

"Mr. Jones," said he, "my name is Captain Joseph P—, the greatest hunter in all this northern kentry; perhaps you may have heard of me?"

Upon this old Joe Whitlock, an old soaker whose powers of absorption were almost unlimited, staggered up and introduced himself:

"Mr. Jones, my name is Old Joe Whitlock, the greatest old drunkard in all this northern country; perhaps you mought have heard of me?"

Captain P—— left suddenly, and old Joe's clay was moistened many times and often, free of all expense to the owner.

OLD Captain B—, of Vergennes, was largely engaged in the coopering business, and being in want of a quantity of hoop-poles, beset Joe Whitlock to furnish him a lot.

"Why, Cap'n," said Joe, "I hain't got no hoop-poles !"

"Well, well, Joe, steal 'em—steal 'em! You can steal 'em, can't you?"

In a few days Joe answered the Captain's question by delivering several loads of the desired article, for which he received money enough to keep him in a state of exceeding bliss for a month.

"Now, Joe," said the Captain, after paying him for the staddles, "how did you get 'em?"

"Why, stole 'em, Cap'n, of course, as you told me to."

"Yes, I know, but where did you steal 'em?"
"Oh," said Joe, jingling the Spanish milled dollars in his pocket, "up in your woods, Cap'n."

Tradition saith not how Captain B—— relished Joe's method of putting his advice in practice, nor whether he ever thereafter employed him in the getting of his hoop-poles.

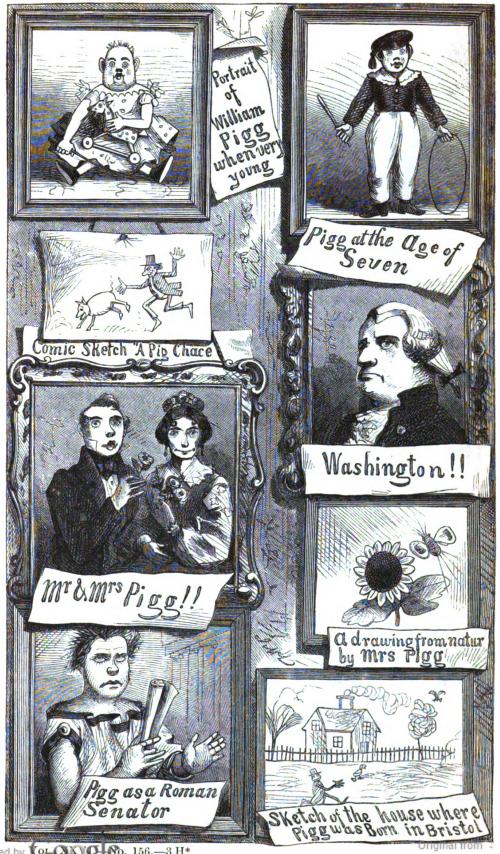
A LADY friend of ours in Roxbury, Massachusetts, relates a grave incident in that neighborhood:

In a small town in Eastern Massachusetts was a well-known toper, Uriah G--. familiarly called "Riah." A funeral service had been held there, and the tomb door closed after the interment, but, by some oversight, left unfastened. Riah, reeling by soon after, in a state of obliviousness, was seized by a couple of wags and gently seated in the tomb. The seclusion and repose were at first harmonious with his feelings; but in a few hours, the fumes of the liquor having evaporated, he found himself in "the wrong pew," and commenced shouting lustily for help. A frightened townsman, hearing the din, concluded that the deceased friend, so recently interred, had suddenly been resurrected, and made off as fast as his trembling limbs would bear him, spreading on all sides the startling tidings. In a short time the minister and many of the friends who had attended the funeral ceremonies had again gathered around the tomb. The door was opened, when, to their intense amazement, out stalked Riah! ejaculating, as he did so, with energetic gratitude, "By



Mr. Pigg's Pirture Gallery.

I. West Bnd.—Portrafts and Domestic Sketches



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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

II. South Side.—Griginals by American Artists : Neber on Erhibition.



A Rain Bow.



young Chickens.

Jait.

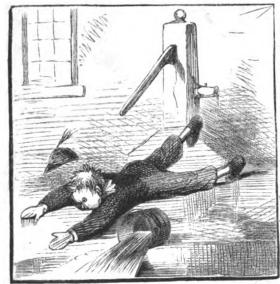


Rockey Mts with Buffalo.

Bierstadt



A Sweet Child. Fisher



Water Fall

J. B. Thorpe



Indian Summer ms Entee



Animals

Hayes



Fashions for May.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by Voigt from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURE 1.-STREET DRESS.





FIGURE 2.—HOME TOILET.

In the Street Dress the pardessus is of black silk, with ornaments in braid, with Brandebourgs.—Another pleasing style also of black silk,

The Home Tollet may be made of any seasonis made mantilla-shape—the upper portion, the line of the waist, and the lower border being trimmed with narrow flounces, set on with box plaits, each | edgings of lace.

The Home Tollet may be made of any seasonable material. The under-sleeves are of Mechlin net, with cuffs of blue taffeta, and trimmed with





